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YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FILIPINOS

OCTOBER
1940

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30 Centavos

Announcement to All Writers:

We Will Pay You

for writing articles of merit for publication in
THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

We want interesting children's stories from 200 to 500 words in length; also games, reading devices, articles of historical interest, elementary science and health articles, puzzles, jokes, and playlets. We also wish to buy several good serial stories. Interesting stories less than 200 words in length are desired for Little People. You can add to your income by writing for us.

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We especially desire various kinds of interesting material suitable for

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We will pay teachers and others for material which we can use.

Each article should be written in clear, easy, correct English, on one side of the paper, typewritten if possible, or written by hand neatly and legibly.

The article should be submitted with a self-addressed stamped envelope, otherwise the publishers will not return it to the writer in case it cannot be used.

Address all communications to:

**The Managing Editor
The Young Citizen
Care of Community Publishers, Inc.
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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 6

NUMBER 10

OCTOBER • 1940

• For First Graders	
Halloween Numbers	364
A Halloween Page	365
• For Second Graders	
Names of Animals— <i>Gerovacia Guarin</i>	366
A Good Girl— <i>Fe Velasquez</i>	367
• For Third Graders	
Can You Guess?— <i>Concepcion Zafra-Garcia</i>	368
Time to Do Things— <i>Jaime Malanyaon</i>	369
• Stories	
Halloween Ghosts— <i>Pansita Flores</i>	371
The Halloween Party— <i>Angel V. Campoy</i>	373
The Story of Mowgli	375
The Clever Goblin (A Playlet)	377
My Faithful Dog— <i>Casimiro Bautista</i>	379
• Poems	
Halloween— <i>Angel V. Campoy</i>	363
• Character and Citizenship	
The Beginning— <i>Dr. I. Panlasigui</i>	362
Humility— <i>Arthur Mee</i>	392
• Elementary Science	
Mother Rabbit and Her Babies	370
The Invisible Ocean in Which We Live	384
• Health and Safety	
How to Stop a Case of Hiccups	388
Safety First— <i>Mrs. Paz J. Eugenio</i>	388
• History	
Vesuvius and the Buried Cities	385
The First Philippine Assembly— <i>Cesario R. Llobrera</i>	387
• Music Appreciation	
Dreams— <i>Wm. Luton Wood</i>	380
Clip-Clip	381
Chopin, the Poet of the Piano— <i>Bert Paul Osbon</i>	382
• Work and Play	
Making a Terrarium	389
A Cross-Word Puzzle in Geography— <i>Benjamin L. Pagulayan</i>	390
Drawing a Pig— <i>Petronilo A. Buan</i>	390
Making Candies	391
Catching Eels— <i>Dioscoro P. Sibayan</i>	395
A Tribute to the Y. M. C. A. Boys Club— <i>Wenceslao Ramos</i>	395
Earning a Pair of Shoes— <i>Romulo V. Martin</i>	395
The Funny Page	398
Chats with the Editor	400

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

THE BEGINNING

A river has a beginning. It usually begins from a small spring.

A tree begins from a small seed.

Everything has a beginning.

Rizal was a great man. He was the greatest Filipino that ever lived. But he was once a little boy.

Great men and great women were once little children. They became great because they were not bad children.

We are school children now; what shall we be when we become men and women?

Are we going to be good workers?

Are we going to be good citizens?

Surely all of us want to be good workers when we become men and women. And we want to be good farmers, good carpenters, good teachers, good engineers, good workers. If we really want to be good workers then, now is the time to begin. The school child who works hard will also be a good worker many years from now.

Surely all of us want to be good citizens when we become men and women. To become good citizens we must be good school children. The strong and healthy child will grow up to be a strong and healthy citizen. The child who loves his country will grow up to be a man who will love his country. The child who obeys his parents and teachers will grow up to be a man who will always obey the laws of his country.

A good man today was a good child yesterday.

We must begin life well.

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH

HALLOWEEN

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY



**HURRAH for Halloween!
Great fun we shall have tonight;
With smiling faces 'neath our
masks
We'll make a happy sight.**

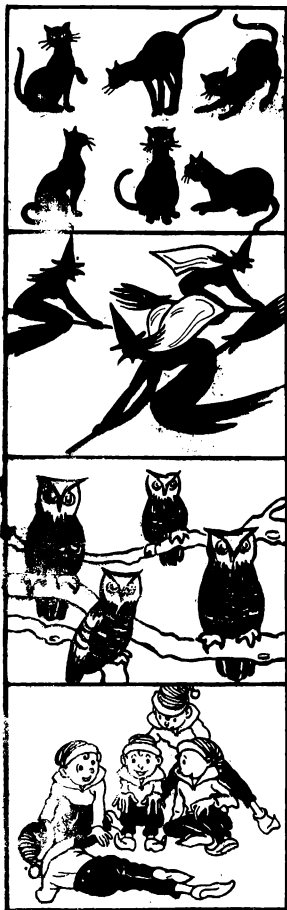
**We'll all be ready when it's
dark—
We'll look like sprites and witches
old;
We'll visit grandpa and grandma,
And scare the folks who are too
bold.**

**At grandma's house we'll have
some fun—
They'll think we're witches out
for a lark,
As spook or goblin each will be,
And carry broom or cat so dark.**

**Then when the Hall'ween party's
o'er,
We'll all go out upon our way,
To play some pranks upon our
friends;
With shouts and fun we'll end
the day.**

**Hurrah for Halloween!
Great fun we shall have tonight;
Put on your mask and join with
us—
We'll make a happy sight.**



FOR FIRST GRADERS**HALLOWEEN NUMBERS**

How many black cats are
in the first picture? _____

How many old witches are
in the second picture? _____

How many cats and witches
are there together? _____

How many sleepy owls are
in the third picture? _____

How many little goblins are
in the fourth picture? _____

How many owls and goblins
are there together? _____

How many cats and owls are
there together? _____

How many witches and goblins
are there together? _____

How many more cats are
there than owls? _____

How many more goblins are
there than witches? _____

Can you draw three cats?

Can you draw one witch?

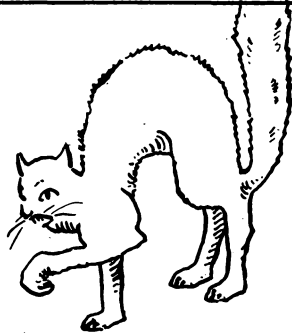
Can you draw two goblins?

FOR FIRST GRADERS

A HALLOWEEN PAGE



I live in a tree.
I can see in the dark.



I am black.
I have soft fur.
I have sharp claws.



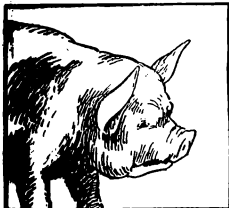
I grew in a field.
Set me in your
window.



I ride a broom-stick
I fly on Halloween.

FOR SECOND GRADERS**NAMES OF ANIMALS**

By GERVACIA GUARIN



Write the number of the picture of each of these animal heads shown on this page:

A goat's head _____

A pig's head _____

A carabao's head _____

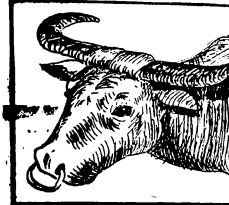
A horse's head _____



Write the number of the picture of the head of an animal which eats grass, gives milk, gives us good meat, and lives in all parts of the Philippines. _____



Write the number of the picture of the head of an animal which can give us a ride, and can pull a *calesa*. _____



Write the number of the picture of the head of a large animal which draws a plow. _____

Write the number of the picture of the head of an animal which lives in a pen and gives us meat. _____

FOR SECOND GRADERS**A GOOD GIRL**

By FE VELASQUEZ *



1. This is Luz.
She goes to school every day.
She is never late.
2. She sleeps early at night.
She wakes up early in the morning.
3. In the morning she washes her face and her hands.
She combs her hair.

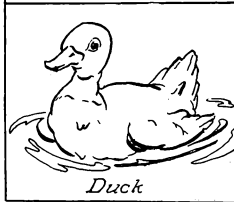


4. She always brushes her teeth.
She puts on a nice clean dress.
Her shoes are always very clean.
5. She eats breakfast with Father and Mother.
She eats some fruit and drinks some milk.
6. She says goodbye to Father and Mother.
She kisses them.
Then she goes to school.

* Teacher, Arayat Elementary School, Arayat, Pampanga.

FOR THIRD GRADERS**CAN YOU GUESS?**

By CONCEPCION ZAFRA-GARCIA *

*Sampaguita**Starfish**Cadena-de-amor**Duck*

• Write the correct name in the blank.

It likes to be in the water.
 It has webbed feet for swimming.
 It has nice feathers and a flat bill.
 What is it? _____

It grows on long vines.
 It is smaller than the *sampaguita*.
 The pink or white flowers are pretty.
 What is it? _____

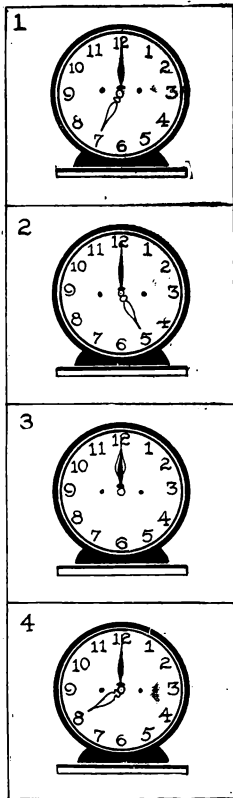
It has five arms.
 On the arms are rows of small feet.
 It lives in the ocean.
 What is it? _____

It has beautiful white flowers.
 The flowers smell very sweet.
 They make a nice necklace.
 What is it? _____

* Teacher, San Juan Elementary School, San Juan, Rizal.

FOR THIRD GRADERS**TIME TO DO THINGS**

By JAIME MALANYAON *



Place a check mark after the correct answer.

Clock No. 1 tells me the
 time for school in the morning.
 time to go home in the morning.
 time for school in the afternoon.

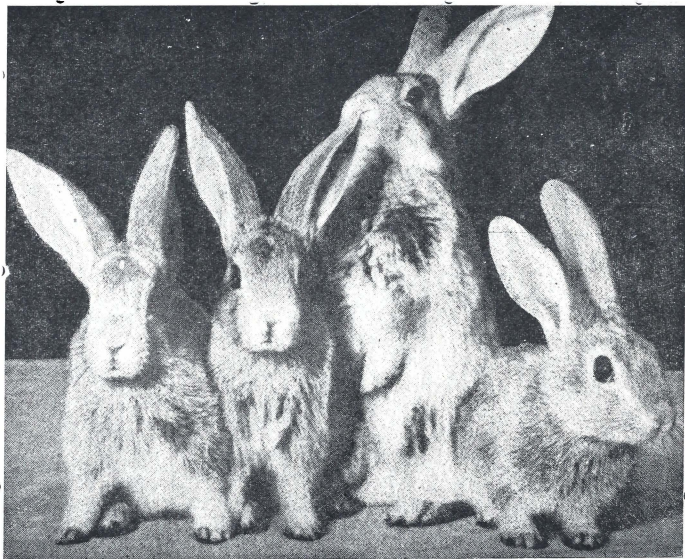
Clock No. 2 tells me the
 time to wake up in the morning.
 time to go to bed at night.
 time to take a *siesta*.

Clock No. 3 tells me the
 time to eat breakfast.
 time to eat supper.
 time to eat dinner.

Clock No. 4 tells me the
 time to eat dinner.
 time to go to bed at night.
 time to go home from school.

* Principal, Tinambac Elementary School, Tinambac, Camarines Sur.

MOTHER RABBIT AND HER BABIES



SEE the long floppy ears of Mother Rabbit and her babies! When these babies were born, they had no fur and their eyes were closed. They were born in a dark tunnel under the ground. Mother Rabbit had dug it for them. She made a soft bed of grasses and fur. The fur she pulled from her own breast.

That is the way that baby rabbits are born in the countries where they live wild. Are there any wild rabbits in any

of the Philippine provinces?

Rabbits can leap very swiftly over the ground with the help of their long hind legs.

The rabbit can hide from his enemies. His color is so much like the ground that he is hard to see. In countries where there is much snow rabbits turn white in winter.

Have you ever seen a mother rabbit or young rabbits?

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE**HALLOWEEN GHOSTS**

ADAPTED BY PANCITA FLORES.

"I SAW some ghosts once," Daniel remarked one morning when the children were all in the schoolyard waiting for the bell to ring.

"Oh, ghosts!" laughed Jo. "There's no such thing as a ghost."

"You don't believe there is?" asked Daniel. "Well, wait and see!"

"Where did you see any?" asked Coy.

"I'm not going to tell you," said Daniel, "but I am going to tell Miss Flores."

Everyone laughed. Then Nita, Jo's sister, said, "There aren't any ghosts, are there, Jo?"

"No," answered Jo. "Daniel is just trying to fool us."

At recess time Daniel didn't go out to play, and when, at the close of recess, the children heard Miss Flores say, "Why, Daniel, I think that will be perfectly splendid," they were very curious to know what she meant. "Of course," they thought, "it couldn't be anything about ghosts." Let us wait and see.

Soon the children forgot all about Daniel's secret in the excitement of getting ready for Halloween. The school was going to have a Halloween parade around the *plaza*, and each of the children was to take part.

The parade would be held early in the evening up and down the principal streets as well as around the *plaza*. Every boy and girl was going to wear a curious costume—that of a witch, or a goblin, or anything desired—and many would carry fantastic lanterns. Almost every-

body in town would come out to see the parade.

All the plans were kept a big secret so that the pupils of one room would not know what those of another room were going to represent in the parade.

When the evening of the parade came, there were many surprises.

Miss Blanco's first-graders came first and were just as pretty as they could be, all dressed up as fairies and goblins.

Miss Francisco's boys were dressed in their Boy Scout uniforms, and the girls wore their green Girl Scout dresses.

Miss Villa's boys wanted to be a baseball nine. "But there are too many of you," Miss Villa said, "and what could we do with the girls?"

"We'd be different leagues," suggested Pedro.

"And the girls could be the fans," said Mario.



So Miss Villa's boys wore their baseball suits and carried their bats, and all the girls wore sweaters and carried their school pennants, just like real fans.

Miss Calvo's children were dressed in yellow and black. They carried jack-o'-lanterns which they had made out of large squashes. Each hollow jack-o'-lantern had a grotesque face cut in it, and a lighted candle inside.

Miss Moreno's pupils were witches, all in black, with peaked caps and masks, riding on brooms.

But what was coming? It was hard to see very far in the dim light from the street lamps. White, ghostly figures eight feet high came bowing this way and that.

"The ghosts! The ghosts!" shouted somebody, and how the people laughed and clapped their hands as the ghosts turned their heads from side to side or bowed halfway to the ground in acknowledgment of the applause.

"Who are they? Who are they?" everybody wanted to know.

"How can they be so tall?"

"They must be on stilts."

"No, they're not on stilts. They could not walk that well on stilts."

These were some of the remarks that people made.

Only Miss Flores' room knew the secret. Daniel had told his teacher about the ghosts he had seen in another school in a distant town, so they decided that her pupils would be ghosts in the parade, and surprise the spectators.

When they took off their costumes after the parade everyone saw what the ghosts were. Each pupil carried a long pole with a crosspiece nailed near the top. On top of the pole was a ball made of rags. This looked like the ghost's

head. The crosspiece was padded. The pieces were the arms. A sheet was thrown over and tied under the ball, making a very good looking ghost. The feet were the feet of the boys and girls who carried the poles. The children could turn and lower the poles to make the ghosts look from side to side and bow.

Everybody said that Miss Flores' ghosts were the best part of the grand parade.

"Now," said Nita after the parade was over, "I know just what a ghost is. It's just a sheet with somebody you know inside."

QUESTIONS

1. Did you like this story? Why?
2. When is Halloween?
3. Did you ever have a Halloween parade at your school? (Why not ask your teacher to have one this year?)
4. What is the name of the teacher in this story?
5. Who is Daniel?
6. What do you think was Daniel's plan?
7. How were some of the children dressed in this Halloween parade?
8. Can you tell how to make the costumes for the "ghosts"?
9. How did the "ghosts" act in the parade?
10. What did people say about the "ghosts" in this parade?

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY*

IT WAS RECESS time and Mr. Oracion was very much surprised to find none of his boys at play. He had told them to have free play at recess because he had some work to finish, but when he came out of the building he saw none of them. He was surprised. It was unusual for them to be quiet at recess, so he went to find out what they were doing. He found the boys sitting on benches under some acacia trees making masks out of pieces of cardboard.

"What's the matter, boys? Why didn't you play?" he asked.

"We're making masks, sir. You know tomorrow night is Halloween," one of the boys replied.

"So it is," Mr. Oracion said. "I almost forgot that tomorrow night is Halloween. Well, make your masks, boys, but take care that you don't scatter pieces of cardboard on the lawn." Then Mr. Oracion went back into the building.

"Here is mine all done but coloring," Martin said as he held up his mask.

"How will you paint yours, Pedro?"

Leon asked.

"I'll paint the face of the devil on mine. See these horns!" Pedro answered.

"Mine is a witch's face," Jose interrupted. "I'll scare somebody with it."

"What shall we do tomorrow night?" Lucas asked.

"Last year," Jose told the boys, "I frightened a little girl with my mask. She ran so fast she stumbled and fell into

a ditch. Let's frighten some girls tomorrow night. It's great fun!"

"Last year I stole oranges from Mr. Valencia's orange trees," Marcos interrupted. "There is lots of ripe fruit on his *santol* trees now. Let's steal some tomorrow night."

"Last year some of us had lots of fun going to folks' houses, knocking

on doors and windows, and then running. We took carabao carts away, and did all the mischief we could."

"I think I know something better than any of that, boys," said Antonio. "You remember that Mrs. Canlas told us in our character education lesson that it is wrong to steal even when you do it in fun. I can't see much fun in frightening little girls and doing all the mischief pos-



Planning for the Party

* Formerly Head Teacher, Maslog Primary School, Sibulan, Oriental Negros.

sible. If you will all promise to go with me, I'll tell you a much better plan."

"Let's hear it," all the boys shouted.

"All right. This is my plan. You know Carlos can't go with us on account of that broken leg from his bicycle accident. So let's give him a surprise party—a Halloween party."

"That's fine," Luis said. "Let's arrange the details right now."

"Here's what we'll do," Antonio continued. "You know Halloween this year comes on Saturday night, so we'll each have some spending money. Suppose that each of us buys a Halloween present for Carlos. Then we'll give it to him tomorrow night at his Halloween surprise party."

"What shall we buy?" asked one of the boys.

"Anything you like," answered Antonio. "Candies, apples, mangoes, toys, books, cakes. We'll put them all in that big basket I made and tomorrow night we'll all wear our masks. Pedro will be dressed like a witch, so he will give the basket of presents to Carlos."

"That's fine," the boys agreed.

"Where shall we meet tomorrow night?" someone asked.

"We can all meet at my house," said Antonio. "I'll have mother prepare some sandwiches and other things, so we'll take our refreshments with us. Mother will think up a lot of games for us to play, too. She's good at that."

"There are some excellent games outlined in the August number of THE YOUNG CITIZEN. And say! There was a wonderful's ring trick in THE YOUNG CITIZEN. I've practiced it until I can do it a hundred per cent every time."

"Okay," the boys all answered.

The next evening they all gathered at Antonio's home. His mother had a lot

of refreshments prepared, and a list of games for them to play.

Armed with the big basket of presents for Carlos, the basket of refreshments, and the list of games, the boys all started for the home of Carlos. Each boy wore a mask and some fantastic clothing.

Of course there was a witch—he carried the basket of presents—and there was a devil, and a cowboy, and a "beautiful" *señorita*, and other characters.

Carlos was on the porch of his home when he saw the boys coming. He couldn't tell who they were on account of the masks.

Carlos thought the boys were just going by his house. How he wished he could go with them!

When they arrived at his house, they all started up the stairs. There was a "witch" in front, carrying a big basket.

"Happy Halloween, Carlos! Happy Halloween!" the boys shouted as they came up.

The "witch" went right to Carlos, and handed him the big basketful of presents.

"Here's a letter, Carlos," said the "old witch."

Carlos took it and read:

*To Carlos we give,
With great delight,
A Halloween basket
This Halloween night.*

Presently they all sat down to eat their refreshments.

"This is certainly lots better than frightening little girls," said Jose.

"Let's do this every year," said Antonio.

"Agreed," shouted all the boys.

So the Halloween party was a great success, and I think that there will be such a party every Halloween night, at least with that group of boys.

THE STORY OF MOWGLI

A Jungle Story from India



"Listen," said Mowgli, raising his hand.

One of the most famous of modern authors is the English writer, Rudyard Kipling, whose picture is shown on page 376. The following story is adapted from Kipling's "Jungle Book."—THE EDITOR.

SUPPOSE that you were a tiny little East Indian boy whose home was on the edge of a great jungle. Suppose that you were sitting one night before a camp-fire with your mother and father, and that suddenly, out of the dark, came a tiger, black and tawny and very fierce. Would you have been frightened? Mowgli wasn't.

The Great Tiger was hungry, and when he saw human flesh he jumped. The baby's mother and father got away. Left to himself, and just old enough to walk, Mowgli crawled away through the long grass.

Father Wolf was stretching himself after a nap when he heard a rustling in the grass outside his cave.

"Look!" he called to Mother Wolf,

"A man's cub!"

"The man's cub is mine," said Mother Wolf. "He shall live to run with the Wolf Pack and to hunt with us. And he shall hunt the Great Tiger."

"The man's cub must be shown to the Animal Pack," said Father Wolf, when the brown baby had settled down to a rough and tumble play with the wolf cubs. "Will you keep him?"

"Keep him!" gasped Mother Wolf. "He came naked, by night, alone and very hungry. Yet he was not afraid! Certainly I will keep him. The time will come when he shall hunt Great Tiger."

So Mother Wolf kept the brown baby and named him *Mowgli*, which means *Frog*.

So Mowgli grew until he was no longer a baby, but a boy, running about, strong and healthy.

On the night of the Animal Pack

meeting, when the three young wolf cubs were old enough to go, Father and Mother Wolf took their children to the Council Rock. And they took Mowgli, too.

The Council Rock was a bare hill-top where the animals met, and where the cubs must be shown to the Animal Pack before they could be accepted by the animals.

And so, when Father and Mother Wolf took their three cubs and Mowgli to the meeting of the Pack, Mowgli was thrust forth into the center of the circle.

"You know the law of our pack," said Lone Wolf, their leader.

A roar came from behind the rocks. It was the voice of Great Tiger demanding the body of Mowgli.

Fearful of Great Tiger, one of the young wolves spoke up, asking why this man-cub was taken into the tribe.

Now there was a law among the animals that says, when there is a dispute concerning the acceptance of a cub, two members of the Pack who are not its mother or father must speak for it.

Up rose Brown Bear, teacher of the wolf cubs, and he spoke for Mowgli. Then came the Black Panther. He said that the law allowed a price to be paid for any cub that is objected to. In payment for the man-cub Black Panther gave a bull, newly killed. So Mowgli was taken into the Pack.

Mother Wolf fed him as she fed her own cubs. Sleepy Brown Bear taught him the law of the jungle. Black Panther was his friend.

As he grew up, Mowgli learned to hunt and to protect himself, and to climb trees like a monkey. He could swim as well as he could run, and he could climb as well as he could swim. So he grew strong and brown and wise.

"Little Brother," said Black Panther one day when Mowgli was twelve years old, "how often must I tell you that Great Tiger is your enemy!" But Mowgli only laughed, fearing nothing.

"Lone Wolf is growing old," continued Black Panther. "Soon he will no longer be the leader. Go down to the men's huts in the village and get some Red Fire. Then you will be the master."

Now all animals live in deadly fear of Red Fire. Only man can tame and use fire.

That same night Mowgli went down into the village. Pressing his face close against a window, he watched the boy who lived there put some of the burning coals from the fire into a basket lined with clay. Mowgli walked in, took the basket of fire from him, and disappeared into the dark.

When the Animal Pack met at the Council Rock, Lone Wolf, who had been the leader for twelve years, was very still, for he knew he was too old to be a leader any longer.

Mowgli sat up quite straight with the pot that held the Red Fire clasped between his knees. Black Panther was at his side.

"Give his body to me," snarled Great Tiger, when he saw Mowgli.

(Please turn to page 394.)



Rudyard Kipling, famous author,
who wrote the *Jungle Book*.

THE CLEVER GOBLIN

A Halloween Playlet in One Act



The Goblins are showing the Bad Witch a new trick.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

FIVE CHILDREN	CLEVER GOBLIN
BAD WITCH	CAT
THREE GOOD WITCHES	CHILD
FIVE GOBLINS	

The Five Children and the Child wear their usual clothes. The Witches and Goblins wear conventional Halloween costumes. The Bad Witch wears a cape and a tall hat. The Cat wears a suit of black cloth.

THE SETTING

The properties needed are a broom; a kettle and a spoon; something to set the kettle on; something to suggest fire under the kettle (if possible, an electric light bulb and red paper); and a pumpkin or a large squash. The scene is laid in a forest, early in the evening of Halloween. In the background is the home of the Bad Witch. In front of the house

is a fire, over which a kettle has been placed.

THE PLAY

(As the curtain is drawn back, the stage is shown deserted. Then the Five Children tiptoe in, looking about them fearfully.)

FIRST CHILD: Here it is! This is her house!

SECOND CHILD: Are you sure?

FIRST CHILD: Of course!

THIRD CHILD: Do you suppose she's at home?

FOURTH CHILD: Knock on the door and see.

THIRD CHILD: Oh, no, not I. She's a bad old witch!

FIRST CHILD: She's the only bad witch left in all the world.

FIFTH CHILD: I wonder what's in that kettle. *(Goes over to the kettle and is*

about to dip in a finger to taste.)

THIRD CHILD: Oh, don't touch it!

FIFTH CHILD: I want just a little taste!
(Puts out hand again.)

(The Bad Witch, from inside the house, gives a horrid laugh. The children clutch one another in fear.)

THIRD CHILD: Oh, let's get away from this awful place!

ALL: Yes, let's. (They hurry off the stage.)

(The Bad Witch comes out of her house, followed by her black cat. She stands watching the retreating children, chuckling. Then she turns to her kettle.)

BAD WITCH (picking up the spoon): Now to finish my broth. (She stirs and chants.)

Tonight, tonight is Halloween;
Strange the sights that will be seen!
Within this broth I place a charm
To wreak much havoc and cause alarm.
And that is why I mumble and toil,
Stir, stir, bubble, and boil. (Pauses to listen.)

Hark! Hark! Who comes this way?
(The Three Good Witches come in.)

FIRST WITCH: Come, sister. Leave that kettle of evil charms. We are going to have some Halloween fun. Come with us.

BAD WITCH: What do I want with fun? The more harm I can do, the better.

SECOND WITCH: If you would only come with us good witches just once, you'd never want to be bad again. Won't you try it?

ALL: Yes, do try it!

BAD WITCH: Ha! Ha! I'm the only bad witch left in the world. I want to be bad. Leave me, sisters. I must finish my broth.

THIRD WITCH: Then, if we can't per-

suede you, good-by.

BAD WITCH (impatiently): Goodby, sisters, good-by. (The good witches go out.) Little do they know where my evil power is stored. But I'll never tell them. Not I! It is woven into my hat. My precious hat! If I were to lose my hat, my power would vanish. But I do not fear. I never take this hat off my head. Why, I even sleep in it. (Stirs broth, and tastes.) I need more hot pepper. (Goes into the house.)

CAT (lying by the fire, pretending to be asleep): Oh, ho, so that's it! She thought I was fast asleep, but I heard every word. Her power is in her hat.

BAD WITCH (She has returned with the hot pepper, which she stirs into the broth. The Cat pretends to be asleep.) Mumble and toil, mumble and toil, Stir, stir, bubble and boil.

(Enter Five Goblins and Clever Goblin.)

GOBLINS: Good evening, Bad Witch.

BAD WITCH: Ha! Ha! And how are all the good little goblins?

CLEVER GOBLIN (politely): Very well, thank you.

BAD WITCH: And why do you honor me with a visit?

CLEVER GOBLIN: We wondered whether you have an extra broom that we might borrow.

BAD WITCH (chuckling): I have just the thing for you, just the thing. I'll go and get it. (Goes into the house.)

CLEVER GOBLIN: Search everywhere. See if you can find where the Bad Witch's evil power is hidden.

FIRST GOBLIN (after searching a little while): I can't find a thing. Where else shall we look?

SECOND GOBLIN: Maybe she keeps it
(Please turn to page 396.)

MY FAITHFUL DOG

By CASIMIRO BAUTISTA *

ONE AFTERNOON my father called me and asked me to go with him out to sea to fish. I was very glad to go with him, and willingly agreed. My dog began to wag his tail and act very friendly. He wanted to go with us. But still he looked quite thoughtful, and when we were about to start on our fishing trip he seemed unwilling for me to go. He showed his unwillingness by biting my trousers and trying to pull me back to our house. But my father, heedless of the dog's warning, started toward the boat. I followed him.

My dog went with me and got into the boat with us. Father made no objection. When we reached the fishing ground, we prepared our net and began casting it. At once we caught many fishes.

Presently I began to notice that the sky was gradually becoming darker and darker. The wind became stronger. There was every appearance of an approaching storm. Evidently the dog had sensed the approaching storm; that was why he did not want me to go.

Soon it began to blow very hard, indeed. The rain fell in torrents. There

was a deafening crash of thunder and the lightning flashed. Great waves rocked our little fishing boat as if it were a cork upon the water. However, I was not frightened, because I had been out on the sea before in storms, and had always reached land in safety.

Just then an unusually large wave struck our boat amidships and caused it to capsize. Father and I each began to swim and to battle the waves.

While struggling desperately to save my life, I saw something near me. I recognized my dog. How glad I was to have him near me!

After a while my strength began to fail—the big waves were too much for me. I felt that I could go no further. As I was about to give up, I felt

my dog tugging and pulling at my clothing. This helped me, and using all the strength that remained, I finally reached the shore, thanks to the help of my faithful dog.

Upon reaching the shore, I fell upon the beach completely exhausted. Then I lost consciousness. When I regained my senses I found father and the doctor standing over me. But in a few days I was as well as ever.

(Please turn to page 397.)



This is a picture of my dog. He helped me when I was in danger of drowning.

* Pupil, Malabon Elementary School, Malabon, Rizal.

DREAMS

Allegretto

Wm. Luton Wood

*mp**pp*

1. Said the man in the moon as he winked his eye: M — m — m —
 2. "I'll have them" I said, "Please tie them up tight, M — m — m —

The piano accompaniment for the first system consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble. Pedal markings are present at the bottom of the staff.

*Ped.**Ped.**Ped.*

The second system features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The vocal line includes lyrics and rests. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

*mp**pp*

- I've a doz-en good dreams, would you like to buy? M — m — m —
 — I'll give them a-way to my pets to-night; M — m — m —

The piano accompaniment for the third system continues on a grand staff, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and two-flat key signature.

*mp**pp*

The fourth system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes lyrics and rests. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

*mp**pp*

- They're filled with sug-ar-plums, pic-tures and toys
 — I was tak-ing my pock-et-book down from the shelf,

DREAMS

cresc. *ritard* *a tempo*
me

To please all the dear lit-tle girls, and boys, "Said the
 When I wak-end and found I'd been dream-ing my-self," Said the

cresc. *ritard* *a tempo*
mp

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'DREAMS'. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The vocal line includes dynamic markings 'cresc.', 'ritard', and 'a tempo' with a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment also includes 'cresc.', 'ritard', and 'a tempo' markings, with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic at the end.

mp

man in the moon as he winked his eye: "M ——— m ——— m ———"
 man in the moon as he winked his eye: "M ——— m ——— m ———"

mp

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* *

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'DREAMS'. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic and includes a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment also has a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic and includes three 'Ped' (pedal) markings. The system concludes with a double bar line.

CLIP - CLAP
ROUND

I

The mill-wheels are tur-ning by night and by day;

II

"Clip-clap," they say, "Clip-clap," they say.

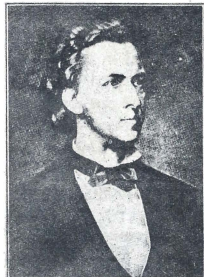
Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'CLIP - CLAP ROUND'. It consists of two parts, I and II, on a single treble clef staff. Part I is the first line of music, and Part II is the second line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are written below the notes. Part II ends with a double bar line.

MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION

GREAT COMPOSERS OF MUSIC

By BERT PAUL OSBON

VIII. CHOPIN, THE POET OF THE PIANO



Frederic Chopin

FREDERIC CHOPIN (pronounced *show - pan* with a nasal sound of *n*) was another "wonder-child" of music. Born near Warsaw, Poland, in 1810, the early years of this frail boy were tinged with

the melancholy and patriotism of his native Poland which was in vain trying to throw off the Russian yoke and regain its freedom.

His father, who had come to Poland in 1787 from eastern France, was a school-teacher; his mother was of a good Polish family. Frederic received a fair education under private teachers. He began studying the piano at a very early age. At the age of nine he appeared publicly in concerts and was pronounced a genius; at twelve he was composing pieces. When he was fifteen his first musical composition was published.

A Polish nobleman helped him in his education; his refined and gracious manners made him welcome in the homes of

the Polish nobility, where he heard the stately court-dance of Poland called the *polonaise*.

Many of his boyhood days were spent in the country, where he learned to love the songs and dances of the Polish peasants, especially the gay *mazurka*.

When Chopin was nineteen years old, a revolution broke out in Poland, and his parents sent him to Germany to study. Two years later he took up his residence in Paris, where he lived the remaining eighteen years of his life.

No people in Europe have had a more moving history than have the Poles, as the natives of Poland are called. They are a proud people who have suffered the cruel fortunes of war for many years, especially in the recent World War No. II. They have always been patriotic.

The spirit of Poland burned in Chopin. He knew the traditions of his people. Though he lived much of his short life in Paris, he never forgot his native Poland. His most masterly music is that which is fired by his Polish patriotism.

Chopin was a man of great culture, and his music expresses the inherent fineness of his nature. He was a tone-poet. During almost exactly the same years as Mendelssohn lived (see the August, 1940, issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN), this Polish pianist and composer contributed to musical art an influence that has been very powerful and persistent.

His choice of Paris as a residence introduced him to a society especially sensitive to his artistic nature. His nation-

*Formerly: Head of the Music Department, Shertridge, High School, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

ality, his high-bred, aristocratic ways, and the charm of his art speedily brought him into public notice. The most noticeable of his personal characteristics were his sentimental sensitiveness and his instinctive refinement.

Chopin early attained foremost rank as a concert virtuoso on the piano. He developed a certain style in playing: his playing was noticeable for its delicacy and beauty of tone. Through him the piano became a source of exquisite tone color.

During his short life (1810 to 1849) he made a unique contribution to the literature of the piano. His distinctive style of writing made the most of the artistic possibility of that instrument.

As a composer, Chopin had great ability in thinking of beautiful melodies, in developing the possibilities of the piano, and in giving decoration and color to his music.

His works, although almost wholly confined to compositions for the piano, have become standard everywhere in both public and private use. He was a lyric artist, usually choosing forms for his compositions that are song-like.

Chopin is called "the poet of the piano." He was truly a poet in music. His compositions are of a delicate, intimate character, more suited to the salon—*sala* in the Philippines—than in the concert hall. They have all the refined elegance of a true Parisian, but the Polish nationality is always present.

Chopin is notable among the greater

musicians from the fact that most of his compositions belong to a single field, that is, they are all written for the piano; he did not write operas or music for the orchestra. His genius was romantic, and his intense poetic feeling was ennobled by his undying patriotism.

His latter years were clouded with illness and much unhappiness. He died from tuberculosis in Paris in 1849, and was given a stately funeral in that city.

Chopin represented Poland in music in three distinct forms of musical composition: the *polonaise*, the *mazurka*, and the *ballade*. Each is a vivid record of Polish nationalism.

The *polonaise*, as previously stated in this article, is the music for a stately Polish dance or march, just as the *rigodon* is a rather stately Spanish dance introduced into the Philippines during the Spanish rule. Chopin wrote fourteen or fifteen *polonaises*. They are not intended especially to be used for dancing, but are

in concert form.

One of the most famous of these is his Military Polonaise in A major (No. 1, opus 40). This music recalls the march of Polish noblemen in the ceremonies of the government. You should ask some person who is a capable pianist to play this for you. Or you can buy a phonograph record of this music if you wish.

The *mazurka*, as also previously stated, is a gay Polish dance. It is in moderate triple time and is somewhat like the

(Please turn to page 397.)



The "little dog waltz" was suggested to Chopin by the antics of a little dog at play.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

THE INVISIBLE OCEAN IN WHICH WE LIVE

MAN can live three weeks without food, three days without water, but only three minutes without air, says an old proverb. Though these figures may not be exactly correct, they help us to understand how important is air to all life. Air is the commonest and most valuable thing in the world. It takes part in every activity, large or small, on the surface of the earth.

We live at the bottom of an ocean of gas which is the air covering the earth. Without air neither plants nor animals can live.

The climate of a country depends upon the air and its movements. The cold winds from the polar regions lower the temperature of a country and the hot winds from the torrid zone raise it. The winds also bring the clouds of water vapor over the land where it falls as rain. Without this moisture the plants from which we get food could not grow.

What is this marvellous substance, this air? Chemists tell us that it is a mixture of gases, principally three gases: oxygen, nitrogen, and argon. There is about 21 per cent of oxygen, about 78 per cent of nitrogen, and nearly one per cent of argon. Besides these three gases, air contains small quantities of carbon dioxide and hydrogen, and very small traces of other gases.

When a room is poorly ventilated, we say the air is "impure." This means that the air contains larger amounts of carbon

dioxide than at other times.

Oxygen is the life-giving gas in the air. The nitrogen serves to keep the oxygen from getting too strong. If the air were pure oxygen, every living thing would burn out too fast.

The carbon dioxide in the air is produced by the action of the oxygen on the carbon, which is an important part of everything alive. Every breath we draw forms carbon dioxide; every fire produces it. That is why air in cities where people are crowded together is less pure and healthful than air outside of the cities.

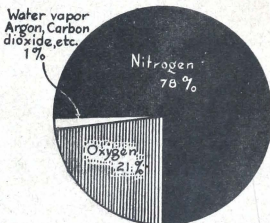
If it were not for plants, after a while the air would not be fit to breathe. Plants take carbon dioxide from the air, take out the carbon for the use of plants, and turn the oxygen back into the air.

How High Is There Air Above the Earth?

Probably air stops 40 or 50 miles above the earth. But at very high levels the air does not contain enough oxygen to support human life. Men who rise to great heights in airplanes have to take tanks of oxygen for breathing.

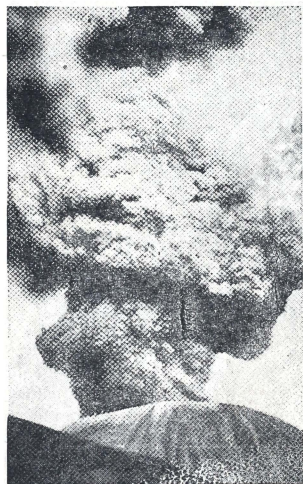
Another important thing about air is that it is compressible; that is, it can be pressed together or condensed. Air is also elastic, that is, it can be expanded or made larger. Thus, by means of a pump we blow up the tires of our automobiles and our bicycles. The air is compressed.

(Please turn to page 393.)



HISTORY SECTION

VESUVIUS AND THE BURIED CITIES



Vesuvius, the World's Most Famous Volcano

ACROSS the beautiful bay of Naples, less than ten miles from the city in Italy of that name, stands the volcano of Vesuvius, the most famous volcano in the world.

Mount Vesuvius is about 30 miles in circumference at the base. The height varies several hundred feet from time to time, according to the effects of successive eruptions, but it averages 4,000 feet above sea level. The top of the mountain is cut off and is about 2,000 feet across.

A cloud of dust and steam eternally wreathes its summit, for Vesuvius never

slumbers. In the photograph on this page showing Vesuvius in eruption, the dark clouds are not smoke, but are composed of steam and other gases mingled with dust and ashes thrown out of the volcano's mouth.

The region about the volcano has been densely populated for more than 20 centuries. The inhabitants at its foot cast many an anxious glance at its menacing bulk whenever the cloud seems blacker and denser than usual, for Vesuvius has taken a heavy toll of life and property through the centuries since daring man first settled in its shadow. No man knows when other villages will share the fate that overwhelmed the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum more than 1,800 years ago.

Many volcanoes supposed to be extinct have proved to be only dormant, that is, inactive. Such was the case of Mount Vesuvius. On the side of the mountain forests grew as far up as the crater and it was apparently extinct until the great eruption in 79 A. D. which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. That was the first eruption of Vesuvius in historic times.

Herculaneum was buried under masses of ashes and lava, and its actual site was not discovered until 1720, when the sinking of a well brought the workers to the remains of many of its buildings.

Pompeii was more fortunate than Herculaneum, because it stood farther away from the burning mountain, and was covered not so much with the destroying lava as with ashes. The city was, however, completely hidden from sight for

more than sixteen centuries.

During the next 1,500 years, after the great eruption of A. D. 79, there were other eruptions, but none so violent. But in 1681 there was another violent eruption which destroyed 18,000 lives. Since that time Vesuvius has never been entirely quiet, and in the last century the eruptions have increased in frequency.

One of the most destructive of recent eruptions took place in 1906. Masses of red-hot rocks and ashes shot up to the height of a mile or more. Great boulders could be seen rising and falling in the mighty jet of steam and fire. Heavy explosions tore open the whole mountainside, and streams of lava bathed the volcano from base to summit in a bright red glow. Along the side of the vertical column of fire thousands of tons of cinders and small stones shot out over the villages below. For a week the black cloud kept rolling down the valley so that the darkness was unbroken. Once more Vesuvius had taken its harvest of lives.

In recent years excavations have been made so that the ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum have been uncovered. Whole streets can now be seen with shops and dwellings just as they stood centuries ago. By visiting the ruins of these ancient

cities we may get an idea of their former beauty and the life of the people of those times.

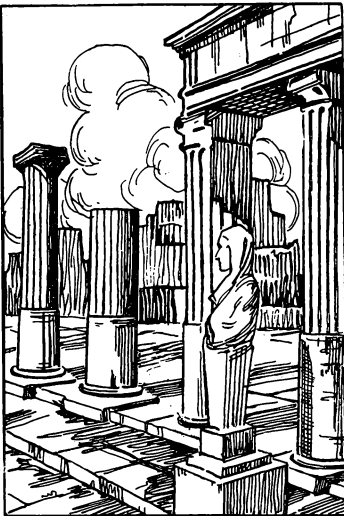
The excavations of Pompeii give a complete picture of the arrangement of the larger Roman private houses. A typical villa was divided into a front part, where strangers calling on business were received, and the private apartments of

the family found at the back of the building. The public part consisted of an open colonnaded court with small rooms leading out of it, and the private rooms were grouped around a slightly larger court. The exterior of these buildings followed the Oriental example of being plain and uninteresting, but inside there was much luxurious decoration.

In the rooms were elaborate paintings on the walls (mural paintings). Due to the preservative action of the volcanic ashes, many of the mural paintings in

the villas of the buried cities are in a remarkably fresh condition even today, although they were buried for 1800 years.

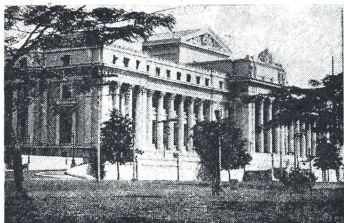
In the illustration on this page is shown a picture of a street in Pompeii. One can easily visualize the classic beauty of this city in ancient days before it was destroyed by Vesuvius, the most terrible volcano of all times.



Street in Ancient Pompeii

THE FIRST PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY

By CESARIO R. LLOBRERA *



*Where the National Assembly Now Meets
in Manila*

A MEMORABLE DATE in the history of the Philippines is October 16, 1907. On the sixteenth of this month, all the schools celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of the inauguration of the first Philippine Assembly.

What events led to the establishment of the Philippine Assembly? During the pre-Spanish time, the Philippines was composed of many *barangays*. Each of these *barangays* was under the rule of a headman or *dato*. Each chief made laws for the people of his *barangay*. Sometimes a group of old men in the village helped the *dato* in making the laws. But the laws in one *barangay* were obeyed only by the inhabitants there. The people did not follow the laws made by the *dato* of another *barangay*.

During the Spanish regime, the laws that the Filipinos observed were made in the *Cortes*, the Spanish law-making body. The Filipinos fought hard in order to be represented in that body—so that they could take part in passing laws

that would affect the Philippines. The Filipinos, however, were represented only in the years 1810-1813, 1820-1823, and 1834-1837. We were allowed to send representatives to the Spanish *Cortes*, but because of the long distance of our Islands from Europe, our deputies were oftentimes unable to attend the sessions. Spaniards had to be substituted for Filipino delegates. One Filipino representative who did much in the *Cortes* was Ventura de los Reyes, a Manila merchant. He worked hard for the abolition of the galleon trade.

When the Americans came to our shores, the laws and orders were issued by the military governor. When peace was well established, the military government gave way to the civil government. The first body during the American administration to enjoy legislative powers was the Second Philippine Commission which was at first composed of Americans and later, of both Filipinos and Americans. They were all appointed. From 1901 to 1907, the Philippine Commission was the only law-making body in the Islands. Then the Congress of the United States passed an act on July 1, 1902 which was known as the Philippine Bill. The act provided for the establishment of the Philippine Assembly two years after the publication of the census.

The election of the members of the Assembly was held on July 30, 1907. About 100,000 people voted. There were 80 assemblymen elected from the 80 districts in the Philippines. The Philippine Assembly served as the lower house. The Philippine Commission functioned as

* Teacher, Lakan-Dula Elementary School, Manila.

(Please turn to page 399.)

HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION

HOW TO STOP A CASE OF HICCUPS

ONE of the earliest annoyances of man is hiccups. Infants are subject to hiccups before they are born, but this style of hiccups is of little concern to anybody. Hiccups becomes personally annoying after birth.

Hiccups (spell it *hiccough* if you wish, but pronounce it *hiccup* just the same) is defined by the doctor as "a spasmodic inspiration with closure of the glottis." It is easier just to think of hiccups as practically the opposite of the act of coughing. The muscle in charge is the diaphragm, which is the large muscle below the heart and lungs, and above the abdominal organs. When the diaphragm contracts spasmodically—that is, in a jerky way—air is taken into the body through a constricted (tightened, cramped, or squeezed) opening, and you have hiccups and make the usual sound characteristic of that annoyance.

As far as doctors have been able to discover, hiccups is completely useless. Sometimes it lasts a week or longer and causes serious exhaustion. The ordinary hiccups, however, which most of us have occasionally, is usually caused by some slight irritation of the abdominal organs. The diaphragm may be irritated by hot food or drink. A stomach distended by food or gas may press against the diaphragm and cause it to kick back with hiccups. Alcoholic drinks are irritating, and often cause hiccups.

There are a number of simple ways of controlling or stopping a case of hiccups.

(Please turn to page 397.)

SAFETY FIRST

By MRS. PAZ J. EUGENIO *

COMPLETE each of the following numbered sentences by choosing the best of the three given reasons.

- We practice fire drills at school——.
 - to train pupils in marching
 - so that pupils will know how to act during a fire
 - to train pupils in going in and out of the rooms
- Movie theaters are provided with exits——.
 - for decorative purposes
 - providing fresh air to theater patrons
 - so that people can pass out promptly in case of fire
- Automobiles have horns in order——.
 - to frighten people
 - to make a noise in the street
 - to warn people of their approach
- Dogs should wear muzzles——.
 - so that they will not bite passers-by
 - so that they will not be caught by the police
 - so that owners can identify them
- A person should not take a lighted candle inside of a mosquito net because——.
 - it might set fire to the house
 - it might make the air too warm
 - it might waken the children who are sleeping

* Teacher, Cecilio Apostol Elementary School, Manila.

WORK AND PLAY SECTION

MAKING A TERRARIUM

WOULD YOU like to have a terrarium? Of course you would, if you saw one so that you could realize how attractive it is.

But, you are asking, what is a terrarium? Well, *terrarium* is the proper, dignified word for *glass garden*—even a miniature glass garden. You might call it a plant box, or anything else, but it is a tiny garden just the same. And you can have it anywhere—at your home, at your school, or where ever you want it.

There is hardly any expense in making one, and certainly no trouble.

It may be of any size—from a tiny gold-fish bowl to a large aquarium. It may be used on a desk at your home or on the library table, or as an attractive centerpiece on the dining room table. Or it may be on your teacher's desk at school, or in one of the school room windows.

It is simply a miniature garden, or a beautiful tiny woodland glen, with such things as mossy rocks, little ferns, and wee, brilliant flowers growing in a glass container.

It is built in an air-tight container, and depends upon the condensation of moisture for its development. Any type of container will do, just so it is of clear, uncolored glass and has a glass cover. Candy jars, fish aquariums, or even a large glass dish will serve.

A terrarium *must* have a glass cover so that moisture will accumulate properly. A piece of window glass will do.

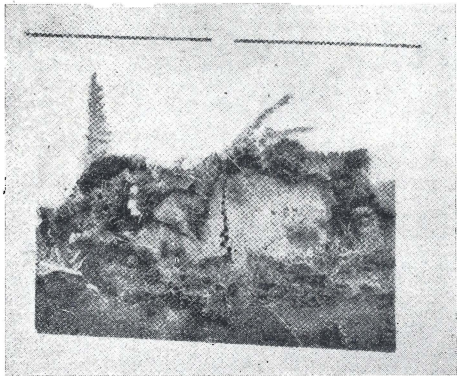
A shop-keeper who sells glass will cut it to the right shape and size for you.

In making your glass garden, you must first visualize the miniature picture you want. Then duplicate it as best you can with your moss, plants, and rocks.

Make it spotlessly clean inside. Then sprinkle a thin layer of powdered charcoal on the bottom to insure sweetness. Next put in a few pebbles. Then comes the soil.

If you care to do so, you may line the sides of your terrarium with flat moss, which can be gathered in the woods. Or you may use a layer of dry sand between the pebbles and charcoal and the top soil.

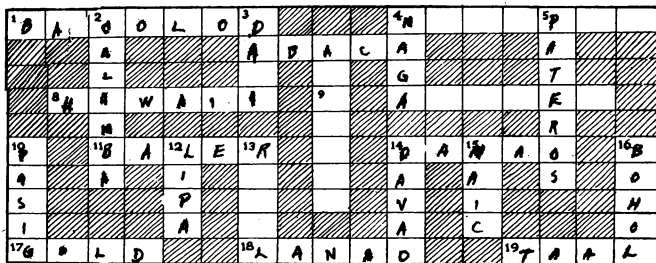
(Please turn to page 393.)



Visualize the miniature picture you want; then duplicate it with moss, plants, and rocks.

A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE IN GEOGRAPHY

By BENJAMIN L. PAGULAYAN *



ACROSS

1. An important Visayan city.
4. A market town in Pangasinan.
6. A Philippine export.
8. The "pearl of the Orient."
9. A forest product of Mindanao.
11. The birthplace of our president.
14. A town in Cebu.
17. A mineral found at Paracale.
18. Where Moros live.
19. A volcano in Batangas.

DOWN.

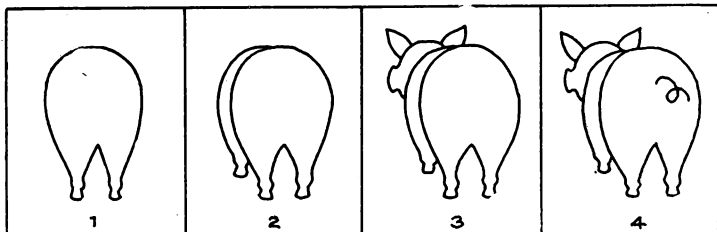
2. The birthplace of Jose Rizal.
3. A mountain in Mountain Province.
4. The capital of Camarines Sur.
5. A town famous for duck eggs.
7. A mountain in Pampanga.
10. A river that flows through Manila.
12. A town in Batangas.
14. A city of the southern Philippines.
15. A Cavite town.
16. One of the corn provinces.

* Teacher, Peñablanca, Cagayan.

(Answers on page 396.)

DRAWING A PIG

By PETRONILO A. BUAN





THE YOUNG CITIZEN PANTRY



EVERYBODY likes candy. Of course, one can buy excellent candy, but one can learn to make delicious candy at home and it is much cheaper. Besides, the amateur candy-maker can build up a good income by making candy and selling it at schools and colleges, on buses or trains, in the market, or even in one's own little *tienda*. Here in the Philippines where sugar and all the other ingredients of candy are plentiful and cheap, a person can make plenty of delicious, wholesome candy at a small cost. So the editor of THE YOUNG CITIZEN is glad to have some candy recipes in this issue of the magazine and several issues to follow.

In order to be successful in making candy at home, the candy-maker must have all equipment needed before starting. If possible, use an aluminum kettle for cooking candy. Granite ware is the next best. The following list of utensils will help the home candy-maker: one measuring cup,

MAKING CANDIES

one large wooden spoon, one aluminum or granite cooking kettle, one cup to test the candy, one large flat pan in which to pour the candy when cooked, and one thermometer. There are other things which can be added to the list later on, such as a spatula, a set of measuring spoons, a dipping fork, a double boiler for melting chocolate, and a medicine dropper for flavoring extracts.

A suitable surface on which to work candies may be provided by using an aluminum tray such as waiters use.

The candy thermometer should always be put in the kettle as soon as the candy is put over the fire, otherwise one is apt to break the glass of the thermometer.

Care should be taken in measuring the ingredients to use *exactly* the amount given in the recipe. Follow the given directions *very carefully*.

FUDGE

Fudge is perhaps the

easiest candy of all to make. Fudge consists of sugar and half as much liquid as sugar, to which has been added flavoring. It is boiled to the soft ball degree, allowed to cool a very little, and beaten until it begins to set. With a little experience, a wide variety of candy may be made, based on this foundation.

COCONUT FUDGE

Cook two pounds of brown sugar and the milk drained from one large coconut. Cook at a temperature of 245 degrees. (Test with your candy thermometer.) Add the shredded coconut meat. Take it off the fire and beat until it is creamy. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring extract.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Melt one-fourth of a pound of chocolate and mix with one can of condensed milk. Add one package of dried coconut (to be purchased at the grocery store). Put in a shallow buttered pan, and bake until the mixture is thick.

(To be continued)

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP SECTION

HUMILITY

By ARTHUR MEE

WE SHOULD never be ashamed of humility. In this great world, with all the majesty of Nature 'round about him, the proudest man may well be humble.

A man may boast of his knowledge, but it is as a grain of sand on the seashore compared with what he does not know. A man may boast of his possessions, but it is poverty compared with the wealth that belongs to us all. A man may boast of his talents, but he is helpless when Nature comes to him and says, "Thou shalt not do this." The wisest and richest and cleverest of men have need of great humility.

It will help us all our lives to be humble, to be ready to learn, and not to boast overmuch of the powers that came to us from God, not to bear too proudly the precious gifts we were not responsible for. It will help us to sit at the feet of those who can teach us wisdom. It will never help us to pretend to know the things we do not know.

It is good to have the strength of a giant, but it is not always good to use it so. It is good to know whatever there is to know, but we need not parade our learning as a jeweler shows his diamonds in a window.

It is humility that has given the world its greatest pride. It is the desire to know that has given us all our knowledge. All the glory that is written in books, all the wonder that is painted in pictures, all the immortal music that seems to lift us up to heaven, has come from men who came humbly into the world, went through life

in great humility, and were not too proud to learn to serve that they might command, to seek that they might find.

There was a great Frenchman named Pasteur. He was to cover his name with the glory that will shine forever in the history of the world. He wrote to his father at the beginning of his great work praying that he might be able to add one little stone to the temple of human knowledge. He prayed to add one little stone, but in the end he set up a mighty temple in which the human heart will worship as long as human mind endures.

And, long before Pasteur, there was a great Englishman named Isaac Newton. No man in England knew more than he. A marvellous work he did, astonishing discoveries he made, and all the world is richer because Sir Isaac Newton lived. Yet this great man, one of the greatest of all time, declared that he felt at the end of his life as if he had been picking up a few pebbles on the seashore while the ocean of truth lay unexplored round about him. He had filled the whole world with wonder and set up a kingdom of knowledge, but he felt at the end of it all like a little child picking up pebbles.

So Pasteur begins, so Newton ends, in deep humility, and we do well to be humble, seeing the wonders that they wrought. We need not be ashamed to keep them company; we need not be too proud to pick up pebbles, and so add some little stone to our share of the building up of the glory that awaits us all.

MAKING A TERRARIUM (Continued from page 389)

A leafy loam makes good soil. This you can find around almost any shrub. Dry out this soil by heating it in your oven for an hour at a temperature of about 250 degrees. This kills certain bacteria that might be present. Screen the soil next and sun it.

An inch or two of soil will do for your purpose. With the earth placed, add the rocks, being sure to have them of a size in proportion to your garden scheme.

Select thrifty plants. They must be dainty. It is not always necessary that they be rooted, for many plant slips thrive well under glass. But artistry and imagination must be used in the planting. Ferns are especially effective. Variegated *Wandering Jew* is good, and colorful coleus is attractive. Begonias are particularly suitable. Various species of both of these are found in all parts of the Philippines.

Your garden should be planted so that it is attractive from all sides, as you will want to turn it around to catch the light from time to time. Experiment with different types of plants, and, although it is more interesting to gather lovely things in the woods, any

garden will afford you many suitable subjects.

After the garden is planted, sprinkle it lightly with water. Remember that too much water is worse than not enough. These glass gardens literally take care of themselves, once they are properly planted. Moisture collecting on the sides of the container seeps into the soil, and it is seldom necessary to water more than once in six weeks or two months.

At first your garden may have a steamy effect. Remove the top cover for a little while and then replace it.

After the plants have been under the glass for some time, a few of them may look moldy. This indicates too much moisture, and they should be aired again. If they seem to wither, a bit more dampness may be necessary. If they mildew or show a very dejected droop, it is best to remove them.

Once the garden is well established, however, it will thrive with tropical luxuriance, and almost without attention, for months at a time.

A word of warning: Never leave your terrarium in strong sunlight. It needs air occasionally to keep it fresh, and once in a long time it

INVISIBLE OCEAN (Continued from page 384)

inside.

We can store compressed air in tanks, and use it for many purposes. In the air-gun, the bullets are shot by compressed air instead of gun powder. In a suction-pump, the air is compressed. It exhausts the air pressure in the pipe above the water, and the pressure of the air on the water outside the pipe forces it up inside.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the commonest but at the same time the most valuable thing in the world?
2. To what extent is air used in the world's activities?
3. What must all plants and animals have?

requires the lightest kind of sprinkling, but not too much water, not too much air, and not too much sunlight.

The terrarium prefers to be let alone most of the time. And in this it has the advantage over other gardens. It thrives best where it is reached by filtered light.

If planted artistically, a terrarium will be an endless source of delight to everyone who sees it. And it will last for two or three years.

STORY OF MOWGLI

(Continued from page 376)

"Yes, give the man-cub to Great Tiger," said the young wolves, for they hated Mowgli. Restlessly they circled around Mowgli, and Great Tiger roared hungrily.

"Now is the time," whispered Black Panther, and Mowgli arose, holding the fire-pot in his hands.

"Listen," he said, raising his hand. "Listen, you wolves. You have often said that I am a man-cub. I thought myself your brother, and would have staid with you always. But now that you have turned against me, you cannot say what shall be done. I, the man-cub, have here a little Red Fire, which you cowards fear." Mowgli looked about.

"Listen," he continued, again raising his hand. "Lone Wolf shall go and live as he pleases. You shall not kill him, now that he is old, because that is not my will. I will go to the village to my own people. When next I come to the Council Rock, I shall bring Great Tiger's skin on my head."

Mowgli strode off to say goodbye to Mother Wolf and his foster brothers, the wolf cubs.

The dawn was breaking when Mowgli went down

the hillside, alone, to meet his people in the village. He made signs to show that he was hungry.

The priest was called and a great crowd gathered. He was taken home by a kindly woman, who fed and clothed him, and made him sleep in a house. But the house frightened him, for it seemed like a trap.

He was sent out to herd the buffaloes, with the other boys. But it was tiresome business, and he longed to go back to the jungle.

One day, as he sat watching the buffalo herd, Gray Brother, one of Mother Wolf's cubs, came to him.

"Great Tiger will wait for you by the village gate tonight," said the wolf cub. "But Great Tiger has eaten, and is slow and drowsy from too much food."

"Then we will catch him," said Mowgli. "Tomorrow night I shall have the skin of Great Tiger."

With the help of the wolf cub, Mowgli divided the buffaloes into two herds. One herd was driven to the foot of the ravine where Great Tiger lay sleeping. The other herd went to the head of the ravine. The two herds formed a rough circle, with Great Tiger in the center.

Then Mowgli stampeded one of the herds and the wolf cub stampeded the

other. Down the buffaloes dashed from either end of the ravine.

Great Tiger was trapped. The great animals rushed over him, trampled him and crushed him, and when they had passed by, Great Tiger lay dead.

After Mowgli had stripped the tiger's body of its skin, he and the wolf cub herded the buffaloes and drove them back.

"Sorcerer, wizard, enchanter! Leave us," cried the village people as Mowgli neared the gates. The boys who herded the buffaloes with him had told all the villagers how the wolf cub had talked with him. So with sticks the village people drove Mowgli back to the jungle.

On the great skin of Great Tiger which lay spread on the Council Rock, Mowgli stood and around him the animals circled, begging him to be their leader.

"No," said Mowgli, for he was a man-cub and was wise. "I will not lead you. I promise you I will stay in the jungle, but I will hunt alone and be free of any tribe."

So Mowgli hunted only with the wolves who were his foster brothers, and lived a long life in the jungle. And that is the story of Mowgli.



Catching Eels

By DIOSCORO P. SIBAYAN
(16 YEARS OLD)

ABOUT eight o'clock one night, my brother and I set off for the river, about 500 meters away, to catch eels. We took with us five hooks, two *bolos*, several pieces of wood for clubs, and a container full of coffee to keep us awake.

We carefully baited our hooks with frogs and threw into the water our lines on which were the baited hooks.

We waited patiently and quietly, and did not talk to each other. If we became sleepy, we drank coffee.

We sat thus for four or five hours. Then I felt a strong pull on one of my lines. With the help of my brother, I caught a very fine eel. I pulled it up. A blow with my club dispatched it. This eel was large and fat—nearly a meter in length. We caught other eels that night.

We carried the eels home and made "dried eel"—*tinapa a'igat* in Ilocano—from the catch.

A Tribute to the Y.M.C.A. Boys Club

By WENCESLAO RAMOS
(12 YEARS OLD)

I LIVE in Manila and am a member of the Y.M.C.A. Boys Club. Every Saturday I go to the city branch of the Y and play, sing, and swim. And don't I have a good time!

Sometimes I listen to a speaker who tells us to be



Wenceslao Ramos

good to our parents and to other boys. I am doing my best to be good.

I attend the community program every Saturday evening. I enjoy that too.

I get all of these things free—I do not have to pay one centavo. *Maraming salamat* to the Boys Club.

Earning a Pair of Shoes

By ROMULO V. MARTIN
(7 YEARS OLD)

I ASKED father to make a shoe shine box for me.

When the box was finished, mother gave me money to buy shoe polish—black, tan, red, and white.

When everything was ready, I asked father to let me clean his shoes first for practice.

Then some of the neighbors let me shine their shoes. I did the best I could, and received eighteen centavos. How happy I was!

I continued my shoe shining business during the two months of vacation.

Finally I decided to count my money and see how much I had saved. Do you know how much? Very much. Three pesos and sixty-two centavos! My own money!

From this money I bought me a new pair of high top shoes, and I still had enough left for my pencils, paper, and notebooks, and some candy besides.

CLEVER GOBLIN

(Continued from page 378)

in the house.

THIRD GOBLIN: Here's her cat, sound asleep.

CAT: I am not. I'm wide awake.

FOURTH GOBLIN: Then will you please help us?

CAT: I will tell you where her evil power is stored, if you will promise to destroy it. I'm tired of belonging to such a bad old witch.

ALL GOBLINS: We promise.

CAT: I may be only a sleepy black cat. But the witch's power is stored in her hat.

FIFTH GOBLIN: But how can we get it?

CLEVER GOBLIN: Come here. I'll tell you. *(They whisper together.)* Now just leave everything to me.

FIFTH GOBLIN: Here she comes.

BAD WITCH *(enters,*

chuckling): Here's a fine broom. Just what you want. *(Aside)* I have placed a magic charm on this broom, so they will tumble off and hurt themselves.

CLEVER GOBLIN: We just want to show you a new trick.

BAD WITCH: Nonsense! What do I want with a new trick?

CLEVER GOBLIN: Oh, but this is such a funny one! Did you ever have a broom carry you backwards instead of forwards?

BAD WITCH *(interested in spite of herself)*: No, I never did.

CLEVER GOBLIN: Wouldn't you like to learn how it's done?

BAD WITCH: Well, perhaps, if it won't take too long.

CLEVER GOBLIN: Oh, no, it's very easy. Just sit on the broom. *(Witch seats herself.)* Now, you must re-

peat after me:

Eppi, Peppi, Zeppi, Zare!

Backward, backward, through the air!

BAD WITCH *(repeats)*:

Eppi, Peppi, Zeppi, Zare!

Backward, backward, through the air!

(Nothing happens. The goblins look puzzled, and crowd around to inspect the broom.)

CLEVER GOBLIN: It's not right yet. *(Scratching his head and thinking)* Oh, I have it! Your hat is too heavy. Take it off.

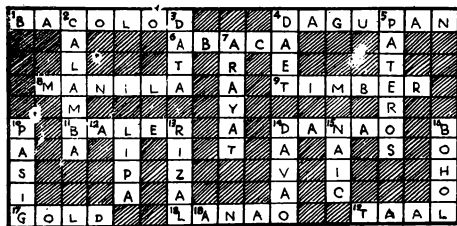
BAD WITCH: No! No! Go away!

CLEVER GOBLIN: Oh, dear! All the other witches learned so quickly. They're all planning to ride backwards tonight. But of course, if you can't learn—

BAD WITCH *(stamping her foot)*: I can learn. Here, hold my hat. *(Hands her hat to Clever Goblin.)* Mind you hold it carefully now. Eppi, Peppi, Zeppi, Zare! *(Clever Goblin runs off the stage with the Bad Witch's hat in which her evil power is woven. The Bad Witch runs after him, shrieking.)* Here, come back with my hat! My hat! My hat! Come back with my hat!

FIFTH GOBLIN *(looking off the stage)*. He's running *(Please turn to page 399.)*

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

(Answers from page 390)

CHOPIN

(Continued from page 383)

polka. The music of the *mazurka* is not as ceremonious as that of the *polonaise*. More than fifty *mazurkas*, all in concert form, were written by this composer.

A *ballade*, when written as an instrumental composition, is a sort of narrative—that is, it tells a story by means of music. Chopin wrote four of these. One of them, which you must hear either by piano or phonograph when you have an opportunity, is his *Ballade in G minor*. In this *ballade* Chopin tells in music a heroic legend of the Middle Ages in Poland. The hero of this legend is a man named Wallenrod. The story is told in epic (narrative) poetry, and Chopin gives us the same story by means of music. If you learn the theme of the poem, the music will be wonderfully clear when you hear it. The voice of a Polish bard (poet) urging the cause of Polish liberty is heard throughout the *ballade*. If you hear this music on a piano or a phonograph, try to identify the theme which represents the voice of the bard.

Another well known composition by Chopin is called the *Minute Waltz*, but the

French people call this *la valse du le petit chien*, that is, "the waltz of the little dog." According to a story, this music was suggested to Chopin by the antics of a little dog at play. An artist has sketched an imaginary picture of this scene; this sketch is reproduced on page 383. You will surely want to hear the "little dog waltz."

Chopin was a true poet, although he uses the piano instead of words for his medium of expression, and to him is rightfully given the immortal title, "Poet of the Piano."

REVIEW

1. Spell and pronounce the name of Chopin (pronounced *shooc-pan*).
2. Where and when was Chopin born? Died when?
3. Tell of Chopin's life.
4. Name three different kinds of musical compositions which Chopin wrote.
5. What name has been given to Chopin?

MY FAITHFUL DOG

(Continued from page 379)

I am sure that if it had not been for the help of my faithful dog, I would have drowned. I rewarded him with more affection than ever and kinder treatment.

HOW TO STOP HICCUPS

(Continued from page 388)

It is well for everybody to know at least several of these.

Cough or sneeze. This is the opposite of the hiccups mechanism, and will often stop it.

Sugar on the tongue. Put a small amount of sugar on the tip of a spoon and deposit it as far back on the tongue as you can. Then swallow. The dry sugar requires some effort to get down and the muscles brought into play quiet the spasm of hiccups.

Salt, vinegar, ice, and cold water. These are effective in much the same way as sugar.

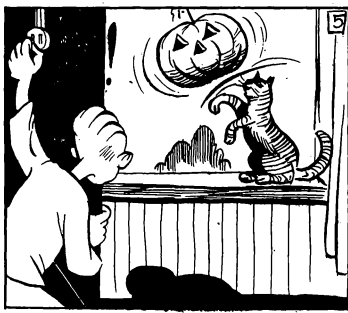
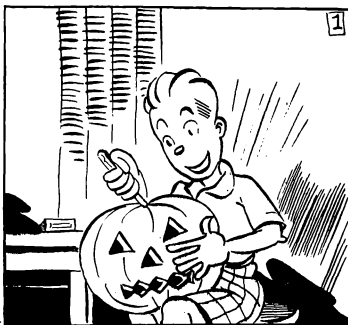
Pull strongly on the tongue. When more effective measures are needed in a persistent case of hiccups, try this. It is effective.

Apply pressure to the back of the neck. This may be effective, because that is where the nerve controlling hiccups is located.

Nausea (desire to vomit) caused by tickling the back of the throat, usually gets results in stubborn cases.

When none of these remedies is effective, and it has continued for several hours, call a doctor. He may wash out your stomach and give sedatives (sleep-producing drugs).

THE FUNNY PAGE



CLEVER GOBLIN

(Continued from page 396)

as fast as he can.

SECOND GOBLIN: He's trying to throw it into the river.

THIRD GOBLIN: She's overtaking him. Oh, we'll suffer for this!

FOURTH GOBLIN: No, she tripped and fell. Hurrah! He's thrown the hat into the river!

FIRST GOBLIN: Let's go and meet him. *(They run from the stage.)*

CAT: Meow! Meow! Now I'll never have to scratch anybody again. I'm so glad. I want to be a good black cat.

BAD WITCH *(entering)*: Oh, dear! My hat is gone. Now I'll have to be a good witch after all.

CAT: Meow! Meow!

BAD WITCH: Someone is coming. *(Child enters crying.)* What's the matter?

CHILD: This is Halloween, and I haven't any lantern to carry, or costume to wear.

BAD WITCH: Let me see! Here's an extra lantern, and here's a witch's dress to wear.

CHILD: Oh, thank you. *(Goes out with the lantern and the costume.)*

BAD WITCH: Well, well, that was nice. Maybe it will be fun being a good witch, after all.

CAT: Meow! Meow!

FIRST ASSEMBLY

(Continued from page 387)

the upper house. Together, they formed the Philippine Legislature.

Let us now tell the story of the inauguration of the first Philippine Assembly. This significant event took place at the Manila Grand Opera House on Wednesday, October 16, 1907 at nine o'clock in the morning. The first persons to take their seats in the Grand Opera House were the provincial governors; they were followed by the assemblymen. Many high officials were also present including Secretary of War Taft, a former governor-

BAD WITCH: Now I must empty this kettle of broth, and make some delicious coconut candy. Let me see! Who will help me eat it?

WITCHES *(running in)*: We will!

GOBLINS *(running in)*: We will!

CHILDREN *(entering timidly)*: Did we hear someone say something about candy?

BAD WITCH *(who is no longer a bad witch, but is now a Good Witch)*: Yes, and you all shall have a share.

ALL: Hurrah for Halloween!

—From *The Instructor*.

general, Governor-General Smith, and the members of the Philippine Commission. Governor-General Smith started the ceremonies by reviewing the events which led to the organization of the Assembly. Secretary Taft delivered the inaugural address. The ceremonies ended at noon.

At five o'clock the assemblymen held their first meeting in the Marble Hall of the Ayuntamiento in the Walled City. After the roll had been called, the members proceeded to the election of the speaker. Manuel L. Quezon nominated Sergio Osmeña of Cebu whose election was declared unanimous.

The first Philippine Assembly will go down in Philippine history as the first Filipino legislative body under the American flag. Its creation marked a forward step in the march of the Filipinos towards self-government, a wise policy laid down by President McKinley of the United States. This popular body of brilliant men served as a strong foundation of our present Commonwealth government. Let us then remember the day when the Filipinos started to make laws for themselves—October 16, 1907.

CHATS with the EDITOR

EVERYONE likes praise, especially when it comes honestly and unsolicited.

In this Chat we are quoting excerpts from some of the letters recently received.

We believe our readers will be interested in reading these excerpts, so here they are:

Tayaabas, Tayabas — THE YOUNG CITIZEN is a magazine read by thousands of teachers and pupils all over the Philippines.—*Fabian A. Obispo.*

* * *

Paco, Manila, P. I.—I am a constant reader of THE YOUNG CITIZEN. I find it very useful for teachers, very valuable for pupils, and very entertaining for young folks. It has helped me much in my work, as I find it contains many interesting materials for classroom activities. Your magazine provides for primary teachers devices, games, stories, poems, and other materials which make their work more interesting and their teaching more effective. Through your magazine many teachers profit by the knowledge and experience of other teachers.—*Francisca P. Bautista.*

* * *

Torrijos, Marinduque—I am glad to say that your magazine, THE YOUNG CITIZEN, has really proved its worth. It is a favorite among my Grade Four pupils.—*Ernesto R. Barbosa.*

* * *

Libmanan, Camarines Sur—I am glad my school has subscribed for THE YOUNG CITIZEN. We receive thirty-one (31) copies of each issue.—*Anastacio Cacniller.*

Sibulan, Oriental Negros—We subscribe for 26 copies of each issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN for the library at our Central School, and one for each of the three barrio schools.—*Timoteo S. Oracion.*

* * *

Antipolo, Mambusao, Capiz—We receive your magazine, THE YOUNG CITIZEN, at my school each month. My pupils enjoy it very much. I often read it myself after classes. Sometimes I read from it to our pupils during our opening exercises.—*Amando P. Custodio.*

* * *

New Washington, Capiz—Our school subscribes for 20 copies per issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN which rotate like a set of supplementary readers. Many of our teachers believe that because of the variety and usefulness of the material of THE YOUNG CITIZEN, a set of copies of this magazine is more valuable as reading material than a set of supplementary readers.—*Luis M. Enriquez.*

* * *

Manila, P. I.—While on vacation this summer, I had the privilege of reading your very interesting magazine, THE YOUNG CITIZEN. I found the issues which I read entertaining and enjoyable. I consider this magazine as one of the best of its kind in the education of our youth. Since this magazine is a new discovery to me, our school has not been subscribing for it, but during the coming school year I shall introduce the magazine to our school.—*Elias de Jesus Umali.*

* * *

Iligan, Lanao—I enjoy and appreciate your magazine, THE

YOUNG CITIZEN. More than that, it is gaining in popularity among my pupils, who are very much interested in it. As we do not receive enough copies of each issue for the entire class, each one tries to finish his seatwork ahead of the others so that he can have a copy of THE YOUNG CITIZEN. My pupils enjoy reading the stories, poems, and jokes. They like to work the puzzles. They answer the questions at the end of many of the articles.

Once our Division Superintendent of Schools came to observe my work. My Grade Two pupils had finished their seatwork ahead of time, and many of them were busy reading THE YOUNG CITIZEN. Each time a pupil found a difficult word in a story, he came to me for help. I could hardly conduct my recitation with the Grade One pupils because so many of the second graders were asking for help in reading THE YOUNG CITIZEN. I thought I would be severely criticized for this by my superintendent, but instead the superintendent was pleased because the second graders were reading the magazine and asking help for any difficulty they met.

This incident shows that THE YOUNG CITIZEN is loved, valued, and appreciated by pupils and school officials.—*Lourdes L. Galeno.*

* * *

Again, your Editor wishes to thank our many friends for their encouragement and support. If you like THE YOUNG CITIZEN, write and tell us so. Goodbye.—THE EDITOR.

The Uses of
THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Approved in Acad. Bull. No. 11, series 1935

The Director of Education, in his letters of Nov. 4, 1937 and Jan. 14, 1939, indicated the following points:

1. The YOUNG CITIZEN is ideal for audience reading, group projects, and the like.
2. The YOUNG CITIZEN can be of much help in encouraging reading habits on a voluntary basis.
3. Authority is given for the placing of one or more subscriptions for every classroom (including barrio schools) of Grade II and above.
4. In addition to subscriptions for classrooms, several subscriptions may be placed for the library, and one for the Home Economics Building and one for the shop building.
5. The YOUNG CITIZEN being the only magazine ever published in the Philippines for children, the Bureau of Education has taken much interest in its development.
6. Subscriptions to magazine intended for pupils should be on full year basis.

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