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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FILIPINOS

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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.

Primary Teachers:

We especially desire various kinds of interesting material suitable for

First, Second, and Third Grade Pupils.

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.
P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines**

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 6

NUMBER 7

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

BIRDS

Birds are beautiful.

Many birds have beautiful colors—red, blue, yellow, and other colors.

Many birds can sing sweetly. Do you like birds?

Pedro wanted to have a bird for a pet. So he made a bird trap. He put it in the top of a tree.

In the evening before he went to bed, he hoped that by morning the trap would catch a bird.

When he woke up the following morning, he went to see the trap.

“Good!” said Pedro, “I have a beautiful green bird.”

Pedro put the bird in a beautiful cage. He gave the bird some rice, some bananas, and some water.

But the little bird was very much frightened. He did not like to eat. He tried to get out of the beautiful cage. He cried and whistled as if he were trying to call for help.

“Oh you will get used to it,” said Pedro to the bird.

“You see, you have a nice cage. You have plenty of food to eat and water to drink.”

Pedro was very kind to the little bird. But the little bird did not seem to like his new place. And he jumped and jumped. He put his head between the bars of the cage. He cried and cried.

At night, when Pedro was sleeping, he had a dream. He dreamed that the little bird in the cage spoke to him. This was what the bird said:

“Pedro, you are indeed very kind to me. But you know I have three little birds. I was looking for food when I was caught in the trap. My little ones are now very hungry. Won't you let me go? Please, Pedro, let me go and feed my little baby birds.”

Pedro woke up and it was already morning. He remembered his dream. So he went to the little bird and set him free.

And Pedro was very, very happy. So were the bird and the little baby birds.

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH

A PSALM FOR CHILDREN



OUR GOD is like a Father, high in Heaven,
 Who loves His children dearly, every one.
 My home, my father, mother He has planned.
 His fields and flocks give me the food I need.
 The clothing that I wear has come from Him.
 He teaches how to grow up tall and strong.
 He gives me other boys and girls for friends,
 And helps me understand that I must do
 To others as I wish that they may do.
 Sweet music he has tuned my heart to hear.
 The warm, bright sun and cooling breeze, the birds,
 The flowers and grass, the trees, the clouds, and sea:
 All these have come from God to make me glad.
 If I am lonely or afraid at times
 I know that He is watching over me.
 When dark night comes, he sends a restful sleep,
 And in the morning wakes me happily
 To live another day in His good world.

—Selected

FOR FIRST GRADERS**A HAPPY FAMILY**

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ*



This baby boy is Pepito.
 He is Rosa's brother.
 He is the youngest
 in the family.
 He is only a year old.

This is Rosa's mother.
 Mother stays at home.
 She takes good care
 of baby Pepito.
 Pepito and Rosa love Mother.

Rosa helps Mother.
 She helps her clean
 the house.
 Rosa takes care of Pepito.
 She is a helpful girl.

Father is away all day.
 He earns money for
 his family.
 He buys their food.
 They all love Father.

* Assistant Principal, Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.

FOR FIRST GRADERS**FINDING THE RIGHT NAME**

By PABLO M. CUASAY *

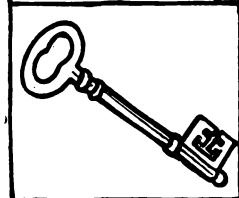


Find the right name
in each group. Draw
a line under it.

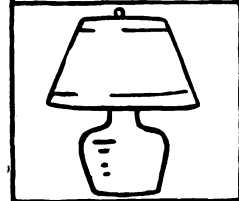
ink cup
chalk plate
pencil jug



bird oranges
egg bananas
nest nuts



lock cat
key dog
door rat



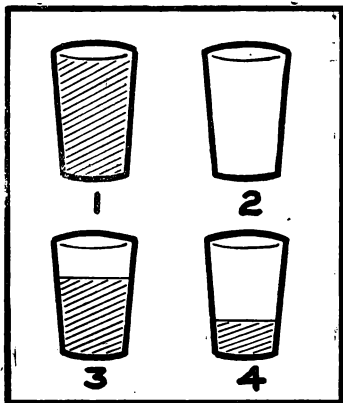
lamp flower
light fruit
match leaf



* Principal, Cabugao Elementary School, Cabugao, Ilocos Sur.

FOR SECOND GRADERS**WHAT IS THE ANSWER?**

Read the question. Answer it. Write the answer.



Which glass is full?

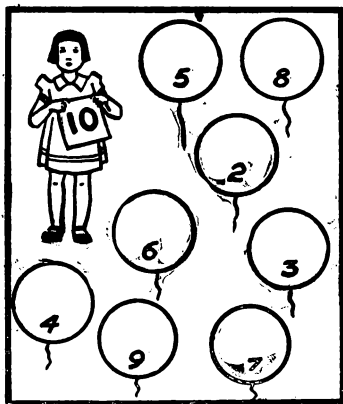
Which glass is empty?

Does 3 have less
in it than 4? _____

Which glass has
the most in it? _____

This child sells balloons. She holds in her hands a tag showing the price of each balloon.

Can you write above the figure on each balloon the number which must be added to it to make the number equal ten?



FOR SECOND GRADERS

DRAWING AND PRINTING

Draw the pictures. Print the words. Spell them, too.



nail



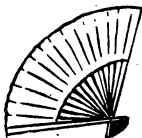
snail



shell



bell



fan



pan



car



jar



spool



stool



fish



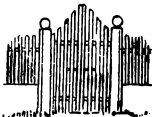
dish



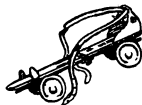
sail



pail



gate



skate

FOR THIRD GRADERS**BABY PUPPIES**

By MRS. ANASTACIA SIMALONG-GUTIERREZ



Count the puppies.

One, two, three, four,
five.

There is another one
behind the others.

So there are in all
six puppies.

What color are they?

They are black and
white.

They have black ears.

Their paws are white.

Their hair is soft.

Have you ever had a mother dog
with her puppies?

Did you ever hear puppies bark?

Did you ever see puppies drink
milk from a pan?

When the puppies are older and
larger, they can eat meat.

Little puppies are very cute.

They learn many things very
quickly.

They soon learn to growl.

They like to gnaw a bone.

They are very playful.

They like to sleep, too.

COMPLETING SENTENCES

Write the correct word in the blank:

1. Baby dogs are usually called
_____.

2. When they are very
small they drink _____.

3. When they are older puppies
they eat _____.

4. Puppies do not talk; but
they _____.

FOR THIRD GRADERS**BABY CHICKS**

By MRS. ANASTACIA SIMALONG-GUTIERREZ



Count all the chicks.
 You cannot because
 there are so many.
 There are nearly 20.
 What color are they?
 They are white like
 their mother.
 A little chick eats
 with its bill.
 Its body is covered
 with nice soft down.
 When it is older, it
 will have feathers.

Have you ever had a mother hen
 with her baby chicks?

Do you know how she calls them?

How does she keep them warm?

What do baby chicks eat?

The mother hen says, "Cluck!

Cluck!"

The baby chicks say, "Peep! Peep!"

Little chicks are very cute.

They like to run.

They like to play.

They like to scratch in the
 soft ground.

They are looking for food.

Soon they will become big.

COMPLETING MORE SENTENCES

Write the correct word in the blank:

1. The mother of baby chicks
 is called a _____.

2. A hen does not bark; but
 she says, "_____."

3. A baby chick says, "_____,
 _____."

4. The mother hen keeps all of
 them _____.

THE FLYING HOURS

Arthur Edward Johnstone.

Allegretto grazioso

1. Twelve lit-tle birds fly by in a row ;
2. Twelve lit-tle birds fly by in a row ;

p e legato.

cresc.

Bright lit-tle birds are they : Shining and free, and as
Si-lent and dark their flight : Gray lit-tle things with their

cresc.

dimin.

blue as can be ; And these are the hours of the day,
shad-ow-y wings ; And these are the hours of the night.

dimin.

*Ped. ** *Ped. **

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

LITTLE LOST KITTY-KAT

ADAPTED BY PANZITA FLORES



"A kitten!" she said. "I can't take him."

ONE DAY as Farmer Juan was driving to town in his carabao cart loaded with bags of camotes which he wished to sell, he saw little lost Kitty-Kat by the side of the road. Kitty-Kat was crying.

"Well, well, well, a little lost kitten!" said Farmer Juan. "I'll find you a home."

So he put little lost Kitty-Kat into an empty rice sack. Then he put the sack into the back of the cart with the camotes. He called to his carabao and the cart started to move.

Little lost Kitty-Kat was happy because he thought that soon he would have a home.

After a long time Farmer Juan reached

the town. Then he drove his cart to the market. "Camotes for sale! Camotes for sale!" Farmer Juan called out.

A woman went to him and bought some camotes.

"If you are wanting extra good measure," Farmer Juan said to the woman, "I'll give you this rice sack and all that is in it."

The woman was greatly pleased. She liked to get much for her money. Then she opened the rice sack and saw little lost Kitty-Kat. "My goodness! A kitten!" she said. "I can't take him. I have a dog that doesn't like cats."

So Farmer Juan spoke to his carabao and the cart moved on to another place near the market.

Pretty soon Farmer Juan called out in a loud voice, "Camotes for sale! Camotes for sale!"

Soon another woman came and bought some camotes. She asked Farmer Juan what else he had to sell.

"Nothing else to sell, but something to give away," said Farmer Juan as he opened his rice sack so that the woman could see little lost Kitty-Kat.

"What a pretty kitten!" she said. "But I can't take him, for I have a pet bird."

So Farmer Juan spoke to his carabao and the cart moved on to another place near the market.

Pretty soon all the camotes were sold, and Farmer Juan started for home.

"Dear me!" thought little lost Kitty-Kat. "I wonder what will happen to me now."

(Please turn to page 277.)

A PLAN FOR POLITENESS

ONE DAY Tomas pushed Juan.

Juan fell down.

He hurt his knee.

One day Maria talked when Josefa was talking.

One day Ana walked in front of Miss Blanco.

She did not say, "Excuse me."

One day Tony gave Jaime an apple.

Jaime forgot to say, "Thank you."

"I am sorry that you forget to be polite," said Miss Blanco.

"We want to be polite," said Josefa.

"Let's think of something to help us to be polite," said Tomas.

Juan began to think.

Tomas began to think.

Maria began to think.

Jaime began to think.

Josefa began to think.

They all began to think.

They thought and thought.

They talked about it.

They thought of a good plan.

They said, "We must have some rules for politeness."

So they made a plan for politeness for themselves.

Miss Blanco wrote the rules on the blackboard.

They read them often.

These are the rules.

OUR RULES FOR POLITENESS

We say, "Please."

We say, "Thank you."

We say, "Excuse me."

We do not push.

We keep still when someone else is talking.

We are quiet in the school building.

(Please turn to page 277.)

THE HELPFUL CHILDREN

MISS KATADA was very busy with the boys and girls.

She helped them to read.

She helped them to write.

She played games with them.

She told them stories.

She taught them to sing.

She was always pleasant.

She was always kind.

She loved all the children.

So the boys and girls wanted to help her in her work at the school.

Every week they chose helpers.

One answered knocks on the door.

Two kept the school room neat.

Two kept the blackboard clean.

One kept the reading table neat.

One looked at the desks.

He spoke to careless housekeepers.

Everyone in Miss Katada's room tried to be helpful all the time.

"Thank you," said Miss Katada. "You are good helpers. I am very happy with you."

QUESTIONS

1. How do you know that Miss Katada loved the children?

2. Tell the things she did to make them happy.

3. What did each helper do?

4. Do you have helpers in your school?

5. Are you willing to be a helper?

6. Do you like to have your school room neat and clean?

7. Do you like to see your blackboards clean?

8. Tell the things you might do to help your teacher.

9. Do you think the children in Miss Katada's room were happy?

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A PROMISE TO KEEP

By FRANCISCO DUGAR *



CONRADO was up on the roof. He was waiting for his father to bring a ladder to help him down. He had climbed up by the porch at the back of the house. But coming down was harder than going up.

Ever since Conrado had been a tiny boy, he had been afraid to come down from high places. This wasn't Conrado's fault. He was born with the fear of falling. And he didn't know how to get over it. He was very brave about many other things. But every time he looked down from a high place, he felt dizzy and grew afraid.

So on this day, when he looked down from the roof, he felt the usual fear. Whenever he reached down his foot toward the top of the porch, he would pull

it back quickly. It was just too far, it seemed to him.

Soon Conrado's father brought the ladder. He was used to helping the boy down from high places. Every few days, the neighboring children would come to him saying, "Conrado is up in a tree and can't get down," or "Conrado is on the roof of our *bodega* and wants you to bring the ladder."

Father didn't mind bringing the ladder, but he did wish Conrado would get over his foolish fear.

"I am glad you can climb so well, Conrado," Father said as he helped Conrado down from the roof. "But I do wish you would think more about what you are doing. Don't climb up to places from which you cannot climb down."

"How do I know whether I can climb down until I climb up?" asked Conrado. "I always think I won't be afraid next time."

"You can learn to climb down," said Father. "You can practice coming down from easy places before you climb up to hard ones."

That night Father said to Mother, "It seems as if I am going to spend my life helping Conrado down from high places—out of trees and off roofs."

"Shall we forbid him ever to climb again?" asked Mother.

"No, we can't do that. There must be some other way," answered Father. "All boys should climb. But they should climb down as well as up."

Early one Saturday morning Father said to Conrado, "Son, I'm going to the

* Formerly Teacher, Sindangan, Zamboanga.

hacienda of Don Diego on business. I expect I'll be gone for several days. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes, indeed, Father!" cried Conrado, very much pleased.

Conrado and his father were great pals. And if there was one thing in the world that Conrado liked better than anything else, it was to go away on a short trip with his father. He had never been to Don Diego's *hacienda*, but he had heard about it. He knew there would be some boys there of his own age, and it would be great fun to watch the men as they worked in the sugar central.

"I must go in the auto to town on an errand before we can start," said Father. "But I will be back again by nine o'clock. Be sure to be ready at that time, for I want to start promptly."

"I'll be ready and waiting for you—you can be sure of that. I promise you I will," said Conrado.

"You might fix us some lunch to eat on the way while you're waiting. That will save time," Father called from the car.

"All right!" Conrado shouted back. "I'll have lots of lunch ready."

So Father drove away, and Conrado began to prepare the sandwiches and other things for their lunch. He had just finished, when he saw in front of the house Alfredo and Benjamin, two boys who lived nearby.

"Hello, Fredo and Ben," called Conrado. "Where are you going?"

"We are going to eat some mangoes. Come, go with us. Don't you want to?"

"Sure!" said Conrado. "But I have to be home by nine o'clock."

"Oh, there's lots of time!" said Alfredo.

Conrado knew that there was a large

mango tree full of delicious ripe fruit not very far from his home. He knew that Mr. Hernandez, who owned the tree, would be willing for the boys to eat some of the fruit. He would scarcely be out of sight of home, and, as Alfredo had said, there was plenty of time.

So he and the other boys raced to the mango tree. They all scrambled up the tall tree, and soon they were busy picking and eating the delicious yellow fruit.

After a time Alfredo called out, "I've had enough now. Let's go."

"All right. I'm ready," agreed Benjamin.

"I'll be along in a minute," said Conrado. Alfredo swung himself down lightly to the lowest branch, crawled out a little way, and then dropped to the ground. Benjamin followed him. Next minute they were running down the road and were soon out of sight.

"I have just about time enough to get home to Father. I have my promise to keep. I must be there at nine o'clock." This is what Conrado thought as he sat eating a mango.

But when he glanced down, the distance to the ground seemed terribly great.

The boy sat very still on the branch, thinking. He never could get to the ground, he felt sure. If only the other boys had not gone he could have sent a message to his father. Now he would not be home at nine o'clock when Father came for him. He could not keep his promise. Father would think that he did not care very much about going with him, and, worse than that, Father would think he had forgotten his promise to be there.

Conrado shouted until he was hoarse,

(Please turn to page 274.)

THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO BUILT A BRIDGE

A French Folk Tale

THIS is an old French folk tale. A folk tale is an old, old story about something that has happened many years ago, and which may, at first, be entirely true. Then during a long time—one or two or three hundred years, perhaps—it is told and retold. Each person who has told it may have changed the story a little, at different times, or added to it, until it finally becomes half history and half legend.

Now you shall hear the old French folk tale about the shepherd boy who built a bridge. In the southern part of France there is a very ancient town that was standing, much the same as it is now, long before the Spaniards came to the Philippines.

At that time, a wide river ran through the center of the town, and all around the town was built a high wall of stone, just like a wall of stone was built around Manila. You see, in those days walls were built around cities as a means of protection. Watch towers were built at several places on the wall around this old French town. From these watch towers, the soldiers used to keep a lookout for enemies. The town was called Avignon (pronounced av-ee-nyon).

Strange to say, there was no bridge across the river at Avignon for many

years. Soon after the first houses were built, the people made a fine wooden bridge over the river. But when the great piles of snow melted on the mountains, the water dashed down and washed the bridge away.

There were no great machines in those days, such as we have now, for lifting heavy stones and big pieces of iron, so all the bridges had to be made of wood.

When the wooden bridge of Avignon was washed away, the people rebuilt it,

but it was washed away again when the snow melted and there was a flood. This happened several times. At last, they gave it up, and did not try to build the bridge again. When they wanted to cross the river, they

did so by means of small rowboats.

The old folk tale tells us that there lived at this time up in the mountains a widow with her only boy. The mother earned a living for herself and her boy by taking care of the sheep. The boy did his part by caring for the sheep as they wandered over the mountain side eating the grass which grew there.

One day, while the shepherd boy was watching the sheep, he thought that he heard some one speak to him, telling him to go down to Avignon and build a bridge. When the shepherd boy looked around,



there was no one there, so he decided that he must have fallen asleep and dreamed.

The next day, he again took the sheep up to the mountain to graze. While they grazed, he amused himself by playing sweet music on his shepherd's pipe or flute. Suddenly he heard a voice behind him. It told him again, as it had done the day before, to go down to Avignon and build a bridge.

Although he could see no one, the shepherd boy answered the voice. "I cannot go to Avignon and I could *never* build a bridge, for I am only a little boy," he said.

However, so the legend tells us, the voice spoke to him again the next day, for the third time. The boy was so frightened that he ran all the way home to tell his mother.

To his surprise, his mother told him to obey the voice and go to Avignon.

"I will take care of the sheep while you are at Avignon," she said. "You must always obey the voice which tells you what your duty is."

So the shepherd boy started for Avignon. Sometimes, as he walked along, he would play a lively tune on his shepherd's pipe so that he would not be lonely.

It was Sunday when he reached Avignon, and as he came into the market square the church service was over and people were coming out of the church. A number of people spoke to him and asked him his name and where he lived.

"Why have you come to Avignon?" some asked. They laughed when he told them he had come to build a bridge over the river.

All this made him feel very sad, and he wished that his mother were there to tell him what to do.

Not knowing where to go, he wandered down to the river and sat down on its bank. When he saw the wide stream, he felt, more surely than ever, that he could never build a bridge across it.

While feeling very sad, he took his little pipe, or flute, from his pocket and began to play one of the sweet melodies he had so often played on the mountain when he was watching the sheep.

To his surprise, as soon as he started playing, a great stone moved out into the water and settled down in it, part of the way across.

The old folk tale goes on to tell us that from that time on, a great stone moved out over the water each time the tune was played, until, at last, the great stone bridge was finished.

The people who live in Avignon will all tell you, should you go there, that the bridge was built by the magic power of good music.

QUESTIONS

1. What is a folk tale?
2. Why did the shepherd boy play music on his flute while he watched the sheep?
3. What did the voice tell the shepherd boy to do?
4. When the young boy was feeling sad at Avignon what did he do to comfort himself?
5. What happened when he played a sweet melody?
6. Do you believe this a true story?
7. Where is Avignon?
8. Can you pronounce the name correctly? (ah-veen-yon).
9. Does music have power to influence people?
10. Can you name one piece of music which influences you?

THE DISCONTENTED FARMER

By REMIGIO TANCHINGCO



THERE once lived a farmer who was never happy. He always complained about this and that, until all his friends and neighbors were tired listening to him.

One hot day, when he went to work in his field, he began to complain as usual.

"It is too warm today to work, and besides, I am not well. I wish I could be a tree on the mountain side. There it is cool. I know it is cool, because there is always a cool breeze on the mountainside. And besides that, there are many large trees growing there which give shade."

A voice said to the discontented farmer, "Go to the mountainside and be a tree."

Before the farmer had time to think, there he was on the mountainside, and had actually changed into a tree.

"This is fine," said he. "It is cool here, and there is a refreshing breeze, just

as I thought."

Just then a woodcutter came by, carrying an ax. When he saw the tree into which the farmer had been changed, he said to himself, "That is just the tree I want."

So he began to cut the tree.

"Stop! You are hurting me," cried the tree.

But the woodcutter kept on chopping.

"Oh, dear! I do not want to be a tree after all. I want to be a woodcutter. That would be better."

A voice said to the discontented farmer, "Be a woodcutter," and immediately he found himself changed into a woodcutter with an ax in his hand.

So he began to look for a good tree to cut. He walked and walked. Finally he grew tired, and his feet became sore.

The man resumed his old habit of complaining. "I do not want to be a woodcutter."

Just then he saw a fleecy cloud overhead.

"No, I do not want to be a woodcutter. I would rather be a cloud," he said.

A voice said, "Then be a cloud, you discontented, ungrateful man."

Immediately the discontented man found himself changed into a vapory cloud, high up above the earth.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he said. "I am afraid I shall fall. I wish I could be a farmer again, plowing my field. After all, that was the best."

"Your wish is granted," said the voice. "Be a farmer and remain a farmer. But

(Please turn to page 277.)

THE BOOT-BLACK

By GONZALO B. IGNACIO *

TWENTY-SEVEN centavos! Only twenty-seven centavos and it was eight o'clock in the evening! Kikoy's face took on a look of despair as he counted the money over, and slowly put it into his pocket.

What should he do? He knew that if he went home with only twenty-seven centavos, his good-for-nothing father would beat him. Only last week he had been beaten by his drunken father because the money which he had earned by shining shoes was not enough for the father to take to the gambling table.

Kikoy had thought many times of leaving his miserable home. But he could not. Who would take care of his mother, sick in bed? No, he would not leave his only comforter—his dear mother who always sympathized with him. Never would he leave his mother in the hands of that drunken, worthless father.

With a heavy heart Kikoy started homeward. The boot-black's box on his shoulders seemed to weigh him down. His eyes filled with tears as he thought of the beating he would get that night. Kikoy began to cry.

Presently he came to his wretched home. As he neared the house, he saw that several of the neighbors were there. He entered, and the look on the faces of those present told him what was the matter. His heart froze within him. Poor Kikoy knew that his dear mother was breathing her last.

"Mother! Mother!" cried the terror-stricken boy as he knelt at her bedside.

"Don't leave me, dear mother. Please don't leave me."

The poor mother looked at her kneeling boy. Her lips formed the words which she could not utter. "Goodbye, Kikoy. Always be a good boy." And then the poor woman was no more.

Kikoy remained kneeling and motionless with bowed head.

Presently he felt a kindly hand on his shoulder. He looked up. It was Mr. Romero, the wealthiest man in the village—a man who was known far and wide for generosity.

"Come, Kikoy," he said. "You are going to live with me and be my boy now."

And Kikoy went away with Mr. Romero.



* First Year Student, Cebu City High School, Cebu.

HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION

ONLY A MOSQUITO BITE

By HONORATA C. CRUZ, DIONISIA V. YONZON



THE NIGHT was uncomfortably warm. Troublesome mosquitoes kept buzzing around and stealing bites whenever an opportunity was offered.

Eleno, a sixth grade boy, was busy preparing his lessons for the next day. Drowsily he tried to concentrate on his work. Suddenly he felt a keen bite on his leg just above the ankle. In a moment it began to itch. Scratch, scratch, scratch went his finger nails on the bitten part.

The itching continued. Eleno kept on with his studying, but occasionally stopped to scratch that place on his leg where the mosquito had bitten him. Not thinking of the danger, he scratched the skin time and again with his dirty nails. Presently the place began to bleed a little.

After studying some more, Eleno went to bed, and, heedless of the mosquito bite,

was soon fast asleep. He slept soundly all night, and did not awake until he heard his mother's voice calling, "Eleno! Eleno! Get up or you will be late for school."

Eleno jumped out of bed and went to the bathroom to take a shower. He felt a tingling sensation in his leg just above the ankle—the leg on which he had scratched the mosquito bite. He looked at the place and noticed that there was a red circle, evidently caused by inflammation, entirely around his leg just above the ankle. The circle was several inches wide. The red line at the top was somewhat irregular, as if the inflammation were moving upward.

Eleno's mother noticed that the boy was looking at his leg. She stopped to examine the inflamed circle. "Better have the school nurse look at that, son," said his mother. "Hurry now, and get ready for breakfast," she continued.

Eleno quickly took his shower and dressed. After breakfast he gaily started for school. He had quite forgotten his mother's suggestion that he show his leg to the school nurse. The inflamed leg didn't bother him much, and he was soon engaged in a game with his schoolmates.

That afternoon Eleno played baseball. After the game was over he went to the school shower room. He looked at his leg, and noticed that the red inflammation had crept up in an irregular line until it was only a few inches below his knee. From that point down to his ankle his leg had an angry, very red appearance.

Eleno then remembered his mother's

* Teachers, Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.

suggestion about seeing the school nurse. Thoroughly frightened, the boy hastily took his shower, dressed, and went to the clinic of the school nurse.

"I don't like the appearance of that leg," said the nurse after she had examined the inflamed part. "We must show it to Dr. Reyes."

It was some time before Dr. Reyes could be located. When he finally came to examine Eleno's leg, the inflammation had spread up almost to the boy's knee.

After a careful examination, Dr. Reyes said to the school nurse, "This is quite serious. The boy's leg is infected. He was probably bitten by a flea or a mosquito and scratched his leg with dirty finger nails. In that way the germs may have been introduced into the tiny wound, and the infection resulted. This boy must be taken to the hospital at once for treatment. If we cannot get the spread of the infection checked, very serious results may follow."

Soon Eleno was in bed in the hospital, and careful medical treatment was started. Injections of an anti-toxin were made in the boy's hip from time to time, and everything possible was done to stop the spread of the infection. This treatment was continued for several days.

Eleno got tired of lying in bed in the hospital, even though his mother spent much of her time at his bedside. In a few days the inflammation in the leg did not have such an angry appearance. The doctor said his leg was getting well.

It was nearly a week before Eleno was permitted to leave the hospital and go back to school. How happy he was to be back at his home and see his classmates!

One evening soon after his return his mother said, "Eleno, you were certainly

fortunate in receiving efficient medical attention for that infection. Otherwise there would have been very serious results. I wonder what caused that infection."

"It was only a mosquito bite," answered Eleno. "A mosquito bite which I scratched with my finger nails. They were probably dirty. I have learned a lesson which I shall never forget."

"Only a mosquito bite!" said his mother. "Yet my boy might have lost his leg, or even his life from only a mosquito bite."

A REVIEW

1. What bit Eleno on the leg?
2. What did he do?
3. What resulted?
4. What did the doctor do to cure Eleno's leg?
5. What have you learned from this story *Only a Mosquito Bite*?
6. Could this story actually happen? (Yes. The writers know personally that these events actually occurred.)
7. Why should a person not scratch bites made by insects?
8. What can be done to relieve itching from the bites of insects? (Ask the school nurse, or a doctor.)
9. Why should you keep your finger nails clean?
10. Why is this story in the *Health and Safety Section* of *The Young Citizen*?
11. Are mosquitoes dangerous?
12. How can you destroy them?
13. Should you sleep under a mosquito net? Why?
14. Name some other insects which are dangerous. (Fleas, bed-bugs, flies, and others.)
15. Should you study hygiene? Why?

MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION**GREAT COMPOSERS OF MUSIC**

By BERT PAUL OSBON *

V. BEETHOVEN, MUSICAL GENIUS*The Boy Beethoven*

PROBABLY the greatest musical genius the world has yet known was Beethoven, the great composer of symphonies. Beethoven was more than a gifted man; he was, indeed, a gen-

ius—a master genius of music. Like many of the other composers, his early life was full of hardships, but in his struggles with these he came out victorious.

Beethoven's complete name was Ludwig van Beethoven (pronounced lood-vig vahn ba-to-v'n with *ba* accented in his last name). His father was a tenor singer who thought music the most important thing in life. When his little son was only four years old, the father began to teach him to play the harpsichord (the forerunner of the piano) and the violin, because he wanted to make him a boy musical wonder like Mozart. (See *Mozart, the Boy Prodigy* in the May, 1940, issue of *The Young Citizen*.)

In the little German city of Bonn Beethoven was born in 1770. There he spent his childhood. His family had come from the country of Belgium.

Beethoven's grandfather was a Belgian, of the "race that Caesar knew, that won Roman praise." Better still, he was a man of fine character and good mind. He had the qualities as well as the gifts of a great man. The boy Beethoven was a true son of his grandfather, for from him the boy received a double inheritance of music and character.

I am sorry to say that Beethoven's father was not a kind father at all, and that is one of the reasons why Ludwig grew to have a strange, unhappy disposition. Even when the boy was very young, his father made him stay in his room and practice his music lesson hours and hours every day. The poor little boy was robbed of the joyous play that every child should have. It is not any wonder that Ludwig came almost to hate the very sound of music, is it?

But he was fortunate in one thing, however. His good mother loved her little son dearly, and as long as she lived she did all she could to make him happier. The poor woman had many cares and sorrows, for the father added nothing to the comfort or welfare of his family. Beethoven's mother had little to give her son except her love and understanding, and of those she gave richly. It was from his mother that Beethoven inherited much of his deep, true feeling for the good and beautiful.

Discovering his little boy's unusual capacity for music, the father, who was a man who cared only for himself and

* Formerly Supervisor of Public School Music, Mount Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.



Ludwig van Beethoven

no one else, selfishly determined to profit from his son's music-making. Therefore he had the boy well-taught in music by local teachers. But music that

should have been an enjoyment was, under the father's selfish demands, often a hard experience for the little boy. Fortunately, Ludwig's love for music was so great that even such harsh treatment failed to quench the fire of his genius.

As soon as the boy's father thought him proficient enough, he had him play in public as a boy prodigy. His mother took him on a concert tour through Holland, and at twelve years of age he was conducting an orchestra and writing music. One of the greatest events in his youth was his trip to Vienna to see the great Mozart. He played for Mozart, who was so well pleased that he turned to some friends and said, "You must keep your eyes upon him; some day he will make a noise in the world." Today we know how truly Mozart spoke!

When Beethoven was seventeen years old, his dear mother died. It only added to the heaviness of this sad blow that he now had to be both mother and father to his younger brothers, for his father's

drunkenness caused him to lose his position. But Ludwig manfully set to work to procure music pupils, and soon he was able to support both his father and brothers.

In 1792 Beethoven met another great master of music—Haydn, then over sixty years old. (See *Haydn, the Father of the Symphony* in the March, 1940, issue of *The Young Citizen*.) Haydn was so impressed with Ludwig's playing that he proposed to take him to Vienna and give him lessons himself. There Beethoven remained almost all the time until his death in 1827.

Ludwig was a strange, silent, moody boy, so you will not be surprised to learn that there are many stories told of the odd things he did when he became a man. He had a very violent temper, and sometimes would abuse his servants very rudely. Everything in his home was usually in great disorder, though strangely enough Beethoven thought himself a marvel of order and neatness.

A terrible misfortune befell Beethoven after he had reached manhood—a misfortune which, in his case especially, was the very worst that could possibly have come to him. Before he was thirty years old he began to grow deaf, and within a few years he entirely lost his hearing. Think of what that meant to one whose whole soul lived in the world of music. In spite of this handicap, we find him appearing in public concerts, conducting great orchestras, and writing wonderful musical compositions.

Beethoven's music is as great as the world has yet known. He composed many beautiful compositions called sonatas, some for the piano only, others for the piano and violin or violoncello.

Beethoven spent his life in making

music. In his nine symphonies he reached the peak of his greatness. Nine symphonies seem a small number when compared with the two hundred symphonies of Haydn and Mozart combined. But each of Beethoven's symphonies was the result of deep and serious study, of tremendous emotions. These nine symphonies, taken as a whole, are perhaps the greatest musical achievement of all time. Beethoven's nine symphonies occupy, in the musical world, a position similar to Shakespeare's immortal dramas in the world of literature.

Beethoven was often seen walking about the beautiful outskirts of Vienna. A great artist once painted a picture of Beethoven walking in the woods. When looking at this picture (which is used as one of the illustrations of this article), one can easily imagine that the composer was thinking of some of the great music he was planning to write.

To those who did not know this genius, he was a strange sort of man, a bit shabby perhaps, as he went striding through the rain, or as he sat under a tree and watched the world of nature about him. But to those who knew him, the master was a great man, not only because of his music, but because he had courage in misfortune. From him, as well as from every other truly great man of any country of the world, every boy and girl in the Philippines can learn a valuable lesson.

We cannot measure the genius of Beethoven except to say that no other musician has equaled him. Great as others have been, it is Beethoven who is their musical leader.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. Can you spell and pronounce the name of Beethoven correctly? (Pronounced ba-to-v'n, a as in day, o as in no, and accented on the first syllable, *ba*)
2. What are the dates of Beethoven's life? (1770 to 1827)



Beethoven Walking in the Woods

3. In what town and country was he born?
4. What was his first name?
5. What is a genius? (See the dictionary.)
7. What kind of a genius was Beethoven?
8. When did the boy Beethoven begin to study music?
9. What kind of father did Beethoven have?
10. Why did his father want his young son to study music?
11. From what country did Beethoven's ancestors come?
12. Tell of the grandfather.
13. Why did Beethoven dislike music when he was a young boy?
14. Did he like it better later on? Why?
15. Tell about Beethoven's mother.
16. Tell of Beethoven's visit to Mozart?
17. What responsibility came to

(Please turn to page 275.)

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP SECTION

BUSY PABLO

By C. MANDORIAO ROXAS *

PABLO lives in a barrio two kilometers from the main town. He goes to school, so he has to walk that two kilometers each morning and afternoon. But he does not mind the walk; in fact, he likes it.

He wants to go to school, and is anxious to learn. He is in the fourth grade. Not only does he learn lessons from his books, but he learns about gardening and farming, as well as raising fowls and farm animals. He has become very much interested in cultivating a garden and in poultry-raising.

He takes good care of his school garden in which he is growing radishes, pechay, cabbage, and other vegetables. He has a garden at his home, too. In that he has planted sweet potatoes, corn, and beans. His home garden is much larger than his school garden. He is kept busy cultivating his gardens so that the vegetables will grow and the weeds will not get a start.

Pablo has some chickens, some ducks, and two geese. He cares for them regularly, so they are healthy and well fed. Next year he is going to try to raise some turkeys and some pigeons. "Perhaps we can have a pigeon pot-pie, and at Thanksgiving a roast turkey, if mother will cook them," says busy Pablo.

On Saturdays and during vacations Pablo assists his father in the field. He helps him plow the field, and at the planting season he helps him plant rice. He helps to harvest the rice, also, when

it is ready to be harvested.

This busy boy finds time to take care of his father's two carabaos and the two young pigs which are growing into fine, sleek porkers. "Some day we shall have *lechon*," Pablo says as he looks at the pigs.

Of course, like every boy, Pablo has a dog. He calls him Blackie. When Pablo goes to school each morning, he always says goodbye to Blackie. In the afternoon when he arrives from school, Blackie always greets his young master with a friendly bark. He wags his tail and jumps about Pablo to show that he is glad to see him. Pablo takes good care of his dog. He sees that he has plenty to eat and a good place to sleep.

Occasionally on Sundays Pablo and Blackie go hunting for birds. Sometimes they get a wild duck or two, or some snipe. Pablo takes them home, and his mother cooks them for the family meal.

Often in the late afternoon Pablo rides a carabao down to the river. He rides on the back of one carabao and leads the other. Blackie, his dog, goes with them, too. Blackie likes to swim in the river, or get a stick which Pablo throws into the water.

When Pablo has time to do so he helps his mother in the house. Perhaps he assists her to get the food ready to cook, or, after a meal, he washes the dishes.

There is something else which this busy boy looks after. He keeps the yard around the house clean and in good order. He sees that no unsightly rubbish

(Please turn to page 277.)

* Formerly of Baguio City High School, Baguio, Mountain Province.

**CLEAN UP
YOUR YARD
and
KEEP IT
CLEAN**



HISTORY SECTION

THE ARMOR OF THE ANCIENT KNIGHTS

WHEN considering the terrible machines used in the World War II, one cannot help but notice the vast difference between ancient and modern European war mechanism.

In the remotest times hides were used as a protection in European warfare. Later ancient armor was used. It was made of metal, usually brass or bronze, though not infrequently wood or leather was used for particular purposes. The earliest armor consisted of only a shield to protect the wearer from blows given by a club, ax, spear, arrow, or sword—such as the shields of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans. In former days many tribes in the Philippines used shields. Some of the non-Christian tribes of the islands still use them.

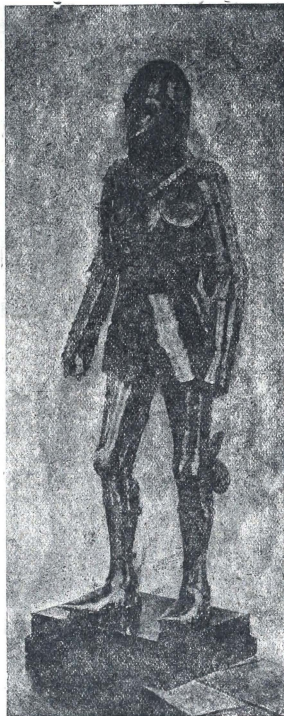
In the ancient civilized countries, especially those of Europe, when the need for greater protection was felt, the helmet was adopted for protecting the head. Then came

the breastplate. Next came sheaths of metal or other material for the legs. After a while the desire arose to protect the whole body, and so plates of metal or metal rings were used. As time went on,

the rings were all interlinked or woven together. This was called "chain mail," and was used until the 14th century.

Bit by bit plates of iron or steel were used to protect various parts of the body—the breast and back, the shoulders, the arms and legs, and the like. For 200 years this gradual change went on. By the end of the Middle Ages we find in western Europe complete suits of plate armor of great beauty and perfection of workmanship.

Treasured specimens from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries represent the golden age of armor, when the most renowned artists were also the most famous makers of suits of steel. Artistic genius enabled them to fashion each piece of plate so that it not only covered but



Early Armor of the 15th Century

fitted its portion of the knight's body, giving freedom of natural movement as well as complete protection.

A complete suit of this armor cost so much that none but princes and great nobles could afford them. The suits of armor were very heavy, weighing 70 pounds or more, so that the wearer had to be lifted into the saddle. The horses of the knights were also protected by similar coverings of armor.

But when firearms came into use, the armored knight was at a disadvantage, so the use of full armor was discontinued, although some pieces of it were used. Even in the first World War steel helmets were used.

Ancient arms and armor are now eagerly sought by collectors, who will pay high prices for interesting pieces. Some of the great museums of Europe and America have fine collections of armor. One cannot help wondering what these museums will contain 500 years hence.

SOME QUESTIONS

1. What was used as a protection in European warfare in ancient times?
2. What was the earliest armor?
3. What was adopt-

ed after the shield came into use?

4. What came next?
5. What was "chain mail"?
6. Until when was "chain mail" used?
7. When do we find complete suits of armor in western Europe?
8. When was the "golden age" of armor?
9. By whom was armor made? (By famous artists)

10. What can you say of the cost of a suit of armor?

11. How much did a suit of armor weigh?

12. How were the horses of knights protected?

13. How did an armored knight get on his horse?

14. How did the use of fire arms affect the use of armor?

15. Was any part of the armor retained?

16. What part of the armor was used in the World War?

17. Do we have any specimens today of ancient armor?

18. Where are these specimens usually found? (In museums)

19. Have you ever seen a suit of ancient armor?

20. Can you name some of the things of modern warfare which make armor useless? (Read accounts of battles of World War II.)



Later Armor of the 16th Century

IN THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

THE "DAYS of old when knights were bold" are known in the history of the Middle Ages as "the age of chivalry." It was then that the knight wore a beautiful and costly suit of armor as described in the article on the previous pages, his favorite horse wore magnificent armorial trappings, and he was a most courteous gentleman:

Even boys—a few of the fortunate sons of kings and queens or other nobility—had artistically designed suits of armor, complete in every detail, and they were expected to conduct themselves according to the requirements of the times. In the museums of Europe and America one can see suits of armor which these boys of 15 or 16 years wore. A person wonders how a modern youth would enjoy wearing such an equipment. Not as much as a Boy Scout uniform we can easily believe.

It was during this age of chivalry that great jousting tournaments were held. On such occasions knights from far and

near met in a sort of athletic contest, each to prove his skill in fencing (fighting with the sword), fighting on horse with a lance, and similar knightly sports. If you will read the story of *Ivanhoe* by Scott, you will find there an excellent

account of a great tournament, or athletic meet, among the knights of the time.

Each knight had a boy attendant called a page, usually chosen from the home of some wealthy noble. This page lived in the castle of the knight and waited on him, and his lady, too, if there was one. He was what we might call a young knightly apprentice. He was therefore taught all the rules of politeness and good manners of a courteous knight.

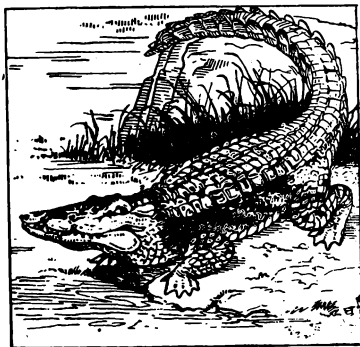
When the page was older, he became a squire.

Then he learned much more about the knightly virtues. The squire frequently accompanied his master in battle, in tournaments, and elsewhere, and assisted him in all possible ways.

(Please turn to page 275.)



Knight and Horse in Armor

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION**THE ALLIGATOR AND THE CROCODILE**

ONE of the ugliest and most formidable looking of all animals is the alligator, a large reptile, which inhabits swamps and rivers. This hideous creature is found in many parts of the Philippines. It attains a length of 10 to 15 or even 20 feet.

Its strong, prominent, conical teeth may show even when the enormous mouth is shut, because the alligator has no lips. The teeth are designed for seizing prey, but not for chewing, for the food is gulped down whole. An adult alligator is capable of swallowing a large duck. Larger creatures are dragged down and drowned; then they are torn asunder with a twisting motion of the alligator's whole body.

The long, powerful tail enables the alligator to swim with skill and wonderful speed, but its short legs and unwieldy body make its movements on land slow and awkward. It feeds chiefly on crabs, shrimps, fish, and small reptiles, but will

devour anything from a small water beetle to a dog or pig or goat, or even a human being.

Alligators dig out caves in the banks of rivers and marshes, and take refuge there in time of danger.

The close relative of the alligator is the crocodile, and the two are often mistaken one for the other. Although the alligator is related to the crocodile of Asia and Africa, a close examination of the two will show that there are differences.

The alligator has a broader head and a blunter snout than the crocodile; it also has cavities or pits in the upper jaw into which the long sharp canine teeth of the jaw fit; its feet are much less webbed. The habits are less aquatic. These reptiles are most active during the night, when they make a loud bellowing.

The crocodile is formidable on account of its great size and strength, but on shore its shortness of limb, great length of body, and difficulty of turning enable men and animals to escape pursuit readily. In the water it is active and dangerous.

It is exclusively carnivorous (flesh-eating), and always prefers its food in a state of putrefaction (decay). This sinister monster eats not only fish, birds, dogs, cattle, ponies, and deer with relish, but devours its own relatives. Many a swimmer in tropical waters had felt the sudden grip of those long, sharp teeth as he has been jerked under, never to appear again.

(Please turn to page 278.)

THE STORY OF CORAL

AMONG the greatest architects in the world are the little coral-making animals, creatures of warm, shallow waters of the Philippines and many other places. Small as are these tiny workmen, each does its work until speck by speck a new land is created.

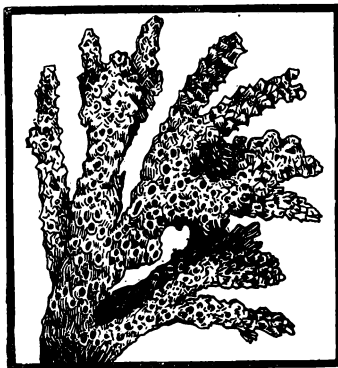
The parent coral animal originates as an egg, and begins life as a free swimming little creature, but after a time it settles down as a polyp on a rock or a piece of dead coral and begins to live like a plant, having lost its power of moving from place to place. Indeed, for a long time corals were thought to be sea flowers.

As a coral develops, little feelers like petals begin to appear about the mouth. Day by day, stretching out these arms, the polyp catches and feeds upon the tiny organisms floating in the sea, and builds a solid skeleton with secretions of lime.

Most of the kinds of corals continue to live in vast colonies of many thousands of polyps so closely connected that you cannot see where one individual leaves off and another begins. The parent polyp produces little buds which develop feelers and stomachs of their own, and these in turn produce new buds—all remaining joined together into one great family, sometimes living for hundreds of years.

Year by year coral skeletons accumulate, cementing together in one mass, until after centuries new land is formed consisting of the skeletons of billions of dead polyps.

Coral reefs and islands are most numerous in the warmer portions of the Pacific and the Indian ocean. There are many coral islands and reefs in these waters.



Coral is composed chiefly of carbonate of lime. Beyond their value as sources of lime, few corals present any special feature of industrial importance, except the red or precious coral of the Mediterranean sea. This species has been, from remote times, very highly prized for jewelry and for decorative purposes.

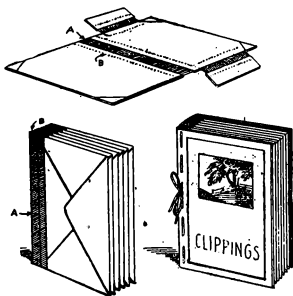
At the beginning of the Christian era a great trade was carried on in coral between the Mediterranean and India, where it was greatly esteemed as a substance endowed with mysterious sacred properties.

Among the Romans branches of coral were hung around children's necks to preserve them from danger, and the substance had many medicinal virtues attributed to it.

In the Philippines coral of several varieties is abundant. It is used in the islands for supplying lime, and in some sections for making roads.

WORK AND PLAY SECTION

MAKING A CASE FOR CLIPPINGS

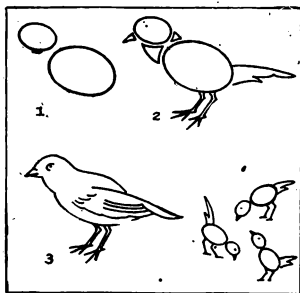


FOR MAKING a clipping case you will need six or more envelopes, two pieces of cardboard, a few strips of transparent mending tape which you can buy at Philippine Education, 101 Escolta, Manila, and a few feet of colored cord, or shoelace.

Stick the strips of mending tape to the bottoms of the envelopes, making sure that this is done evenly; then trim closely at the ends. Mark the positions of the holes carefully (A) and punch with a paper punch.

To guard against unsightly bulging, insert strips of thick cardboard, the width of the portion of the mending tape which is fastened to an envelope. Place these strips between the envelopes (B). When the envelopes become so full of clippings that the case will no longer close neatly, you will have to subdivide your clippings.

DRAWING BIRDS FROM OVALS



IF YOU find it difficult to draw bird pictures, you can be helped by learning to sketch them on ovals or egg-shaped outlines. This drawing shows how one bird picture can be built up from ovals and parts of ovals, and how different postures can be shown by moving these ovals around.

Practice until your outlines are good, and then bring out your colored crayons. You can try combining birds with various kinds of plant life. When well colored, they make attractive pictures.

Make an attractive design on the front cardboard cover of your clipping case. Lace everything together loosely with the colored cord or shoelace.

Then you have a case which is useful and neat in appearance.

A PAGE OF JOKES

HE GOT 100!

MOTHER: My goodness! You look happy, Norberto. What has happened to cause you to smile so?

NORBERTO: I got 100 in school today.

MOTHER: That's fine. What did you get 100 in?

NORBERTO: 50 in reading, 30 in spelling, and 20 in arithmetic.

* * *

PLAYING SAFE

BIG SISTER: Juanito, you must not play with the hammer. You will strike your thumb.

JUANITO: No, I won't, Dolores. Little sister is going to hold the nails.

* * *

FIFTY-FIFTY

DOCTOR: I'll examine you for twenty-five pesos.

PATIENT: Good! If you find it, I'll give you half.

* * *

WHERE TO LOOK

MOTHER: Jaime, what are you looking for?

JAIME: Nothing.

MOTHER: You will find it in the tin box where I keep the small cakes.

* * *

KEEP YOUR WORD, FATHER

FRANCISCO: Father, did you say you can sign your name with your eyes shut?

FATHER: Certainly, my son, I can sign my name with my eyes shut.

FRANCISCO: I would like to see you do it. Just shut your eyes and sign this report card.

WHY?

SINGER: Did you notice how my voice filled the assembly hall?

MANAGER: Indeed I did. Several people left to make room for it.

* * *

FOLLOW THE LEADER

A small boy was holding the leash of a large dog going down the road.

"Where are you going to take that dog?" inquired a passerby.

"I am going to see where he wants to go first before I decide," was the breathless reply.

* * *

WELL, WELL

FIRST BOY: Do you know Art?

SECOND BOY: Art Who?

FIRST BOY: Artesian.

SECOND BOY: Yes, I know Artesian well.

* * *

VICE VERSA

A Boy Scout was taking the first aid examination. He was asked to name the steps in saving a man from drowning. He replied. "First take the man out of the water, and then take the water out of the man."

* * *

NEVER AGAIN

GIRL: Something happened to me yesterday that will never happen again, if I live to be a hundred.

BOY: What was it?

GIRL: I was fourteen years old.

* * *

SLOW CUT

BARBER (talking as usual to his customer whose hair he is cutting): Your hair is getting very gray, sir.

CUSTOMER: I'm not surprised. Hurry up.



THE YOUNG CITIZEN PANTRY



NEARLY every household has on Sunday or some other day of the week a more substantial dinner than on other days of the week. There are always left-overs which should be utilized. They can be made into dishes so palatable that the members of the family will scarcely recognize their source. Frequently the left-over dish is even more delicious than the original. For the utilization of left-overs we have prepared the following recipes:

Chicken Croquettes

Mix one and three-fourths cups of chopped cold cooked chicken, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of celery salt, a few grains of cayenne, one teaspoon of lemon juice, a few drops of onion juice, one teaspoon of finely chopped parsley, and a white sauce made of three tablespoons of butter, three tablespoons of flour, one cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, and a few grains of pepper.

USING LEFT-OVERS

Mould the croquettes into a cone shape or a cylindrical shape; dip them in cracker crumbs, egg, and crumbs again. Fry in deep fat and drain. If white meat is used, more white sauce is required than for dark meat.

Veal Croquettes

Mix two cups of chopped cold cooked veal, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoon of pepper, a few grains of cayenne, a few drops of onion juice, the yolk of one egg, and one cup of thick white sauce as made for chicken croquettes. Shape the croquettes, crumb then, and fry as other croquettes. Any meat may be used for these croquettes. Veal and pork more nearly resemble chicken, especially if boiled.

Fish and Potato Croquettes

Mix one cup of cold cooked fish picked to pieces with a fork, one-third cup of mashed potato, worked to a stiff cream with a little

drawn butter, season with pepper, salt, and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Shape the croquettes, crumb, set aside to stiffen, and then fry.

Meat, Rice, and Tomato Croquettes

Mix one cup of chopped meat, 4 cups of hot rice with one cup of croquette sauce made with tomato instead of milk, salt, pepper, cayenne, lemon juice, and onion juice. Shape, crumb, and fry.

Meat Croquettes

Heat one cup of chopped meat. Stir in thoroughly two egg yolks. Make into small balls. Cover each with mashed potato (about two cups are needed). Use the whites of two eggs for crumbing, and fry as other croquettes.

Chicken and Macaroni Croquettes

Mix one cup of cold cooked chicken, and one cup of cold boiled macaroni, both minced fine. Season with salt, paprika,

(Please turn to page 278.)

A PROMISE TO KEEP

(Continued from page 254)

but no one answered. He wanted to cry. But he choked back the tears.

"I won't be a cry-baby," he said to himself. "I promised Father I would be there at nine o'clock. And I'm going to keep my promise. I'm going down."

Holding tightly with his hands, he swung his legs and feet, trying to reach the branch just below him. But the sickening fear that always made him feel dizzy forced him quickly to draw up his feet and settle down again securely on the sheltering branch.

He tried again and again. "I can do it!" he kept telling himself. "I can do it for the sake of my promise. If the other boys could get down, I can!"

At last, he made one great effort. Out went his legs. His feet touched the branch below him. With much scraping and scratching of his hands, he found himself on the branch just below where he had been sitting so securely.

"If I could do that one," Conrado cried triumphantly to himself, "I can do the next one."

Over and over again he tried. It wasn't so bad this time, and before long, the boy found himself on the branch just below. Each

time he went down, it grew easier. Each time he was not so afraid. At last, there was left only the drop to the ground. It looked a long way down with no kindly branches to break the drop this time.

"I'm down this far anyway," Conrado told himself. "I must not fail to keep my promise." So, closing his eyes and making a jump, away he went off the branch into the air.

"There!" he cried, a moment later. "I did it myself. And it wasn't so hard after all."

Then he ran like the wind for home. He was out of breath, his hands were badly scratched and bruised, and his trousers were torn when he ran into the yard. But his eyes were shining, and his cheeks were flushed with the excitement of the victory.

"Father, am I on time?" he asked excitedly.

Father was standing by his auto taking the lunch which Mother was handing him.

"Just on time, to the minute, Conrado," Father said cheerily.

"I didn't break my promise, did I?" Conrado was still shouting excitedly. "I climbed down from a tall mango tree all by myself."

"You climbed down from a tall mango tree all by

yourself!" exclaimed the astonished father who looked almost as excited and happy as Conrado.

"Yes, indeed!" said Conrado proudly. "I couldn't break my promise to you, so I climbed down. And I don't think I shall ever be afraid to climb down again."

And Conrado was just about the happiest boy in the world. He had kept his promise.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What was the strange fear of Conrado?
2. What did his father sometimes have to do?
3. Where were Conrado and his father going?
4. Where did Conrado and the boys go?
5. Where did the boys leave Conrado?
6. Why did Conrado wish to get down from the tree?
7. Did he succeed in getting down?
8. Was it difficult for him to do so?
9. Why was Conrado happy?
10. Why was his father happy?

AGE OF CHIVALRY

(Continued from page 268)

When the squire reached a man's estate, he became a knight, having received his training from his master when he was a page and a squire. He was made a knight with much ceremony, after having spent the immediate hours previous in prayer and meditation before an altar.

A knight took certain vows of chivalry which he always upheld. Yet there were peculiar contradictions in his life. Although he must respect women—that is, beautiful women of high rank—he was far from being courteous sometimes to those women not of the nobility. He must be honest and high-minded chivalry, but at other times he was often a dishonest trickster.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the golden age of the plate-armored knight. Such a knight was in himself an impregnable fort. He, the man inside the armor which was moulded to fit his knightly contour, was presumably the embodiment of all that was upright and brave—at certain times and under certain conditions. This high-minded chivalry was lost sight of when he was dealing with inferiors.

In the sixteenth century

the knight, tightly locked within his iron hide, was invisible alike to friend and foe, even his face being concealed by helmet and visor. Thus, in the age of chivalry, heraldic devices came to be engraved or emblazoned upon shield or surcoat, serving to identify the hidden wearer.

When a knight met a friend—especially a lady—he raised his helmet or visor. From this custom originated a man's practice now-a-days of lifting his hat to a lady or other person.

In the age of chivalry, when knight and horse were fully equipped and covered with beautiful armorial trappings, both presented a magnificent spectacle. As a matter of fact, however, when they were thus accoutered, man and beast must have been most uncomfortable.

The armor was lined with heavily padded garments, so that the heat within was intense. Then, too, the weight was most oppressive. The metal coverings of the horse's head, neck, breast, and rump, as well as the gaily colored decorative cloths, no doubt were very much in the animal's way.

Even though we are cen-
(Please turn to page 278.)

BEETHOVEN

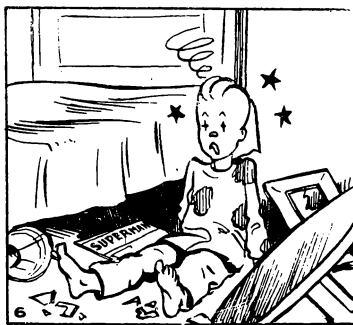
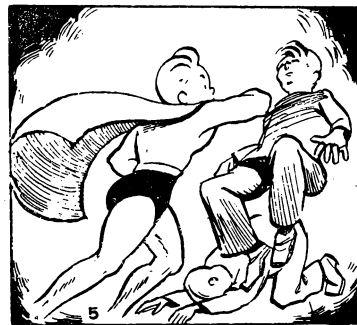
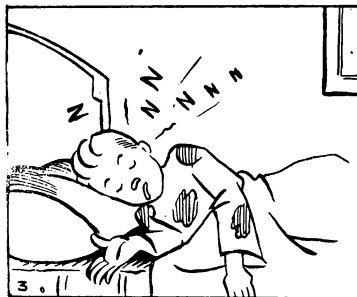
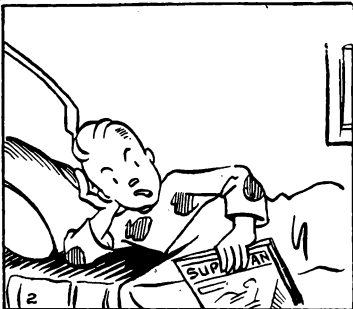
(Continued from page 263)

Beethoven when he was seventeen years old?

18. Tell of Beethoven's visit to Haydn.
19. Was Beethoven a strange man? Why do you think so?
20. What physical misfortune came to Beethoven?
21. Name two types of musical compositions which Beethoven wrote. (Sonatas, symphonies)
22. How many symphonies did he write?
23. What can you say of his symphonies as a whole?
24. Can you learn a lesson from Beethoven? What lesson?
25. How does Beethoven compare with other composers?
26. Have you ever heard any music which Beethoven composed?
27. Can you name any music which he wrote?
28. Have you heard any of Beethoven's music over the radio?
29. On the phonograph?
30. Would you like to learn more about his wonderful music?

THE FUNNY PAGE

KIKO



LOST KITTY-KAT

(Continued from page 251)

Just then Farmer Juan called out with a loud voice, "Something to give away! Something to give away!"

People came running to ask Farmer Juan what he had to give away. But Farmer Juan wouldn't tell them.

By and by little Cristeta came skipping along with her mother. "Let's take it, whatever it is!" she cried.

So Farmer Juan gave the rice sack with little lost Kitty-Kat in it to Cristeta's mother. Then Cristeta opened it and took out little lost Kitty-Kat.

"Oh, a kitten!" cried the little girl. "Just what I've always wanted!"

So little Kitty-Kat wasn't lost any more.

SOME QUESTIONS

1. Do you think Farmer Juan was a kind man? Why?
2. What did Farmer Juan have to sell?
3. Why was Kitty-Kat crying?
4. What was Farmer Juan going to do for Kitty-Kat?
5. Where did he place Kitty-Kat?
6. Why was Kitty-Kat happy?

PLAN FOR POLITENESS

(Continued from page 252)

We are helpful.

We are kind to one another.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the teacher's name in this story?
2. What are the children's names?
3. Were they polite children?
4. What shows they were not polite?
5. Did the children want to be polite?
6. What did they do to help themselves?
7. What should any child say when he passes in front of another person?
8. Should one child talk while another one is speaking?
9. When should a child say, "please"?
10. Can you make some rules of politeness for your school?

7. What did Farmer Juan do so he could sell his camotes?
8. What did Farmer Juan say to the woman who came to buy camotes?
9. Why did the woman not take Kitty-Kat?
10. What did Farmer Juan do at last?

DISCONTENTED FARMER

(Continued from page 257)

remember, do not complain any more."

At once the farmer found himself back in his own field, plowing the rich, black soil. He felt happier than he had ever felt before, and for the first time in many years he did not complain.

He said, "I am so glad I am what I am. Never again shall anyone call me the discontented farmer."

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED

1. What is the purpose of this story? (To teach a truth)
2. What truth does the story teach? (One should be contented.)

BUSY PABLO

(Continued from page 264)

is left lying in the yard. He takes pride in keeping the yard about the home neat and attractive. Pablo's motto is: CLEAN UP YOUR YARD AND KEEP IT CLEAN.

Pablo is a healthy, happy boy. He studies and works, and finds some time for play. So he is busy all the time. It is no wonder that people who know him call him "Busy Pablo." Don't you think that is a good name for a boy—when he deserves it?

THE ALLIGATOR

(Continued from page 269)

There are nine species of true crocodiles, which are distinguished by the arrangement of their teeth. The nostrils of the crocodile are at the extremity of the snout, and are capable of being closed to prevent the ingress of water.

Crocodiles sometimes grow to a length of 30 feet or more, and apparently live to a vast age—sometimes two centuries or more, scientists believe. The Indian crocodile is the largest, and has been known to measure 33 feet in length.

The best known species is the crocodile of the Nile river in Egypt. It is still plentiful in upper Egypt. This lizard-like, flesh-eating reptile was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians.

All female alligators and crocodiles lay a great number of eggs (30 to 60) with hard, thick shells resembling hens' eggs. The nests are built near the water's edge. Leaves, twigs, and grasses, mixed with mud, are used. Although the eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun and of decaying vegetable matter, the mother watches the nest carefully.

Usually in eight weeks the young hatch out and make for the water. They

are about eight inches long at birth, and stay with their mother until they are strong enough to care for themselves. They grow rapidly into horny monsters. While they are young, they follow their mother about, squealing and grunting like puppies.

The alligator and the crocodile are covered by a tough skin and a dense armor of horny scales, impenetrable to a bullet. The hide makes valuable leather. These creatures are often hunted for their tough skins, from which handbags, suit-cases, pocket-books, etc. are manufactured.

In some parts of the world there are alligator "farms" where hundreds of alligators are raised for their hides. This might be developed into a profitable business in the Philippines, where conditions are ideal for an alligator "farm."

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. To what class of animals do the alligators and crocodiles belong? (Reptiles)
2. Can you tell from memory 10 interesting things about an alligator?
3. Can you tell 10 about a crocodile?

USING LEFT-OVERS

(Continued from page 273)

and onion juice. Stir into one cup of drawn butter well thickened, and cook together until smoking hot. Add the yolk of a raw egg, and shape, crumb and fry. Serve with tomato sauce to which grated cheese has been added.

(To be continued)

AGE OF CHIVALRY

(Continued from page 275)

turies beyond the age of chivalry, we can still retain the courteous and noble manners of that period, for true chivalry is always desirable, even now in this war-torn twentieth century.

REVIEW

1. When did the "age of chivalry" flourish?
2. What did a knight and his horse wear sometimes?
3. Did boys ever wear a suit of armor? Tell about it.
4. Tell of the jousting tournaments. (See the encyclopedia.)
5. Tell of a page.
6. Tell of a squire.
7. Tell of the admission to knighthood.
8. Tell of the behavior of a knight.



Raising Gold Fish

By ESTEBAN GARCIA

(14 YEARS OLD)

DURING one of my vacations in April and May I went to visit my cousin in Manila. One day we went to one of the public parks, and there I saw a pool full of beautiful gold fish.

I determined that I would raise some gold fish for myself.

My father and I made a cement pool about ten feet in diameter and two feet deep. It was made so that it could be drained occasionally.

I filled the pool with water by means of a hose, and then put my gold fish in—about twenty of them.

I secured a few water lilies and placed them in pots in my fish pool. These were placed just about six inches under the surface of the water. I also placed some moss and some water hyacinths in my pool.

For food for the fish I used rolled oats which I bought at a grocery store. This is the best cheap food obtainable. I fed my fish

Reading Newspapers

By RUPERTO SARMIENTO

(15 YEARS OLD)

WHY should everybody read the daily newspapers? In order to know the important news of the world. During our vacation I had time to read newspapers and magazines, so I spent much of my time during the vacation in reading the news of the world.

There were and are many important things happening in Europe and Asia, and in our own country, the Philippines. So it is quite important that we read the daily news and the magazine comments. Many excellent newspapers and magazines are published in the Philippines, and many magazines are sent here from the United States. Some of these are in our school libraries.

twice each day—morning and evening. Some of my fish grew to be large and active. I was quite proud of my fish pool, and of my success in raising gold fish.

A Scrapbook Art Collection

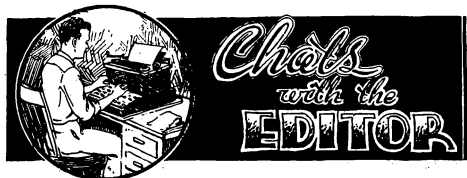
By JULIANA VILLAREAL

(15 YEARS OLD)

I LIKE pictures, especially copies of paintings by great artists. So I decided to prepare a scrapbook art collection. A friend gave me a big blank scrapbook for a birthday present. This was the very thing I wanted for my art collection.

When I had my blank scrapbook, I went on the hunt for pictures. I wished to paste in my book only copies of good pictures. I found many in magazines. I used also some post cards and Christmas cards which were reproductions of good paintings. I found, too, that I could buy copies of famous paintings for only a few centavos each.

As soon as I had a number of pictures on hand, I began to paste them in my book. Under each I wrote the name of the picture and the painter. If I could find the information I wrote two or three interesting sentences about the picture or the painter.



By this time most of the youthful readers of *The Young Citizen* are firmly established in school for the year 1940-41. Your Editor hopes that each boy and girl went back to the classroom with a firm resolution to do the best work possible.

The school year has hardly more than started, so now is the time to get a good grip on things; then there will not be a heart-breaking failure at the close of school next March.

One thing necessary for good school work is a careful use of one's time. Have you budgeted the hours at your disposal? Have you ample time for study both at school and home? And do you have enough time for recreation — outdoor play and exercise? Also, do you have some time left for reading *The Young Citizen*? (You will find in this attractive magazine a vast wealth of general knowledge well worth reading.) If you have not already done so, sit down now and make out a schedule in

which you wisely divide your time so that it will be used in the best possible manner.

Teachers and principals: the Editor hopes you have taken up your work—after a pleasant vacation—with plenty of enthusiasm and what the boys call pep. Don't be afraid to make new plans and put them into execution.

The Editor hopes you will include in your plans the preparation of several good articles for *The Young Citizen*. You can do much to help make this magazine for young Filipinos an interesting and helpful publication.

And now I would like to have the attention of those teachers who are doing the music teaching in their respective schools. I wish to bring to their notice the series of articles in music appreciation which have been running since the first of January of this year. This series is called *Great Composers of Music*. With the article in this issue we complete the fifth in this

series. Already we have published interesting short biographies about the great music masters Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. There will be four or more similar articles in future numbers which will discuss briefly the life of Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner, and possibly others. All these articles could well be used in the upper grades of the elementary schools. The Editor will welcome comment by public school music teachers regarding this series.

Something more which ought to be of special interest to music teachers in primary grades: do you have in your school, or would you like to have a rhythm band? If you are interested, we could easily publish a series of articles on the organization and development of the rhythm band in the primary grades. The Editor will be glad to learn of the reaction of those concerned regarding articles about this activity in music education. If a sufficient number of teachers are interested, we shall publish a series of such articles. Do not fail to write the Editor if you are interested.

Goodbye and Good Luck.—THE EDITOR.

Announcement to All Our Young Readers:

Did you ever do something interesting and worth while? Have you had any experience in doing any of the following: (1) Collecting Philippine Shells, (2) Hunting Turtles, (3) Exploring a Volcano, (4) Catching Sharks, (5) Making an Aquarium, (6) Collecting Postage Stamps, (7) Visiting Famous Churches of the Philippines, (8) Making a Garden, (9) Raising Flowers, (10) Making Candies, (11) Building a Sail Boat, (12) Hunting for Wild Animals, (13) Baking Bread or Cakes, (14) Making Articles of Clothing, (15) Making Articles of Furniture, (16) Visiting the Aquarium in Manila, (17) Collecting Moths and Butterflies, (18) Collecting Interesting Botanical Specimens, (19) Raising Orchids, (20) Visiting Primitive Peoples in the Philippines, or doing many other interesting things.

WRITE ABOUT IT IN A SHORT COMPOSITION.

Send your composition to *The Young Citizen*.

Each month the Editor of *The Young Citizen* will publish as many of the best compositions as space will permit.

If your composition is accepted for publication, you will become a member of

The What-Are-You-Doing? Club.

The rules for securing membership are simple.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

1. Write about something interesting which you have done, such as the above titles suggest. Do not write a story which is not true. If your story is accepted, you are a member of the Club.
2. On your composition write your name and address **VERY PLAINLY**.
3. State your age.
4. Tell what you liked best in recent issues of *The Young Citizen*.

Address all letters to:

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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.

This magazine is published 12 times a year

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