

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP SECTION

KINDNESS IS NOT EVERYTHING

By ESTRELLA T. ANANCA *



"WHO got the twenty-centavo piece here in my drawer?" Mother called out from her room. Nobody answered. Big Sister continued her sewing near the window. Baby Brother was busy with his toy gun. Spottie who was having a nice nap outside on the sunny veranda did not hear Mother. And Kitty was playing with a red ball.

"Can nobody hear me?" Mother who was now impatient raised her voice. "I said who got the twenty-centavo piece here in my drawer."

Baby Brother stopped playing and glanced at Big Sister who was beginning to look troubled. Spottie who was awakened in his nap raised his head and looked inquiringly at Mother's room. Kitty ran to hide behind Big Sister's chair.

Mother's voice was raised still higher

when, just then, Mario's little figure popped at the doorway. He looked around inquiringly.

"What's the matter?" he asked Big Sister.

Mother heard him and called out his name. Mario seemed to have guessed the cause of that call. Presently she came out and looked at Mario. The boy lowered his gaze guiltily. Mother felt sure from Mario's behavior that it was he who was the little thief.

"So it was you who got the money," Mother accused menacingly, picking up one of her slippers. "Tell me, what have you done with the money? Did you go to the show or did you play *cara y cruz*? Tell the truth, or you will have this," she said, threatening Mario with the slipper.

The boy felt hurt. It was true that he got the twenty-centavo piece, but he did not spend it for a show or gambled it in *cara y cruz*. He told his mother so.

"You must not tell me a lie," said Mother. "What did you do with the money?"

"I gave it to a little beggar boy who came here this morning while you were in the market. The boy said his mother was sick and that he was hungry, not having eaten since yesterday. I told him I had no money. He seemed disappointed, but he humbly turned to the street. I felt sorry for him when, suddenly, I remembered the twenty-centavo piece which I saw you put in the drawer. I thought that a nice scolding would

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MY KITE

By VICENTE B. CONDEVILLAMAR



One day I made a little kite,
And in the air I let it fly;
Up and up it soared among the
clouds
And became a tiny speck in the
sky.

From its lofty height it o'erlooked
Meandering streams and meadows green,
Vast plains and the blue expanse
of sea—
Happily proud in its solitary
reign.

But then a strong wind brought it
down,
A torn thing and smeared with
dirt;
The haughty sky mockingly
laughed at me:
"You are a brother to the earth!"

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TRAVEL NOTES

By FLORENCIA C. AUSTRIA

I do not remember the name of
the town—
But I can still see the woman
Leaning over, her face pressed
down

To a bit of bloom on the win-
dow sill . . .
By the tracks where the smoke
gets in the throat,
And at a puddle by a hill
Was a boy sailing a little home-
made boat,
Who with his loud whistling the
morning fill.

Then out by the open fields in
the sun
I remember how a colt rose
On wobbly legs and tried to run
While the proud mare rubbed
him with her nose.
A flock of pigeons flew so near
(Wing-music still around me
flows);
The crops looked very good that
year—
I hope that woman's flower
grows.

KINDNESS IS NOT . . .

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not be worth the joy that the stolen money would give the beggar boy."

Mother put down her slipper and was silent for a while. Big Sister looked at Mario with a mixed feeling of surprise and sympathy. Finally Mother said, "I like your spirit of charity, Mario, and I encouraged you to keep that up. But remember this, in being kind to the beggar boy you had to lose your respect for someone's property. Charity is a great virtue, but it is not everything. Remember this, Mario, next time an opportunity for giving comes to you."

Mario was silent. After some moments, Mother went to the kitchen to finish her work while Big Sister went on with her sewing, an understanding smile on her face.