

## 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.

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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.