

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 . . .

(Continued from page 146)

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.