

OUR CHILDREN'S CIRCLE

Conducted By COUSIN HELEN.

"A little child shall lead them."—Isaiah xi., 6.

Our Motto:

"Do not unto others, what you would not have others do unto you."

P.O. Box 2000, Cape Town.

My dear little Cousins,

When I came into the Zionist Hall on Sunday afternoon, I was delighted to see the big gathering of boys and girls who had come to enjoy the *Succoth Festival*. The stage was prettily decorated with the greenery of harvest time, and the programme for our entertainment was just lovely. Everybody seemed happy—happy to celebrate Succoth with Hebrew songs and lively action.

The little Hebrew Kindergarten children, dressed in the national colours (white and blue) inspired us all to think of Eretz Israel when they waved their flags, singing aloud "Going to Jerusalem." Then when they came on to the platform carrying the *Lullav* in the one hand and the *Esrog* in the other, they made us think of the children in Palestine who were now enjoying the season of harvest in the land that is dear to us all.

The concert programme was delightful. For a fuller account of it, just you turn a few pages back and you will see it in one of the columns for the grown-ups. During the interval we enjoyed lovely cakes and bottles of lemonade. There was great fun and now we shall be looking ahead to the next festival. Unfortunately we shall have to wait at least two months till Chanuka. (Now that all the holy days are over, I feel that we have not nearly enough days of rejoicing, don't you?)

Just the other day I received from America a lovely magazine for children called "Young Israel." It is a beautiful paper, and I wish I could show it to all of you. There are ever so many stories and pictures and also a song. I was surprised to find one article about the Jewish children in South Africa. Of course, all Jews are interested in each other, and the boys and girls in that far-away country want to know about us just as we are eager to learn to know them. Perhaps we, too, will have such a beautiful paper one day, and then someone will write for us stories about the children in other lands.

Some time ago I told you about Yehudi Menuhin, the young Jewish genius of the violin. Well, in this magazine they give a very interesting article on the young boy of whom we are all proud. I am sure you will enjoy reading it.

OUR FRIEND YEHUDI.

"Most Jewish boys and girls know about Yehudi Menuhin, the modest, rosy-cheeked genius of the violin, who is growing to take his place as one of the greatest American musicians. Yehudi away from his violin is like any other healthy boy of twelve, who likes to play games, and sometimes quarrels with his sisters. But with his precious violin in his arms, Yehudi is a great master who can hold an audience of thousands spell-bound.

"Yehudi is now spending his vacation at Basle, Switzerland, with his parents and his two little sisters. There he spends three hours daily in the playing fields. He romps with his dog, plays handball with his little sisters, and hikes in the outdoors to his heart's content.

"He is also studying. With his French master he reads the books of famous French authors and discusses them. With his father, who used to be the principal of a Hebrew school, he reads English works, history, Hebrew, and studies arithmetic. He likes to solve puzzles in arithmetic. He also likes to read scientific magazines.

"Yehudi has been studying the violin with Professor Adolf Busch, a celebrated musician. Busch had been told how well Yehudi had been playing. So one day Professor Busch asked him to play before an audience of one. Professor Busch's enthusiasm, however, has meant more to Yehudi than that of the vast audiences before whom he had often played."

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretches forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy gently breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that grieves the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee
These things shall never die.

Mr. Postman must have forgotten my address. He has brought me no letters this week, or is that your fault?

Your loving
COUSIN HELEN.

[To become a member of Our Circle write down your name, age, address and anything else you choose, and send it to Cousin Helen.]

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