

# THE SABBATH ANGEL

A Young Folks' Page Conducted by Judith Ish-Kishor (Copyright, 1921, by Judith Ish-Kishor)

## A LETTER FOR YOU

Dear Boys and Girls:

I want a nice long talk with you this week, because there are so many things to say, in answer to your letters, that I don't find the space for each Friday. It always seems to me that by the time the Sabbath Angel comes to call for this little magazine of yours, to carry it away to the Editor's office—where it becomes part of the big magazine—I am not nearly ready to stop writing to you.

"Ready?" he asks, fluttering his big wings in a business-like fashion.

"Not quite." I answer, scurrying back to my typewriter. "There's such a nice letter from a girl in Pittsburgh—or from a boy in Brooklyn. We must print it this week!" He comes and stands behind my chair. In a minute or two he stops me.

"Your down at the bottom of the page now," he says.

"Just a little more," I plead. "She's such a nice girl, and she'll think we don't like her if I don't answer quickly!"

"If she's a nice girl, she'll know better. We do like her," he says promptly. "But—Next week!"

And he pulls the pages right out of the machine, and rolls them up, and tucks them into a neat little pocket on the underside of his left wing. And that always settles the argument. He says, "Good Shabbos!" floats out of the window, and flies away to you. So that's how it is that we don't get more space for letters. There are so many lovely things that I want to show you—stories that I enjoyed when I was a youngster, and that I am only too glad to pass on to you—poems that have been written specially for the Jewish boys and girls who are growing up, by poets who love and understand them—riddles that show how much fun there is in learning about the famous characters and places in Jewish History—that it's hard to get everything in every week. For you see, these stories and poems, and wise and humorous sayings are a legacy to you. They have been handed down to you by the past generations of Jews. And it's only right that you should have them without any more delay. (If your great-grandmother had left you a beautiful bracelet, and your great-grandfather had left your brother a handsome watch, you would both feel entitled to have it as soon as possible, wouldn't you? Well, this is very much the same thing.)

Now I'll go back to the "girl in Pittsburgh", and tell her what I have been wanting to say for such a long time. She has sent me a good many stories, week by week, and I haven't been able to print one of them. Why not? Because they are written, as she herself admits, quickly; and because she hasn't the patience, or perhaps hasn't the time, to go over them again and make them more interesting and shorter. Now I am not lecturing Selma—I'll call her that because it isn't her name. She says that her thoughts "come too fast" for her to stop and correct what she has written. If that's the way it is, Selma, keep on writing quickly, because that must be your natural way of writing. In time you will want to "slow up" and go more carefully. And in the meantime, you can go on sending your stories to me. I shall always be glad to read them, because I am interested in you. But I cannot promise to print them in the "Sabbath Angel". You must not be disappointed about that. Because I can only print in the "Sabbath Angel" stories, and poems and compositions that are short enough to fit into our one page, and that are interesting enough, and carefully enough written, to interest the other boys and girls who read it. Some day, perhaps, even though you write quickly, you will be able to write something good enough to print.

But even though you are quick, Selma, I think you could be more careful. I'll tell you how.

When you have finished the story, and the rush of your thoughts is over, then you ought to put it away for a day or so, and afterwards read it over again, and see what you can do about correcting it and making it more interesting. That may not be as pleasant as writing down your thoughts just as they come to you—it isn't!—but it is very necessary. Have you ever heard the saying "Easy writing makes hard reading" and the other saying "Hard writing makes easy reading"? Do you understand, now, what they mean? The harder

you work over your story, the easier it is for anyone to read it. See!

Now I want to speak to the rest of you about the stories and poems and essays you send in. I like what you write, and the best proof of that is that I have quite a waiting list of manuscripts by my readers, waiting to be printed. That's lovely.

But I don't want anybody to ask me to "send back this story if you can't print it, because it is my only copy". In the first place, I am much, much too busy to send back anything. Secondly—listen hard to what I am saying!—the boy or girl who sends away his or her only copy of a story, poem, or essay *deserves to lose it!* That is a thing you should never do, if you value your work. You must always be sure that you have a complete copy for yourself, before you trust your manuscript to the letter-carriers, and to the editors. And if you have only one "nice" copy, it will never hurt you to make another. Perhaps in recopying your work, you may be able to find some little alterations to make that will greatly improve the story. And that will please you, I know. These things that I am telling you may sound cruel, but I don't mean them that way. It does one good to be corrected, and everybody has something to learn. Just keep on writing to me, and sending me your work. I love to hear from you.

I want to say a word to Ida Gritz, who lives at 534 Eighth St., S. E., Washington, D. C. Ida, where did you learn your Hebrew, and how old are you? Have you been in America long? (Ida seems to be very well advanced in Hebrew.) And a word to Samuel Cohen, 348 Academy St., Carnegie, Pa. Alright, Sam, I'll see what I can do!

You will see that I am printing a lot of letters this week for a change!

Your friend,  
Judith Ish-Kishor.

## WHY MOSES STAMMERED

A Story from the Talmud

When God told Moses to go back to Egypt and to tell Pharaoh to let the Children of Israel go, Moses answered that he was "heavy of speech"—that he was a slow, stammering speaker. The Talmud has this pretty story to tell, about how Moses became a stammerer.

Pharaoh's daughter, you remember, saved the little baby Moses from the Nile, and brought him up as her own child. Pharaoh made no objections, especially as Moses was a very beautiful and lively baby, and won the hearts of all who looked at him. In fact Pharaoh himself liked to play with this little foster-child of his daughter's, and would often hold the baby on his knee.

One afternoon they were having their usual game. But Moses, who was one of those babies that you can hardly hold because they are so full of life, and jump and dance so—reached up his little arms and caught at the crown of Pharaoh, and pulled it from his head!

There was a dreadful silence in the Court, because that was a very bad omen. The king's wise men had a great deal to say about it. Nearly all of them said:

"Oh king, this child that you are holding will live to deprive you of your crown and your power, if you permit him to live. Be advised by us, and kill him!" But there was one among the king's advisers who said: "It is only a harmless infant. The child does not know what he is doing. Why should you have him killed, oh Pharaoh?" The princess was very grateful to the man who spoke up for mercy.

But it seemed as if the other advisers would have their way. It was almost decided to slay the child, when again the merciful adviser interfered:

"Let us see if the child is really born to be your enemy, oh Pharaoh," he said, "or whether he is merely an innocent baby. Let them put before the child a bowl of gleaming jewels, and a bowl of hot coals, and see which he will reach out for. If he takes the gems, it will show that he really understands more than an ordinary child knows. But if he takes the glowing coals the king will know that the little one meant no harm by reaching for the crown." This advice pleased everybody, even the other advisers. A bowl of red coals was placed on the table, and a bowl of beautiful gems.

Now Moses was really a bright baby. When he stretched out his hand he felt the heat of the coals. Besides, the jewels shone with many colors, and he liked that. So he stretched his arm towards them. At that moment, God sent an angel to save the future deliverer of Israel. And the angel quickly pushed the baby's hand towards the coals. Moses seized one, felt it burning him, and with all a baby's helplessness put it at once in his mouth.

His life was saved. But because of the burns, when he began to speak, says the Talmud, he always spoke slowly and with a little difficulty. That made Moses shy and unwilling to trust to his powers of speech.

## RIDDLE BOX

The answer to Bernard Covit's acrostic is: What the Jews have car-

ried through the age, Torah.  
A prophet, Isaiah.  
The first blacksmith, Tubal-Cain.  
A captain under King David, Uriah.

A great king of Babylon, Salmaneser, or Sargon, or Sardanapalus.

The Roman General who fought against the Jews is "Titus".

Martin Rosenman guessed it. He lives at 1402 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y. So did Murray M. Finkel, 216 West 111th St., New York City, and Ida Gritz, 534 Eighth St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Now look at this word: "Mesopotamia". That is the name of the land from which Abraham came. He started out from it, and went towards the west towards the Land which God had promised him.

Now see how long a list of words you can make out of the letters in Mesopotamia. Do not use any letter twice, unless it comes twice in "Mesopotamia". A plural will not count as an extra word. You may use proper names.

Whoever gets the longest list of names will have his or her name and address in the "Sabbath Angel".

## OUR MAIL

I'll begin with a letter that reached me some time ago, but which we haven't had space to print. Rosamund Cohen wrote this: (Her address is just Wampum, Pa.) Dear Miss Ish-Kishor—I have not written to you for a long time, so I felt it my duty to write. I still continue to read the "Sabbath Angel". I just love to get letters, as it is very lonesome in a small town, so if anyone would care to write to me, I would gladly answer them. Dear Miss Ish-Kishor, if you ever feel that you would like to write to me through the mails, I will be glad to answer. I like to read the long letters that you print in the "Sabbath Angel" and it gives me the greatest pleasure to read them. Well, I will close. Wishing you success, I remain, your true friend—Rosamund Cohen.

You have had to wait rather a long time for an answer, haven't you Rosamund? But I am a true friend, for all that. Indeed, I should like to write to you through the mail, but I'm afraid I can't even attempt it. Think how much time that would take if I tried to answer every girl and boy separately! I should love to do it, but I'm afraid I can't even begin. However, I hope some of our readers will write to you, because it's too bad to think that you are lonesome when there are so many Jewish girls and boys all over the country! Come on, girls, don't let Rosamund feel so blue. Write to her, and I am sure that she will turn out to be a lovely friend.

Hilliard H. Goodman sent me a neat, typewritten note, from 206-C Saybrook Apts., Craft Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. He says: "I am nine years old and attend Rodeph Shalom religious school. I love it." I'm very glad to hear that. Congratulations on the way you use the typewriter, Hilliard!

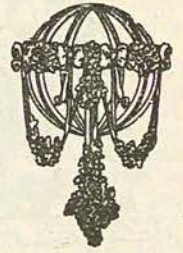
This from Rhea Koplowitz, 2134 Wilkens Ave., Baltimore, Md.: Dear Miss Ish-Kishor—I read the "Sabbath Angel". I like it very much. I am nine years old; in the fourth grade. I take singing lessons, go to Sabbath School, take violin lessons, and attend public school. I played at four concerts in Peabody, two in school. Very sorry I have to close. Hope you will put my letter in the "Sabbath Angel". Your truly—Rhea Koplowitz. That's lovely, to be able to play the violin well enough to play at a concert! You are a very fortunate girl, Rhea, to know how to do such a pleasant thing.



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## SOME JEWISH CHILDREN I HAVE KNOWN

### Is This You?

Whenever Moey sits down to dinner his mother is on "pins and needles". For Moey, given a piece of bread, takes a half-hearted bite of the soft part, and crumples up the rest beside his plate. He takes three spoonfuls of soup and complains that it needs more salt. When his mother adds the salt, he takes one more spoonful, and then pushes it aside, salt and all! For the meat course, he has a different *meshuggas* (craziness) every time. If the meat is any one of a half-dozen kinds of meat, he won't touch it. If it is one of the few favored kinds, but if it has a morsel of fat or skin with it, he is also horrified. He won't even try any lettuce, or spinach or turnips. For if he tasted them, he might like them. And if he liked them, he would eat them—which he doesn't want to do, because he detests them! Carrots he knows he doesn't like. All he wants to eat is his potatoes. So his mother says to his father:

"What does the child live on?—What shall I do?—Moey, *leben*, eat a little more of your meat. Will you eat an egg if mother makes it for you?—Moey, that's why you're so pale!" And she runs off into the kitchen to boil an egg, while Moey—pleased to hear that he is pale, and therefore delicate and interesting, makes a useless hash of his meat and potatoes, and picks the raisins out of the rice pudding, which his mother had prepared for desert.

Now, I believe, you can see why his mother is paler than Moey. She never enjoys her own meal because she fusses over his. And Moey rather likes to be "pale". He likes the attention his mother pays him because he is "not a strong child". And he thinks to himself, "I should worry! Mother will take care of me!"

Moey isn't a bad boy, but he is acting like a very stupid one. If a catching sickness should come along, Moey would almost certainly catch it, for he wouldn't have the strength to fight it down. And then Mr. Moey would see how he likes to be sick! If any of you have had the measles, you know. What's the use of having story books bought for you, if your headache is so bad that the very sight of brightly colored pictures hurts you? What's the use of having fruit offered you, and all sorts of things, when you have to vomit, and when there is a pain in your stomach? Moey is playing with the thought of being "weak", because he doesn't yet know what being really sick feels like. And perhaps, by the time he finds out, he may have weakened his constitution. (Your constitution is your general state of health, which your parents pass on to you. If you have a straight back, and nice, firm limbs, and a good heart and lungs, then you have a good constitution. And that's a thing to be grateful to your parents for, because it's one of the best gifts one can want, to start out in life.)

Of course, most of you boys and girls have heard me say what a splendid thing health is, and how much we need it, if we are to be useful to the Jewish People, and to the United States. It's wonderful to go on working and playing, day after day, without having to stop and be sick, or in pain. But in order to build up poor health, or to keep up the good constitution your parents have given you, you must try to be well. You must help your mother and father to improve your health, and to make of you a fine, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy or girl, full of energy and fun. To do that, you must eat good food, and drink milk whenever mother gives it to you.

Suppose I tell you something about food and its qualities. There are three chief kinds of foods. The foods that Build You Up, the foods that Keep You Warm and the Medicine Foods. In the first division are meat, fish, eggs, cereals

and nuts. They make your bone and muscle; and they not only mend and build up the muscle that you used up yesterday, but they make you grow. Children and growing boys and girls need this food very much. The heat-giving foods are sugar, potatoes, bread and butter. And the medicine foods are fruit and green vegetables. Now you need to grow, and you want to be warm, and you want to avoid taking nasty medicines, so you will see at a glance that you need all of these foods; and you mustn't eat *too much* of one kind, so that you don't get enough of the *others*. That is why your mother doesn't want you to eat too much candy. Candy isn't bad for you. But it is such a nourishing food, that if you eat a large quantity of it between meals, it will make your stomach too tired, and your appetite too weak to digest enough of the other foods that you need. See that? So there's no harm at all in eating a little candy, or some ice-cream right after a meal, but if you eat it between meals, your stomach will have no time to rest.

One kind of food that you must manage to eat enough of is the Medicine kind—fruit and vegetable. Of course you like fruit. But I am almost certain that you don't eat as much of vegetables as you do of fruit. Let me tell you how much they can do for you, and then perhaps you will try to eat them; and I am *sure* you will like them when you find out how well they make you feel. Mr. Carrot and Mr. Spinach give you rosy cheeks. (Wouldn't it be better to make friends with them, than to have to take quarts of bitter iron tonics in case you grow up *anemic*? "Anemic" means not having enough good, healthy, red blood. It's not a nice thing to be.) Mr. Cabbage and Mr. Lettuce are "bulk foods". That is, they are "bulky". They take up a good deal of space in your intestines, and make them work properly, so that you won't have to take an enema. (Cereals are also "bulk" foods. That's another reason why oatmeal is good for you.) And Turnips and Beans and Peas are a very good-natured family. They help to make you plump. So don't neglect the vegetables.

What about milk? Milk is a perfect food. That is, it gives you a little of everything, and not too much of anything. When you drink milk, you are preparing to be big and strong.

Now I am hoping that when Moey reads this, he will stop fooling around with his health, and eat properly as a sensible boy should do. Besides, it's a sin to waste the good food that your mother cooks for you and your father works hard to buy!

And if you think I'm exaggerating, just show this page to your mother. And she will tell you *that every word is true*. I tell you these things because I am fond of you and because I am,

Your friend,  
Judith Ish-Kishor.

## A BAD BARGAIN

A story is told of a Russian Jew, who finding himself in poor circumstances, tried to borrow a sum of money to tide him over his misfortune. As he was a travelling peddler, he knew a large number of people; and he approached each one of them in turn. Unfortunately, none of them was able to lend him the necessary money. At last, in desperation, he asked a Christian merchant, who lived in a town about ten miles away from his own town. The merchant listened to him with interest, took him into a private room, and then said:

"Lend you a hundred roubles?—I will lend you five hundred. In fact you need never pay them back. Don't go back to your own town, but bring your family to live here, and I will set you up in business. But on one condition."

"What is that?" asked the Jew, half-suspecting.

"Just let the priest talk to you. He will convince you how much better it is to be a Christian. Don't say anything yet, just wait here until the

priest comes. I am expecting him." The Jew waited. Then after a long discourse from the priest, to which he listened silently and patiently, he said:

"I want some time to think it over. I will give you my answer next week." On the following week, when the merchant saw him again, he asked:

"Well, my friend, what have you decided. You know which choice would be better for you?" The Jew shook his head.

"I won't change my religion. My religion is better than yours, because you want to give me in exchange for it *your* religion and five hundred roubles into the bargain! No, I won't change.

## RIDDLE BOX

The three who made up the longest list of words out of "Mesopotamia" are these: Sylvia C. Wagner, 2112 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y. She found 86 good words. Augusta Selevan, 196 Bay 28th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., made 80, and Mildred G. Burstein (address not on her letter) discovered 66. (Caroline Schreiber, you had the right idea, but should have gone on with it.)

All these winners are girls. Perhaps I'd better have a hard puzzle this time, then the boys will want to win. Here is a diagonal puzzle that I made up myself. Try hard, because it may prove difficult.

1. A city of the Phillistines.
2. A girl who had twelve brothers.
3. An emperor who persecuted the Jews.
4. An Israelite who was Pharaoh's favorite.
5. A Hebrew whom the Phillistines feared.
6. A prophet.

When you have guessed all these, take the first letter of the first name, the second letter of the second name, the third letter of the third name, and so on, in a diagonal line. The letters along this diagonal line ought to give you the name of one of the Judges. Let's see who'll do the trick!

## OUR MAIL

Mildred, somehow your answer to the "Hannah, Eve, Ada" puzzle came too late. I have Mildred's address now; it is 243 East Broadway, New York.

Sylvia C. Wagner writes this: (Rosamund Cohen, please take note)—My Dear Miss Ish-Kishor—If your friend Rosamund Cohen would like me to correspond with her, I will do so with real anticipation of her answer. I myself love to write letters, so if I should write eight pages at once, I hope she won't feel bored. Wishing you all success in your work, I remain—sincerely yours, Sylvia C. Wagner. P. S.—*Must* I state my age? Oh well! Fifteen years and eight months! Am I too old to be a "Junior"?—No, indeed, Sylvia, you aren't too old. We are very glad to have you. And if all the letters you write are as neat and charming as this one, Rosamund won't mind your eight pages a bit! Answer up for yourself, Rosamund. Sylvia's address is 2112 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mollie Sirop, 718 E. 5th St., New York City, writes: Dear Miss Ish-Kishor—I would like to know the age of Rosamund Cohen, Wampum, Pa. If she is about 17 or 18, I would like to correspond with her, as I can understand what loneliness is, even though I have spent all my life in this city. A constant reader.—Mollie Sirop.—Very good; Mollie! I don't think Rosamund is of that age though. Perhaps Alice Schwartz, Bel-field, North Dakota, will welcome a letter from you. She also is lonely and has no Jewish friends.

I'm very glad of these two letters. It shows you have the right spirit.—A good letter from Jean Tucker.—Just as you wish, Jean. Don't mind if they tease you. They don't mean any harm and some day you will surprise them!



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## THE CAVE OF SWORDS

A Story of the Days of the Judges

Little Hiel looked wise, as he watched old Ozman pick up another sword and begin to polish it.

"That is the hundredth time, O Cleaner of Swords," said Hiel, "that you have cleaned that sword".

"It is like that for another hundred times I shall do the same, O Wiseling with the Large Eyes", sighed old Ozman, and he rubbed the blade lovingly. Then he cautioned the lad, "Forget not that you are my Watcher of the Hills!" Hiel jumped lightly to his feet and scampered up the steep slope of the hillside. He looked about him, but there was no danger.

"It is well", was all that Ozman said when Hiel brought back his report, "the time has not yet come".

"Will the time ever come, O Master of the Swords, when Israel shall use these weapons against our oppressors of Midian?"

"Come?" growled Ozman. "That time must come!" He thrust out a brawny hand and swept the cave with a wide gesture. "What have I gathered up these swords for, one here and another there! For what have I polished them, and why do I keep on polishing them?"

"I know", shyly ventured Hiel. "You have hidden them that the hands of the faithful may turn these swords against the tyrants of Midian, and free our land from the curse of the Baal worshipers! For the Midianites have taken away the weapons from all the men of Israel. And they have broken the forges, so that no man among us can make himself a sword. And we are without arms against them."

"My son", and the old man looked solemnly at the boy, "that fight will be yours. But for an old man like myself, there is nothing to do but what I have done." Hiel again ran up the slope, light-hearted to think of the great struggle ahead.

But what he saw from the top of the hill caused his heart almost to stop beating. Along the highway came a band of the Midianites who ruled over the countryside—each district of the land that years before had been won by Israel, being now in the possession of some Midianite clan. Boyishly shrill sounded the call of Hiel, that warned Ozman in time, to conceal any sign of the cave's whereabouts. But as he turned, a stone slipped from under the feet of the boy, and Hiel rolled to the very feet of Hetman, the Midianite chief.

"A pretty pass, this!" swore the chieftain, while hostile hands seized the excited, but unfrightened boy. "Cannot a chief of Midian ride through the land without hearing the vile shouts of Hebrew brats, or without having them tumble about the feet of his men?"

"Had you not been there," spoke up Hiel, "I should have rolled further!" A guffaw of enjoyment broke out from among the clansmen of the sheik.

"A fine to do!" stormed Hetman, and he raised his whip. Hiel paled but held his ground. A quick, bounding step sounded behind him, and in a moment, Ozman faced the Midianite sheik.

"What do you here, slave?" growled Hetman.

"Shall a mighty chief of Midian strike a babe?" asked Ozman.

"To the fields, where you belong!" snapped the Midianite. "What is the brat? There will only be one less of the stock of Israel if I slay him."

"We have fallen low indeed, O sheik of Midian," said Ozman, "but the day of our deliverance is nigh. The Lord will raise up a champion from our midst!"

"You will not live to see it then," laughed the Midianite harshly. He raised his whip and brought it down on the old man's head. There was a gentle sigh, and the spirit of Ozman was gone from him. His body crumpled down upon the roadside. Hiel threw himself upon the body and sobbed with grief. But on the bearded faces

of the men of Midian there was no look of pity. "What shall we do with the brat?" asked a clansman, pointing towards the madly weeping boy.

"We can't kill them all off—yet!" spat Hetman. And he and his men went their way. Hiel lay where he was, wrapped in misery and unconscious of the passing of time. All at once he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"What is this?" spoke a sturdy voice, with an expression of mingled surprise and pity.

"The sheik Hetman, who rules over us, has struck Ozman so that he died," cried Hiel. The eyes of the young man flashed. His fists were clenched so that the veins swelled like rope upon his arms.

"I have my sign from the Lord!" he cried. "The Lord hath willed it that I strike for the freedom of Israel! But can Gideon strike out against the hosts of Israel with bare hands? I have the men to follow me, but with what shall I arm them?" Hiel was watching him with staring eyes. Little by little the boy drew himself away from the body of Ozman, and crept nearer to the young man. His eyes did not stray for a moment as he touched Gideon's arm.

"In yonder cave," whispered Hiel, "Ozman has stored up swords against the great day when a champion would arise for Israel!"

"Lead me there," commanded the young man; and they sped away together. "It is likely," sighed Gideon to himself, as he followed Hiel up the steep hill-side, "that the weapons are rusted and of little use." Hiel pulled aside the brush-wood covering from the mouth of the cave, and led the young man in. He pointed without speaking, to the ranks of shining weapons upon the rocky wall.

"Praised be the Lord!" cried Gideon, as he drew one of the swords and wielded it. "Here be fit weapons indeed for those who would fight for the Lord!"

"Just an hour ago Ozman was polishing that very sword," said Hiel; and a lump swelled up within his throat, and the lips of the boy trembled, and tears rolled down his cheek, "and he said then—" Hiel could not continue.

"What did he say my son?" asked Gideon.

"Ozman said," choked Hiel, "that he could do nothing more than he had done".

"Nothing more!" echoed the voice of Gideon. "I know for a certainty, O brave departed spirit, that you have done much. Your swords have armed the host of Gideon! Your faithfulness, O Ozman, has made me sure that I must go forth in battle to deliver my people and yours!" The hand of Gideon was raised in blessing. "Ozman, rest in peace", he cried. "Yours is the honor to have fallen first in the war of freedom that lies before us."

—Samuel O. Kuhn.

## RIDDLE BOX

The Jumbled Names from the Bible that Martin Roseman sent in work out to this: 1, Miriam; 2, Joshua; 3, Ephraim; 4, Absalom; 5, Zebulun; 6, Jethro.

The boys and girls who guessed it are: Alice Schwartz, Belfield, N. D.; Johanna Goldberg, 1306 S. Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sidney Lych, 839 Frank St., McKees Rocks, Pa. (I liked your letter, Sidney. It's a very good plan to "always try", isn't it?) Johanna's letter was interesting, too; and I'm glad that she and Alice are corresponding.

Deborah Miller has sent me a puzzle, but I don't think it will do, Deborah. When you say that the answer is a whole family, like that, you give the game away, see?

Gwendolyn, the names you give here have been worked out by our readers before, or else they look very much like a former puzzle, so try again.

Joseph Szilagyi, 1587 First Ave., New York, sent the right answer to the Diagonal Puzzle—"Gideon". But it was somehow delayed.

Now we'll have a Charade:

My first is in light, but not in dark;

My next is in wren, but not in lark;  
My third is in zebra, not in gnu;  
My fourth is in eel, and in sturgeon too;  
My next is in cake, but in candy nay;  
My sixth is in night, and not in day;  
My next is in ache, also in pain;  
My last is in hail, but not in rain.  
My all is a king, righteous and true.  
His name I leave to be guessed by you!

## FAMOUS JEWS OF TODAY

Efrem Zimbalist

It is a funny thing, but some of the greatest concert performers, and most skilful musicians are Jews. There is such a long list of famous Jewish pianists and violinists, that it makes you wonder to think of them. And it makes you feel very proud.

Easily among the first three Jewish musicians one would mention is Efrem Zimbalist. He is still quite a young man—in his early thirties, and yet he is world-famous. He was born in Russia, and studied music from his earliest childhood. His father was his teacher. His gift for playing showed very early, so that he was taken on as a pupil at the Imperial School of St. Petersburg, where the distinguished Leopold Auer was his teacher. At the age of 17 he first played in public, in St. Petersburg, before an audience that had heard many great artists and that was as hard to please as any in the world. But Efrem Zimbalist took them by storm. At eighteen he was known all over the world; and a very little later, he was invited to come and play in America. His success here was immediate; and the music lovers of America liked him so much that he has been here ever since. In 1914 he met Alma Gluck, the singer, and they were married.

Beside his playing, Mr. Zimbalist has composed music. He has played in most of the large cities in the United States, and is always travelling about, so everyone of you may have the chance to hear him.

## OUR MAIL

Rosamund Cohen is certainly getting on in the world. This is what she writes: My dear Miss Ish-Kishor,—I have four correspondents already, and thought I would write and tell you, as you might like to know. The first letter is from Miss Nettie Armhold in Atlantic City. She says that she is an old maid, but she's lovely and so far we have gotten along nicely. The second letter was from Sylvia Wagner, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and she writes very interesting letters, and we get along lovely—by which I mean that we both agree to the same things. The third letter is from Pearl Dinowitz, in Washington, D. C. She is lovely, but she says she is going to move. We will correspond with each other, anyway. Then the last is from a little girl in Pittsburgh, by the name of Florence Davidson, and she is very cute. I hope Mollie Sirop notices this. Mollie, I am sorry I am not 17 or 18. I am only eleven-and-a-half years old, but I look like fifteen, because I am big for my age. (Now, Rosamund, don't you think you have enough with four?)—Miss Ish-Kishor, my lonesomeness was not as great as some peoples', but I felt that I wanted to get acquainted with some people, and now I am acquainted with some very nice girls and am not lonesome. Wishing success and pleasure to you,—I remain, your true friend, Rosamund Cohen. (Wampum, Pa.)

Florence Davidson, as it happens, has also written me. She says: Dear Miss Ish-Kishor, I am just writing you a short letter to become your little friend, and have already become Rosamund's. I am nine years old and like to write letters. I am in the sixth grade.—Your new friend, Florence Davidson.—That is very good, Florence! Nine in the sixth grade. I am very glad that you are my little friend.