

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A Disobedient Boy

By MISS MARGARITA SANTOS

"PEDRING, come here," shouted Jose, his playmate. "Look at what happened to this boy who played with firecrackers. Read what is said about him. He would not be able to use his left eye again. Let us not play with these firecrackers any more. We might be like him."

Pedring took the newspaper and threw it away. He said, "That happened to that boy because that was the first time he touched firecrackers. But I, I know how to light them. To-night, you just see how I shoot them off."

That night Pedring called all of his playmates. At about eight

o'clock firecrackers could be heard everywhere.

Bang! Bang! "Pedring, Pedring," shouted his mother, "is that you playing with the firecrackers again?" Pedring did not hear his mother.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The explosion was louder than before. Mother looked out of the window. She saw something strange. Many boys were crowding around Pedring. There were others rushing to him. Pedring could not say anything. His face was distorted with pain. One thing was sure. His right hand was badly burned.



Just a Cold

Ha . . . ching!"

"Pepito, you must stay in bed. You have a cold. I shall prepare some hot tea for you."

"O Mother, does a sneeze make a cold? I am going out to play. I am not sick," and the boy skipped out of the house.

"Pepito! Pepito-o-o-o! Where are you?" Mother shouted. But Pepito was gone.

After a while, the boy crept into his room and wrapped himself up in a thick blanket. Mother found him doubled up in a heap on the bed.

"Now, my boy, what is the matter?"