

It was fun to watch the boat sail, he thought, but would it not be more fun to know why it sailed? The more he thought of it, the more he wondered. Why not separate its parts and then assemble them afterwards? He remembered, then, what had happened when he took his father's watch and unscrewed the parts. His father had given him a scolding (his father never used the rod, but he had a way of gaining the respect and love of his children) because the watch had to be sent to the watch-repairer. But the temptation to examine the mechanism which made the boat run was too great. Besides, it was his boat anyway.

And so he went home and locked himself in his room. After loosening screws, what had been a boat was now a little pile of useless-looking gadgets. What interested him most was the small petroleum tank. He tipped it from one side to the other, its wick lighted, doing the motion of a ship in a rough sea. Suddenly, there was a blinding flash, followed by a loud explosion. He felt something hot creeping all over his body. His clothes were on fire. The suddenness of it all made him lose his mind, and he didn't know what to do. He ran about, but the flames grew more and more and the pain became unbearable. He shouted for help.

And then above the searing pain, or perhaps because of it—he couldn't tell which—he seemed to hear Mrs. Arceo's voice, vague and uncertain, telling him not to run about, but to lie down and roll over and over, until the flames died down. Instinctively, he followed his teacher's instructions which seemed only half-understood and so far away. In a short time the fire was put out.

In the meanwhile, neighbors had come

DAILY HEALTH ACTIVITIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By FLORA PONCE

Check each of the following activities that you perform every day:

1. I drink a glass of milk every morning.
2. I brush my teeth after every meal.
3. I take a bath once a day.
4. I eat a balance diet.
5. I play out of doors.
6. I wash my hands before eating.
7. I drink about eight glasses of pure water every day.
8. I sleep at least ten hours a day.
9. I sleep with my windows open.

running in answer to his cries. His burns were quickly administered to. He heard snatches of conversation going about. He heard someone say how brave he was and how lucky it was for Alfredo to know exactly what to do on such a situation.

But Alfredo did not give the credit to himself. Deep in his heart he knew that it was Mrs. Arceo who had saved him, and that if he had listened attentively to her lecture on Fire Prevention, he would have been saved the pain of a burn and a possible general conflagration.

MOZART

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gang and his sister Nannerl were like two children in a fairy tale, bowing before the queen to be rewarded for their marvelous music. They were happy children, for music was a pleasure to them.

This boy prodigy could play another instrument besides the violin and the

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