We all caught hands and walked on. After a bit we saw a little star of light, and as we got nearer we found it came from a cottage; so we hurried up to it and knocked.

Who should open it but old Kathy, the apple-woman! We told her we had lost our way, and she put on her cloak and bonnet, and said she would take us home herself.

So we hurried along with her, and very soon we reached our cottage.

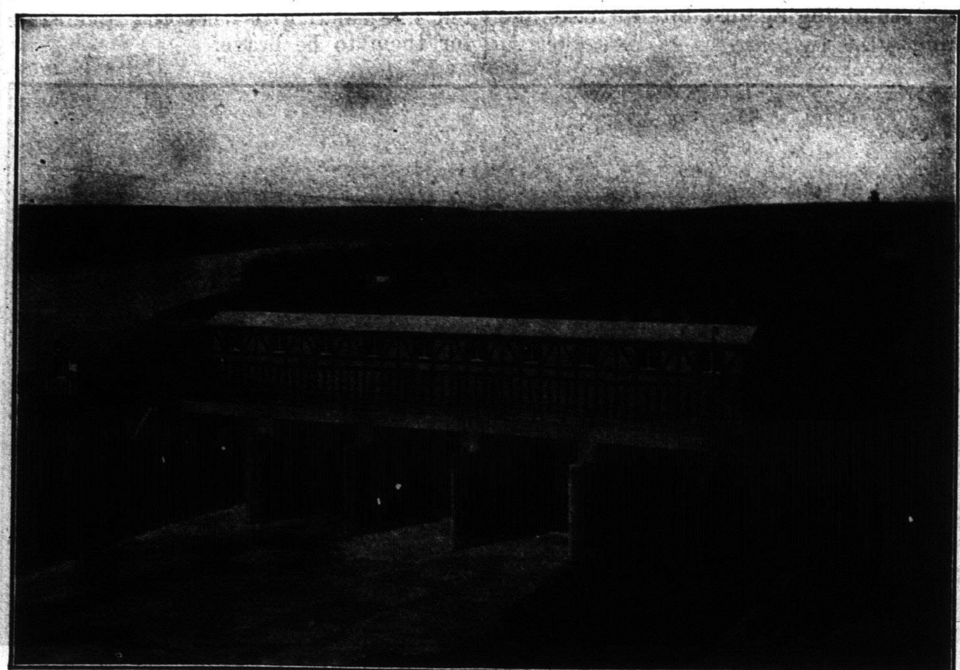
And there was Auntie waiting for us! We felt so happy, we just rushed into her arms.

"Oh, you darlings!" she said. "How glad, glad, glad I am to have you back again!"

The Money Affairs of Children

By Zelia Margaret Walters

One day last summer a mother took her children to a popular picnic park. After the fashion of children, they came to her at frequent intervals throughout the day with requests for money for pony rides, merry-go-round trips, ice-cream, and all the things that children think essential to their pleasure on such occasions. When the mother counted up at night, she was astonished to find how much money had been spent.



Irrigation Dam at Bassano, Alta.

"I think," she said to her husband, "that our present method with the children will make spendthrifts of them. They have no idea of the value of money."

When next they were going to the park, the mother gave to each child a sum of money in his own pocketbook. She explained that this money was for the picnic, and when it was spent they could not have more. They considered the spending of money carefully, often consulting with their mother. They weighed different things, and decided which they would rather have, and, when the money was gone, there was no coaxing or whining.

The mother decided, too, that each child should have a weekly allowance, instead of coming to her with their little wants. The children were five and six years old, and they were given five cents a week each. The first week the money was all spent the first afternoon. They bought some wee dolls that cost a penny apiece, some marbles, and the rest went for candy. On Sunday they were sadly distressed because they had no pennies for Sunday-school. Mother did not supply any, and they never forgot again. In a very short time they wanted things that cost more than five cents, and so they learned to deny themselves and save for a definite object. After that, at mother's suggestion, they put a penny in the bank each week—that bank that was to take them through college by and by. Of course they made many mistakes, but the parents argued that it was better to make the mistakes with the pennies than with the dollars after awhile. When the other children first learned that they had money, they used to coax them into foolish expenditures, but after a few disappointments in getting things that they had planned, they learned to resist this temptation. Once the Salvation Army man called, taking a collection for the poor. The small boy rushed upstairs, and brought down all his cash but the Sunday-school penny. The mother felt that she ought to remonstrate here. The generosity was beautiful, but he was certain to regret it the next day, when little sister went to purchase her valentines for which they had been saving for several weeks. And the mother knew that nothing is so fatal to the true spirit of charity as a gift thoughtlessly given and afterward begrudged.

By the suggestion that can always be given in stories, the mother gradually trained them to buy less candy and satisfy their appetites with some harmless indulgence. When the children were a year older, their allowance was increased a cent a week.

In one of the recent magazines, a writer argued against giving children an allowance, saying that it gave them the feeling that the world owed them a living. In my experience I would draw an inference exactly opposite. The child who is accustomed to receive whatever sum he asks for from his parents, would be very likely to get this irresponsible feeling, but one who has a definite sum to depend upon, and knows that he must use it wisely, develops a sense of thrift. The child in a well-conducted home always has some little duties, and, while he should regard them as a labor of love and not feel that he is specifically paid for them, yet they make him, to the extent of his ability, a part of the working household, and thus give him a share of its earnings.

One mother wisely phrased it, "This is your salary, because you are our dear little boy."

Mark Twain's First Five Dollars

While travelling on a train Mark Twain was once asked by a friend and fellow-passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished he gave me the five dollars. At that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so——" here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first five dollars."

The man who only advertises once or twice and expects to reap a harvest of trade is a detriment to a good Advertising Medium.

We want you but we want you to stay.