

the rain had stopped and the wind had swept the clouds from the sky, and Mr. Rooster looked up and saw the moon smiling sweetly at him.

"So this isn't the moon after all," said Mr. Rooster, looking down at the ball. "Well, I guess this must be one of the stars."

#### Save the Pennies.

The dollars will take care of themselves, said wise old Ben Franklin, and it is just as true today as it was years ago. The boy in whose pockets the pennies burn holes will understand the difficulty of taking care of the pennies, and like as not declare that it cannot be done.

"I don't know," says Bob Reckless, "what becomes of my money. Only yesterday I changed the dollar that Uncle Tom gave me, and I only bought a glass of soda, and now I have only a dime left. Where can it have gone?"

"My, how money does fly!" exclaimed Edith Random. "What will papa say when he discovers that my month's allowance has only lasted a week? Where did it go? I really can't tell. I remember treating the girls to ices yesterday, and buying a ribbon the day before, and two pairs of gloves last Saturday, and— Oh, dear, don't ask me where it has gone!"

But that is just the question every boy and girl should ask themselves when they find their money disappearing.

"It is a good thing to keep an account of your small expenses," John Bigelow, ex-Minister to France, and a man of wealth, once said to an acquaintance, as he entered an item in his note-book.

His listener smiled at the remark, but being a sensible fellow, he took it to heart. In recently telling the story of his experience, he said that up to that time he had never thought of the amount it annually cost him for cigars and other sundries. He began to itemize the cost daily. He was amazed at the end of the year when he footed up the sum of \$750. A change was wrought in him, and he determined that he would keep such expenses down to one-third of the sum in question.

"And now," he said, "within ten years I have profited by Mr. Bigelow's advice to the amount of five thousand dollars, which I have handed over to my wife to keep for hard times. And I have not become mean, either."

Now it is not likely that any boy or girl who reads these lines squanders \$750 a year on little expenses; but they may squander \$75, or perhaps only \$7.50, and the lesson is obvious.

A great many little expenses are incurred for such useless objects that the money might as well be thrown into the street, and it is these expenses that an expense-book would check.

It is not "mean" to keep an account of little expenses. The United States Government requires all postmasters to collect and sell waste paper and string, and render an account of the money realized from the sale; army officers are required to account for every hammer, bit of harness, yard of cloth or gilt button; and the Weather Bureau requires its observers to report the disposition of every postage stamp.

So it is in every great mercantile or manufacturing establishment, the little

expenses are rigidly looked after, because experience has shown that in the aggregate they amount to large sums.

Take care of the pennies by noting where they go, and you will be surprised to find how the practice will act as a check on useless expenditures. Keep a guard on the little expenses and you will have no trouble with the big ones.

#### When the Man Left the Moon.

A little balloon  
Went up in the sky;  
Sailing and sailing  
Ever so high.

The man in the moon  
Reached down his long arm;  
Seized hold of balloon,  
But did it no harm.

Then away through the air  
The old man did fly;  
Leaving the moon  
Alone in the sky.

The moon grew so lonely,  
She wept and she cried;  
Her heart broke at last,  
And then she just died.

And so you may hear  
The earth's people say,  
"The moon is quite dead,"  
But how many know, pray.

That her poor heart did break  
When her man went away  
In that little balloon  
On that far gone day.

#### Conundrums.

How do bees dispose of their honey?  
They cell it.

What game do the waves play?  
Pith and toss.

What soup would cannibals prefer?  
A broth of a boy.

What sort of men are always above board?  
Chessmen.

What is the oldest lunatic on record?  
Time out of mind.

What is a muff?  
Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it.

When is a clock on the stair dangerous?  
When it runs down and strikes one.

Why are troublesome visitors like trees in winter?  
Because it is a long time before they leave.

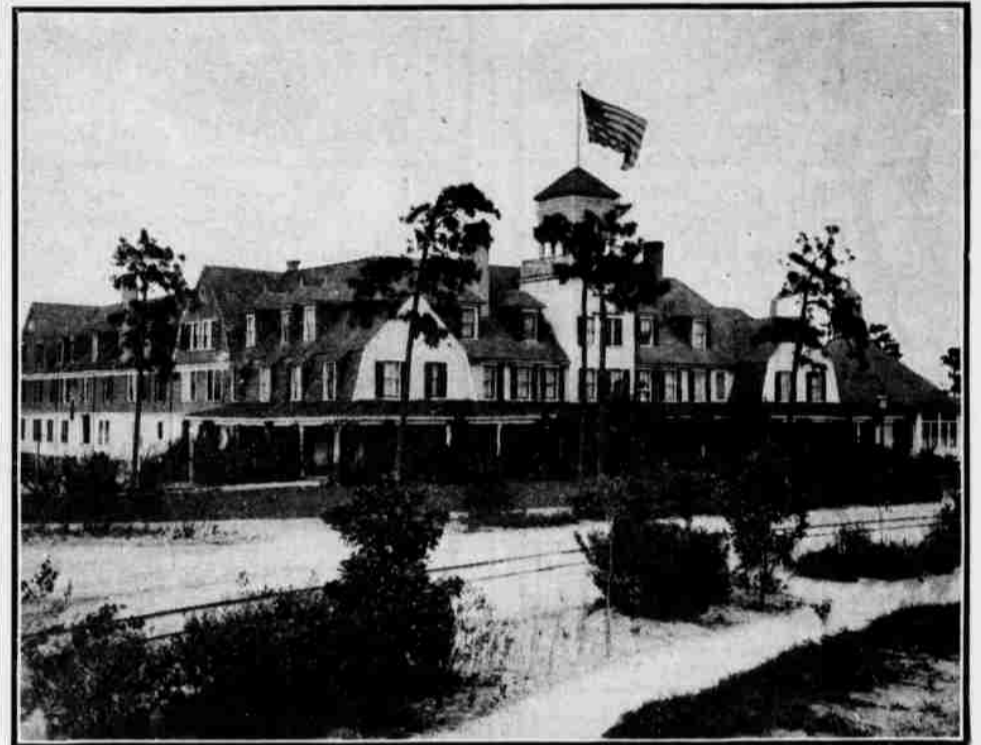


TAG.

Sally Spry and Leonard Lagg  
Played a little game of tag.  
LEONARD lost, and Sally said,  
"Face tag!" as she turned her head.  
'Push'

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