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 READING TIME FOR
 

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“THIS is ‘Thrift Week,’” the teacher announced, “and I want you to tell me on Friday how you tried to save money to help your parents.”

The children told their mothers about the habits of thrift they wanted to form. “We shall save our centavos throughout the year,” they said.

When Friday came, the teacher asked the pupils to tell in what way they had saved money for their parents.

“I deposited a centavo every day in my little bank,” Mario announced proudly.

“Where did you get the centavo?” the teacher asked.

“From my father,” was the prompt reply.

“I helped my mother clean the house so that she will not have to hire a maid,” reported Nora.

“That is fine,” the teacher said. “Children,” she continued, “you can be thrifty even though you cannot save centavos. Is there anybody who has been thrifty in a different way?”

No hand was raised. Maria, whose parents were very poor, looked at the teacher as if she had something to say, but she kept her hands on the desk.

## Thrifty Maria

“Maria, I am sure you have something interesting to tell us. Let us hear it,” the teacher urged.

Maria rose and began slowly, “I have no centavos to save. My mother cannot afford to give me any. When I reach home, I take off my school dress at once. I put on my house dress and help my mother with the washing. When there is a tear, I darn it immediately so that it will not grow larger. My school dress lasts a week.”

“And yet your dress is still clean at the end of the week,” the teacher remarked. “What else do you do?” she urged.

“I do not drag my wooden shoes. A pair lasts three months,” Maria concluded.

“That is what I mean by being thrifty even though you cannot save centavos,” the teacher explained.

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## The Kitten That

“Meow! Meow!” cried the little kitten.

“Why are you crying? You have just had your supper. Go to bed,” ordered Mother Cat.

“Meow! I want some meat! Meow!”

“If you want some, you must catch a



## YOUNG FOLKS

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### Making Her Money Grow

**L**AST CHRISTMAS ROSA received fifty centavos from her godmother.

"What shall I do with my money, Mother?" she asked.

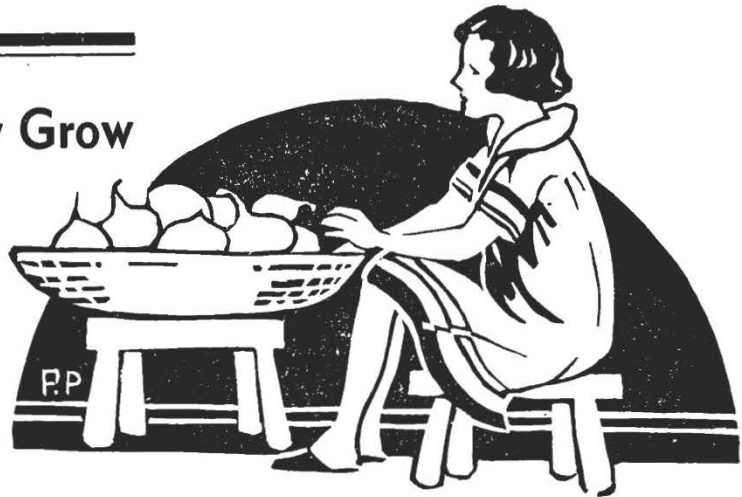
"Put it in your bank," her mother answered.

"Will it grow to be a peso next Christmas?"

"No, but if you save all the centavos you get, you may have even more than a peso after a few months."

"Come, Rosa, I shall tell you how to make your money grow." It was Grandmother.

Grandmother whispered something to



Rosa. Rosa smiled and clapped her hands. Grandmother and Rosa left the house afterwards.

When they came home, they had a big basket of turnips. Grandmother put the basket on a stool in front of the gate. Rosa sat on another stool before it. She had a bowl of salt near the basket.

The children who passed by bought some turnips. The children who played about the place bought some and munched them as they played. The women who were going home bought bunches of turnips for their children.

In the afternoon, all the turnips were sold. Grandmother and Rosa counted the money. It was seventy-four centavos!

"O mother! See how my money has grown. This morning I had fifty centavos. Now I have seventy-four centavos."

"Yes, buying and selling things is a quick way of making money grow," Mother said.

"Then I will make my money grow more and more while school is closed," Rosa said merrily.

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### Wanted Some Meat

mouse," the mother said.

"Catch a mouse, Mother? No! I am afraid!"

"Follow me and watch," the mother ordered.

The mother cat curled herself up on the window sill. It turned its eyes away and kept very still. A little mouse soon crept up the vine that covered the window. Before the mouse could cry, it was held fast in the cat's mouth. Thus the little kitten had some meat that night.

"Tomorrow if you want some meat," the mother warned, "you must catch your mouse."