

Nobody knew better than Mrs McFarlane what wasting money meant. "Someone must have pinched it from my peg," sobbed James in a hoarse whisper. "I'll ask your mother about it this evening," said Mr McFarlane. At last James's mother was convinced that a new coat was indeed necessary, though she sighed as she thought what a hole it would burn in her pocket. So she took James out with her the next day after school and bought him one. Better to be a bit on the big side at first," she said wisely when she saw James frown critically at the somewhat large coat she had chosen for him. "Where do you think he's got to?" Mrs McFarlane asked her husband anxiously. But Mrs McFarlane couldn't stop worrying. James had never been so late before. What could be the reason? Could he have had an accident on the way home? Only a few months ago a child his age had been killed on that road. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, still there was no sign of James. She had telephoned the mothers of all the friends she could think of, but nobody knew where he was. At last she dissolved into tears. "The poor boy! I'll never forgive myself if anything has happened to him!" "It's a good quality coat and it'll have to last you a good many winters to come."