

Young People

The Pepper-and-Salt Suit

By Thomas Hooper

"The gray suit is the one I like best, father, and it is most like Jimmie Tucker's."

Jack and his father were standing on the sidewalk and looking in at the window of one of the great city clothing stores.

"It has an extra pocket, and it won't show dust, and you know it is for school, father."

"All right," said his father. "Buying this suit reminds me of one I had when I was just about your age. Did I ever tell you about that pepper-and-salt suit that your grandmother made for me? You ask me about it some time and I will tell you."

That night after supper seemed to Jack exactly the right time to hear the story of the pepper-and-salt suit of long ago; and when he was safely perched on the arm of his father's chair, the story began.

"When I was a small boy of your age," said his father, "even the large city stores had very little clothing ready-made for children, and in the little country village where I was born and lived, there was nothing to be had, and mothers, with all

"Mother sat right down on the floor and took me, and Spot, too, in her arms, and hugged and kissed us both, laughing and crying by turns. There was no more down to the suit that night, but it was soon finished, and I am sure I never had a suit that I liked so well or felt so proud to wear. It was my Sunday best for a long time, and wore so well that it was not all gone when father came home."

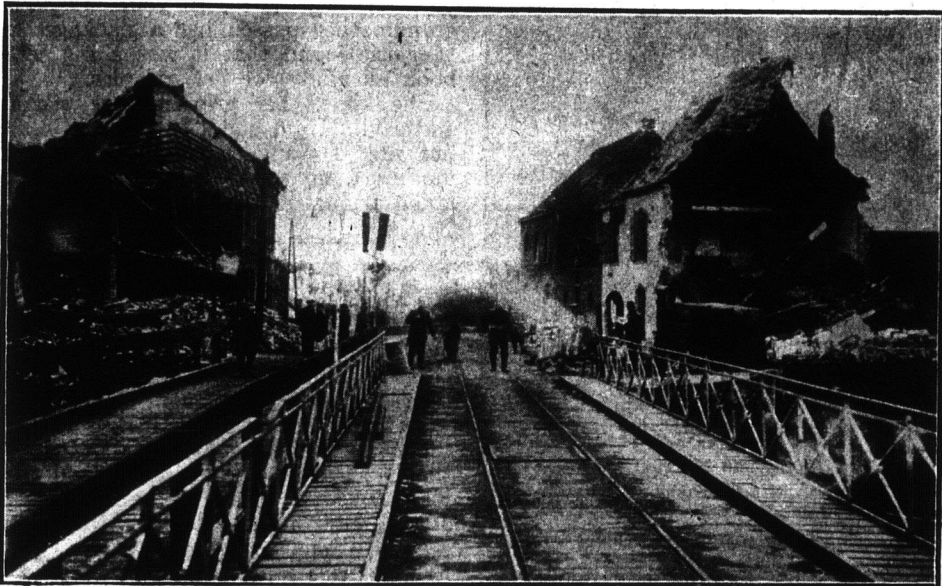
"Old Spot lived to see his master, and to go on many a trip with him through the woods."

The Spool Game

By Elizabeth Hill

Robbie liked to play with spools. He had hundreds of them. Some were white and some were black, and when he was using them they almost covered the sitting-room floor.

His favorite play was "war." The black spools made one army and the white another. Each army had a very large spool for general, a second-sized spool for captain, a third-size large spool for sergeant, and a fourth-size large spool for drummer boy. The way he fought



This photo shows the railroad bridge at Lille which trains use in communication with Lens. To prevent the Germans from rushing reinforcements to the battle lines at Lens, allied aviators have several times severely bombed this bridge and held up all railroad traffic. Notice the ruined houses which still stand a monument to the fighting between the French and the Germans in this section. The bridge and town is strongly guarded by German troops.

the other work that had to be done, were obliged to cut and make the boys' clothes.

"I remember it was in the autumn; your grandfather had gone to the Civil War. He went early in the spring, one of the first to enlist in our town. Your grandmother said one day, 'I must find something to make little John a suit of clothes.'"

"I suppose, Jack, you think that it would be easy to go to the store and get cloth enough for a boys' suit. But already prices were so high that even the rich had to count the cost, and every scrap was used to the best advantage. After a while your grandmother remembered an old coat that your grandfather had never worn much. She took it carefully to pieces, ripping all the seams, then washed it all very thoroughly and pressed it smooth with a hot flat-iron, and not till all this had been done could she cut out the jacket and trousers."

"One night after supper your grandmother came into the old kitchen with the suit in her arms, and called me to come in and be fitted. I had been out in the yard, playing with father's old dog, a water-spaniel named Spot."

"Mother had put the clothes on me, and was down on her knees beside me, working in the fading light, when in trotted Spot. He lay down on the floor, watching us. All at once he raised his nose in the air, with his nostrils twitching, and then gave a joyous bark and sprang at me, knocking me down on the floor, and then began sniffing at the clothes and to lick my face and hands; then he would run to the door and look out, and run back again, barking all the time. Mother was so startled that it was several minutes before she understood that it was father's coat that Spot had recognized, and he evidently thought that his master must be home again."

was to take the general and the captain in one hand and the sergeant and the drummer boy in the other and rush them upon the enemy with such force as to knock down whole battalions at a time. And as he dashed ahead, he used to shout at the top of his voice, 'Rub-a-dub-dub! Bang! Bang! Bang!' He could play alone very well, but of course it was more fun to have a live foe; so he often asked Dorothy to help fight."

Sometimes Dorothy led the black men and sometimes the white, but she was always beaten, and so she tried to think of some game in which she could hold her own."

At last she said, "I know a way to play Africa. It's a geography way. Let's be discoverers. I will take the black men and the Noah's ark animals, and go to Africa—the parlor is Africa; and I will set up villages there—so many men for each animal. And you must get your boat, and bring a lot of white travellers over to Africa. The entryway is the ocean. Then you must march them across Africa and discover my villages, and ask what they are famous for. I will talk for the natives and you can talk for the travellers."

This they did. Robbie brought a boat-load of travellers and started on his discoveries. When the white men came to a village they would stand in line, the black men would crowd up and look at them, the animal—no matter what animal it was, sheep or bear or camel or cow or lion—would give a horrible roar, and the head traveller would say, "How do you do? What is this place famous for?"

The king of the tribe would answer, "White man, this is the Land of Gold Dust. We wade through it like sand. It blows over everything like common

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