

Correspondence Column

We've Missed You. Dear Editor, While mother is learning to be a mother, her lessons, I will write you a few lines. I am ashamed of myself for putting it off so long...

Good Wishes. My Dear Editor, Am sending you two drawings, hoping one of them will be in your paper. I felt proud of being a prize winner...

Best Wishes. My Dear Editor, I really do think we had a very good page this week. What do you think? The stories I enjoyed very much, and the drawings, too...

Many Happy Returns. Dear Editor, I am sending a drawing about Thanksgiving, and I hope it if you can, have drawn one for Christmas. Pretty early, isn't it? Are you going to have another contest soon?

A New Member. Dear Editor, I received the pin you sent me, and I am glad to be one of the members of the T. D. C. C. Hope you can put the little drawing I am sending you in next Sunday's paper.

Sends Drawing. My Dearest Editor, I am sending in a drawing which I hope to see in print Sunday. Editor, I did not see my letter in the paper Sunday, so I am sending Mr. Wastebasket got it. Well, editor, I guess I will close with lots and lots of love.

Busy at School. Dear Editor, I have been going to school and I have not had time to write you, but I am going to send you a drawing of a washing on water. I hope to see it in Sunday's Times-Dispatch.

No, Indeed. Dear Editor, I guess you have forgotten me, but please put my drawing in the Sunday's paper. Yours truly, MARY ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

Enjoys the Page. Dear Editor, I was very glad to see my drawing in print on the T. D. C. C. page this Sunday, and am glad to be a member of the T. D. C. C. I am sending you a drawing of a washing on water, and I hope to see it in the paper. I made it up myself, and I certainly do enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. paper.

We Always Miss our Splendid Work. Dear Editor, As it has been a long time since I have sent anything for you, I will send a November drawing, I hope you will like it. From your member, CURTIS G. ELDER.

Sign Your Contributions. Dear Editor, I am very glad to see my drawing in print on the T. D. C. C. page this Sunday, and am glad to be a member of the T. D. C. C. I am sending you a drawing of a washing on water, and I hope to see it in the paper. I made it up myself, and I certainly do enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. paper.

Interesting Letter. Dear Editor, As I have not written you since I saw that I was one of the weekly prize winners a few weeks ago, I wish now to express my many thanks to you for the pleasant surprise and pleasure you gave me for it was a surprise as well as a reward. You may imagine my surprise when I saw your name in the paper, and I hope you will be as surprised as I was when I saw my name in the paper. I am sending you a drawing of a washing on water, and I hope to see it in the paper. I made it up myself, and I certainly do enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. paper.

That's the Best Man. Dear Editor, I know you think I have been very strange by suddenly disappearing my story, but the truth is, I was so busy that I could not find time to write. I am sending you a drawing of a washing on water, and I hope to see it in the paper. I made it up myself, and I certainly do enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. paper.

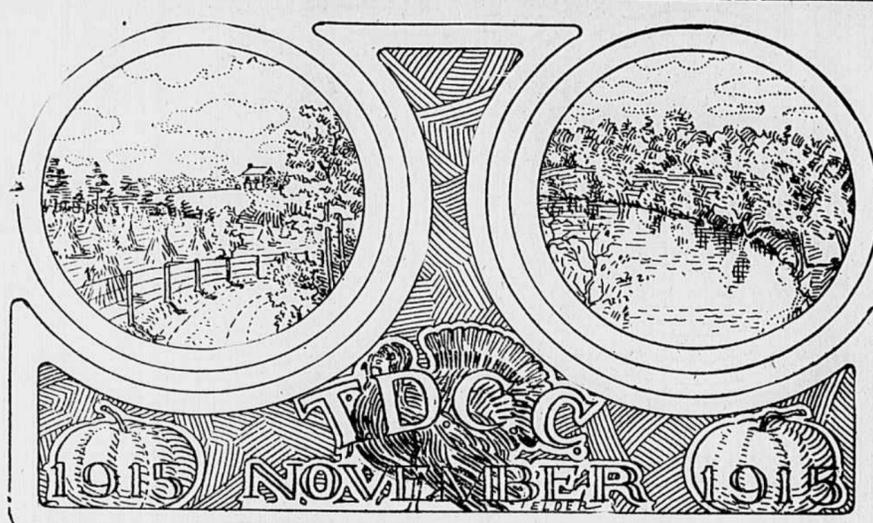
I Certainly Will. Dear Editor, Will you please send my drawing and drawing I am sending you this time some jumbled names of cities of Virginia, and hope to see them in print next Sunday. I am, Ophelia Short.

Always Like New Members. Dear Editor, I am glad to see my drawing in print on the T. D. C. C. page this Sunday, and am glad to be a member of the T. D. C. C. I am sending you a drawing of a washing on water, and I hope to see it in the paper. I made it up myself, and I certainly do enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. paper.

An Excellent Member. Dear Editor, As we have so many new members, I have decided to send in every one the get changed to see their work on the page. I am sending you a drawing of a washing on water, and I hope to see it in the paper. I made it up myself, and I certainly do enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. paper.

Your True Member. Dear Editor, I am sending you a drawing of a washing on water, and I hope to see it in the paper. I made it up myself, and I certainly do enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. paper.

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Editorial and Literary Department

NEW MEMBERS.

My Dear Girls and Boys: We have at least forty-five new members this week. Isn't that fine? I will send the badges out to them very shortly and in a few Sundays we will publish again the rules of the club...

PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Hazel Guthrow, of 601 North Twenty-fourth street, city. George Shields, no address given. Katherine V. Winn, of 39 Fillmore Street, Petersburg, Va.

WINTER, SURE 'NOUGH!

"Hey, Sam, where you goin'?" You get? Well, come on, and walk down with me. Gosh, but the weather's cold now. But we should worry, I like it. First comes Thanksgiving, with plenty of turkey and loads of pie, and the doctor that night, just cause we ate so blamed much stuff.

THE POOR MAN'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

One cold night in midwinter, a farmer and his family sat around a glowing fire, laughing and talking. Suddenly they heard a knock on the door. The farmer opened the door and an aged man, clothed in rags, begged to be admitted.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock on December 29, 1620. The first thing they built was a church in which they worshipped God for bringing them safe to land.

HOW RIVERS SAVES THE GAME.

(As related by Sub-Coach.) The game was going against us. Their backs were running through us. Like a sharp scythe goes through oats.

A STORY.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named John. He was a bad boy. One day his mother told him not to go fishing, but go to church; but he went anyway, and fell in and was drowned, and that was the last of him.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mary's mother had bought a house in the country, and as they had just moved to the house, Mary wished to explore the woods. Her mother gave her the permission and she was soon on her way. She started through the woods talking to both birds and butterflies. Finally she began to get sleepy and her eyes closed some tall trees were toward it when a large bull snake crawled out. Mary hid herself in the hollow of a broad tree until the snake had crawled away. She soon found her way through the woods and back to her home, and thought she wouldn't go out into the woods to sleep, but would crawl in her bed, which was free from reptiles of that sort.

STORY OF CATHARINE.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl named Catharine. She was a rich little girl, and her mother was nice to her. One day Catharine went out into the woods to pick flowers. While she was out in the woods some robbers were out in the woods. They took her home and treated her real mean. They took off her nice clothes and put rags on her, and as I forgot to tell, she was very pretty, and had golden hair. Catharine's mother looked every where for her, but couldn't find her. Her mother cried a lot. Her mother put an ad in the paper, and said whoever brought her back would get \$100. The robbers saw the ad in the paper, but wouldn't carry Catharine back.

Catharine grew up to be a pretty lady. The chief of the robbers said he was going to marry Catharine. That night when all was sleep, Catharine crept out of the house and ran away. She ran on until she came to a little house. She knocked on the door and an old woman came to the door. This woman was very nice. Catharine asked her if she could stay there. The old woman said: "If you will go to town every day and sell vegetables you may stay here." Catharine said she would.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Once there lived in the country a child, mother and father. One day Catharine ran in the kitchen, where her mother was, and said: "Mother, papa said we are going to have Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow, and grandmother and grandfather was coming from the city and bring her a big doll and carriage."

Her mother said: "Yes, they were coming." So Catharine hurried and helped her to cook dinner for the next day. That night Catharine went to bed, but she could not go to sleep for thinking of her dear grandmother and grandfather, so after a while she fell asleep.

GRACE DARLING.

Grace Darling lived along with her father in a lighthouse. One night she heard cries of distress. She looked and saw a wrecked ship on the edge of a rock. "Father," she said, "I must save those people." Her father begged her not to go; that she might get drowned. She got a boat and rowed out to the wreck. There were still some persons clinging on to the rock. She helped them in the boat, and rowed back to the lighthouse. She gave them some supper. After a while a ship came and carried the people that had been wrecked back to their native country. Do you not think she was a brave girl?

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"What's in that box sitting near the steps, mother?" asked Fred. "I tried to open it but it would not open. 'Go try again,' said mother. Fred went back, pulled real hard, but the top would not open; so he came back with the message: 'The box won't open, mamma.' 'It won't,' said mother. 'No, mamma.' 'Well try again.' So he tried it again, and it did open. What was it that made Fred open it the third time? Do you know? Because at first, the day before when he tried it, the box was locked. The other two times it was not locked, but he was so sure it was that he never tried hard. But the last time he pulled and pushed hard because he did not want to come again and when he did the box flew open wide.

A TRUE STORY.

Once upon a time I asked the cook for a butter bean that had not been cooked. She gave it to me. We had a little yard that was square and had a fence around it. I took it and planted it there. I wanted it, and helped it to grow. It grew well until one day a girl put her rabbit in the yard and ate it up.

SILK.

Many centuries ago in the great empire of China a caterpillar was found. It was small in size, very light in color and fed principally on the mulberry leaves. This little worm led to the great manufacture of silk.

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Puzzle Department

JUMBLED NAMES OF BOYS. Lwlmal, Rdohal, Ueenek, Vddal, Welsl. By SARA L. YOUNG.

JUMBLED NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES. Dofr, Tlled, Mitcehl, Bkaertsud, Weardfo. RUTH HALL.

JUMBLED NAMES OF CITIES IN VIRGINIA. Donnichr, Eteraurbgr, Anllved, Kolforn, Caonker, Smuoh'torp, Ewnopt Ewsn. OPHELIA SHORT.

NAMES OF BOYS IN FIGURE. 3, 12, 25, 4, 6, 10, 15, 18, 25, 3, 8, 1, 12, 12, 9, 5, 8, 15, 26, 13, 9, 14, 15, 18, 7, 5, 15, 18, 7, 5, 8, 5, 14, 18, 26, 18, 15, 2, 5, 18, 20, 2, 9, 15, 24. SALLIE LLOYD.

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S. (Conclusion.) But soon there came delicious odors from that most mysterious of all rooms the day kitchen, and soon, too, some one was ringing a bell at dinner. How we did scamper down those crooked old stairs and slide down the broad, polished banister of the main stairway, into the dining-room! Didn't our eyes open wide, though, at the sight of that heavily-laden table, with its old silver that shone so brightly and the shiny white china and—the "goodies"! What a monstrous turkey! So brown and crisp and savory smelling! And what bright red cranberry sauce and great bunches of celery! Ah, the brown potatoes and current jelly, and the new custard, and pumpkin pie, and apples, and biscuits, and rolls, and—oh, dear, such a lot of other grand things! Did you ever taste anything so good as that dinner? And then what a jolly person our grandfather was! How he kept everybody—even dear little dignified grandmother—smiling and laughing! And don't you remember that taffy pull we had in the large old kitchen after the dishes had all been washed and put away? Then you remember how dreadfully sorry we were when the gray wings of twilight shaded the earth, and it was time to go to bed? But grandmother begged for a few minutes more, and so we all gathered around the great, roaring fire in the parlor, when the pretty red-shaded lamp had been lit, and then around grandmother's feet we sat, the wonderful cookies and roasted apples and nuts, and listened to the loveliest stories we had ever heard, until the candle had burned out, and then she kissed us gently and helped to tuck us up—ah, into the softest, warmest bed we had ever tumbled into.

"Dearie me! The clock is striking 10, and I am as sleepy as I can get, aren't you? And the fire has died out, too! How chilly it is! and how the wind does howl! I am going to bed at once, and dream some more about our good-night's Thanksgiving dinner. Good-night, my dear, and sweet dreams!" DOROTHY M. SMITH. (The End.)

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Drawn by Alice Fuller.



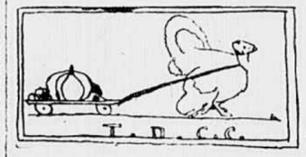
Drawn by Richmond Dillard Velline, Jr.



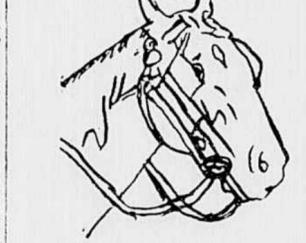
Drawn by Priscilla Hudgens.



Drawn by Tubby Harrel.



Drawn by Doris Driscoll.



Drawn by Beattie Roberts.



Drawn by Charles A. Neuroks.



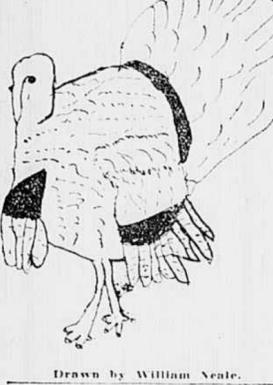
Drawn by Raymond Stone.



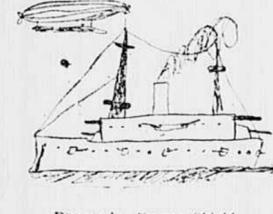
Drawn by Louis Martin.



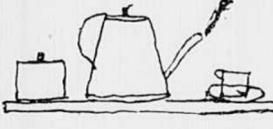
Drawn by Naomi W. Coffman.



Drawn by William Neale.



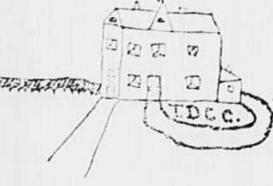
Drawn by George Shield.



Drawn by Graham Kelley.



Drawn by Marjorie Holmes Williams.



Drawn by Virginia Driscoll.



Drawn by Genevieve Sney.



Drawn by Maie Rawlings.



Drawn by Andrew A. Roach.



Drawn by Dorothy Waller.