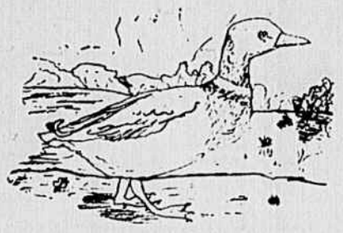
Drawn by Norvelle Crump.



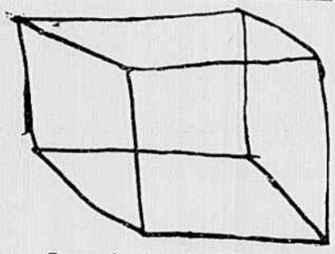
Drawn by Ruth Coverstone.

Drawn by L. Inge.

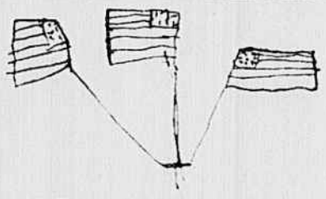
Drawn by Paul Yurachek.

Unsigned.

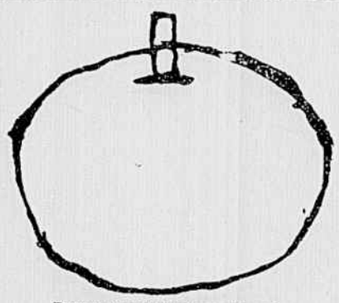
Drawn by Virginia Collis.



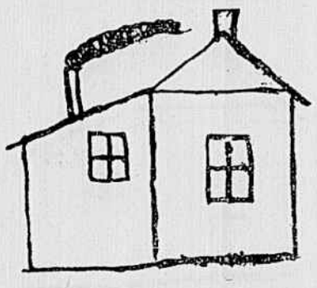
Drawn by Sue Bridgforth.



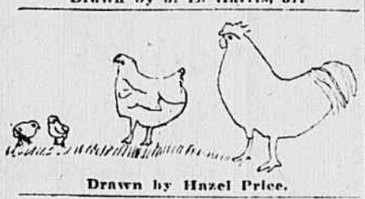
Drawn by Patsy Taylor.



Drawn by Kathleen Harris.

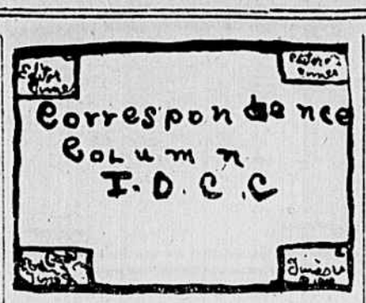


Drawn by J. E. Harris, Jr.



Drawn by Hazel Price.

Drawn by Dorothy Trevilian.



Drawn by Phillis Gary.

Hope You Are Better!

Dear Editor,—It's my turn to be sick now, and I'm sitting down in nightie and kimono to write, for I'm getting lots better. I'm so glad I won another prize; it's my third, not counting my medal, so I reckon I'm about the most conceited girl alive, as I've also gotten an honorable mention from the art club and been on both honor rolls in St. Nicholas for poetry. I suppose you were going to send me a pencil box, as it is so near school time, but as I got two boxes with pencils and pens and a Mikado box with twelve pencils in it for Christmas, I'd much rather you'd send a book. Our vacation is going to be a pretty long one, as we are not going home until October, and maybe not then. Won't that be nice? Yours ever so lovingly,

VALERIE MANNING DE MILHAU.

Saxe, Va.

P. S.—I got my medal in February, and I reckon that I've not worn it about three days since then. I wear it all the time.

Sends Drawing.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a drawing for the page. Hope it will escape Mr. Waste-Basket. Lovingly,

VIRGINIA CALLIS.

Ettrick, Va.

We've Missed You.

Dear Editor,—Expect you have entirely forgotten that there was such a person as Alice Pearson on the globe, as I have not written for so long. After all, I did not enter the contest, I think, though, that it was really my fault that I read the date when contest closed wrong, for I should have been more careful. Am so glad that you are going to let us have another contest soon, so I can make up for lost time. Am sending in a story, which I hope to see in print. My grandmother died last August. She was eighty-two years old. Congratulating all of the members who contributed to the contest, I am, your loving member,

ALICE PEARSON.

P. S.—School begins to-morrow. You asked us if we were very sorry. In some ways I am and in some I am not. —A. V. P.

Likes Prize.

Dear Editor,—I am writing to thank you for the beautiful pencil box you sent me. Everybody thinks it is so pretty. You can't imagine how I appreciate it. Love to all the members.

DOROTHY HUDSON.

Mosley's Junction, Va.

They Certainly Were.

Dear Editor,—Thank you so much for putting my drawing in the paper. I am sending you another, and hope to see that on the page also. The pretty fall days are coming and school days are drawing near. You had a very pretty bird contest. Some of the drawings were fine, don't you think so? Your member,

NORVELLE T. CRUMP.

A Busy Girl.

Dear Editor,—I suppose you think I have forgotten your club, but I have come back to life again. I have been awfully busy at home, and haven't had time to do any extra work. Inclosed you will find a story, which I hope will escape Mr. Greedy Waste-Basket. A fond member,

SARAH MYERS.

Richmond, Va.

Have You Another Copy?

Dear Editor,—I am sorry my story was not in the contest, but I was glad to see it to-day. It has been, I think, at least two weeks or maybe more since I had any work on the page. The weather has been so warm that I just could not write, or else I was away. I do hope that we can have another contest real soon. How about Indian contest, as Valerie de Milhau said. I think that her poem was fine. School will soon begin, but I don't know whether I'm ready to get right down to study or not. Dear Editor, I wish that you would print the first part of the continued story I sent in last week. Your devoted member,

PHILLIS GARY.

Lester Manor, Va.

Send Only Original Poems.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a piece of poetry, which I hope to see in the Sunday's paper. Editor, I was so glad to hear that I was one of the prize-winners that I don't know what to do. I have not received it yet, but I am anxious to see it. Love to you and all the members. Your loving member,

RENA ANDREATH.

Badge Received.

Dear Editor,—I received my pin you sent me about two weeks ago, and thank you so much for it. I moved Saturday a week ago to 2900 Park Avenue. I have been so busy that I couldn't send in anything for the page, but am sending in something for this week, hoping to see it in print. I remain,

JESSIE CRENSHAW.

Richmond, Va.

A New Member.

Dear Editor,—I got my pin all right, and I think it is real nice. I will try and do something for the paper every week. I like the T. D. C. C. fine. I am sending some drawings. I hope it will escape the waste-basket. Lovingly, your new member,

SUE BRIDGEFORTH.

Clo, Va.

Sorry You Missed It.

Dear Editor,—We did not get the paper yesterday, so I do not know whether my drawing was in or not. Papa told the man to get the paper and he got the Richmond Virginian. I will have to close for this time. Love to you and all the members.

MARGARET HALL.

Sends Drawings.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a drawing and wish to see it in the paper. Truly yours,

J. E. HARRIS, JR.

Good Wishes.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a story, which I hope will be printed. I think I will always write on Mary and Helen, as I like them very much. I will bring in others in the stories, but they will be the main ones. I didn't send in anything for the contest, because I didn't know what to write about. Well, I will close, wishing you and all the members good luck. From

ELIZABETH MILLER.

Thinks Contest Fine.

Dear Editor,—The contest was the best we ever had, wasn't it? I am so anxious to know who got the prize I can't hardly wait. Please announce it in next Sunday's paper. Inclosed you will find a drawing. Thanking you for putting my last one in, your member,

RUTH WHITFIELD.

Stokesland, Va.

P. S.—This isn't very good scenery, because I didn't have anything to draw it by. Please excuse blots.

No, Indeed!

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a drawing, which I hope I shall see in the paper next Sunday. Hope you don't think that I have forgotten you. Your old member,

GLADYS V. YANCEY.

Sign Your Drawings.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a drawing, which I would like to see in the paper. I sent in two drawings the other week and they were just as good as this one, but they were not in the paper. Hoping to win a prize soon, your member,

RUTH COVERSTONE.

South Richmond, Va.

SEPTEMBER.

September is the first month in autumn. When this month arrives the chilly breezes begin to blow. The leaves then wither and fall from the trees.

September has two very pretty flowers. First is the golden rod. This flower blooms early in this month. It is bright yellow and has a long stem. This is how it gets its name, it is such a bright yellow it looks like gold, and its stem is so long it is called a rod. The other flower is not so large. Its blossom is purple. It is called the aster.

The latter part of September the grasses and weeds begin to turn brown. September is a very pleasant month.

(Original.)

JESSIE CRENSHAW.

A TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

It was late one evening, very dark,
I was in the library, when suddenly, hark!
I heard a little noise like wheels,
And my heart jumped down to my heels.

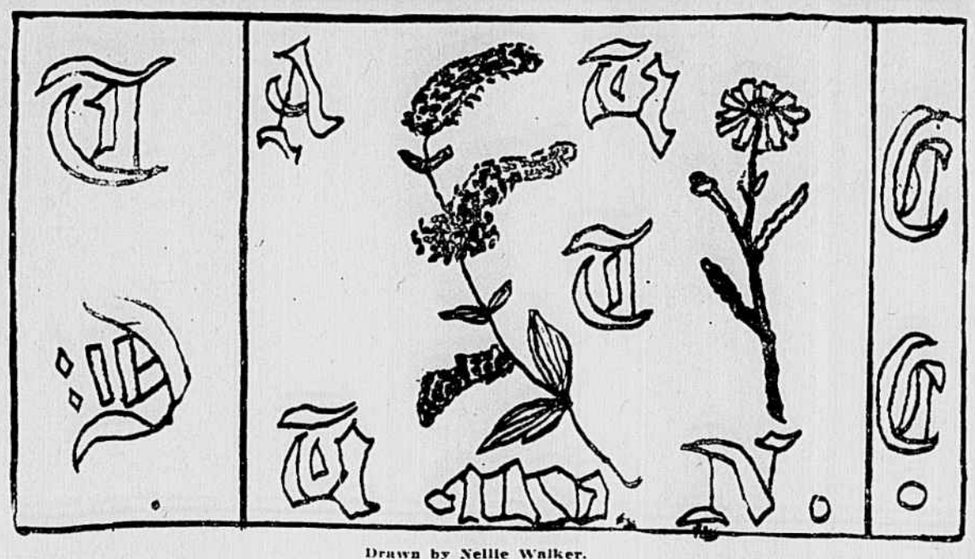
I heard it come nearer, and then I cried;
Then it went out, and, of course, I sighed
A very long sigh of great relief;
But, oh, my! this was very brief.

I heard it come back, and, in great fright,
Reached up my hand and turned on a light,
Then closed my eyes, I was in great fear,
And it sounded as if the noise drew near.

I gave a cry and sprang on the bed,
And under the cover I put my head;
Then I looked in the room, 'twan't anything there,
For the noise had been made by my rocking chair.

(Original.)

MAMIE JACKSON.



Drawn by Nellie Walker.

Editorial and Literary Department

MEDALISTS ANNOUNCED.

My Dear Girls and Boys:

I am announcing to-day the long list of medalists since last January. They are given for faithful work in the club, and I am sure you will all join with me in giving your congratulations to the winners. Some members contribute for only a few weeks, and then soon fall away, while others keep regularly on, sending in stories and pictures the whole year round. These are the members who receive medals. If you haven't won one, try and see if you can't, for it is the highest honor that your club can give.

Now, about the prize winner in the Bird Contest. There are two of them, for Edward Simons and George Johnson did such splendid and original work that I was unable to decide between them. Both of them wrote in a most delightful way about the birds that they had seen and known, and that was my idea in having the contest. And I must give honorable mention to the work of Valerie de Milhau, Susie Varro and Donald de Vilbiss, for it was splendid. Pretty soon we are going to have another contest.

YOUR EDITOR.

Special Prize Winners.

Edward Simons and George R. Johnson.

Prize Winners of the Week.

Alice Pearson, Keysville, Va.
J. E. Harris, Jr., no address given.
Jessie Crenshaw, 2900 Park Avenue, city.

Medalists.

February—Estelle Bosher, of 922 North Twentieth Street, city; Archie Hawkins, of 529 Wythe Street, Petersburg, Va.

March—Annie Hawkins, of 905 North Thirty-fifth Street, city; Melvin Ellis, of 904 North Thirty-fifth Street, city.

April—Dorothy Waller, of Goodloes, Va.; Virginia Robins, of Lester Manor, Va.

May—Sara Peteroff, V. S. D. B., Staunton, Va.; Paul Shepherd, Box 203, Waynesboro, Va.

June—Hilda Meynell, of 1317 Bainbridge Street, South Richmond, Va.; Stuart Wray Selden, of 6 East Grace Street, city.

July—Ruth Neale, of Lanesville, Va.; Jeanette Strause, of Charles Street, Henderson, N. C.

August—D. E. Grubbs, of 2202 Taylor Street, city; Dorothy Sadler, of Wilmington, Va.

September—Winn Selden, of 6 East Grace Street, city; Louis Carlton.

THE DAY LOVARD TAUGHT SCHOOL.

Lovard was not, in truth, our teacher, but my desk mate. We all called her "our teacher" though, because one day "our real teacher," Miss Hester, had to be in the auditorium seeing to some music for commencement, so she asked Lovard to keep order and take down the names of those who misbehaved.

Just as the door closed behind her Edward and John commenced to throw a ball across the room, Verna, Kathleen and Carrie were at once engaged in an animated conversation and the room at large was in quite a commotion. Lovard looked around with despair written all over her face.

"Really," she began, "if you all don't stop—" At this moment, as Verna turned around to say "behave," Miss Hester entered. At once every one assumed the attitude of hard study. But it was too late. Miss Hester had taken us by surprise, and the result was that every one except Lovard had to stay in after school.

(Original.)

ALICE PEARSON.

A TRUE STORY.

When I lived in the country seemed to me there would be thunder clouds every afternoon and they were always awful ones, too. I will tell about one of them.

One afternoon it had been raining, and we thought it had finished, so mother, father and I went out in the front porch. It was lightning very bad in the west, but we didn't think anything of that.

There was a very large maple tree fifteen feet from the porch that we children around would play under and the little express wagon was under it. Mother and father were sitting on the porch and I had just come from the tree and was standing on the ground, when a clap of thunder was heard. We got up and went in the house. Then we had an awful storm. After it was over we went out there to see if the lightning had struck anywhere, and this large maple tree was torn half in two. I have been afraid of lightning ever since. It is not as dangerous in the city as in the country.

Composed by SARAH MYERS.

THE BLACK HAND.

PART V.

Before bribing the express agent, the Black Hand had secretly stationed men at a place by the railroad about one mile from New York.

When the train neared the spot the Black Hand moved the truck with the cross mark towards the door, ready to be thrown overboard. Little did he know that a peculiar-looking fellow, with a long, black overcoat and with a mask over his face was watching him. Just as they neared the spot the peculiar-looking man jumped from behind his haunts and sprung upon him like a tiger. A fight then followed, in which the Black Hand, after nearly killing John, was thrown overboard, leaving the trunk safely guarded by the peculiar man.

As the train was slowing down, for the station the peculiar-looking man, of whom we must give a name, tacked a note to Mary's trunk, advising her to be more careful in the future with her letter. He then jumped from the train and disappeared in the foreground.

Soon the train arrived at the station and Mary got off, and by a side glance noticed the silent baggage car and inquired about her trunk. The baggage agent promised her that he would immediately investigate, and Mary departed for her summer home at the seashore in a taxi.

Her trunk was late in arriving, but after countless moments it arrived. The first thing that attracted Mary's attention was the note left by the peculiar-looking man, or the "Doer o' Good." She read it and then noticed the signature. "Well, well," she muttered to herself, "here's another one for me to find out," but she obeyed his advice and secretly hid it.

Fearing that the Black Hand would return to Mary's house, the "Doer o' Good" made his headquarters across from Mary's summer home. Who is the Black Hand and "Doer o' Good?"

(Continued.)

CLYDE TIPTON.

IN SCHOOL.

John sat in school about ready to have spelling. The teacher said every one that missed more than two would have to stay in and study them.

Oh! how John wished he had studied his spelling more. But now it was time to spell. He had ten altogether to spell. He was quite sure he had seven—but the other three. He had seven on his paper, and he thought they were correct. Such was the pleasant fact. The three he didn't know were fields, yields, sail. The fields, yields, sail were wrong. A boy sitting just across from him held up a piece of paper written on it the three words in large letters, as he saw John was getting them wrong. It was some time before the teacher came around; but when she did she found three of his wrong. That meant he was to stay in and get them.

When he came out the playground the boy that had written the words on the paper for him asked if he couldn't see the words. He said he saw the words, but he had rather stay in and know them than not having to stay in and not know them.

MELVIN ELLIS.

904 North Thirty-fifth Street,
Richmond, Va.

Note.—There's not many school children who would say this.

A VISIT TO THE MOVIES.

"Hello, who's that?" said Mary over the phone. "This is Helen, Mary." "Will you ask your mother if you can go to the movies with me to-day?" "Yes; wait a minute." Mary ran to her mother and asked her if she could go to see the moving pictures. Her mother said yes, so she ran back and told Helen she could go.

"What are you going to wear, Mary?" asked Helen. "I'm going to wear my blue linen dress and my blue silk sweater," answered Mary. "Alright, I will wear my pink linen dress and pink silk sweater." Mary put up the receiver and went to her room and got dressed.

In a little while Helen came and they went to Broad Street. "Where shall we go, Mary?" asked Helen. "Let us go to see 'Billie Burke' in Peggy," said Mary. "Alright. I know it will be good because she is so sweet." So they went and enjoyed it greatly. When they got home Mary told Helen she certainly had a fine time and enjoyed the pictures very much. (Original.) Composed by

ELIZABETH MILLER.

Drawn by Helen Simons.

"WHEN I COMMAND ——."

I wish I could describe Eden to you descendants of mine. I and my wife caused you to lose it, caused you to sin, caused your feet to guide you into the difficult way to the joyful kingdom. But I will tell you how it happened.

One morning I arose from my bed of thornless roses to gaze into two lovely eyes. They were exquisite eyes; eyes like the azure firmament that separates God from you, but not from me. Those eyes were blue and innocent. They were laughing into mine from under a tangled mass of sunny tresses. A mouth, a coral cupids-bow, smiled at me from somewhere.

I pressed my hand to my brow in wonder, and I heard a laugh like the ripple of the babbling brooklet that flowed over shining pebbles through the garden, and by the tree.

Suddenly I felt that this graceful foy was mine—all mine; mine to kiss, mine to talk to, mine to forbid, mine to give leave, and mine to—love. I did love her. I sprang up, tossing the velvet rose-petals in every direction, and threw my arms around her white neck. She laughed again, and raised her arms to place those lily hands of hers on my shoulders, and then she kissed me. That kiss was like the brushing of a butterfly's wing on my lips, a lingering touch of soft lips on mine. I never knew what it was to love and be loved till then, and now I know it is all in life.

Eve was the name of my own angel. She flattered with a coyness that was her own. She said I looked like a god, only like our God. She said I did, but I was not so—so—neither of us knew.

We were happy in our own world, we two. We were young, and brave, and strong. We loved, and that was enough. I remember when twilight came, she would sit on the thornless rose-petals and run her fingers, her own, tapering, lily fingers through my hair, and, oh, how cool it felt. And when the moon rose, and watched us with her sweet face, then we would gather more roses and slumber upon them.

One day my Eve—I love to call her that—came to me. She had said she was going to gather fruit to eat with our clear water and other things. But her grape-vine basket was empty, and there was a pout on her face, and the laugh had gone from her eyes.

"Eve, Eve!" I said, gently, kissing her.

She pushed me away.

"The fruit on the Tree of Knowledge is ripe, and makes the bough bend with the numbers of golden clusters," she said. "They look so tempting."

She raised her blue eyes to mine, and I saw a question in them. Eve's eyes were as eloquent as her mouth.

"No, no!" I cried, with fright at the thought. Then, as she pleaded, I added: 'No, no, Eve, we must not!"

She paused, then turned. "I will, too!" she cried, flashing a glance at me over her shoulder, and fleeing toward the garden. I saw her stop. Then she ran on and disappeared behind the tall lilies. I know not why I did not stop her. I could easily have caught her and brought her back. I stood as if paralyzed, then turned and sat on the rose petals. I heard thunder, and saw a sword in the sky, writing in letters of flame:

"When I command—"

I bent my head on my knees and did not see the rest. Then I waned and fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke with a beating heart, and looked for Eve beside me. She was not there, and I rose and walked to the orchard, vaguely expecting to find her there. I found her fast asleep beneath the Tree of Knowledge, a smile on her face. Golden apples were scattered about her, and she held one in her hand. A serpent was coiled around her, and I knew that she had sinned. I looked into her lovely face and longed to kiss her, but something restrained me. She opened her eyes, and sat up.

"Oh, Adam!" she cried, "see; aren't they pretty? They are sweet and juicy, too." She bit into one and showed me the snowy meat. Coyly she raised it to my lips. I saw the serpent gliding away, and shook my head. With childish glee, she pressed it to my mouth, and I closed my teeth on it. It was good; I don't deny that. But as soon as I ate of the golden apple it cried out: "We had both sinned!"

And when the Master came that day with His retinue of angels, we hid, trembling, behind the rosebush. We found that it was thorny, and Eve began to sob. The Master discovered us—one never can hide from the Master—and He made us confess our sin. Then an angel came with a flaming sword and drove us out. And never again did we see our garden. We lived in sorrow, and all of our sons and daughters lived in sorrow, and their sons and daughters, and theirs, and so on, down to you, my children.

And as I passed from the gate, everything grew dark, and I saw letters in shining white stars written across the sky, and, instead of hiding my face, I fell on my knees and prayed; and so did Eve. Then, as we walked on, I heard Eve whisper the words:

"When I command, I must be obeyed."

And my heart sang and was jubilant, for I loved the Lord.

VALERIE DE MILHAU.

THE SKY.

When the sky is bright and clear the sun is shining with all its might.

But at night the sky grows dark until the stars one by one come out and make it bright.

Then the moon, that's been silent all day, comes out with a bright yellow spray of light that makes the dark sky wondrous bright.

(Original.)

NANNIE WALLER.

Puzzle Department

A Charade.

My first is in D, but not in C.
My second is in O, but not in row.
My third is in R, but not in mar.
My fourth is in O, but not in sow.
My fifth is in T, but not in C.
My sixth is in H, but not in —
My seventh is in Y, but not in sigh.
My whole is in the name of a girl.
Composed by, SARAH COOPER.

Jumbled Names of Girls.

1. 5, 12, 9, 26, 1, 2, 5, 20, 8.
2. 15, 12, 12, 9, 5.
3. 13, 1, 2, 12, 5.
4. 5, 4, 9, 20, 8.
5. 11, 1, 20, 9, 3.
6. 2, 5, 1, 20, 18, 9, 3, 5.
7. 6, 18, 1, 14, 3, 9, 19.

Composed by, ESTELLE BOSHER.

Names of Cities in Figures.

1. 2, 1, 12, 20, 9, 13, 15, 18, 5.
2. 14, 5, 23, 25, 15, 18, 11.
3. 19, 1, 14, 6, 18, 1, 14, 3, 9, 19, 3, 15.
4. 18, 9, 3, 8, 13, 15, 14, 4.
5. 19, 20, 12, 15, 21, 9, 19.

VIRGINIA ANDERTON.

Jumbled Names of States in the United States.

1. Ewn Kory.
2. Nailgirv.
3. Saetx.
4. Filacornia.
5. Sinavlennpy.
6. Aamndlyr.

ELEANOR M. INGRAM.

Jumbled Names of Animals.

1. Woc.
2. Rhoes.
3. Ipg.
4. Nskae.
5. Hepletna.
6. Ioln.
7. Gterl.
8. Meknoy.
9. Rabe.
10. Nriaerde.

BY JENNIE BERMAN.

IN LETTERS AND IN STORIES.

Nelson, O., January 8, 1915.

Dear Gerry,—At last I have got a chance to write to you. When is your sister Agnes coming up here? The reason I am writing to you is because I want to see Agnes so much. I have got a secret to tell her, but would dare not trust you with it. Mother is very much opposed to me writing you, and so is my governess. Oh, I forgot to tell you about her. She is an old maid and the crossest thing you ever saw. You know the spare room upstairs that mother never used? We have that for the schoolroom. Alice and Betty and my cousin and brothers and sisters are the ones that go to school to her. I forgot to tell you my governess name. It is Miss Uner. She says I am only fourteen and too young to write to you. The way I am getting this chance to write to you is that she told us to write the answers to our geography questions, and luckily I wrote the answers to them last night, and am going to hand them in first of all so that she will think I am quicker than the others.

Nora, the maid, promised not to tell and carry the mail to me every day and mail my letters. You could not guess what she gave me for a Christmas present. It was a pair of silk gloves, and they were long. My governess said girls ought to wear gloves everywhere they go. Please write to me right away, for I want to know whether she is at home or not. I have got a dollar, and Aunt Jane said that if I would keep the store for her all day she would give me half a dollar.

As soon as I hear from you I am going to come down, but I am not going to let anybody know it, for if they did they would not let me go. But I am not coming down if Agnes is not there. Write soon.

From your friend,

BESSIE.

(To Be Continued.)

MARGARET BELKNAP.

THE STORM.

Oh, see those black clouds moving fast;
They seem to quarrel as they pass.
They meet, then part, as though to say,
We are anything to-day but gay.
And now for the city they make a rush,
Then down comes the rain with a frightful gush.

'Tis night, and while every one outside
Are hurrying along or taking a ride,
The wind begins to blow bold,
And catches the rain in its grip of cold;
Then to snow doth change—
Next morning it looks like a great white range,
Quite a new blanket of white,
And the boys and girls play with all their might.
Hurrah! they yell, 'tis the end of the storm,
And together they slide and frolic along.

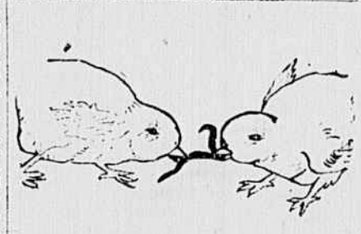
(Original.)

M. GRACE McPHAIL.

A STORY OF MY TWO KITTENS.

I have two kittens at my house. I like them very much. One of them is a white one. She is very puny, and always looks as if she is feeling bad. But she is ever faithful to me. She loves me better than anybody else at home. One morning—it was Thanksgiving morning—I went hunting. I went a long way and it was bitter cold, and she followed me every step of the way. The other cat is a black and white one, and is very pretty. Also she is very playful and full of glee. She likes my father best of any body else at home. I like them both very much, and expect I will miss them both when they die.

HERBERT F. ANDERSON.

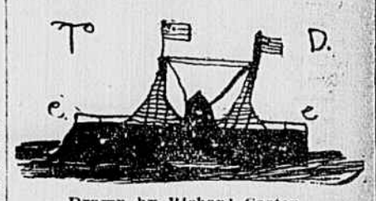


Drawn by Ruth Coverstone.

Drawn by William Hawkins.

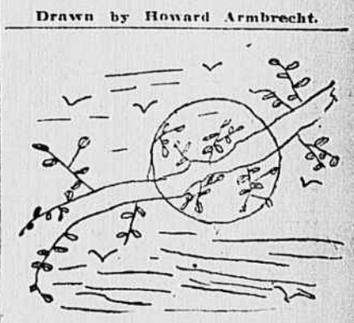
Drawn by Jennings L. Hunt.

Drawn by Rebecca L. Thomas.



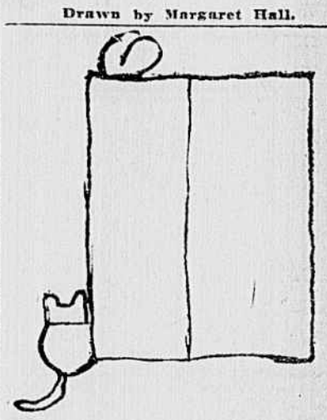
Drawn by Richard Carter.

Drawn by Howard Armbrecht.

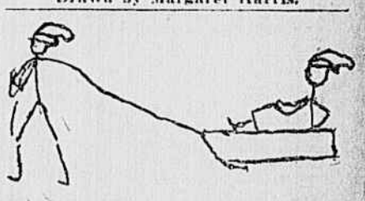


Drawn by Glodys O. Yancey.

Drawn by Margaret Hall.



Drawn by Margaret Harris.



Drawn by Harvey J. Trevilian.

Drawn by Ruth Whitfield.