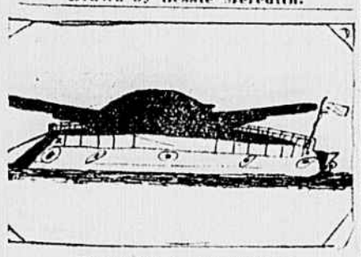
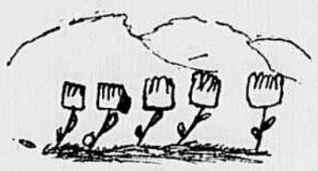
Drawn by Bessie Meredith.

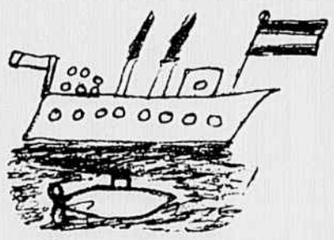

Drawn by Leroy Moring.


Drawn by Mary A. Krupar.

Drawn by Elaine Krupar.

Drawn by Laura Flack.

Drawn by Dorothea Vaughan.


Drawn by Robert W. Lawson, Jr.

Drawn by John Bowie.

Drawn by Elizabeth Brockenbrough.

Drawn by Grace Flack.

Drawn by Louise Bullington.

Correspondence Column

Not Always Room for All.

Dearest Editor.—I have been wondering what has become of my drawings. Am sending two this time, and hope to see one in print. I was glad to see my letter last Sunday. The page was fine today. By-by for this time. Lovingly,

MARGARET PETERS LAMB.

Blackstone, Va.

It Was Printed.

Dear Editor.—I sent in an Easter story and some jumbled names of girls. I didn't see either of them in the paper; however I hope to see this one in Sunday. Please publish this if you have room on the page. I think it will be fine to have the flag contest. I shall try to write a story when we have it. It snowed hard Sunday. I like snow, and I like summer. I like our page fine. I think it's improving each week. I thought the picture of Wilson was fine. With love and good wishes for you and the members, your loving member,

IDA E. WILLIAMS.

A Surprised Member.

Dear Editor.—I was very much surprised to see my drawing in the paper, as I thought it went to Mr. Waste-basket. I am also sending another drawing, which I hope will escape Mr. Waste-basket. Your new member,

MOLLIE IDA SHULL.

Richmond, Va.

Sends Drawing.

Dear Editor.—I was very glad to see my drawings in the T.-D. C. C. paper. Inclosed you will find a drawing for the flag contest. I hope it will escape Mr. Waste-basket. Please excuse blue ink, for I could not find the black ink. Your new member,

SARAH MAZER.

Thank You.

Dear Editor.—I will write to you now, as I have not written in a long time. I did not see my drawing in the paper. I guess it was not done right, but our editor knows best. My school will close Friday and Monday for Easter because the teachers want to go home. I guess I must stop, as my letter is getting long. I don't want to crowd the rest of the letters. Your member,

HAZEL BILLINGS.

Hopewell, Va.

Sends Story.

Dear Editor.—I was so glad to see my drawing in the paper Sunday. I am inclosing a story, which I hope you will print. I am trying to win a prize, and hope I will soon. Your member,

KATHERINE FREDEDERICKSEN.

Thanks for the Card.

Dear Editor.—Inclosed you will find a drawing, which I hope to see in the paper next Sunday. With love and best wishes to you and all of the members. Your member,

CHARLOTTE ANDERSON.

Roseland, Va.

Boss at School.

Dear Editor.—I ought to be ashamed for not writing before now, but the truth is that I have been busy at school. I saw where one of the members said, "Let's have a flag contest," and I second the motion, don't you? I am going to be a better member than I have been. I'm going to contribute weekly to the T.-D. C. C., and try hard to get a prize, as I am an old member and have never gotten any, but I must be patient and wait. Here is a drawing. It is not very good, but I drew it myself and composed the little verse, too. I hope it will be in Sunday's paper. Your old member,

MARGARET ADDELL CANADA.

Clover, Va.

P. S.—Please print this letter.—M. A. C.

Sends Story.

Dear Editor.—I was glad to see that I got a prize in Sunday's paper, and am going to try to get another. Please send it as soon as possible. I am sending in a story, which I hope will be in Sunday's paper. Your old member,

MARY ELIZABETH FLOURNOY.

Clover, Va.

Reads Page Regularly.

Dear Editor.—I reckon you think I have forgotten the club, but I haven't. I read the T.-D. C. C. page every Sunday afternoon and enjoy it. I have been so busy with my lessons at school, I am trying to make two grades this term. I hope you and all the members had a delightful Easter. Your member,

DAISY A. MITCHELL.

Will Send It Soon.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a drawing, which I would like to see in the paper Sunday. I won a prize the first Sunday in April, but I have never received it. Do you send the prizes or do we have to come over and get them? Please send it to me. Your old member,

RUTH COVERSTONE.

South Richmond, Va.

Good Resolutions.

Dear Editor.—I suppose you think that I have forgotten the club, but I have not. I am sending in some drawings to make up for the weeks I did not send anything. I will try to be a more regular member. Please send me the club rules. I am lovingly your member,

VIRGINIA CALLIS.

Ettrick, Va.

That's Right.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a piece of prose. I only wish I had knowledge to write more about "Wilson," for he is so grand, but I am only eleven years of age. My birthday was on the 27th of March. I did not write anything last week, as I did not wish to take up too much room on the page. Your loving member,

ROBERT BANE.

Wynne Grove, Va.

Welcome Back.

Dear Editor.—I haven't written to the dear old club for so long I think I ought to write, don't you? I think a flag contest would be fine, though I have never taken part in any contest. My school will stop the first week in May. Spring is here again, with flowers blooming and birds singing. Much love to you and the members. Hope you enjoyed your Easter. Your old member,

DOROTHY HUDSON.

Will Send Her Badge Soon.

Dear Editor.—I am sending a drawing I hope to see in the paper. My sister Mary has tried to join the club two times and is trying again. The weather is bad.

ELAINE KRUPAR.

I Certainly Do.

Dear Editor.—Saw my drawing in last week's paper, and was glad it did not reach the trash basket. I think a flag contest would be just grand, don't you? I am sending in some drawings, which I hope will not reach the trash basket. I will close. Your new membr,

JANE SCOTT GOODE.

Gordonsville, Va.

Good Wishes.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a picture for Easter, which I hope will be in the paper. I am just writing you a few lines to wish you a joyful Easter. From your fond member,

MARGARET BELKNAP.

Newport News, Va.

Isn't That Interesting!

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a Easter picture. It is as good as it can be for the time I spent on it, which was not very long. I am writing rather fast at present, and so am forming letters imperfectly. The weather here is growing extremely nice, and the maple sap is running; on one farm 100 trees are tapped. I must hurry now. Your member,

GENEVIEVE ROSE PETERSON.

Coldwater, Mich.

Sends Drawings.

Dear Editor.—I have two drawings ready, and the last time I was down there I told you about them. Herbert's mother said that he could not draw with ink, and I hope to see my drawing in the Sunday Times-Dispatch. Yours truly,

WRAY MOORE.

Richmond, Va.

Sign Your Drawings.

Dear Editor.—I am sending you a picture of a house which I drew on the Minaboryn Farm. I hope you will print it for me. The first time I sent you a picture I was in Dayton, O. Now I am in Virginia. I will send you a better picture the next time. Wishing you a happy Easter, yours truly, your friend,

ORVILLE TUTWILER.

Drewry's Bluff, Va.

A TRUE STORY.

Last summer we took a touring trip through North and South Carolina, and all had a fine time. We spent one night with Uncle Harold at Elon College, and just before getting there, near Graham, we met a drunken man in the road with a big knife, and it certainly did scare me. Next day we went to Salisbury, and had fine roads and saw a lot of cotton mills and cotton growing. The next day we went through Charlotte, a pretty city, and had to cross the Catawba River on a ferry-boat, as the floods had washed the bridge away. We crossed King's Mountain, and had awful rough roads, and spent that night at old King's Mountain Inn. The next day we went through Spartanburg, a nice city, and reached Greensville that evening. There we spent a week with our relatives and had a very nice time. We then went to Columbia, and saw the capitol, which is a beautiful building. The same day we wanted to get to Camden, but the boat was not finished, so we had to spend the night at a little village, where the mosquitoes nearly ate us up. On the way back we went through some nice towns and cities. Near Danville, Va., we went over the worst roads of the whole trip, but reached Clover in good shape. After spending a few days with grandmother and grandfather we returned to Blackstone, glad to get back home, but all want to go on another trip again this summer.

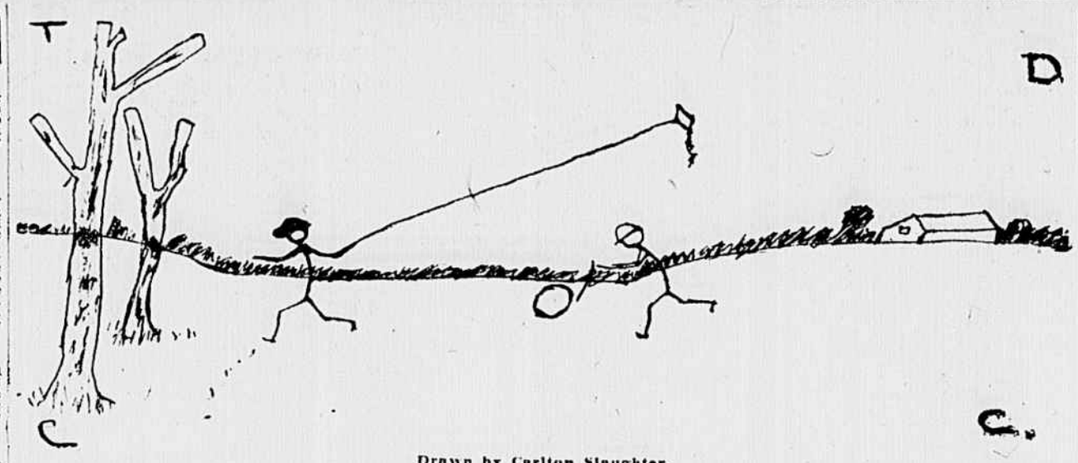
KATHERINE FREDERICKSEN.

JOAN OF ARC.

In France years ago their King had died. His son was now King. The people were very sad, for their country was fighting.

(To be continued.)

By MAY PALMATARY.



Drawn by Carlton Slaughter.

Editorial and Literary Department

The attention of club members is called to the necessity of their letters being addressed to the "Editor of the Children's Page." Letters sent addressed to the "Editor of The Times-Dispatch" from girls and boys cause much confusion and needless work. Sign letters and stories with name and address in full, and write on one side of the paper only.

CUT OUT YOUR RULES.

My Dear Girls and Boys,—Here are the rules again. So many new members have been writing for them, and I want all the members of the club, new and old, to cut them out and keep them where you will be sure and see them. Rules don't do us any good if we don't follow them. Do they? The Flag Contest will close on April 30. A great many lovely pictures and stories have come in, but more pictures than stories, so let's try and hustle the story-writers up a little. I think it is going to be a grand contest, and I do want every member to be represented. If you send your things in now you won't have to hurry so in the end.

Don't forget the special moving pictures for girls and boys every Saturday morning. They are going to show "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" this Saturday, and I know you will enjoy it.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Katherine Fredericksen, Blackstone, Va.

Robert H. Davis, Jr., 539 Watson Street, Blandford, Petersburg, Va.

Millicent Hartman, please send address.

CLUB RULES.

1. It is necessary to apply by letter to the editor for a membership badge. Afterwards, to be a member in good standing, it is necessary to be a regular and interested worker along some line preferred—that is, in the writing of stories, puzzles or letters, or in drawing.

2. It is necessary to write in ink and on one side of the paper only; to write neatly and distinctly, with attention to punctuation and spelling. All original compositions will receive preference over articles rewritten.

3. It is especially necessary to sign everything sent—not letters merely, but everything—with the full name and address of the sender.

4. Only those drawings done with a pen, in black ink, on white paper, will be accepted, as others cannot be reproduced.

5. Prizes are awarded weekly, and medals given monthly, for the best contributions during the week and month. Stories must be limited in length to 150 words. Look to these limits if you desire to see them in print. Letters should not be over 150 words, and as much under as possible.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND FORT CAROLINE.

In the sixteenth century, a few Spaniards came to Florida. They named it Florida, because there were so many pretty flowers.

They did not stay very long.

In 1565 some Spaniards came and founded St. Augustine. St. Augustine is the oldest town founded by white men in North America.

A few years after a little band of French Protestants came near St. Augustine. The reason they came was that all the people in France were Catholics, and the Catholics might kill the Protestants. Their fort was Fort Caroline.

The French colony did not prosper. They went back to France, because they were dying and had no food.

It was two years before another colony came. They stayed at Fort Caroline. The Indians would not give them any food. The Spanish bothered them.

They fought, and the French won.

By HARRIET HILDRETH SCOTT.

A LITTLE GIRL MADE HAPPY.

Mary was not sad and lonely long after her cousin left her. Soon after her cousin left her mother was taken sick. The doctor brought Mary a little sister. To make Mary happier her father and mother agreed to let Mary name her little baby sister. Mary named her Virginia Mae. She named her Virginia for the State in which she lived, and Mae after her favorite actress. As long as she lived she was neither sad nor lonely ever again.

(Original.)

ELSIE COBB.

Age, thirteen.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

A cheer for our boys in blue!
Their hearts are noble and true—
They are ready to fight, ready to die;
No chance is lost—they always try.

When the waves roll high,
They ride on the white-capped crest;
Their noble ship does her best,
For on her proud deck they ride—
The true, the brave, the tried;
The boys in blue.

BELLE S. MEREDITH.

POEM.

It looks as if spring is most here,
The happiest time of the year,
When the birds in the bower,
And the beautiful flowers,
Fill all our hearts with good cheer.

FRANCES M'PEAK.

SEASONS.

The tulip grows in yellow,
The roses dress in red;
But when winter comes again
They will all be dead.

The trees all clothe in green,
The leaves all come out;
But when winter comes again
Not a leaf can be seen.

And in the time of spring,
When the flowers come back again,
The children laugh and sing
And stay all day in the new-mowed grain.

But all the seasons
Are just the same to me,
For when Sunday comes
I read the T.-D. C. C.

—JUNIOR TERRELL.

EXPERIENCE OF A SILVER DOLLAR.

I was once a piece of silver metal in a mine of Colorado, when a rude-looking man came and dug me out with his pick. The sharp edge went right through my side—it hurt dreadfully, but my pain was soon over, for I was sent to Philadelphia and was placed in a mint.

When I came out I was very much different, for a lady representing Liberty was on one side of me, and also the date, 1905, and the words, "In God We Trust," and the other side an engle with its wings outstretched as if to fly away. I was then sent to the bank, but I did not stay here long, for I was given to a young lady, who remarked about my beauty. She placed me in a handsome silk handbag where a mirror was placed. Here I amused myself by looking into the glass at myself. As she was walking home she met a poor beggarman who asked her "for a coin," and Miss Franklin, the lady who had me in her possession, gave me to him. Oh, how I dreaded his ragged pocket! but of course I had to stay.

He did not like to spend me, for I was the largest piece of coin he had seen for many a day. But he had to spend me for something to eat, as he was very hungry. The clerk then put me into the cash register. I did not remain here but a short while, as a paper boy came in and asked "to be paid for the papers." He then took me home to his poor mother, who also thought I was very bright and pretty.

One day as she was going to the market she crossed over a bridge which was being rebuilt, and as her purse was open I thought I had a fine time to escape, so I fell from the pocket-book into the James River. But now I am rusty and dirty, and wish I had stayed in her pocket-book.

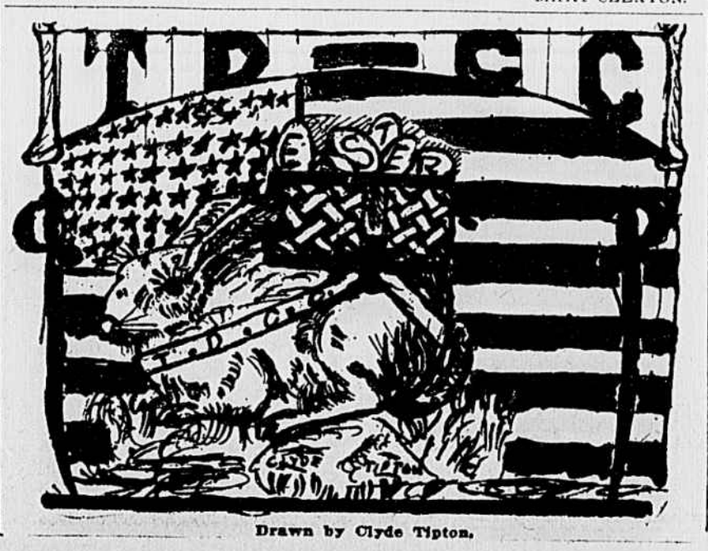
Composed by ALTA F. ROBINSON.

A BURGLAR.

In the year of 1916 it was very cold, and a family by the name of Jones was sitting around the fire laughing and talking. At 9 o'clock, their usual bedtime, they went to bed. A burglar, who had been standing around waiting for them to retire, came into the house and gave it a general search. He stole a watch and all of Mrs. Jones's silver and jewelry, and after he had gotten all he wanted he crept out very quietly. The morning following, the family awoke and found their things had been stolen, and went in search for the thief at once. They did not search very long before they found the man, because he had hidden himself in a cave in a nearby mountain. He had buried the things which he had stolen, but he was made to dig them up and restore them to the owner.

Of course this was followed by a trial, and he was sent to penitentiary for life. I reckon he was awful sorry he ever attempted anything like it, and I don't think he will ever want to do the like again.

MARY CLEATON.


Drawn by Clyde Tipton.

SKETCH OF ROBERT E. LEE.

Robert E. Lee was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va. His father, General Henry Lee, called Light Horse Harry, was a great soldier in Washington's army. His mother was Anne Hill Carter, a woman of splendid character, who tried diligently to train her children in the right way. When Lee was eight years old his father went to the West Indies for his health. He stayed there for some time, and he found that he got no better, so he sailed for home. On the voyage he was taken very ill, and they put him off on an island at a friend's house. He died in two weeks, and was buried on the island.

When Lee was eighteen he went to West Point Academy. While he was there he never got a demerit, and stood second in his class when he graduated.

He then joined the Engineer Corps of the United States. He fought in the Mexican War first under General Scott, and then under General Wool.

Lee married Mary Custis, the great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington and the adopted son of Park Custis.

When the North and South were severed by the dispute about slavery and the rights of the States Lee was a member of the United States Army. He was offered wealth, rank and honor if he would remain in the Union service, but he turned his back on all, for he thought he could never fight against Virginia, his native State. He enlisted in the Southern army, and was given command of the Southern forces.

During the war General Lee shared the hardships of his soldiers. He really cared for them, and they learned to love and trust him. He said to his men when he surrendered:

"Men, we have fought this war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more," and he silently rode down the streets of Richmond past the weeping crowd.

After the war Lee had a great many positions of honor offered him. He chose that of the presidency of the Washington College, afterwards called Washington and Lee University, for he desired to train the young men of the South into the path of duty.

Duty was Lee's watchword. Even with his duties as college president Lee found time to be the politest man in town, and was often seen trodding through the snow to visit some humble family, who would hand it down as an event in their lives that General Lee had paid them a visit.

On October 12, 1879, the news flashed across the wires that Lee was dead. All the South mourned for him, and speeches were made, in which people expressed their sorrow over the death of our hero. Mrs. Lee chose the chapel for Lee's burial place, and in 1874 his body was laid to rest, and as the body was lowered to rest his favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," was sung. At first his vault was covered by white marble, but it has been replaced by a beautiful recumbent statue made by Valentine, the great Virginia sculptor.

The New York Herald says this of him:

"Not to the Southern people only shall be limited the tribute of a tear over the dead Virginian. Here in the North we have forgotten the time when the sword of Robert E. Lee was drawn against us. We have long ceased to look upon him as a Confederate, for Robert Edward Lee was an American, and the great nation which gave him birth would to-day be unworthy of such a son if she looked upon him lightly."

LITTLE MEG.

Chapter I.

It was a hot sultry day in August and the long line of orphan children were taking their usual walk when bum went a big truck and knocked one of the little children down who had gotten out of the line. Miss Peak, who was leading the procession of children, ran after her and found that she was hurt, and took her to the hospital. In the crowd and crush of the people a little girl named Meg was knocked out of the line and frightened ran after the other children that had gone on, but she couldn't make them hear her so she walked and walked and she thought she would get back to the orphan asylum, but instead she was moving further and further away from the town, and at last, hungry and alone, little Meg slipped into a side street and went to sleep. No one to love her, no one to care for her, poor little Meg slept. How long she slept she knew not, but she was awakened and as she rubbed her eyes she saw a man standing by her and he had something in his hand—it was a dirty old handkerchief which he tied around her mouth and lifted her up and carried her away.

(Continued next week.)

NAN WALLER.

A SCHOOL PUMP.
(Part II.)

After I was put in the depot a man came and took me to a school and put me down. After I had been there about five months, out came a man. He caught hold of my hand and jerked it up and down and went away with a frown on his face. I could not help laughing a little to myself, for he made such a funny face.

After a while a lot of children came out; some caught me over my mouth, while some others pumped and pumped until they pumped some water. The boy drank right out of my mouth.

I am now looking awful, and am in use no more, for I am awfully sick, for I have always been out in the cold. (The end.)

MARY FRANCES ROGERS.

THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL.

There once lived a very poor little blind girl, and she had a cripple boy to lead her. And one day while she was crossing of a bridge a young man came up to her and asked her name. She told him her name. He said, "I will carry you to a doctor and get him to open your eyes." And so he did. And the next week they were married and lived happy all their life.

Written by HAZEL BILLINGS.

Puzzle Department

CHARADE.

My first is in e but not in eat.
My second is in a but not in aim.
My third is in s but not in sing.
My fourth is in t but not in tame.
My fifth is in e but not in eat.
My sixth is in r but not in rat.
My whole is the name of our last holiday.

DAISIE ALLEN MITCHELL.

JUMBLED NAMES OF MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

1. Brenvmoe.
2. Raunyja.
3. Eebmrdce.
4. Ahmcr.
5. Amy.
6. Uyfbaerr.
7. Tobecro.
8. Larip.
9. Pmrsbteee.
10. Njeu.
11. Gsauut.
12. Yujl.

CHARLES L. AYRES.

CHARADE.

My first is in r but not in ray.
My second is in i but not in island.
My third is in c but not in cat.
My fourth is in h but not in heart.
My fifth is in m but not in moon.
My sixth is in o but not in owl.
My seventh is in n but not in now.
My eighth is in d but not in down.
My whole name is a capital of Virginia.

By ROBERT H. DAVIS, JR.

JUMBLED NAMES OF STATES.

1. Lfrodla.
2. Nemcio.
3. Kneckuty.
4. Nnetceso.
5. Oregagl.
6. Iliaricgna.
7. Nnnepyslavai.
8. Miean.
9. Ryamnald.
10. Wne Kyro.

BESSIE M'DEARMON.

HOW A POOR LITTLE UNKNOWN BOY BECAME RICH AND KNOWN.

Once in a far-off northern land, where no human being had ever been, there was a large, dense forest. In this forest there lived some tiny people, who were about two inches tall. They lived just as we do, had their moving-pictures and circus and animals, houses, and gardens, just as we do, only much smaller. Now, in the winter it got very cold, and hard for the inhabitants to keep warm. There was a poor little boy, who lived in a poor little street in a poor little town. The coldest day in the year, every one was freezing, when this poor little boy said to his poor little neighbor, "If everybody would dig a hole in the ground, and hang lanterns around, then move his things in it, they could live there and feel the cold no longer." The neighbor told it to others, while they told it to others, till it had spread all through the land. Every one thought it a good plan, so rich and poor began to dig holes and move. The king, when he heard, sent his servants out to dig him a large hole to live in. That winter not a complaint was heard throughout the realm. The plan worked so well that the king ordered the boy to be brought to live with him. When he had been brought, the king made him his chief counselor. After that he had servants to wait on him, but he did not forget his poor friends. Once a year at Christmas he sent a message to the poor to gather on the highway. Then he sent fifty men to scatter purses. Each man had twelve purses, and each purse contained fifty gold pieces. When this small boy became old enough, he married the king's daughter, and they lived happily till they died, leaving five children, whose delight it was to be told how winter made their father loved and noted.

BERTA PIERCE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

On the banks of a stream two Indian tribes had a great battle. They fought so long and so hard that the ground was red with blood. After they had fought for a good while, only two braves were left on one side, but they continued to fight. One of the braves' name was Turtle. In those days there were no such animals as turtles. Finally Turtle's friend was shot down by an arrow. "Now he will surrender," but Turtle answered: "I will not surrender as long as there is a breath in my friend's body. He then put a shield on his back and one on his chest. Finally Turtle's friend died, and, rather than surrender, Turtle jumped into the clear water.

When his enemies looked in the stream they beheld a queer animal. Its body was covered with shields and not one of them could decide whether or not it was Turtle.

DOROTHY CHANDLER.

MERLE'S HAPPINESS.

It was a cold day in January; the snow was falling fast.

A pale girl lay on her pillow with a broken leg. All through summer she had spent such a lonesome time, and now she thought of the dreary winter before her.

Merle's sister, Louise, was just getting ready to take a sleigh ride with some girls and boys that were outside. Merle raised her head from her pillow. Mother, let me go. I will wrap up well, and sister will take care of me. Yes, mother, let her go, said Louise. Well, I will let her go this time and see if it brightens her up any.

In a few minutes Merle was tucked in the sleigh with the rest of the children. They joked, sang songs and laughed. When Merle reached home her mother and father saw a change slowly creeping over her. She had some color in her cheeks and was very gay. Each day the boys and girls came for her. One day she told them: I thought winter was going to be so dreary until I got out of doors and saw how much fun winter brought.

Then they all gave three cheers for dear old winter.

SUSAN BROWN.

WINTER.

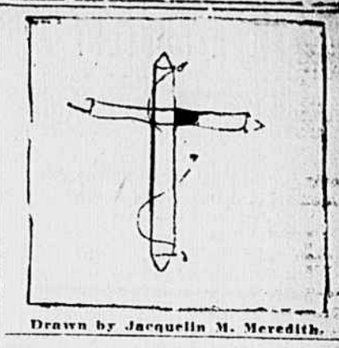
Winter is the best of all the year. She comes with her cold breath. Her breath is the wind. Her hands are Jack Frost. When she touches the windows they become like frosted glass. She sends the snow for us to play with and have a good time. When she sends it, she says, "The children will have a glorious time coasting down the hills, making snowmen and snowballs." When she blows her breath it freezes the lakes, rivers, mud puddles and our water pipes. After all these fine sports are over, spring comes and brings others.

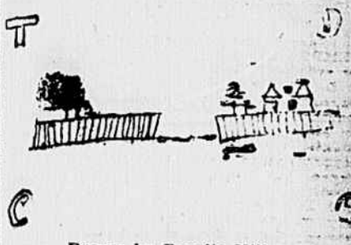
ELSIE COBB.

WINTER.

Winter is the coldest season of the year. The birds have gone South, the trees are bare, and the grass is dead. Then comes the snow. Oh! how much fun we have snowballing each other. The ponds freeze over and we go skating. And when a crust gets over the snow we go to a hill and coast down. But when the snow melts, how sloppy it is. The road gets so muddy a buggy just can get along. Then the weather turns warm. The grass turns green and the birds come back. Everything puts on a new dress for spring.

CECIL MORRIS.


Drawn by Jacquelin M. Meredith.



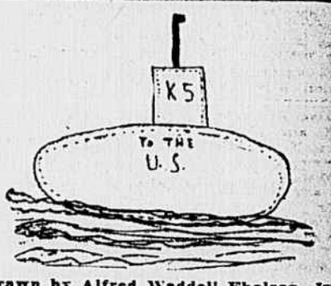
Drawn by Rosalie Miller.

Drawn by Harry Shields.

Drawn by Henry L. Flowers.

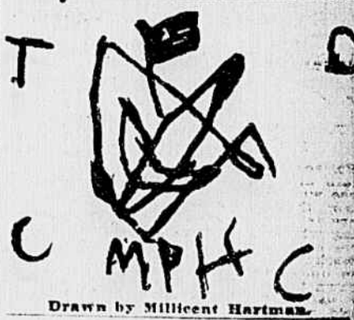
Drawn by Charlotte Anderson.

Drawn by Nein Flack.



Drawn by Alfred Waddell Fholson, Jr.

Drawn by Margaret Peters Lamb.



Drawn by Millicent Hartman.

Drawn by Alice Bendall.