

Our Children's Page—Published for The Times Dispatch Children's Club

Back From Vacation

My dear Girls and Boys—You don't know how proud I am of the way you "kept house" with the page while I was away, for you certainly did do good work, and I am sure that you will all send a vote of thanks to the publisher's editor who worked so hard to not disappoint you in any way.

I was so glad to find two more interesting letters from the children, when I got home, with special contributions for the Associated Charities fund. I am very proud that your precious shoulders are trying to share the burden of people who are old and tired and weary with the battle of life.

It is almost time for school again. Well, we all want to be losing the fight. You can't be! Stupid people never get very far in this world, either. They are like men on a strange road without a map or knowledge of the country to guide them, and so they just waste time and energy drifting around, while the man who knows goes straight ahead.

Send \$1.00 for Charities. My dear Miss Witt. We promised to send you \$1 for the Associated Charities, but we got 20 cents more for helping money. We are so glad you are going on vacation and I hope you will save some more money by the time you get home.

Children send Your Dollar for Charities. My dear Miss Witt. We are sending you another \$1 that we made selling candy. Please give it to The Times-Dispatch fund for the Associated Charities.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS. William Criss McGuckin, Babylon, Long Island, N. Y. Whigfield Scott Faron, 22 Jefferson Place, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y. Gladys Stanley, Mineral, Va.

Bright Stories by Members of the Club. CORINNE. (Continued from last Sunday) Corinne's mother glanced about her with a growing terror. She had seen great flecks of cold perspiration stand out on the butler's forehead.

"Fascinating!" directed Corinne. "You must go and ring the Stanley burglar alarm, and be quick!" The poor servant hurried away to do as he was bid. "Mortifying her parents to return to their room, the girl calmly produced a small pistol from under the folds of her kimono, which she had slipped off before leaving her room.

"I am going down—stop!" she commanded as her mother opened her mouth to speak. "Climbing stealthily down the broad stairs, Corinne scanned the dark interior of the reception hall with watchful eyes. "Then without warning the Stanley burglar alarm rang out, breaking the heavy silence.

And with this speech, the rose of her soft petals. The violet smiled into the sweet light of her eyes, and she felt as if she were the wind stopped moaning in the trees and stopped to watch the violet. She was so quiet that the flowers hesitated to speak to her, but she broke the magic spell by saying, "I was once a princess, a maiden of ethereal beauty, and of noble birth."

"Dear little Violet," said she, gazing down tenderly at a sky-blue violet who smiled at the rest of the flowers. "I have survived over the other violets for the violet was her most beloved subject. It is your time to have the honor of telling your story to the night. Please, sweet violet, tell us why your scent is so sweet, but still you do not raise your head like us, for we have such a short life as yours."

"The girl on the stairs started with nervous apprehension. A flash of light fell to the floor in the dark hall, the clatter echoing in a ghostly manner through the house. Corinne's teeth chattered. She finally conquered the unspeakable terror which had gradually forced its way over her.

"Why are you just a boy?" exclaimed Corinne, astonished. "A look of pain crossed the boy's handsome features, but he spoke like a croak. "I didn't mean to," he cried, raising his hands in protest.

"Ask mother why?" she got here in a moment, answered Dorothy. "Oh, yes, I'll take all the blame; usually I do. Let's ride over to Mrs. McGuire's. She's asked us over so much, and we've never gone. We can dance with her and then get home by 10:30. How do you like that?" asked Mrs. McGuire.

"Way they flew as swift as birds—both horses were good runners. "Both hit the spot at the same time. After the rest caught up, they rode on quietly, talking of the opening of school.

Sketches Drawn by Members of The T. D. C. C.

A collection of children's drawings. Top left: 'The Calm on the Water' by Winfield Scott Farris. Top middle: 'The Humming Birds' by I. Elizabeth Richards. Top right: 'The Baskett Boys' by Evelyn Boshier. Middle left: 'The Two Little Girls' by Pearl E. Fliess. Middle middle: 'A Trip' by Gladys Stanley. Middle right: 'The Humming Birds' by I. Elizabeth Richards. Bottom left: 'The Humming Birds' by I. Elizabeth Richards. Bottom middle: 'The Humming Birds' by I. Elizabeth Richards. Bottom right: 'The Humming Birds' by I. Elizabeth Richards.

Puzzle and Charade Department

Jumbled Names of Girls. 1. Biddle. 2. Nylvee. 3. Ezzela. 4. Gennet. 5. Tramm. 6. Sydoon. 7. Gerstaeb. 8. Ehenalv. 9. Ginnu. 10. Linnov. 11. Kiblen. 12. Ambriv. 13. Yamm. 14. Hridde. 15. Eelesov. 16. Almbet. 17. Nuborw. 18. Lezich. 19. Tewgram. 20. Blitak. EVELYN BOSHER.

CHARADE. My first is in A, rise in tall. My second is in U, but not in fall. My third is in G, but not in tower. My fourth is in T, but not in flower. My fifth is in S, also in sign. My sixth is in T, also in flight. My whole is the hottest month of the year. HELEN SMITH.

THE BASKETT BOYS. (A True Story) Dock Baskett Trapped. "You're a liar! You won't do nothing of the kind." "I'll show you."

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Letters From Our Little Ones

Send Only Original Poetry. Dear Editor—I hope you had a good time on your vacation. I am sending in a poem and a picture, and hope to see it printed in the Sunday paper. I hope I will get a prize soon for a haven't gotten any since I joined the club, and hope to win one soon for I am trying hard for a prize. I am your old member. ALIZE BOSHER, 22 West Twentieth Street, Richmond, Va.

THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS. One night about 12 o'clock Louise and Thelma took a bag and filled it full of sand; then took another bag and filled that with sticks. Thelma found six stale crackers in the old barrel and put some pudding between them. Both of the children wrapped these things up in lots of paper. They took it up the road from their house a short way. They took this bundle to Mrs. Goodwin's and dropped it at the door. Louise and Thelma went in the house where they had dropped the bundle. Louise said, "Thelma, let's play a little white game. We'll play a game of hide-and-seek. Louise went over to the lady's main. The lady thought it was a boy Thelma and Louise played a trick on these ladies. THELMA BEASLEY.

A TRIP. The 22d of June I started, with my mother and father and little brother, on a trip. We spent our first night in Lynchburg. We were very tired and dusty, but after getting our supper at the Carroll Hotel mother and I went on the street car to Woman's College. The grounds were beautiful and so large. The big classrooms looked so big and lovely; but I amused myself looking at the pretty pictures. We met a girl there from Alabama who went to school there the past session and was spending her vacation here. We started back but the cars were blocked. It was late when we returned to the hotel. Finding my father and brother anxiously waiting for us. Brother declared he had the biggest time going to the movies with father. We slept well. Ready for our next day's trip we drove through the Valley. MARY ELIZABETH THOMAS.

A STORY. Once there was a boy 17 years of age, his mother was dead and he had no job. One day a circus came to the city in which he lived. That evening he was hanging around and a man told him he would give him \$1 to go and get water within a half-mile from where he was, but he set off to get it. When he reached the place the man that had asked him to get the water was there. He knew the boy was a half a mile from home so he kidnapped him. That night he made the boy rob a freight train, but after he robbed it he dropped the stuff he had stolen and ran back to the city where he belonged. The man was afterwards caught and killed for his cruelty. ALFRED ATKINSON.

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