

A cartoon illustration of a man in a long coat and hat, holding a sign that reads "DEAR OLD SANTA PLEASE BRING ME EQUIWALDO SAYES THAT HOLLIE NICK". He is standing next to a horse-drawn carriage. The text "LUCILE PFAFF 145 S. PINE ST. CITY" is written at the bottom.

ROBBIE C. ANCARROW, Otterburn Springs, Amelia county, Va.
GEORGE A. BRUCE, 408½ North Eighth Street, city.
HAZEL K. DILLARD, 2304 East Broad Street, city.

It is clearly evident that the club is working out its motto in good faith and giving a practical exemplification of the truth that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, for its midsummer record in the increase of numbers and interest is surprising, even to the editor.

The steady increase in the number of original drawings sent in is most gratifying. And many of them possess decided artistic merit. It is a matter of regret that some of the best drawings contributed have to be cast aside each week because a pencil or other than black ink is used. Please bear in mind that no drawing can be used unless made with **BLACK** ink. Neither blue-black nor any other tint will do.

Adam, Elizabeth	Denby, Virginia	Lamb, T. Carroll	Vincent, Willie
Ancrenow Robble C.	De Shazo, W. P.	Lowry Beatrice	Smith, Charles F.
Arnold, Clarence C.	Duke, J. Clarlon	Macoson, Madeline	Smithson, Ruth B.
Alle, Annie L.	Dillard, Hazel K.	Lewis, Bennett	Staples, Harls D.
Archer, Lady M.	Dudley,	Mende, Reuben	Sledd, J. H. Jr.
Barton, Charlotte	Davidson, Minnie	Miller, Elizabeth	Shackelford, William
Bowman, Elizabeth	Elliot, Harvey	Minor, Carl	St. Claire, Ellen
Baker, Mildred	French, Holland	McKerny, Andrew	Sutton, Louise
Baizl, Willie	Frenches, C. J. Jr.	Morris, J. Ophelia	Shaghnessy, Lou
Bass, Lydia E.	Gayles, L. J.	Morton, Alta H.	Shaw, W. B.
Basswell, Bessie	Green, Lucy A. W.	Maddux, J. Pauline	Shoverhugh, Glassell
Bird, Alice W.	Gayle, Preston B.	Morton, James R.	Talliferro, Lucy N.
Booth, Samvel	Gayle, Ellis D.	Moseley, Mary A.	Taylor, Leroy
Bradshaw, John P.	Garde, Reginald C.	Murdeck, Charles	Taylor, Mary E.
Blair, Martha W.	Gregory, Anne C.	Murphy, Margaret	Taylor, Mary A.
Bradley, Louise	Guy, Frank L.	Murphy, William	Taylor, Edgar
Brant, Lillie	Guy, Charles A. C.	Newman, Wm	Taylor, Joseph W.
Bruce, George A.	Gayle, Jessie M.	Nuckolls,	Taylor, Margaret J.
Bruce, Marguerite	Gentry, Marlon	Peck, Nannie	Taylor, Marguerite
Bloomberg, C. I.	Howison, Ellen M.	Pfaff, Lucile	Todd, Marie
Barelay, Virginia	Hargrave, Gladys V.	Parker, Edith	Taylor, James
Baldwin, Frank M.	Harrison, Evelyn	Payne, L. C. Jr.	Taylor, L. C. Jr.
Bass, Emily	Harris, Virgil L.	Payne, Helen	Taylor, Pleasant
Covies, Harold	Henry, Dora M.	Pearson, Minnie E.	Wall, Martha B.
Clopton, Mary E.	Hughes, Charles B.	Prince, Willie M.	Walford, J. Ben
Cherry, Ruth T.	Hutcheson, John G.	Pound, Maude	Warren Evalata
Cecil, James	Hill, John H.	Raikes, Harry	Watson, Grace
Clarke, Mavis	Hooper, Louise T.	Robards, Bessie	Ward, Marion
Cohen,ouis	Hooper, Fraser	Randall, Mary R.	Wingfield, Cary
Cornet, Mary L.	Jarpe, I.	Ratlie, Julia M.	Weaver, Frances
Coplon, Michael	Jones, Bland S.	Rothschild, Herman	Warwick, L. C.
Cowherd, Edwina	Jordan, Hallie M.	Rhoads, Louis	Watson, J. Wilbur
Cren, Rena	Jones, Louise	Ridner, Mary K.	Wathln, Warren
Crumple, Bessie L.	King, Thomas	Rothschild, Syvan	Welbunnn, Carl
Currie, Florence L.	Kelly, Mary Ann	Sigmond, Miss J. T.	Weld, John
Davenport, C. W.	Kent, Hugh McE.	Smith, Nannie	White, Carolyn
Davidsen, Anna C.	Loving, Juliette	Smy, Minnie	Wharton, Joseph
	Larkin, Walter H.	Schanl, Alfred	Withshire, W. W.

It was Christmas Eve. The busy streets of New York were crowded with Christmas shoppers who were preparing to make glad many hearts on that glad holiday.

On this Christmas Eve Jennie, for this was her name, went out to try to get something for her grandmother's supper. She was attracted to the shop window by its bright light, and by the sound of children singing Christmas carols. Jennie had seen nothing but poverty since her parents died, but she was not entirely ignorant of the Bible, for her grandmother was a pious old lady and had taught her much of the Christ child. Now she looked for that doll with the big brown eyes, but good old Santa Claus never visited Jennie's old tumble-down home.

On her way she came to the steps of a handsome residence; here she sank down half frozen. About an hour afterwards a tall, stately looking gentleman, returning home from his office, stumbled over the little form. He struck a match and, to his surprise, found this little girl. The glare

By MARY E. CLOPTON,
Oak Tree, Va.

tor was sent for and she was cared for by Mrs. Everet and Jennie. In spite of her good nursing, the old lady, in a few days, passed away from this world, to that home where there is no more pain and suffering. Little Jennie then made her home with Mrs. Everet. She grew to be a strapping happy girl, the sunshine of the household. Mrs. Everet's and the doctor's greatest comfort.

MINNIE E. BLANTON

Farmville, Va.



A circular portrait of a young woman with a large bow in her hair, wearing a dark dress with a white collar.

MISS ANNIE DAVIS
Stovall, N. C.

One balmy May day, soon after the trees and plants had begun to shed their foliage, there was under some small pines surrounded by grass, a venerable and very gray rabbit quietly dozing, peeping now and then at the green things around him and listening for the slightest sound. Soon, from across the old plantation road nearby, there came a sound as of some one gently tipping a hat. The rabbit started up in an alert in a second, but settled quietly back again when he saw only a small rabbit hop up and down a few feet by him. Around things around him he was informed that the youngster he was going to give him a history of his own life, when he thought would prove the young one very old indeed. It was on a morning, one bleak February morning in a large hollow of an old fallen tree. The first thing I saw was a dark, old, and shabby old fox lying around. But it was so old I did not care about eating, and only rested closer to my brothers and sisters. Whenever my mother gave me food she and I would go to the forest. The forest was dark and secluded, where never a fox grew older a day. I was so foxed to teach us to be cunning, so we went to him; and I ad-



LEWIS N. C. BOWERS
Highland Springs, Va.

[illegible]

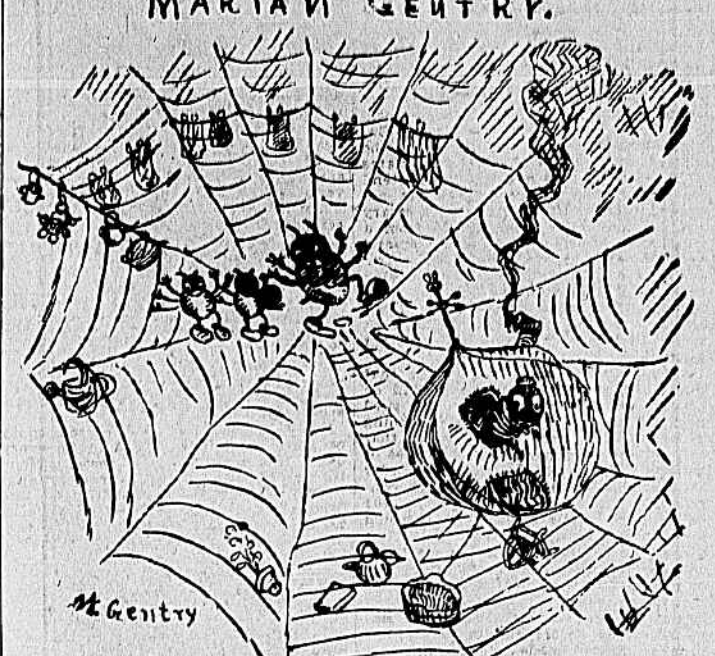
By ROBBIE ASTROP,
Surry, Va.

George caught sight of a big brown butterfly. "I'll have that fellow," George. So off he started after the butterfly, but in hand. Down in the hole over the lawn, away he went at top speed. "Now I've got you, said George, making a swoop with his hat. But the butterfly did not get the butterfly. I wonder if the butterfly laughed at him sprawling on the ground. If butterflies can laugh, I think this one did. It looked on very saucily while George picked himself up.



Beauty is a black dog and can rats fine. One Sunday about one ago we caught seven rats in a trap made, and she killed everyone. She very playful and loves my little better than any of us. We have had one year and would not take nothing her. She is a fine watch dog.

I sought the cobwebb'd shelf of love
Where sudden'd thought now lay
tomb'd;
And found among the tear-stained
Two violets that once have bloom'd
The one adorned fair Judith's locks,
When virgins were sung and psalm
bloom.
I pluck'd the other from the turf,
That marks the spot of Judith's tomb.
Selected by Louis Coho
No. 23 North Seventeenth Street.



Dear Editor.—I received the beautiful paint book and badge for which I thank you more than I can express. They were delayed in coming as they had to be forwarded to me from Blountstown, Va. My grandmother lives there and we go there to see her, but my home is in North Carolina. My dear grandfather, Mr. W. P. Webb, died there a few weeks ago. There was an account of his death in your good paper. I think you are very good to give the children so much pleasure. My sister, Nettie, enjoyed it very much. My dear Nettie got one of the paint boxes last winter and I tried, too, but failed. I send you my photo, but it is not a very good one.

Last winter my little brother commenced school. He listened to us recite our geography, and so one night he said: "Mamma, I know where the North Pole is!" and mamma said: "Well, Presley, tell us where it is," and he said: "It is a white place on the map." I reckon that is as much as anybody knows.

Your little friend,
ANNIE DAVIS.

Stovall, N. C., August 18, 1903.

Editor Children's Page:

Dear Sir,—I would like to join the T. D. C. C. I have been writing a story, but have not finished it yet. The name of the story is, "Karl's Adventure, or A Life Upon the Plains." I have written twelve (12) chapters already. I do not know how long it will be. If you wish to publish it I will finish it and send it to you. Send me a badge, please.

Yours very truly,
JOHN W. CARTER, Jr.,
Box 189, Martinsville, Va.

Dear Sir,—I would like to become a

Bessie's Surprise.

It was a cold day in January. When Bessie looked out of the window it was snowing as fast as it could. She stood and was just thinking about her little cousin when the bank messenger rang. After breakfast she put on her cloak and hat and went out to play with her friend Mary. She played out most of the morning. About dinner time when she went in her room, she saw a big beautiful doll. She asked who gave it to her. Her cousin told her that her father and she was very glad. I will not write any more for fear it will be too long.

Yours truly
RUTH TATE CHERRY.

The life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light
And out of light
Into darkness again,
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain

There must be something
Above or below,
Somewhere unseen,
A mighty bow,
A hand that tires not,
A sleepless eye,
That seems the arrows
Fly and fly,
One who knows
Why we live and die.

Selected by LOUIS COHEN.

There was a kind fairy, who lived in a beautiful forest. She was a friend of the

I am a little girl and I live in the country. I spend the summers with my grandpa and my aunt. A branch runs through the farm and I and my friends go down and catch fish and paddle in the branch. My grandpa has a large dog, his name is "Hob Roberts" and he follows me everywhere I go and he is a big protector for me. He is very fond of children. We have a nice time see-sawing. Direct the badge to: **FLORA REDD**

John and his father lived in the mountains in a lonely cottage. One day his father went to town to buy some clothes. After a while John ran outdoors to pick some wild flowers which grew by the house, when an eagle flew down and tried to catch the boy. Fortunately some hunters came and saw the eagle and shot him and killed him.

After a while John's father came home and thanked the men for saving his son.

CHARLIE JOHNSON,
Richmond, Va.

"Peeping, peeping, here and there,
In lawn and meadow everywhere,
Coming up to find the spring;
And hear the robin redbreast sing;
Creeping in the violets sweet,
Glancing into tiny bevers,
For the dainty meadow flowers;
We are small, but think a minute
Of a world with no grass in it."
MAGGIE MILLER.

friendless. And everybody loved her, because she was so good and kind. If she saw poor people hard at work, she would give them money, food and clothing. But when she saw people buying silks and wine, she would not give them anything. We must spend our money to do good. I we are wise.

ELOUISE BRADLEY.

When Bessie was three years old she was walking one day in the Public Garden in New York with a grown up friend. "Let me sit down," she said. "I'm so tired!"

It was so late in the season that all the seats and benches had been taken away. But there was an empty flower vase near and her friend lifted her into it.

"Now, you can sit here and rest," said her friend.

"Now," said Bessie, "I'm a little flower."

After waiting awhile her friend asked, "Shall we walk along now? Aren't you rested?"

"Walk along!" repeated Bessie. "When did you see I'm a little flower growing in a vase?"

One day just fall I thought I would go squirrel hunting, so I shouldered my gun and walked down to the woods and sat down on the fence that ran through the woods a little while. Presently I heard hickory hulls falling. I went on down there and saw a squirrel on a little tree that had fallen down, and the squirrels commenced barking. After a little while I saw a squirrel come through the bushes and he came up and I thought him down. He had a piece of hickory in his mouth. I picked him up and went on to the next tree. He was although I had craned my neck (dreaded).
ROBERT ASTRUP

I know a little girl that never knows where to find her things. Her stockings and shoes hide away and she begins to cry for her mother, to look for them. Her dress hides away in a mass. Then she has to dress her little brother, and she can't find his. By the time she gets all together, mother says it is time to go to bed. This is a lesson for you to learn to put your things in the right place. No evening sport for you. It is cry, cry. "Oh, mamma, let me go out to play." No! You must go to bed. **BATHRICE LOWRY.**

Out in the garden, wee Elsie,
Was gathering flowers for me,
"O mamma," she cried, "hurry, hurry,
Here's something I want you to see,"

"Oh! isn't it pretty?" cried Elsie, with eager and wondering eyes. As she watched it soar lazily upward, Against the soft blues of the skies, "I know what it is, don't you, mamma. "Oh, the wisdom of these little things! When the soul of a poet is in them— "It's a pansy—a pansy with wings!"

REUBEN MEADE