# CLEVER WORK DONE BY THE T. D. C. C. MEMBERS



# WINNERS OF PAINT BOOKS IN FIFTH WEEK'S CONTEST

ROBBIE C. ANCARROW, Otterburn Springs, Amelia county, Va. GEORGE A. BRUCE, 4081/2 North Eighth Street, city. HAZEL K. DILLARD, 2304 East Broad Street, city.

## WORD OF GREETING AND CONGRATULATION.

The editor wishes to tell the members of the T. D. C. C., in strict confidence, and the Children's Page in The Times-Dispatch of last Sunday could only be exselled by the page which appears to day, the handsomest through its fine illusrations and reading matter of any yet published.

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.

With the beginning of next month, the first of the autumn season, some next striking and original features will be introduced for the benefit of the little and the editor, who is happy to be considered the senior member of the lub. In the meantime, there is only the pleasant task of congratulating young artists and authors, whose productions speak best for themselves as a delightful feature of to-day's Times-Dispatch.

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

### PARTICIPANTS IN THE FIFTH CONTEST.

Adam, Elizabeth Denby, Virginia Lamb, T. Carroll Vincent, Wille Adnearrow Robbie C. De Shazo, W. P.
Arnold, Clarence C. Duke, J. Clarlon
Lewis, Bennett
Smith, Charles F.
Lipscomb, Madeline
Smithson, Ruth B.
Staples, Harris D. Dillard, Hazel K. Alle, Annie L. Archer, Lady M.
Burton, Charlotte
Bowman, Elizabeth
Baker, Mildred
Baker, Mildred
Bassel, Mildred
Bass, Lydia E.
Bass, Lydia E.
Bassel, Brid, Alice W.
Booth, Somerville
Bradshaw, John P.
Blair, Martha W.
Bradley, Louise
Bradshaw, John P.
Blair, Martha W.
Bradley, Louise
Bradshaw, John P.
Blair, Martha W.
Bruce, George A.
Bruce, Marguerite
Bloomberg, C. I.
Barclay, Virginia

Greath Larvey

Gomberg, C. I.
Barclay, Mary A.

Miller, Elizabeth
Minor, Carl
Minor, Ophelia
Minor
Morton, Alla H.
Somerville, Opheroy
Nose, Mary A.
Moseley, Mary A.
Moseley
Mary A. Dudley, Hooper, Louise T. Jarrell, Ispeel Jones, Bland S. Jordan, Hallie M.

Meade, Reuben Miller, Elizabeth

Staples, Harris D. Sledd, J. H., Jr. Shackelford, William St. Claire, Ellen

Copion, Michael Jordan, France M. Ruenour, Louis Watsot Cowherd, Edwinia Jones, Louise Rhoads, Mary K. Walthin Crane, Rena King, Thomas Crumpler, Bessle Kent, Hugh McE. Kent, Hugh McE. Say, Minde Wilde, Davenport, C. W. Loving, Juliette Seay, Minde Whart Davidson, Anna C. Larkin, Walter H. Schaal, Alfred Wiltsh

## Jennie's Christmas Eve.

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

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.

Amidst the happy throng a little ragged waif stood with her little thine white face pressed against the shop window.

The snow was falling fast, and her little bare feet were numb with biting cold. She was bare-headed, and a thin plaid shawl was thrown around her shoulders, She was an orphan. Six Christmas days had passed since her father and mother were laid to rest in the little church yard in Boston. Her grandmother, a very poor old lady, who lived in one of the side streets in New York, was her only relative; naturally the child was sent to live with her.

On this Christmas Eve Jennie, for this was her amme, 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 Christams carols. Jennie had seen nothing but poverty shee 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. How she longed for that doll with the big brown eyes, but good old Santa Claus never visited Jennie's old tumble-down home.

She was attracted by the kind faces

brown eyes, but good old Santa Claus never visited Jennile's old tumble-down home.

She was attracted by the kind faces of the shoppers, who passed to and fro with their arms full of little packages. As the night wore on the air became rolder and colder and little Jennie turned her steps homeward to the little attle room where the north wind /whistled through the wide cracks. She thought of her old straw mattress on which lay provided through the wide cracks. She thought of her old straw mattress on which lay or poor, old, sick grandmother, who would be disappointed by her failure to bring her something to can. 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 his little girl. The glared up into his kind eyes pleadingly. It hope for the light awakened her and she looked up into his kind eyes pleadingly. It hope you will not scold me, sir, 'said Jennie,' I' was so cold and tired.' The kind br, Everet struck with her intelligent face, carried her into a large, comfortable-looking room. Here Jennie saw foar little stockings hanging in a row upon the the stockings hanging in a row upon the hone where home where here is no more pain and suffering. Little Jennie then made her home where hand and she knew by this that four little children were expecting Santa Claus that night. How comfortable she had and she knew by this that four little children were expecting Santa Claus that night. How comfortable she was uncked snugly away in a nice warm bed.

The next morning when Jennie awoke, when the was tucked snugly away in a greatest comfort nice warm bed. The next morning when Jennie awoke, | Farmville, Va.

the sun was shining in very brightly at the large window, and she saw that another stocking had ben added to the four, and a large vellow orange was peeping out at top. About that time the nurse came in and dressed Jennie in some loca clothes. She then had a nice breakfast with the children, who made her feel very much at ease. "I am very happy here," said Jennie, "but granny will be wondering where I have been all night, and she will have no one to give here her breakfast."

After breakfast, nurse and the rive little girls and boys went to see Jennie's grandmother, and carried her a big basket of good things and made her very com-





DRAWN BY A. B. C.

# WINNERS OF MOTHER GOOSE PAINT BOOKS.



### A Rabbit's Advice.

One balmy May day, soon after the trees had put forth a beautiful green foliage, there sat 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, tipping forward. The old rabbit was all alert in a second, but settled quietly back again when he saw only a small rabbit hop up and take a seat by him. Arousing himself from his agoing to give finh a Ristory of his own life, which he thought would profit theyoung one very much. So he began:

"I was born one bleak February morning in a large hollow of an old failen tree. The first thing I saw was a quantity of cabbage leaves, turnips, roots and other eatables laying around. But it was so cold I did not care about eating, and only nestled closer to my brothers and sisters. Whenever my mother went for food she would leave the injunction for us to keep close to the tree. The forest was dark and secluded, where never a hunter or hound did roam. As we grew older a friendly fox offered to teach us to be cunning, so we went to him; and I advise you to go to a fox; you will find it helpful.

"All that summer we roamed about time. That



BY ROBBIE ASTROP, Surry, Va.

some poor rabbit fell prey to it that night, I warn you nover to touch an apple found in the woods like that. But in November heedless to friend Reynard's advice, it was in an old log trap, and had to it it was to heedless to friend Reynard's advice, was in an old log trap, and had to it it was in an old log trap, and had to it it was in the property of the proper poor rabbit fell prey to it that night.

An Acrostic, My first is in vim, but not in rim;
My second is in sit, but not in sat;
My third is in rime, but not in pine;
My fourth is in gum, but not sum;
My fifth is in pineh, but not in lynch;
My skyth is in nic, but not in lyrc;
My seventh is in mire, but not in lyrc;
My seventh is in mire, but not in men;
My whole is the State in which I live,
and my name.
VIRGINIA II, PUGH.
Madisonville, Charlotte county, Va.



LEWIS N. C. BOWERS, Highland Springs, Va.

## Visit to Stratford.

## Mind Your Steps.

George caught sight of a big brown butterfly. "I'll have that fellow," said George. So off he started after the butterfly, hat in hand. Down in the hollow over the haws, away he went at full speed, "Now I've got you said George, making a swoop with his hat.

Well. George did not get the butterfly. I wonder if the butterfly laughed to see him sprawling on the ground. If butterlines can laugh, I think this one did; for it looked on very saucily while George picked himself up.

PEARL POHNSON.



## Our Dog Beauty.

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

JAMES F. JOHNSON, the balance street was traped to the control of the control o 610 Buchanan Street, city,

## Two Violets.

I sought the cobwebb'd shelf of lore, Where sadden'd thought now lay, I sought the course.

Where sadden'd thought now lay entombed;
And found among the tear-stained leaves.
Two violets that once have blosmed.
The one adorned fair Judith's locks,
When hymns were sung and psains did
bloom;
I pluck d the other from the turf,
That marks the spot of Judith's tomb.
That marks the spot of Judith's tomb.
Selected by Louis Cohen,
No. 221 North Seventeenth Street, city,



MISS EDWINA M. COWHERD, Palmyra, Va.

## "Butter."

We have a little calf. His name is Butter. You may wonder why he has this name. One of the two reasons is he buts his mother when she will not let the milk out fast enough to suit him, and when she lets it out too fast he buts her all the harder. The greatest reason is when I go to the barn I find him butting the chickens, and when I go to milk he always buts the milk bucket over.

J. H. SLEDD, JR.

## Out Camping.

It was a cold day in January. When Bessie looked out of the window it was Bessle looked out of the window it was snowing as fast as it could. She stood and was just thinking about her little cousins, when the breakfast bell 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, lier mother told her who gave it to her and she was very glad. I will not write any more for fear it will be too long.



By LOUISE SUTTON, Rio Vista.

We did not want to go home when the JOHN W. CARTER, JR., Martinsville, Va.

## The Farm.

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 friend go down and catch fish and paddle in the oranch. My grandpa has a larse dog; his name is "Bob 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. Sutherlin, Va,

## Home in the Mountains.

John and his father lived in the mountains in a lonely cottage. One day the father went to town to buy some clothes. After a while John ran outdoors to pull 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 slot at him and killed him.

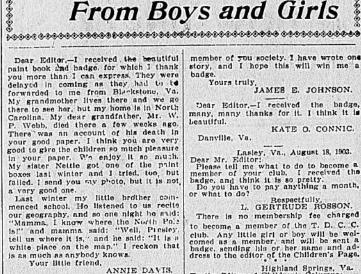
After awhile John's father came home and the men for saving his boy. CITARLIE JOHNSON.

Richmond, Va.

## SONG OF THE GRASS

"Peeping, peeping, here and there. In lawn and meadows everywhere, Coming up to find the spring. And hear the robin redbreast sing; And hear the robin redbreast sing; Creeping under children's feet, Glancing at the violets sweet. Growing into tiny bewere. Growing into tiny bewere. For the dainty meadow flowers; We are small, but think a minute were small, but think a minute of a world with no grass in it!"

MAGGIE MILLER.



MAMMA SPIDER - "OH CHILDREN! SEEWHAT HAS DROPPED

INTO OURWER- A BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHES HOUSE.

Some Letters Received

WAT WHAT WE WEED"

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 will finish it and send it to you. Send me a badge, please.

T will fillish to the me a badge, please.
Yours very truly,
JOHN W. CARTER, Jr.,

Dear Sir,-I would like to become a

Yours truly, RUTH TATE CHERRY,

The Flight of the Snow.

BY NANNIE HALL.

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, lood and clothins. But when he saw people buying silks and wine, she would not give them anything. We must spend our money to de good if we are wise.

LQUISE BRADELY,

LOUISE BRADELY.

The life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness

And out of light
Into darkness again,
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain

Box 189, Martinsville, Va

badge.
Yours truly,
JAMES E. JOHNSON. Dear Editor,-I received the badge, many, many thanks for it. I think it is beautiful.

Lasley, Va., August 18, 1903. Editor:

Lasley, Va., August 18, 1965.

Dear Mr. Editor:
Please tell me what to do to become a member of your club. I received the backe, and think it is so pretty.
Do you have to pay anything a month, or what to do?

Respectfully. L. GERTRUDE ROSSON There is no membership fee charged to become a member of the T. D. C. C.

club. Any little girl or boy will be wel-comed as a member, and will be sent a badge, sending his or her name and ad-dress to the editor of the Children's Page. Highland Springs, Va-To the Editor of Children's Columns:

The pleasure the Mother Goose hook give me you can imagine. I went straight up to have my ploture taken to send you. I will wear my badge, too. Thanking you for noticing such a small boy, I am

Very respectfully.

LEWIS N. C. BOWERS.

August, 18th day.

Editor Children's Page:
Dear Sir,—I received my badge, and
was very glad to get it. I thank you
very much for it. so I'll send another
pleture which I hope will be good enough
for me to get a prize.
Yours truly,
ROBERT E. DUVAL,
605 North Kenney Street, city.

### "In the Public Garden." Bessie's Surprise.

so tired!"

It was so into 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.

"You can sit here and rest," said her friend.

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

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

"Walk along!" repeated Bessle, "Why, don't you see I'm a little flower growing in a vase!"

"Very well, if you are a little flower I will pick you and take you home."

"Oh," cried Bessle, "but you are forbidden to pick flowers in the Public Garden, you know!"

"W. Twentyskith St. Richmond.

MARIE ADELLE TAYLOR 307 N. Twenty-sixth St., Richmond

## Hunting Experience.

...One day last fall I thought I would go squirrel hunting, so I shouldered my gun and wilked down to Bell's farm, went down into the woods and sat down on the fence that ran through the woods a little while. Presectly I heard hickory hulls fulling. I went on down there and s.t down on a little tree that had fallen down; and the squirrels commenced barking. After a little while I saw his eye through the leaves. I leveled my gun and blought him down. He had a ploce of hickory in his mouth. I picked him up and went on home very well pleased although I had craned my neck tired.

ROBERT ASTROP.

RUBERT ASTROP.

Surry, Va.

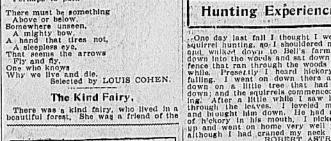
## Misfortunes of a Little Girl.

I know a little girl that never knows where to find her things. Her stockings and shoes hide away and sho begins to cry for her mother, to look for them. Her dress hides away in a muss. 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 beu. This is a lesson for you to learn to nut your things in the right place. No evening sport for you. It's ory, cry "Oh, mamma, let me go out!" "No! You must go to bed." z z zzzz BEATRICE LOWRY.

Out in the garden, wee Elsie, Was gathering flowers for me, "O manma" site orled, "hurry, hurry, Here's something I want you to see."

I went to the window before her.
A velvet wing butter flow,
And the painess themselves were not
brighter,
Than the beautiful creature in hue.

"Oh! isn't it pretty?" cried Eisle, With eager and wondering eyes, As she watched it soor lazily upward, Against the soft blues of the skies,





The Winged Pansy.

"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 MEADS!