

ARTISTIC WORK DONE BY THE T. D. C. C. MEMBERS



OVER THE TEACUPS.
Rosalind Jennings.

WINNERS OF PAINT BOOKS IN 7TH WEEK'S CONTEST

VIRGINIA ROSE ROBERTSON, 1206 Decatur St., Manchester, Va.
MARGARET J. TYLER, Sturgeon's Point, Va.
RAYMOND A. VONDERLEHR, 120 West Clay St., Richmond, Va.

September has come, and many of the T. D. C. C. members who have been spending their vacation out of town and enjoying the pleasures of country life, will come back to town with the advent of autumn and make ready for school and school work.
The editor hopes that there is an autumn and winter of much enjoyment ahead of the club. During the present month some new features will be developed and new incentives offered to young authors and artists.
In the meanwhile, the number and originality of drawings sent in contribute to render the club page very bright and attractive. The stories are not a bit behind the drawings in clearness, so that many grown people, as well as the little ones, find much to admire in the children's department of The Times-Dispatch.
A drawing sent in by a little girl from Hilton Head, S. C., and an application for membership from another living in New York city shows its wide scope and the growing interest which it excites.
And all of these things go into the sum of good which makes happy the heart of the editor.

PARTICIPANTS IN SEVENTH CONTEST.

- | | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| Anearrow, Robbie C. | Cook, Audrey N. | Larkin, Walter H. | Stansbury, Ruth |
| Adkins, C. Ruth | Coplin, Michael | Lester, Daisy | Smith, Jessie |
| Bass, Estelle | Crowder, Adeline | Lawrence, Ethel | Taylor, Gervase S. |
| Bird, Alice O. | Crumpler, Bessie | Long, Marie | Taylor, Alma C. |
| Bloomberg, Louis | Davis, Nellie L. | Lynn, Mary Smith | Taylor, Annie L. |
| Bloomberg, Alma | Duke, J. Clarion | Martin, Mildred R. | Thasley, May |
| Brown, Charles A. | Dearheart, John B. | McComie, Kate O. | Turner, Bessie C. |
| Bugz, T. H., Jr. | Flanagan, L. O. | McDowell, Emily | Tutwiler, Mary E. |
| Bruce, Payson | French, E. L. | Merced, Cabell | Tyler, Margaret J. |
| Burton, Nina L. | Gayle, Reginald C. | Monsell, Helen | Wright, Edith M. |
| Brown, Helen S. | Gayle, Jessie M. | Nuckolls, Ethel | Vonderlehr, E. A. |
| Carrington, A. C. | Gentry, Marion P. | Payne, Edith C. | Watkins, Jessie S. |
| Carter, John W. | Gilliam, Edgar L. | Peck, Charles B. | Wharton, Ethel |
| Chackwick, Bessie | Hall, Nannie | Robertson, V. R. | Williams, James C. |
| Chackwick, Nellie | Harman, Amy R. | Rhoads, M. K. | Williams, A. C. |
| Chackwick, Willie | Johnson, Leon | Ruffin, Carrie K. | Wootton, Clara B. |
| Chackwick, Emma | Kain, Michael | Sewell, Louise | Wootton, Clara B. |
| | Kendrick, Inez | Schnellenberg, G. S. | Yancey, Bertie |



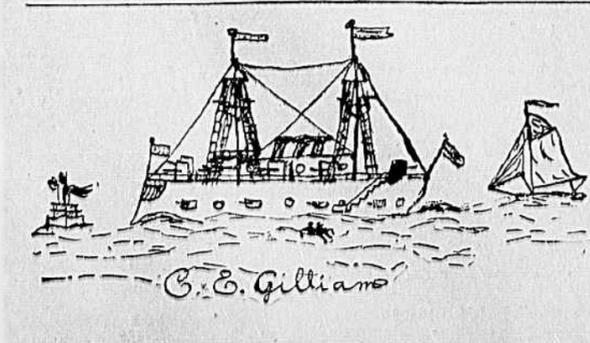
The Bottle Race.
AUTHOR'S NAME NOT GIVEN.

Spiteful.

Long, long time ago there lived a family about a mile from any habitation. It was in the far away mountains. This family lived in a lovely castle at the foot of a mountain by a small lake. They were very rich, and the castle was hundreds and hundreds of years old, and on the mountain above the castle was a huge poplar tree, and an old witch lived in the tree. When the tree was in bloom she was good to every one. There were two boys who lived at the castle and they had three sisters. One of the boys was very handsome and could be pleasant whenever he liked, but that was not often. The other boy was unlike his brother. He was kind and gentle and every one loved him. He was ugly, but that was not noticed. The old witch hated any one who was mean and spiteful. She especially hated this rich boy who was so handsome and who seemed to think he was King of all. He had displeased the old witch many times, and she was seeking revenge. The little lake was the favorite resort of this boy. He would bathe every day in the lake, and would row until he was tired. The witch decided to live in the lake instead of the tree, and on all stormy days she thought she would have the whole lake to herself. This boy seemed

A Visit to the Country.

About three weeks ago I went to the country to stay with grandma. I have just come home. I had a very nice time. I met one of my little cousins and we had a fine time together. She lives at Newport News, but is at her aunt's now. Her name is Lucille. I went over to see her one morning and we went down into the water and got wet, then she would sit down into the deepest part. Another day I went to see her and we went in bathing. We had a jolly time. I tell you. When we came back, we went in Cousin Willie's watermelon patch, and how we did enjoy the melons. I have gotten my badge and think it is very pretty. From your little friend,
GLADYS PARKER,
Aug. 27, 1903.



B. E. Gilliam

Chased by Gypsies.

One bright, sunny afternoon, after school hours, I was passing along a quiet street. I saw a crowd gathered at a back gate.
On inquiring the cause I found that a band of gypsies had rented the house and were quartered there for the winter. While standing there a crowd of boys commenced to throw stones into the gypsies' yard. Without warning, a gypsy ran out of the house, followed by an immense dog, ran right into the crowd of boys, scattering them right and left. Knowing that he would take me for one that had meddled, I ran with the rest and found refuge beneath an old colored woman's dining table.
She told the house and I heard her talking to the gypsy. Knowing that she would give me away, I went out to explain to the gypsy that I was not one of those who throw the stones. He grabbed me by the shoulder but turned me loose when he found that I was not gully.
When I told mother about the affair she simply said:
"Always mind your own business and you will get on far better."
JENNIE LOUISE SEAWELL.

Thrilling Adventures of a Little Girl.

Two miles and a half from Westover the public road is cut in two by a creek which we call a wade.
It has a thick plank across it about 12 feet from the bottom.
Several years ago a young married couple were crossing the wade in a buggy. The horse went too far up the stream and turned the vehicle over. The horse was drowned. Man like, the man saved himself but let his wife go to a watery grave.
One cold, stormy day in winter, when the water reached the plank, two girls were crossing. The stream, Ruth, who was smaller, was in front. Becoming dizzy she accidentally walked off the plank and fell into the creek. She was in the water for some time. Several men saw it but had no boat and by this time the storm was raging. At last a brave dog named "Bird" plunged into the foamy waves, caught Ruth by her clothes and made leap after leap for the shore. The current was so strong against him that it took some time for him to reach it, and when he did he was exhausted. Then he barked loudly until some of the soldiers am' coming. Everything was in such confusion. While they were there they killed my mamma's white hen. How her little heart ached!
I won't say which soldiers they were, because there were good and bad on both sides.
HAZEL K. DILLARD.

My Cabin Home.

I see it yet, my cabin home,
The log house of the olden days;
I see it yet, the fireplace, wide,
Casts over all its mellow glow.
The noble ship that brought us o'er;
The grand old ship, that set us free,
That gave us liberty, or more.
I see them yet, the old, old days,
The happy days of old;
My cabin home my country now,
The stories 'round the fireside told.
BESSIE CHADWICK.

Lucy and the Weasel.

Lucy lived in the county, and had a wadey of ducks and chickens, which she fed every day. One morning she went first to the duck lot. The old black woman who took care of the fowls met her at the door.
"Just look here, honey," she said, and pointing within, showed her three cut little ducks with their throats out. Ten chickens lay dead in the henhouse and poor Lucy did not know what to think of it all.
"O antie! what did it do? What killed them?" she asked, beginning to cry.
"The weasel, honey, he came and took care of 'em. He is very happy in each other's society.
Moral: Be brave, courageous and true to the stern and temptations of life and great will be your reward."
CARRIE K. RUFFIN,
Westover P. O., Va.



E. M. Taylor

A Kind Heart.

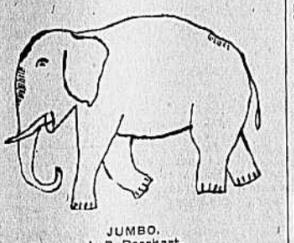
One day two little children were riding horseback, and they were a little pecking bird lying in the middle of the road. The girl said: "Brother, will you stop here and let me get that poor little bird?"
"Come on here if you are going with me, and let the bird alone," answered the boy, and rode on. The little girl rode on for a short distance, then she thought, suppose that was me lying there and how I would like for some one to take me home. She turned around without saying a word to her brother, and went back to the bird. The child looked at the girl and moaned. The child picked up the bird and laid it in her lap and went on back home. Her mother asked her where was Tommy. The girl answered: "Mother, I left Tommy in the road." Her mother looked at the bird and said: "That's a very kind hearted little bird. It destroys a great many fowls in a single night to obtain their blood."
HON. HELLER.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY SAYS.

When the skies are clear and blue,
I run all over the field, I do;
And when night comes, rest my head
Right on my little feather-bed.
THE OLD WELL,
Helen S. Brown.

MASTER ALFRED C. BARROW.

One of the cleverest young artists belonging to the Times-Dispatch Contributors' Club—Master Alfred C. Barrow, of Blackstone, Va., is requested to always sign his drawings with his name in full. This is the best way to avoid mistakes which are liable to occur. The Editor regrets the fact that a drawing entitled "The Bottle Race" was sent in this week unassigned, so that credit could not be given where it is due.



JUMBO.
J. B. Dearhart.

The Little White Hen.

Many years ago during the Civil War my mamma went to spend Christmas with her grandfather and grandmother, who lived at dear old Lester Manor. Mamma had always lived in Richmond. Her cousins had written to her what a good time they had on Christmas day, so she was very anxious to be at her grandfather's at that time. She could hardly wait for the day to come. She did not know she had so many cousins and grandfathers. They had such a happy time. One day my mamma went over to see the Indians at the reservation. One of the squaws gave her a lovely white hen, which she left at Lester Manor when she came back to Richmond. The next summer when she went down there again, her little white hen had made a nest on the river bank and it was full of lovely eggs. My mamma plunged into the foamy waves, caught Ruth by her clothes and made leap after leap for the shore. The current was so strong against him that it took some time for him to reach it, and when he did he was exhausted. Then he barked loudly until some of the soldiers am' coming. Everything was in such confusion. While they were there they killed my mamma's white hen. How her little heart ached!
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HAZEL K. DILLARD.

Tom's Carelessness--- How It Was Cured.

There was a little boy named Tom, who went to school. When he came home one evening his mother asked him if he wanted to go down town with her. He said "yes," and threw his books on the stairs and went on. When his little sister, Nell, came down she stumbled over the books, fell and broke her arm. She was sick for many weeks. When Tom came home he felt very sorry and never left his books there again.
LOUISE ROUNTREE,
1025 W. Grace Street,
Richmond, Va.

Sunlight.

Over hills and meadows
Comes a sudden, brightening gleam,
Of sunlight on the hill side
Of sunlight on the stream.
And the darkened shadows lighten
As the smiling clouds roll by,
And the golden sun has risen,
From his lofty bed on high.
And the purple shadows lengthen
As the sunlight goes to rest,
On his throne of crimson
In the fleecy west.
NELLIE CHADWICK.

NEW CURE For Cancer is Discovered in White of Egg and Phosphorus.

Consul-General Frank H. Mason reports to the State Department that at the clinic of Prof. Dr. Ernst von Leyden, of the faculty of the Friedrich Wilhelm University, in Berlin, there are now in progress tests with a preparation for the treatment of persons afflicted with cancerous disease. The preparation was invented by Dr. Julius Gnezda, a scientist who has made various contributions to physiological chemistry, and who read, among other papers, a thesis at the International Medical Congress, held at Washington in 1887, on the subject of cobra poison.
The facts which led Dr. Gnezda to prepare the substance in question were as follows:—The beneficial effect of Fowler's solution on patients with cancer of the stomach, already observed and recorded by other physicians, was followed by Gnezda in successive portions. The product was allowed to stand until cool, and there was then added twenty grams of anhydrous phosphorus. The mixture was washed out until the wash water gave neither a reaction for arsenic nor

Elsie's Birthday.

It was a lovely day in September and Elsie Morgan was having a party out on the lawn. She was twelve years old and had six girls and six boys.
Her father was a wealthy man and her mother, Mrs. Morgan, was going to have a real nice supper. There were sandwiches and chocolate in pretty china cups, ice-cream and cake and everything lovely time and when they went home they each had a lovely time.
Yours truly,
INEZ MERRYDEN,
107 East Marshall Street, city.



READY FOR RIDING.
By J. C. Wilkinson.

Summer is Coming.

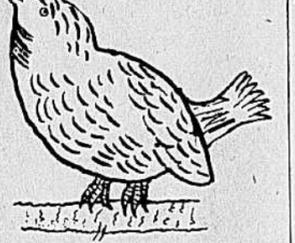
Summer is nigh—
How do I know?
Why, the very day
A robin sat on a lilting spray
And merrily sang a song of May.
From the rippling brook,
And a titit peeped out
I'm in his place 'till 'o'.

Willie's Robin.

Soft and quiet, soft and slow,
Trow it falls, the feathery snow:
On the lawn, and on the hedge,
And on Willie's window ledge;
On the roof above his head,
And his low-edged garden-bed;
And the steps where Robin comes
Every day for Willie's crumbs;
Now, while Willie lies asleep
In his little crib, will keep
Falling, falling soft and slow,
All night long, the pretty snow.
INEZ KENDRICK,
423 West Main St.,
Richmond, Va.

Our Pet Dog.

I have a small dog. His name is Hoppy. He is very wild, and does every sort of thing he gets hold of. When he



LITTLE WREN.
W. E. Chadwick.

gets into the garden he breaks the ferns, puts the flowers then runs away.
Once my brother Benny had a small wagon and we hitched Hoppy to it. When Benny rode a short distance Hoppy broke the wagon then he ran away. We never saw him for two days, then he came home.
MIKE COPLON.

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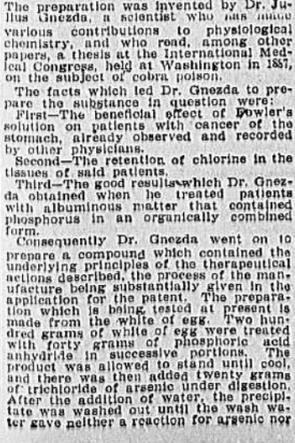
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Of sunlight on the stream.
And the darkened shadows lighten
As the smiling clouds roll by,
And the golden sun has risen,
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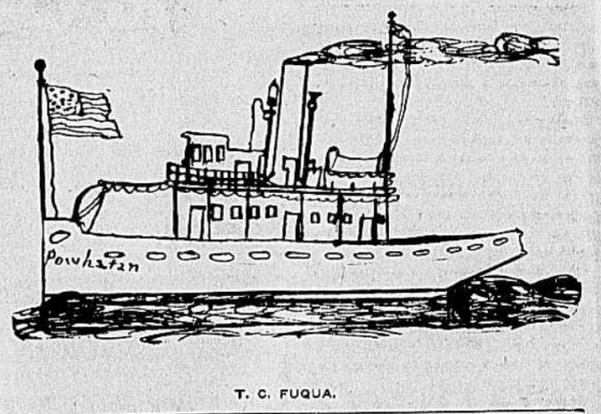


The old Home.
BY EMMA CHADWICK.

Some Letters Received From Boys and Girls

Otterburn Springs, Amelia, Va., August 27, 1903.
Dear Sir—Enclosed please find the "House That Jack Built" picture. I want to thank you for the prize which I won, which was much nicer than I thought it would be. I did not have a picture of myself, which I could send you, but may be I will send you one later.
Yours truly,
ROBBIE C. ANCARROW.
Richmond, Va., August 26, 1903.
Mr. Editor:
I send you this Mother Goose Puzzle picture I painted myself, and I hope it will take the prize for me. I am a little boy nearly seven years old, and my little brother and I watch for The Times Dispatch every Sunday. We like to look at the pictures, and I hope you will send me a Mother Goose book, so we can look at the pictures in it.
Your little boy,
RAYMOND VONDERLEHR,
120 West Clay Street.
Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Dear Editor: I send you a colored picture, which I hope will take a prize. Please send me a badge.
I was riding my wheel down the road and a rut and skinned my knee, and had to ride home with one foot.
ABRAM C. CARRINGTON.
Dear Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
I'm a little girl eight years old. I'm sending in a picture and a piece of poetry, and have colored the picture "The House That Jack Built."
HELEN MONSELL.

skin suit worn from Fort Smith to the Oklahoma line. All the Indians ride in wagons—and some of them play the piano, dance with other novel views of civilization. The tomahawk and spears show it to be part of the government exhibit. It can't hurt the government, whereas, Indian Territory has a reputation to establish. There will be no noble red men of the forest in grassy pastures and Connecticut bands, except those that are paid \$5 a day and expenses in the government store clothes and with a perambulator. Their names have been changed by Hamilton Garland, and Blue Thunder doesn't know a calumet when he sees it; he prefers stories himself. The "lore of the woods" is long since lost, and the only trail that the red man can now recognize with any certainty is that of a self-

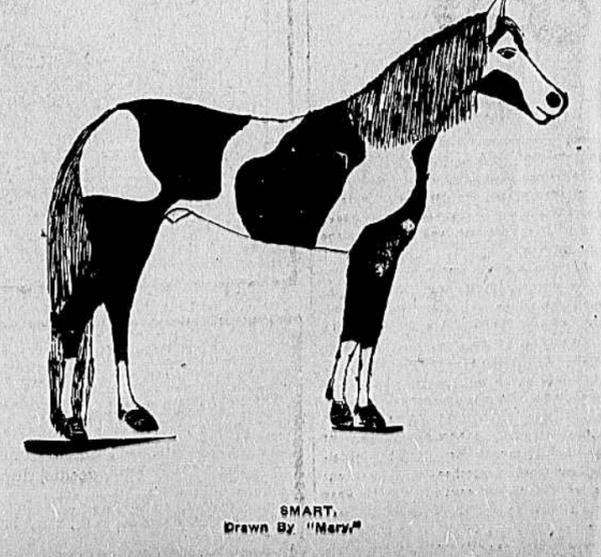


T. C. FUQUA.

ture, irritation of the stomach or weakening of the heart action.
In special regard to persons with cancer of the stomach, it has been observed that vomiting ceased and that the pains in the abdomen disappeared.
On the question whether or how far alkarkine is likely to have a direct local influence on the cancerous growth, Dr. Gnezda does not wish to declare definitely at present, but experiments on growths taken from post-mortems have shown that there actually existed an interaction between the constituents of the growth and alkarkine.—Washington letter in New York Tribune.

INDIAN TERRITORY NOT SPECTACULAR

Indian Territory does not intend to be "typical" at the World's Fair. She is not coming in turkey feathers and a red blanket. Indian Territory wishes it known that peg-top trousers and patent leather shoes are to be seen there as everywhere else, and there isn't a buck-



SMART.
Drawn by "Mary."