SOME ADVICE TO MEMBERS OF CLUB

Dear Children of the Club:

As several members sent in last week unsigned notes and articles, I am publishing rules again. Miss Edith Baker's story this week was unsigned, and Master Henry Taylor wrote for a badge without giving an address. So here are the rules, with one regarding the length of stories added:

CLUB RULES.

1. Sign everything sent in—letters, stories, puzzles and drawings—with full name and address.

2. Write on one side of the paper only. Write legibly and distinctly. Leave a space for the heading and the first paragraph of a story.

3. In writing puzzles put the puzzles and the answers on separate pages of paper, sending both in together and signing each.

4. In sending in drawings, be sure to sign them in full. It makes no difference if you send several contributions in the same envelope—sign each with full address.

5. Do not send in stories over five hundred words in length, or divide them into chapters of that length, sending in one chapter at a time, and repeating the title and signature at each sending.

WINNERS FOR THE WEEK.

Louise H. McGraw, Andersonville, Va., for puzzle called "Mary and Her Lamb."
Miss Gena Goode, Boydton, Va., for "Buster Brown" drawing.
Payson R. Bruce, 408½ North Eighth Street, city, for coat-of-arms puzzle.

CONTRIBUTORS FOR WEEK.

Alexander, Roy C., Brent, Helen, Baker, Edith, Bedinger, Sadie, Beal, Sue P., Bristow, Nannie L., Bruce, Payson R., Bottigheimer, H., Crowder, Lucile, Childress, A. M., Droste, Herman, Doswell, M., Jr., Dillard, Sara B., Dillard, Maude, Dillard, Martha, Davis, Annie, Duffel Henry, Duffel, Celeste, Dietz Frieda, Dimmock, M. S., Foss, Selma, Goodman, Annie, Goode, Gena, Kelly, Kathleen, King, Blanche T., Leary, Nora, Lear, Mary, McGraw, Louise H., Murray, Gertrude, Metzger, Charles, Plewes, Charlotte, Peers, Azile, Pannill, Thenia, Pearce, Pauline, Ragland, Lucy P., Reid, Elizabeth, Ramos, Jose B, Reid, Ida, Staton, Lewis, Scott, Eleanor C., Smith, Dorothy M., Taylor, Henry P., Taliaferro, Lucy N., West, Joseph, Williams, Roy G., Wharton, Oneida C., Williams, J., Winn, Elizabeth J., Walthour, S. G.

THE PALMEROY TWINS.

In a little village there was an academy The principal of the academy offered a medal for the one who wrote the best essay. The girls would read their essays at the close of school.

Of course, the pupils began writing their papers about two months before the commencement in order to do their very best work. They found the work very tiresome, as the weather was warm.

Vic and Van Palmeroy were twin sisters, sixteen years of age. They were attending this school for the last year. The next year they expected to enter college.

The girls lived only a short distance from the academy. They lived in a colonial house, with its massive pillars front. The lawn, with its huge oaks, reminded one of ante-bellum days.

On the day the principal told them of the contest after the school work was over the girls hurried homeward to begin on their essays.

After four weeks of hard work they finished their papers and put them in their trunks, as they thought that would be the safest place for them. They found that they felt so much better to know that the essays were written. About four days before commencement, the girls went to their trunks to get the papers, so that they could practice reading them before their concert. They hunted their trunks and the room, but to their dismay the papers could not be found.

First they ran to their mother to see if she had seen anything of them. But their mother did not know anything about them. Finally they called their little sister, Pattie, who was six years old, into the room to see if she knew anything about them.

After questioning her, they found that she, not knowing that they were of any importance, had taken the essays and had made paper dolls out of them, and after she was tired playing with the dolls she threw the fragments into the fire. She showed them the ribbon with which they were tied.

The poor girls were so worried to think that the essays which they had worked so hard over were now destroyed.

Vic at once said that she was not going to write another one, that she had not memorized the one which she had written and could not go through the toil and anxiety of writing another out of her own head, but she was going to borrow an essay from a friend of hers, who had just graduated. She, therefore, went to her friend's house immediately, and her friend lent her an essay entitled "The Seven Wonders of the World."

Van said that she was not going to do as Vic had done; that she was not going to read other people's work, and pretend it was her own. Therefore, she began at once writing her paper. She had to work very hard on hers, but at the time of the concert, her paper was finished. The subject of her's was "Never Be Discouraged."

It was a beautiful night in June, a splendid night for a concert, and the hall of the academy was crowded with friends and spectators. There were so many people present that some of the audience had to stand.

The girls who were going to read their essays were dressed in white. The judges sat on the stage.

In a short time, "The Seven Wonders of the World," by Miss Vic Palmeroy, was called out. The people were very much pleased with Vic's essay. Not long after Vic read her essay, Van read her's. She was much applauded, and the judges seemed well pleased. After the essays were read, the principal arose and announced that the medal would be given to Miss Van Palmeroy, reader and composer of "Never Be Discouraged." Van came forward to receive the medal, her face crimson with blushes, and her heart filled with joy at the honor conferred. She appreciated it so much because she know thart she had done her own work, and had not simply read the essay of another.

It taught the pupils of the academy a lesson, and Van Palmeroy never forgot the lesson which she had learned, which was to rely upon herself and do the best she could under all circumstances.

ANNIE GOODMAN,
Ballsville, Va.

ONLY AN UMBRELLA.

The rain fell in torrents as Belle Carter hurried along without an umbrella. She was becoming drenched when she glanced up and met the gaze of a young man. He advanced and offered to share her his umbrella, which she was only too glad to accept. For a while they walked on in silence, then she remarked on how hard it rained.

"Yes, this weather is very bad."

"Now how am I to 'get across that crossing?" she asked.

"I will set these stones so as you can cross without getting your feet wet."

"Thank you. Now I think I can get over all right." So saying she stepped to the first stone, but slipped and would have fallen had he not caught her and set her straight again.

"Ah, that was so awkward in me."

"No it was my fault, I did not set the stone solid enough."

The other side was reached without further delay.

The rest of the way was spent in silence.

Her home was reached and she thanked him for the use of his umbrella.

He could not sleep that night for thinking of the young lady he had seen home that day, and wondering who she could be.

II.

John Fenton was at Mme. Mortimer's ball. He looked about to see if he could find the face that he had been looking for, for the last month, but failed.

Oh! Mr. Fenton here you are, I have been looking for you all over the room, I want you meet my friend. Come.

John followed her across the room and came face to face with—Miss Carter—Mr. Fenton. After this introduction Mme. Mortimer withdrew.

"Shall I have the honor of dancing the next set with you?"

"Yes, if you desire it."

John could not help but admire her; she was of medium height, dark hair and eyes, with long curling lashes, and was dressed to suit the occasion.

After dancing that set he asked her if she would enjoy walking through the conservatory, to which she answered in the affimative.

He offered her his arm; the two walked about and talked for more than an hour. They then went back to the ballroom, where Belle was almost instantly surrounded by young men begging for the next waltz.

John waltzed with several other young ladies, but enjoyed none as much as he did the one with Belle.

III.

John Fenton was desperately in love with Belle Carter.

He called and asked her father's permission to try and win Belle's heart, and hand in matrimony. It was granted.

John Fenton was a man of good means. His father left him bonds and securities to theount of seven hundred thousand dollars.

Belle and John were out automobiling. As they rode slowly along country roads he whispered to her words of love, and ere long was asked, the momentous question.

IV.

The wedding took place on just the same sort of day, exactly a year later, as when they met. "'Twas a swell affair." The ceremony was performed at 10 A. M., because the couple had to catch the morning steamer for Europe. As the steamer moved off, and Belle and John were alone he gave her a kiss and said: "Thanks to that umbrella, for without it I would probably never have met you to love you as I do. I have it now at the bottom of my trunk, but when I get home I will have a glass case made for it and put it where I can see it whenever I enter the house, and it will make me remember the first real happy day of my life, which will keep me from being cross."

If perchance you should call at the home of his great grandson and ask for a story, he will tell you this one, and show you an old glass case which contains "Only an umbrella."

The end.

EDITH BAKER,
Charlottesville, Va.

MY FIRST DAYS AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

(Continued.)

I found myself in a small, rather pretty room, furnished in blue and white. There were two small white iron bedsteads, and I wondered what the girl who would occupy the other would be like.

Feeling utterly miserable, I unlocked my trunk and took out a white dress, which I put on. Hardly had I completed my toilet when a loud gong sounded through the house, and I heard doors being opened and many voices, and the sound of footsteps going down the stairs. I opened my door and followed the long line of girls into the great dining-room, which had a long table with a row of chairs on either side. Seated at the head of the table was Mrs. Willard; at the foot her sister, Mrs. Grymes, while in the middle on either side was another teacher. I was placed between two girls who were old pupils of Mrs. Willard's, and who chattered to each other across me throughout the whole meal. I felt very strange and uncomfortable, but was comforted a little by seeing a good many other faces around me, which I knew by their expression to belong to new girls.

After supper we all went into a long, wide room, with easy chairs scattered here and there, tables with magzines and books on them, and with a glowing fire at one end in a huge fireplace, for though only September, the nights were chilly.

All of the new girls were taken around and introduced, and at last I found myself talking to a sweet, brown-haired girl of about eighteen, whose name was Hilda Greyly, and who was an old inmate of Mrs. Willard's.

At about half-past ten the girls began going to their rooms, and I went upstairs and soon crawled into bed, feeling very homesick and lonly, but before many minutes was fast asleep.

(To be Concluded Next Week).

By ELEANOR C. SCOTT.
Box 127, New River, Va.

A WALK TO THE WOODS.

One fine summer afternoon I, accompanied by some of my friends, went for a walk in the woods. We had not gone far when we heard the tinkle of a cowbell, and we knew it was old Daisy, who was in the meadow grazing. We passed the meadow and continued our walk. Presently we came to a pond, where some ducks were swimming. How beautiful they looked as they go swimming lazily about! It was amusing to notice how graceful they are on the water and how awkward they are on the land. We left the pond and ducks, and at last came to the woods.

We wended our way through trees and shrubs and came to the brook where we were soon engaged in conversation. The brook was bordered on both sides by weeping willows that seemed to be mourning for some lost one gone beyond recall. The gentle murmuring of the brook, the birds singing sweetly in the branches overhead; the trees and ferns all had a charm, and we paused to see if it was not a dream and would soon vanish away However, it was only for a moment, and we were soon talking in earnest. Our conversation drifted to the value of the trees about us, and how fast our woods were disappearing, and being made into various articles for the use of man. Twilight began to gather around us, and we were soon hurrying on our way home.

By ANNIE DAVIS,
507 S. Belvidere Street, city.

THE MILK MAID.

A milkmaid did her work well. So one day her mistress gave her a pail of milk. You may sell this milk and buy something for yourself. The girl put the pail on her head and started to town.

"What a lucky girl I am," she said to herself. "I will sell this milk and buy some eggs. I will put the eggs under a hen and she will hatch a fine brood of chickens. I will feed my chickens until they grow to be fine hens. I will sell my hens and buy a fine dress. It must be silk, and I think it shall be green. Yes, a green silk dress. How fine I shall look in it! I will be too grand to speak to the other maids on the farm. When I go by them I will not even look at them. I will just toss my head, like this." She gave her head a toss and down came the milk, with all her great hopes.

CELESTE DUFFEL,
Address Ascension Parish, La.

A SONG OF THE WOODS.

Oh, sing me a song of the dark, dark, woods,
Of the whispering leaves on the trees
That gossip away through the night and the day,
When stirred by a wandering breeze.

Oh, sing me a song of the birds that dwell
In the tops of the trees so tall,
How the nests are built, of their cheerful lilt,
As they answer each other's call.

Oh, sing me a song of the little brook
That floweth rippling down,
O'er its little bed from its fountain head,
Making a tinkling sound.

Oh, sing me a song of the fish that swim
In a pool of the little stream,
How the coats of mail are made of scale
That doth very brightly gleam.

Oh, sing me a song of the creatures that live
In the underbrush and brake,
Of the timid kind, and the clever blind,
That they for their safety make.

Composed by HENRY P. TAYLOR.

SUMMER.

Of all the four seasons of the year I like best is the good old summer time.

Just think of the many places to amuse one in the summer. All the little children like summer the best, because they can go to visit their kindred in the summer. I think all little boys and girls like to go to the county the best in vacation because there is so many things to amuse one in the county. First, there is the wild flowers to gether; second, to go bathing in some shady place; third, to go blackberrying and huckleberryin; fourth, to climb the fruit trees, and many other things too numerous to mention. I have been living in the country for nearly a year, and I like the summer the best.

Wishing the T. D. C. C. members a happy and joyful summer, I remain as ever a member of the club,

AZILE PEERS.
Robious, Va.

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese are a thrifty nation. They are small, but they beat the large. They keep pushing ahead. Their skin is yellow and they have small black eyes. They are very small, but they are strong. They are beating the big old Russians now, and in the end I hope they will conquer. Long ago they would not open their ports to foreign commerce, but now they have. Some of the people dress in loose sacks. They live principally upon rice, and they can live upon about a handful of it (rice) a day. They get about 10 cents a day for working (the common laborer). Japan's old enemy (China) is now helping her out with her struggle with Russia. They are right and Russia is wrong. I hope they may get the peace which the other nations are trying to form between them.

Your sincere member,

SUE PERCYE BEAL,
R. F. D. No. 1 Tunstall, Va.

"OUR PICNIC."

We all went on a picnic last Friday and had a fine time. We played games, and some of the grown people joined in, and we played a long time. Then we ate dinner and we ate fried chicken and lots of other things by the wholesale. After dinner, about 3 o'clock, we went bathing to a bathing pool near by. We had a very good time in the water until we were getting ready to come out, when papa dropped his eyeglasses and we couldn't find them. But we had a good time all the same.

Yours very truly,

HERMAN DROSTE,
Elmont, Va.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WILLIE AND JOHN.

Willie and John live in the country with their Aunt Mary. John would split wood, bring water and make the fires. Willie would go in the field and play ball or marbles until it was meal time. Aunt Mary loved them both. She would make them pies, cakes and other good things. After dinner they would go in the woods with other boys and stay until dark. Willie was sorry when September came, because he wanted to continue to stay, but John was anxious for school to open, because he was anxious to learn.

By (MASTER) ROY C. ALEXANDER,
115 E. Leigh Street, City.

GROUP OF FINE DRAWINGS BY OUR CLUB MEMBERS.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Coat of Arms Puzzle.

Coat of Arms Puzzle, by Payson Reeve Bruce, 408 1-2 North Eighth Street.

What words form the motto on the shield?
First stroke of F—combat.
Top stroke of F—glory.
Short stroke of F—a vehicle.
The stroke of I—a place of rest.
First stroke of D—belief.
Curved stroke of D—a weapon.
First stroke of E—A musical instrument.
Top stroke of E—a brave man.
Middle stroke of E—a deer.
Bottom stroke of E—grit.
The first stroke of L—a dart.
Bottom stroke of L—untamed.
The stroke of J—struck.
The stroke of S—brave.

Conundrums.

1 Legs I have, but seldom walk;
I backbite all, yet never talk.
2 I came to a field and couldn't get through it;
So I went to school and learned how to do it.
3 What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet?
4 Spell "Adam's Express Company" with three letters.
5 When did Moses sleep five in a bed?
6 Why was Noah like a hungry cat?

MARTHA G. DILLARD,
Dulce, Va.

Flower Puzzle.

1 L-V-O-T-I-E.
2 A-D-Y-S-J.
3 L-G-F-A.
4 P-R-T-U-B-E-C-T-C.
5 A-B-B-V-E-N-E-R.
6 D-G-R-M-I-O-A-L.

LUCY NELSON TALIAFERRO,
17 South Third Street, Richmond, Va.

Mary and Her Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow.

And I guess you all know the rest of the rhyme. The puzzle is how did Mary's little lamb follow her to school.

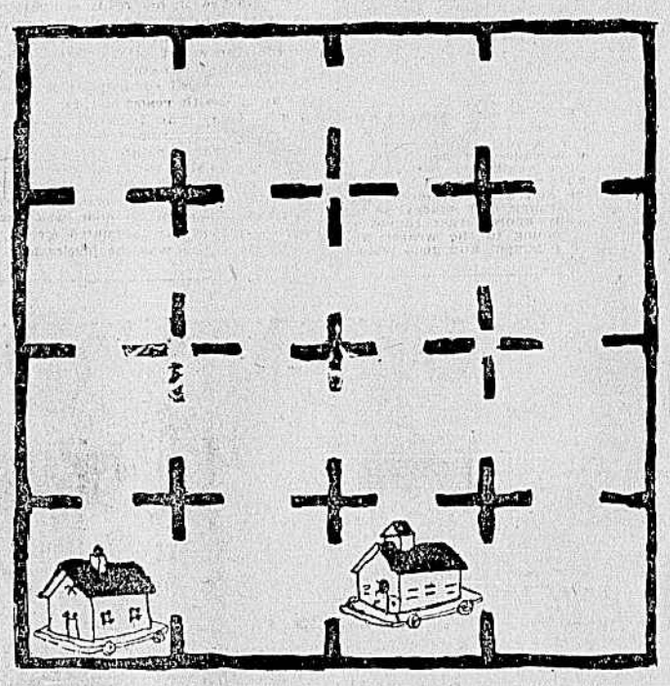
In the left hand corner of the diagram is Mary's house. You can see the school in the square adjoining the lower right-hand corner. To reach the school Mary started from home and went once through every one of the sixteen squares in the diagram, ending at school. She did not enter any square more than once. And the lamb followed her all the way. Which way did the lamb go?

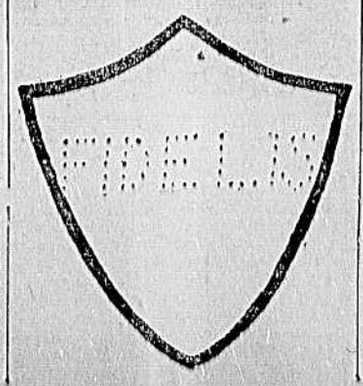
NANNIE BRISTOW,
Locust Hill, Va.

Flower Puzzle.

1. L-p-s-t-l-u.
2. S-r-o-e.
3. N-s-p-y-a.
4. D-l-i-n-a-o-d-e.
5. Y-n-d-u-t-f-c-a-t.
6. O-n-t-n-c-r-a-l-a.

GERTRUDE MURRAY.
No. 1000 West Clay Street, Richmond, Va.





Puzzles; Answers.

1. Eve; Miss Ouri, Della Ware, Minnie Sota, Mrs. Sippi and Mary Land.
2. A clergyman.
3. Where one comes the other goes.
4. A hole in a stocking.
5. Lansing, Michigan.
6. Tie him to a post.
7. Because there is not a single person in it.
8. It becomes wet.
9. Because neither do right (write.)
10. A mask.
11. The letter "A," because it makes her he-a-r.
12. Because you don't separate it from the trunk.
13. Because they always give away what they knead themselves.
14.—The date.
15. Because it is an invisible force.
16. Smoking and drinking.
17. One is hard up and the other is soft down.
18. Bank notes. They make for-tunes.
19.—It makes the oil boil.
20. Quick.

By TERESA DOMINICI.

Places in Virginia.

Clover Hill.
Potomac.
Boydton.
Manchester.
Peaks of Otter.

MARIAH PANNILL.
Bassett, Va.

Answer to Enigma.

The letter 9.

ROBERTA L. WALLER.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

CHAPTER II.

Their mother soon grew worse and it was not long until death struck her. She called the boys by her bedside and said, "Dear children, you will soon be alone, without mother or father. We will soon be together. Go to that lady's house that gave you all food the other day and maybe she will care for you; and wherever you may be when you go to do anything that is wrong remember your dear mother that loved and cared for you, and that always taught you not to do wrong."

I heard someone, and I opened the door, and they cried: "Lady, lady, what will we do? Mother is dead; poor mother; and we are left in this world alone, for no one to care for us. May we come in and warm?"

"Yes, dear little children, come in and I will see that you have a home."

THE END.

Written by CHARLOTTE PLEWES,
Bessemer, Va.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Rip an Winkle lived in a little village upon the Catskill Mountains. The houses in this village were built of yellow bricks brought from Holland, having lattice windows and gable fronts and surrounded with weathercocks. He was a very good-natured hen-pecked husband. He was a descendant of the Van Winkle, who figured so highly in the days of Peter Stuyvesant. He had a wife and several children. His wife was very quarrelsome. She quarreled with Rip all the time for being so lazy. His children were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip inherited his habits, and wore the old clothes of his father. He had a little farm which used to be kept up very nicely, but it had come to nothing. The fences were all down. He was such a bad manager that it had all dwindled away from him, acre by acre, until just a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes were left. It was in the worst condition of any farm in the neighborhood. All of the children loved him; he would tell them stories and teach them to fly kites and shoot marbles. He would attend to everybody's business but his own. He would do things for the ladies in the neighborhood that their husbands would not do, but would never do anything for his own people. He would go to the village inn, and talk with Nicholar Vedder and Van Bummel and read old newspapers months old lost by some traveler. One fine autumn day his wife had been quarreling with him, so he took his gun and dog and wandered upon the highest parts of the Catskill Mountain. He hunted until he got tired, and then lay down on the grass when it was most night; he got up with a heavy sigh and started back to the village. He heard somebody call "Rip Van Winkle!" "Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but saw nobody, and started again, but he heard the same voice call, "Rip Van Winkle!" "Rip Van Winkle!" Then he looked and saw an old man coming with a keg of liquor, and asked him to help him carry it. When they got to the place where they were going, he told Rip to take a drink. Rip took the drink, and it put him to sleep, and he slept twenty years. When he awoke he thought he had just been asleep one night. His dog was gone, his gun was rusty, and he could not understand it. Then he started for the village again. It was just after the Revolution, and everybody was very busy. He went back to the old house where he lived. Nobody was there and it had most fallen down. Then he went to the inn, but could find nobody that he knew, nor nobody that knew him. "Alas!" cried Rip, "I am only a poor old man, a native of the place. He says: "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" They told him that he was dead. Then he says, "Where's Van Bummel?" "He went off to war, and now he is in Congress." Rip's heart died away, and he says, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" He saw a woman in the crowd who had a child in her arms, and he heard her call the child Rip. He asked her "What her name was and what her father's name was." She told him Rip Van Winkle." Then, he asked her, "Where her mother was?" "Oh, she, too, is dead." He then caught her in his arms and said: "I am your father."

After his return he lived with his daughter the rest of his days, and did what suited him best. He had nobody to quarrel with him.

MARY LOUISE TYUS.

A LESSON FROM THE OAK.

When we see an oak standing in the forest and making all plants appear as dwarfs by its side, it is difficult to realize that once the "Monarch of the Forest" was a tiny acorn, which would scarcely make a squirrel's dinner. But that acorn, as it sprouted and sprung into a tiny stem, peeping from under its covering of earth, found many things to combat ere it was sure it could hold its own against the elements. So the boy, standing upon the threshold of the world's vast field, gains strength as he advances and meets increasing temptations to be overcome. Thus, like the oak, when he has reached his three score and ten years he will stand a venerable monarch if he has done well his part.

PAULINE PEARCE,
410 N. Thirty-third Street, Richmond, Va.

Letters From The Children

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a drawing entitled "Our Watch Dog," which I hope will be good enough to publish in the T. D. C. C. page. I tried to do it my very best, so it would be published. Good-bye.

Your sincere member,

NORA T. LEARY.
No. 104 Chapel Street, Norfolk, Va.

Editor of T. D. C. C.:

Dear Sir,—Please send me a badge, as I wish to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I enclose a story entitled "Our Picnic," which I hope you will find good enough to publish.

Yours very truly,

HERMAN DROSTE.
Elmont, Va.

Dear Editor,—I would like very much to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge. I herewith enclose a drawing, which I hope is worthy of publishing.

Yours very truly,

ROY G. WILLIAMS.
Tabscott, Va., August 3, 1905.

Dear Editor,—I will now write to you, as I haven't written anything for the T. D. C. C. page in a long time. I see our club is steadily increasing in numbers.

I went on an excursion to Virginia Beach last month. It was a very pleasant trip, but I got tired that night coming back. I rode on the merry-go-round and switchback. I liked the merry-go-round, but I didn't like the switchback much. Have you been on one yet?

Isn't this nice, cool, pleasant weather? We have only one more month in summer; then comes fall. I will not be glad to see the summer gone, because in fall and winter I have to go to school. Most girls like to go to school, so people say, but I am one that don't like to go. I will close.

Your sincere member,

LUCILE CROWDER.
Truitt, Va.

Editor of the T. D. C. C.:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find a story, which I hope will not find its way to the waste basket. I received the pretty badge you sent me and was very grateful for it. Last Sunday's paper had many nice stories from the boys and girls of our club. I remain,

Your interested member,

ANNIEDA DAVIS.
No. 507 South Belvidere Street, city.

Dear Editor,—I got the T. D. C. C. badge the 29th and thank you very much for it. I also got a letter from you the 30th, saying you sent me a prize by that mail, but I haven't gotten it yet. I was very much surprised and proud when I read your letter. Please, write me and tell me why I haven't gotten it.

Yours truly,

SADIE BEDINGER.
Adriance, Va., August 3, 1905.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Dear Sir,—I would like to join the T. D. C. C. and would be glad if you would send me a badge. I have sent you a drawing of mine, taken from a picture in one of the magazines.

Yours truly,

MARY LEAR,
Age thirteen years.
Covington, Va., August 1, 1905.

Dear Editor,—I want to join the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge. I am a little boy eight years old. I have been sick in bed five weeks. I am better now.

Your little friend,

ALFRED M. CHILDRESS.
South Boston, Va., July 28, 1905.

Dear Editor,—I wish to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Enclosed you will see my picture. I hope to see it appear on the children's page. Please send me a badge. I remain,

J. WILLIAM ELLSSONS.
R. F. D., Hanover county, Va.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed please find a little story by the name of The Milk Maid. I hope it won't reach the hungry waste-basket. I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C.; so please send me a badge. Hoping the club much success, I remain,

Your friend,

CELESTE DUFFEL.
Hohen Holms P. O., Ascension Parish, La.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed please find a little story by the name of "The Dog and His Shadow," which I hope will be good enough to publish in your paper. I am a little boy, aged 10 years. I would like very much to be a member of the T. D. C. C.; so please send me a badge.

Yours respectfully,

HENRY DUFFEL.
Ascension Parish, La.

Dear Editor,—I wish to become a member of this club, so I send you a drawing, entitled "Receiving," which I will be delighted to see in print.

Yours truly,

HELEN BRENT,
1219 Floyd Avenue, Richmond, Va.
P. S.—Please send me a badge. B.

Editor T. D. C. C.:

Dear Editor,—I would like very much to join your club. Please send me a badge. I enclose a few drawings, which I hope are fit to print.

Yours truly,

MENARD DOSWELL, JR.,
Fredericksburg, Va.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl eleven years old. I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge. Enclosed find some conundrums.

Your friend,

MARTHA G. DILLARD,
Duke, Va.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a drawing, which I hope will escape the waste-basket.

I enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. Page very much, and I see that the club has prospered very much. I have not had time to write while school was going on, but I take time now. Hoping the club much success, I remain,

Your little T. D. C. C member,

ONEIDA C. WHARTON,
2119 E. Marshall Street, Richmond, Va.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

One day a dog found a piece of meat. What a fine dinner this will make, he said to himself, as he started home. Crossing a bridge, he saw his own shadow in the still water. He thought it was another dog with another piece of meat. I will have that, too, he thought. So he snapped at the shadow. When he opened his mouth, his meat fell into the water.

So by being greedy he lost his dinner.

HENRY E. J. DUFFEL,
Hohensolms P. O., July 26.

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