Page Made by *and* for Our Club Members

Work of Members Growing Better

Dear Children of the Club:

I have found out in various ways that the club members take a very deep interest in the club, and I am glad this is so. I am delighted to think that you are not at all selfish in the matter and do not join entirely because you think you can win a prize or get some other personal good from it. Of course, it is nice to win prizes, and nicer still to win medals; but that is not by any means the only thing we are working for.

First of all, we are working for enjoyment. So many of you write me how much you enjoy reading the page. That is a good thing to work for.

Then we work for improvement, and that also is well. Every time you take pains in writing or drawing it means so much advancement, and I am happy to say that nearly all of you do improve from week to week.

When you get a prize it usually means that you have improved. So keep on trying until you do work worthy of a prize.

I have just received a letter asking if I will put in the punctuation marks in a story. I would reply to the boy who asked that I expect all stories to be punctuated to the best ability of the writer; and the practice in such work will be invaluable to him in the future.

With best wishes for you all, I am,
THE EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Sue Percy Beale, R. F. D. No. 1, Tunstall, Va., for story entitled "A Japanese Hero."

Virginia Buford, 732 Thirteenth Street, S. W., Roanoke, Va, for drawing entitled "An Indian Head."

Ernest K. Staggars, Benton, Ala., for drawing entitled "Free Lunch."

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.

Allen, Robert W., Almond, L. I., Almond, Pat, Busby, Maude, Bruce, Payson, Bruce, George, Beal, Sue P., Beverley, Clara V., Bagby, Ruth, Barnes, Frank M., Bahlke, Herbert, Brimmer, Ruby, Buford, Virginia, Berman, Tillie, Creekman, Russell, Cousins, Louise, Crawford, M. L., Clendon, Dorothy, Clendon, Madge, Cohen, Simon, Cohen, Dora, Carraway, Gertrude, Cordona, Ia, Clayborne, C. C., Didlake, Herbert, Dewell, Thelma, Dinwiddie, Ida, Dickerson, Ethel, Donaldson, Stanley, Eubank, Mary K., Ellison, T. Grady, Evans, Annie, Farrer, Willie, Foster, Flossie, Fletcher, W. J., Gilmer, Ida B., Gary, Caleb H., Guernsey, Louise, Garrett, Rosalie, Green, Clifford, Huntley, Elizabeth, Harney, Katharine, Heisler, Joseph, Harvill, Emma J., Hammock, Louise, Hammock, Ella, Ivey, Esther, Jewett, Willie, Johnston, Helen, Jenkins, Ida, Jones, Annie, Jordan, Hallie, Jordan, Elma, Johnson, Jane C., Johnson, Herschel, Johnson, Chas. J., Kratz, Amy, Kuns, Otis, Kite, Virginia B., Land, Aubrey, Leary, Nora T., Leadbetter, Grayson, Lynn, Mary S., Martin, John, Maxey, Winnie, Maxey, Lois, Morris, Bailey, Mackey, Ethel, Massie, Martha, McGhee, Mary, Mitchell, Mattie, Marks, Ruth, Moore, Harry, Nichols, Lee, Nelson, Bessie G., Neathery, Thos. J., O'Neill, Chas. F., Passamaneck, Dora, Patterson, Eugene, Pollard, Ernest, Pannill, Thenia, Rogers, Jennie, Rogers, Robert W., Rogers, Lewis C., Ruffin, Chas. E., Reynolds, Agnes, Richardson, Bidney, Ramos, Jose, Reedy, Amorel, Reams, Louise, Robinson, Myrtle, Ransome, Mary L., Shapero, Frances, Shepherd, Watson, Staton, Janie, Staton, Lewis, Staggers, Ernest K., Sher, Fannie, Sher, David, Tucker, Lewis, Tyler, Bessie, Vincent, Susie, Whitworth, Tom C., Webb, Elizabeth, Wallerstein, Marion, Wright, Dorinda, Walker, Florence, White, Raymond, Wilder, Harold, Witt, Bessie, Walthall, Charles, Waldrop, Ethel, Young, Ethel,

DOLLY VADEN'S BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

Dolly Vaden would be ten years old the caming Saturday and now that it was Monday she asked her mother could she have a party. Her mother said "Yes, you can get your invitation paper and I'll write them. I have been thinking that I would let you have one, and you can invite Elsie Wood." "All right mamma," said Dolly, "thank you mamma." Dolly skipped off and was back in a minute with the paper. And her mother commenced the invitations and Dolly mailed them. Elsie Wood had never been to a party and she was counting the days. She was very poor. At las' the day came. It was to be at four o'clock It was four o'clock at last and when all the children came, they played games until they were tired. And after that they went into the dinning-room where they had ice-cream and cake, and oranges, apples, nuts, raisens, and other good things, and after that they played, and then it was time to go home, and Elsie told her mother that that day she was the happiest child in the city, and her mother said," "That she could have a birthday party on her birthday, if she was able to do it. "Dolly got a great many presents," said Elsie.
MARY McGHEE.
1919 Ivy street, City.

A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

They looked so queer, and danced in such a funny way, that the warrior could scarcely keep from laughing. But he saw his young wife's frightened face, and then remembering that nearly all Japanese ghosts and goblins are afraid of a sword, he drew his blade and rushed out of the closet and struck at the little dancers. Immediately they all turned into what do you think? (Toothpicks!) there were no more little warriors, only a lot of old toothpicks scattered over the mats. Th eyong wife had been too lazy to put her toothpicks away properly, and every day, after having used a new toothpick, she would stick it down between the mats on the floor to get rid of it. So the little fairies who take care of the floor-mats became angry with her, and tormented her. Her husband scolded her and she was so ashamed that she did not know what to do. A servant was called and the toothpicks were taken away and burned. After that the little men never came back again.
KATHERINE HARNEY.
41 S. King street, Hampton, Va.

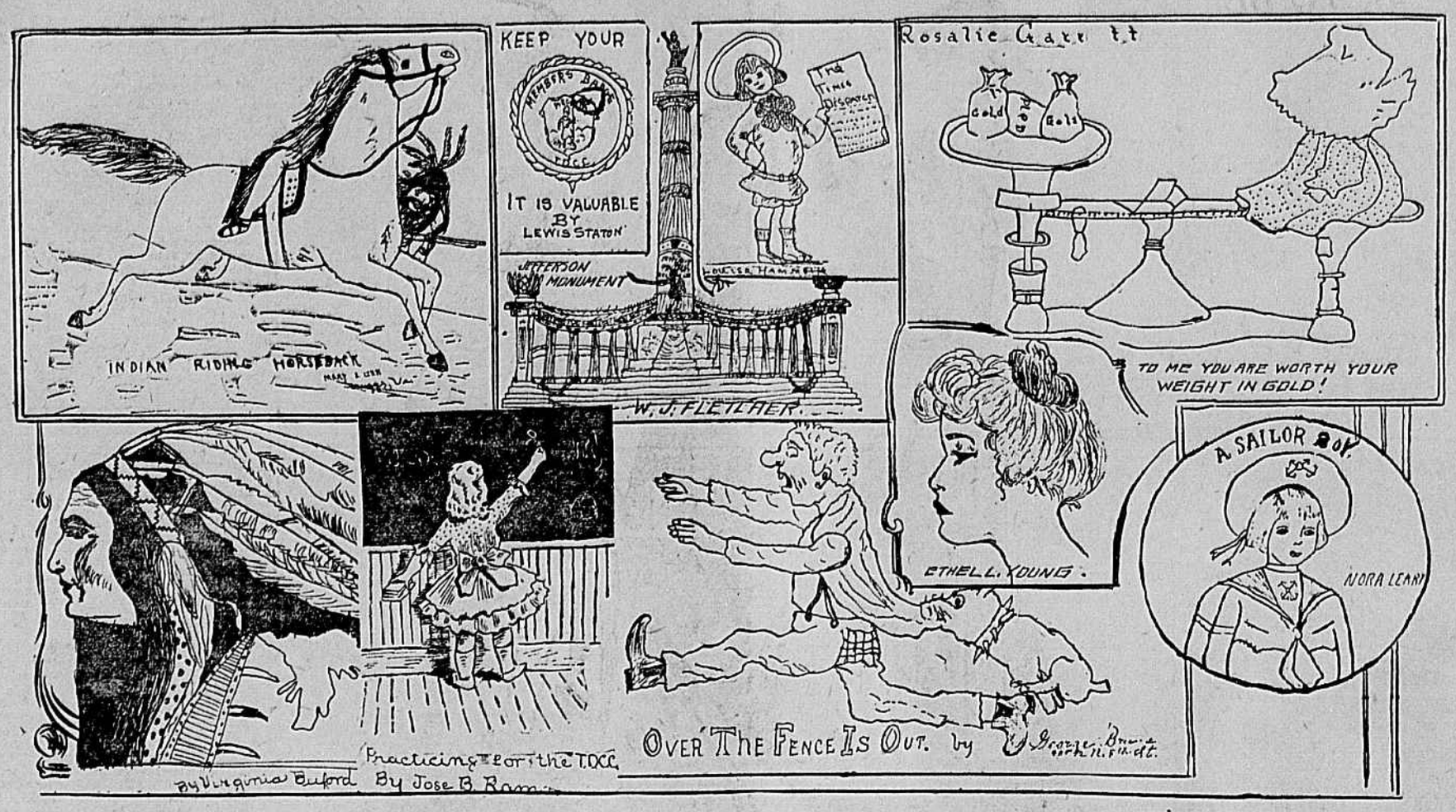
A RUNAWAY.

A sturdy little donkey,
All dressed in sober grey,
Once took it in his long eared head,
That he would run away.

So when a little open,
He saw the stable door,
He ran as if he never would
Come back there any more.

Away that donkey galloped,
And ran and ran and ran,
And ran and ran and ran and ran,
And ran and ran and ran.
ETHEL MACKEY.
807 W. Canal, City.

SOME OF THE WEEK'S BEST DRAWINGS BY CLUB MEMBERS.



PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Last Week's Answers.

To cities. 1. Richmond. 2. Washington. 3. Petersburg. 4. Portsmouth. Philadelphia. 6. Charleston. 7. Albany. 8. Buffalo. 9. Roanoke. 10. Alexandria.
GRAYSON LEADBETTER.
R. F. D., No. 7—Henrico county.

To charade by Rethel Walder of Goldenrod.

To charade by Ruth Marks, Times-Dispatch.
RUTH MARKS.

To Drop Letter Puzzle. 1. Bread. 2. Flowers. 3. Times-Dispatch. 4. Lena. 5. Chicago. 6. T. D. C. C. 7. Patrick Henry. 8. Dictionary.

To charade by Elsie Doberty, Times-Dispatch.

The Jumbled Cities—1. Richmond; 2. Washington; 3. Petersburg; 4. Portsmouth; 5. Philadelphia; 6. Charleston; 7. Albany; 8. Buffalo; 9. Roanoke; 10. Alexandria.
HAROLD WILDER.
Chestnut Hill, Richmond, Va.

To charade, by James W. Allison—"Nightmare."

To alphabet puzzles—1. B.; 2. L.; 3. M.; 4. T.; 5. P.; 6. Q.; 7. C.; 8. I.; 9. J.; 10. N.; 11. O.; 12. R.; 13. V.; 14. Y.
HERBERT BAHLKE.
Chestnut Hill, City.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLES.

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0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
  0 0 0 0 0 0 0
    0 0 0 0 0
      0 0 0
        0
      0 0 0
    0 0 0 0 0
  0 0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
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1. A wild animal; 2. Wanders; 3. Custom; 4. A temper; 5. A letter in angry; 6. A pen; 7. Fine dresses; 8. Particular; 9. Perfect. The centrals spell the name of a celebrated general.
PAYSON BRUCE.
North Eighth Street.

Flower Puzzle.

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g t f r e o n m t e o
h u f c s r i
e u l e t o
r p s m r l e o
q l n j l o l u
d s e w r l o i
t u b p e u r l e
s f n l o u w r e
p a u t n e l
d l o f l a d f
e s l t d t l i a l i h e s e o
j n l e a p e c t k h u p t l
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Lynchburg, Va. MARTHA MASSIE.

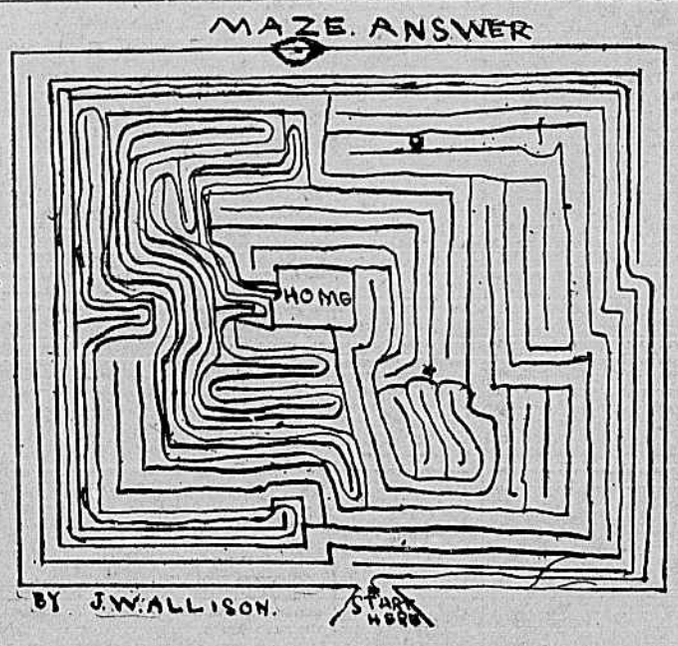
Charade.

My first is in chicken and also in children.
My second is in house and also in school.
My third is in [illegible] and also in four.
My fourth is in ink and also in pink.
My fifth is in clothes and also in hose.
My sixth is in touch and also in tough.
My seventh is in might and also in migrate.
My eighth is in air and also in hair.
My ninth is in stop and also in step.
My whole is something boys and girls like very much.
Composed by ISA B. GILMER.
Scottsville, Va.

Charade.

My first is in tear but not in dear.
My second is in dell, but not in fell.
My third is in cat, but not in rat.
My fourth is in coat, but not in goat.
My whole is in a well-known club.
EMMA JANE HARVILL.
Longdall, Va.

MAZE. ANSWER



BY J. W. ALLISON.

THE LUCKY PENNY.

PART III.

As he would not take a single piece of money which was found, the Smith's wife consulted with her husband, and they agreed that they would bake a good part of the money in a loaf, which she would give to the beggar to take with him on his journey. They thought, "When he finds the money he will find a use for it." She then filled his bag with provisions and put the loaf in at the bottom. Peter bade them farewell, promised to come soon again, and set forth on his wanderings with his beggar's staff. The bag upon his back soon felt too heavy; he took it off, examined it and found that it was the loaf which weighed the most. He then went to the nearest cottage and said: "That some kind friends had given him a loaf to take on his journey, but it was too heavy for him to carry and asked whether they would buy it of him." They people said they would, and gave him as much for it as they thought it was worth. He then continued on his way. The woman who had bought the bread said to her husband: "The other day I borrowed a loaf from the Smith. This looks like a well-baked one; let us send it to him in its place." The man was afraid the loaf was too small, but when they weighed it they found it had the right weight, which was caused by the money baked in it. It was therefore sent to the Smiths with their thanks for the loaf they had lent. Paul and his wife were not a little astonished to see the money come back to them in such a strange manner. But they would not use it, and determined to keep it till Peter should come again. But this never happened, for a few days after he was found dead in a field with his bag of provisions and staff by his side. Paul now considered that he could with justice use the money as his property, and thus he passed his old age in wealth and happiness.
IDA REID.
23 E. Canal Street, city.

KLAUS AND MARIE.

CHAPTER II.

Klaus and Marie reached Frankfort at noon and their friends took them to an inn, where they partook of refreshments, as they were very tired.

Their friends (I think it is time to tell you their names, they are Herr and Frau Spiver), told them that they would not go to the fair to the next day.

This children were very much disappointed; bnt they were good children, so they resolved to be patient.

Nothing particular happened in the afternoon, and the two children went to bed early and slept soundly, for they were very tired.

They awoke the next morning with joyful antiscipations for the day. They got up and dresed and ate a hearty breakfast.

After breakfast, Frau Spiver told the children that they would go to the fair in about a half an hour and to amuse themselves the best they could, for she was going to get ready then. The children amused themselves by running about the building until they hear Frau Spiver calling them. She said she and her husband had been calling them a good while. Klaus and Marie humbly begged their pardon and were forgiven by the kind-hearted people. When they arrived at the fair grounds the simple mountain children stood speechless with wonder, such grand things as they saw. Herr Spiver took them in to a marvelous woman, who lived in a tent and ate snakes and other kind of disagreeable reptiles.

After this they road on a Ferris wheel and were quite delighted with it, though Frau Spiver declared she would never ride on another one. And after this it was quite time for lunch; so Herr and Frau Spiver took them to a lunch counter where they had a glass of milk and two sandwiches. When they were through, Herr Spiver took the children to ride on the merry-go-round, a quite new and wonderful thing to them, then he took them to look at the exhibits which took up the greater part of the afternoon; so when they were through it was nearly dark; so they went back to the inn, tired but happy.

They ate a good supper and went to bed dreaming of the new joys of the following day.
HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON,
Charlotte, N. C.
To be continued.)

MAUD'S ADVENTURE WITH A WISHING STONE.

PART I.

Maud had been playing with her dolls all the morning. She chose for her playroom the corner of the lawn under the big elm tree.

Maud's father was a successful Southern cotton grower, and owned an immense plantation. Although Maud had plenty of playthings and a nice large nursery, she preferred her dolls and the big lawn.

Under the big elm tree in the corner in which Maud was playing was an immense stone. Maud had often heard the superstitious darkeys call it the wishing stone. When Maud asked her colored mammy what the stone was, mammy replied: "Dey seys, honey, ef'n anybody sits on dat stun, an' makes a wish, why dat wush hit gwine come true."

On this particular morning about half past ten, Maud grew very tired of talking for her dolls. She said to herself she wished dolls could talk, they would be much more fun. While thinking of this she seated herself on the big stone, and leaning her head against the tree closed her eyes. Soon mammy's words came to her, and she wondered if it were really so.

Suddenly she heard the sound of voices, and looking up, saw Lady Bess, her best doll, scolding Topsy, the black woolen doll. Maud loved all her dolls, and could not bear to see any one of them treated badly. So now she jumped up, and catching hold of Lady Bess's arm, just as she was about to hit Topsy, said, "Bess, behave yourself."
E. LINWOOD and BLANCH SCHUMAN
Suffolk, Va.
(To be Continued.)

MY DOLLIE.

My dollie is sick, my dollie is sick,
Send for the doctor, quick, quick, quick,
She's got a pain in her side, and a pain in her head,
So hurry and send for the doctor, or in a minute she'll be dead.

Oh! here comes the doctor now, Oh, see,
He's got some honey, from the bee,
Because you know she loves that,
As well as the cat, that lies on the mat.

Oh! he's knocking at the door,
Oh! it's not the good honey, it's just the comb,
It's the comb of the honey, you see,
It's a present for mamma, dollie, and me.
GERTRUDE CARRAWAY.
Box 408, New Bern, N. C.

THE JAPANESE HERO.

Yaing Taing was a Japanese boy of nineteen summers. He was a handsome boy and was fearless, and when the war between Russia and Japan broke out he enlisted in the Japanese army under Oyama. He soon became a favorite with the soldiers. He was a great joker and was always in a happy state of mind, no matter what turned up, and that made him all the more popular. One day just before one of the big attacks on Port Arthur, young Taing was sitting on the ground when Oyama's servant came up to him and told him that Oyama desired his presence in his tent. Yaing Taing got up and went to his tent, and when he got there he saluted and Oyama told him to sit down. So he took a seat and Oyama told him he must take a long ride to Kuroki's headquarters and tell him he must bring a larger force. So Oyama gave him a blessing and told him it would be a dangerous ride, but not to be afraid, as he was doing this for his country. So saluting, he left and made ready for his ride. By daylight he was up and had started. Oyama had given him important papers and told him not to lose them by any means. So off he started.

He had not ridden far when he saw a pair of horsemen riding in front of him. Thinking them some Japanese scouts he urged his horse into a gallop and soon he had caught up with them, when what to his horror did he see but two Russian soldiers. They stopped him and asked him who he was. "I am going to enlist as a Russian soldier in your army, because I don't like the Japanese and I think the Russians are in the right," said Yaing Taing. They searched him and did not find any papers about him, but they thought they had better carry him to their commander, and he was found guilty of being a spy and sentenced to death. He was allowed two more days to live. All the time he had kept Oyama's papers in his secret pocket under his false whiskers.

One night (the night before he was to be shot) he was lying in his cell, when he heard such a noise; his guard left and all the soldiers left; he knew that they were retreating. His cell, which was only a little close tent, was thrown open and he made his escape. But when his guards saw him they started after him, and they shot at him, but he was gone. He jumped on a horse standing near by and rode for his life. He was soon out of danger and he still had his papers. During his confinement he had grown thin, for he had eaten only bread and water. He had not had anything to eat since the morning before his escape; but not thinking about his hunger he rode as fast as he could to Kuroki's headquarters. He gave him the papers, and soon Kuroki sent his forces and saved the day. When he returned to Oyama's headquarters and told his adventures he was promoted to first lieutenant, and after that he was called the Japanese hero.
SUE PERCY BEAL.
R. F. D. No. 1, Tunstall, Va.

The Doctor's Visit.

"Mabel, dear, come down-stairs, I want you." Mabel went down-stairs very slowly. Usually she hopped and skipped and jumped down-stairs, but this morning she walked quite solemnly. She knew who was in the drawing-room, for she had peeped over the banisters and had heard Mary say, "The doctor, ma'am," as she showed him into the room. And Mabel did not want to see the doctor; she did not like doctors.

"This is my little girl," said her mother, leading her up to the gentleman. The gentleman placed one hand on Mabel's head and looked at her very kindly, but Mabel felt uncomfortablye and unhappy.

"He will ask me to put out my tongue directly," she thought, and so she put it out without waintling to be asked. To her surprise the doctor and her mother laughed.

"It's a fine tongue, but I don't want to see it," said the doctor.

"But you are the doctor," said Mabel.

"But a doctor must not look at a little girl's tongue unless she is sick," said the doctor. "Very well, here is some medicine," and he pulled out of his pocket a doll. Then Mabel laughed.
LOIS M. MAXEY.
Blackstone, Va.

AN ADVENTURE.

Once a little girl on her way to school heard a scratching in the leaves. She turned and looked but did not see any thing. In a little while she heard the rustling again; she turned and looked again, and saw a large bear. She commenced to run but the bear soon saw her and ran after her. She had run a long ways when she saw a man in the woods. She ran to him and he took her to his home. After she had told them what had happened they took her home and she never went to school by herself any more.
MADGE CLENDON.
408 North 31st Street, City.

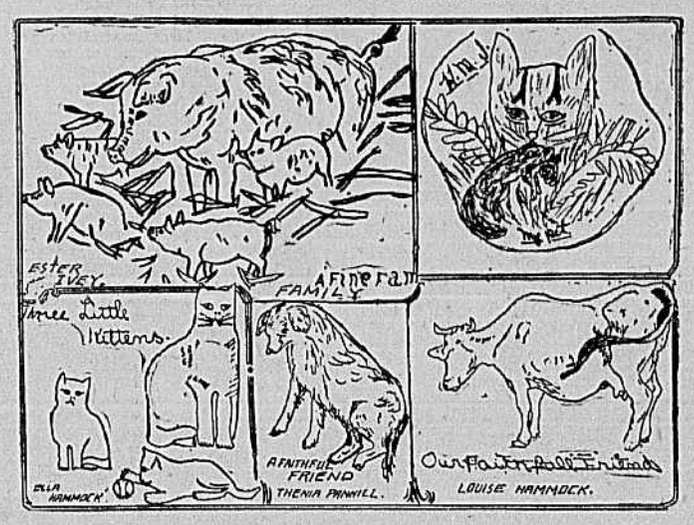
SHALL HAVE A BADGE.

Dear Editor.—I received my prize, the nice book, for my drawing in the Sunday paper, and was delighted with it and thank you very much for it. I thank you also for your congratulation on my success, and will send my picture as soon as my mother has one taken. I havn't had any since I was six years old, and don't want to send that. You didn't send me a badge so I can belong to the T. D. C. C. It was my first contribution to the page, so I reckon you forgot to send it. Please send it real soon. I'm going to draw some more things for the page, as I like to draw very much. Yours truly,
CHARLES C. JOHNSON, Jr.
9 E. Main Street.

STUDYING HISTORY.

Dear Editor.—In puzzle answers to rivers the "Merrimac River" is given as being suggested from the name of a warship sunk during the Civil War. The Merrimac was not sunk during this war, but was blown to pieces by the Confederates at Craney Island about the time of the evacuation of Norfolk, Va. The Cumberland was sunk in battle by the Merrimac in Hampton Roads, Va.
Youth truly, ETHYL DICKERSON.
3510 E. Broad.

DRAWINGS OF ANIMALS.



A REAL LITTLE PRUDY.

One year ago a dear little baby girl came down-stairs. She had blue eyes and dark hair. This poor little girl took whooping cough before she was a week old, and sometimes we thought she would die, she would turn so black in her little face. She got over it and grew big enough to notice us, and she was so pretty her papa could not find a name pretty enough for her, so I called her Prudy, after "Little Prudy," the book that was given me. She was one year old the tenth of January. If we ask her how big the baby is she will put her little hands as high as she can. She walks around chairs and stands alone, but is afraid to walk by herself. If I sing she tries to sing louder than I can. Her name is Thermer now, but if you call Prue or Prudy she will look up and laugh. We slap her some times to see her put both little hands to her eyes and cry. Then we do something to please her.
HELEN JOHNSTON.

THE BEST.

He prayeth best who lovest best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
Selected by ROBERT ROGERS.
415 Nicholson St., City.

BE THOROUGH.

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.
Selected by LEWIS C. ROGERS.
415 Nicholson St.

Medals for Stories On Washington

We have decided to award the medals for February to the boy and girl who send us the best story, poem or composition on the Revolutionary War, or some subject connected with George Washington's life.

All contributions must be in the hands of the editor by February the 10th. It would be well for you to begin work at once, in order that you may have time to give careful preparation. Now, be sure to be on time.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Vera Ray, aged twelve, sat in the large room with her mother one winter night about ten o'clock. Her father was a brave Southern soldier and at this time was off at war and Vera and her mother were alone and often spied upon by the Northern men, but both being unusually brave, they were not frightened, but lived comfortably during the war. The Southern soldiers were situated about eight miles from Vera's home.

On this night, while sitting quietly in front of a large open fire-place, Vera saw two figures pass the window. Vera muffled up in her cloak and cap and then ran from the house and followed the two men down the path leading to the road. Finally, the men stopped and threw themselves upon the ground. Vera crept silently behind a large tree and heard the following:

"Do you think our men will surprise the Southerners?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, I do. They know nothing of our intended surprise and we expect to make our appearance about one o'clock."

Vera waited to hear no more, but running to the stable, she saddled the swiftest horse, and telling her mother where she was going, she set out. Over stone and stubble, through creeks and darkness, she rode. Vera had no time to think of her own danger, but only of that of the Southerners. This gave her courage, and on she went. One hour passed, and another and Vera was rapidly gaining nearer her destination; in fifteen minutes more she rushed breathlessly into her father's tent (having passed the pickets safely), and told all she had heard. Her father, realizing the danger, gave the alarm, and in less than a half an hour all were ready for the appearance of the enemy. They had not long to wait, and when the enemy did arrive they were so surprised that those that were not put to flight were captured; and then Vera, trembling from head to foot, heard a loud shout:

"Three cheers for the brave little Southern girl and her swift horse." Then all was silent, and Vera had fallen asleep, weary from her "midnight ride."
OTIS KUNS.

SOME PROMINENT MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—Washington was a great general. He was commander-in-chief of the American soldiers, and was the first president of the United States. He was a Virginian.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—Jefferson was a Virginian. He wrote the Declaration of Independence, and was the third president of the United States.

PATRICK HENRY.—Henry wrote the Virginia Resolutions. It was Patrick Henry who said "Give me liberty or give me death." He afterwards became governor of Virginia.

SERGEANT JASPER.—JASPER was the sergeant, who when the flag was shot down at Fort Moultrie leaped over the wall fearless of the cannon balls, got the flag, tied it to a ramrod and put it up again.

MARQUIS de LaFAYETTE.—LaFayette was a Frenchman who came from France and offered his personal service to Washington. He was made major-general and took part in the battles of Brandywine, Monmouth and Yorktown. After the surrender of Cornwallis he returned to France. He visited the United States in 1784 and in 1824.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.—Clark was called "the Hannibal of the West." He captured the forts of Kaskaskiah, Cahokia and Vincennes. He therefore captured the Northwest territory for Virginia.
FRANKLIN M. BARUES.
Williamsburg, Va.

HOW JAMESTOWN WAS SETTLED.

In 1607 three English ships, "Susan Constant," "Godspeed" and "Discovery," sailed into the harbor of what is now known as Jamestown. The men began to lay out a town at once, which they called Jamestown, in honor of King James They did not buy the land from the Indians, but just took possession of it. The Indians did not like this, and fought the white men, killing many, and had it not been for a very brave man, Captain John Smith, who went from place to place trying to find food for the starving colony, all would have perished. Once he was captured and carried to Opechancanough, the brother of King Powhatan. The Indians were very good to Smith and fed him until he grew fat, and he was afraid they were fattening him to eat. Finally he was carried to King Powhatan himself. The king ordered that he should be killed and a large stone was brought in and Smith's head was laid upon it, but just as the Indian had his club raised to kill Smith, the king's daughter, Pocahontas, ran and put her arms over the white man's head and begged her father not to kill him. Powhatan let Smith go back to Jamestown and gave him food for the starving colonists, they were all very glad to see him. Thus the settlement of Jamestown began.
CHRISTINE C. CLAYBORNE.
Providence Forge, Va.

THE SHIPWRECK.

It was one Sunday morning in January and all the men of the life-saving station were sitting around their fire when it began snowing very hard. One of the men said to the others: "Seems as if we are going to have a storm." "I think so, too," said another. That morning one of the men had been put on duty, which was to patrol the beach for two and a half miles. About noon he rushed in and said he had seen a ship on the reef a mile down the beach. They got out the lifeboats and started for the ship. It was very hard work, as the wind was blowing very hard, and they could not see well for the snow. They arrived at the ship just in time to get off the passengers. Just as they were leaving a big wave swept over the ship and carried away everything in its path. All the people reached shore safely, but were almost exhausted from the adventure.
STANLEY DONALDSON.
Grove Road and West Street.

THE NEWSBOY.

Our news boy is a dandy,
On his pants is a patch,
But what paper does he carry?
Of course the "Times-Dispatch."

If a stranger comes to town,
And a paper he wants to catch,
But what paper is he after?
Of course the "Times-Dispatch."
DAVID SHER.
203 W. Broad street.

THE GOOD LITTLE SISTER.

That was a bitter winter when Jenny was four years old and lived in a lonely farm house. Bitter and long and cold—The crop had been a failure, in the barns there was room to spare, and Jenny's hard working father was full of anxious care, neither his wife nor children knew of fire or bread.
P. H. ALMOND.
Box 24 R. F. D., Elk Hill, Va.