Page Made by and for Our Club Members

Some Friendly Words For Our Members

Dear Children of the Club:

Let me remind you again that all contributions sent me must be signed with your full name and address. Several contributors lately have failed to do this, and it has caused so much trouble for me; and then they wonder why their articles are not printed. Please remember this rule and the one about on only one side of the paper. I receive so many requests for "books of rules," and I think I ought to tell you that we have no printed rules at all and do not send them with the badges. Our membership is growing rapidly, and many of the new members are doing most excellent work; but we need the work of the old members just as much as ever, so do not think that because new members are joining every week I forget you who joined long ago and do not miss your letters when they cease coming.

Several weeks ago I had a most pleasant visit from Anne R. Barksdale, of Elkhorn, W. Va., who has done such fine work in our club. She told me that several children in her neighborhood were going to join the T. D. C. C. because they saw how much she enjoyed it. Isn't that splendid?

The drawings recently have not been as good as usual, and I couldn't give a prize for a single picture last week. My artists must not desert me like that, for you know the illustrations of a book or paper are just as important as the rest, and I always like to award prizes to those who can make clear, pretty drawings.

The puzzles, however, have been excellent, and before very long I expect to arrange some plan for a special puzzle column and give prizes for answers, so you must watch closely for the announcement.

Do not forget that it is time to be sending in your Thanksgiving contributions. I think the illustrations for that page ought to be particularly good, for there are so many things you can draw.

I want to thank Julia Bullitt, of Big Stone Gap, Va., for the beautiful leaves she pressed and sent me. They brought a breath of clear autumn air right to my desk, such as seldom flitters through the dust and smoke of the city.

With best wishes for all, I am,

THE EDITOR.

MEDALISTS FOR OCTOBER.

Julia Omohundro, 3003 Floyd Avenue, Richmond, Va.

James Henry Joyner, Gala, Botetourt county, Va.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

John Martin, Waverly, Va., for puzzle, entitled "Illustrated Birds."

Julia Bullitt, Big Stone Gap, Va., for very interesting letter.

Kate Howard, Floyd, Va., for story, entitled "Our Turkey Gobbler."

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.

Abbott, Edward	Ingram, Judith
Agee, Olive M.	Isbell, Thomas W.
Allen, Blair	Irby, Rebekah
Anderson, John B.	Joyner, James H.
Burnette, Joseph	Jacobs, Mildred
Bagby, Marie	Keaveney, W. J.
Badgesh, Agnes	Kyle, Anne
Brisow, Maria A.	Lucy, Georgie
Brine, George	Lynn, Mary
Berman, Tillie	McGhee, Mary C.
Baber, Julian T.	Morris, Zola
Britton, Lottie	Morris, Parke
Cox, Ralph	Mura, Pia Della
Cross, H. T.	Moses, R. E.
Calloway, Willie	Odin, Lila R.
Catlett, Ruth A.	Omohundro, Julia
Chambliss, Roswell	Paseamaneck, Dora
Carter, Lelia R.	Parham, Edgar
Curtis, Drummond	Reid, Elizabeth
Turnett, Esther	Reid, Ida
Doyle, John C.	Robertson, S. L.
Epperson, Lida P.	Ruffin, Carrie K.
Fletcher, W. J.	Roberts, Willie
Griffin, Geneva	Roberts, Ruth
Guy, May	Smith, Ethel J.
Gibbs, Gladys	Smith, Russell
Goldsmith, Fannie	Sydnor, Novella
Gray, Marcia	Smith, Elizabeth
Herring, Mary C.	Staton, Lewis
Hudgins, G. E.	Trexler, Minnie
Hardy, Mahood P.	Tench, Mary Lou
Harding, Ruth	Will, Fritz
Herndon, Josephine	Williams, Colton
Howard, Kate	Ward, Dorothy
Hart, S. James	

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HISTORY.

In an old-time country house, way up in the garret, some books were talking together. "Well," said a very dilapidated looking dictionary, turning to a United States History, "tell us of your life; we are all curious to hear."

"When I just remembered what had been done to me," began the history, glad to be talking about something, "I looked down at my new dress of red silk with gold letters on my forehead. Then I was quickly packed with my brothers and shipped to a distant city.

"After much bumping and knocking about, I was finally placed in a large glass window, for sale.

"One day, as I was gazing idly on the street, I was suddenly picked up and put in an old lady's arms. That night the family examined my pages and admired my beautiful binding.

"I was carried to the school-room every day, and treated very roughly, as you see.

"One night I was studied more carefully than usual. I noticed how the little girl pouted and frowned. When all on a sudden I was pitched on the other side of the room. The girl flew out of the room, saying as she went, 'History is no good. I don't care if I do fail.'

"I was in a very uncomfortable position, but I lay there till about noon next day, when the girl came and picked me up tenderly, saying, 'As I have failed, I may as well put you away.' I was then pitched up here, where I am still," sighed the history, as he looked at his soiled pages and torn back. JULIA OMOHUNDRO.

386 Floyd Avenue, City.

PUPPY.

I.

I have a yellow pet;
I am going to tell you now
He is a great big dog;
How, I love to hear him say "Bow-wow!"

II.

He is a dear old fellow,
Five or six years old,
And I think it's real mean,
To shut him out in the cold.

III.

Mother does not allow him
To enter the rooms at all;
She thinks that he is ugly,
But he isn't, not at all.

IV.

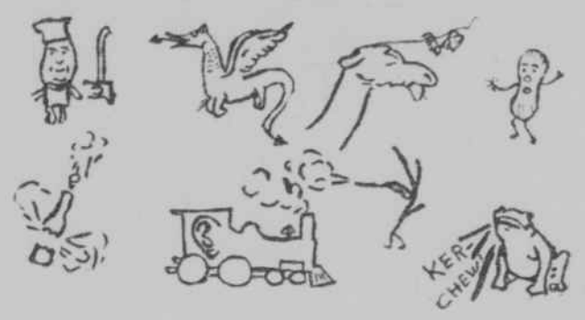
We started to call him Puppy
When he wasn't very big,
And I am very sorry to tell you,
That we call him puppy still.

V.

He is not a very handsome dog,
But he is not to blame,
And that's the very reason why
He never got a name.

Elkhorn, W. Va. MAY GUY.

AN ILLUSTRATED POEM.



I've seen an oyster cook a meal;
I've seen a dragon-fly;
I've seen a bee with honeycomb,
The hair from a camel's eye.

I've seen a peanut stand and talk,
I've seen some ginger pop,
I've also seen an engine-cat,
Likewise a boiler shop.

I've often heard the young grass shoot,
I've heard a bullfrog sneeze;
But I've never in my whole career
Found a club like the T. D. C. C's.

IDA REID.

32 E. Canal Street, City.

AN AUTUMN LETTER

(Prize Contribution)

Dear Editor,—Yesterday afternoon two of my friends and myself went out and got some beautiful dressed leaves, and, as the maple leaf is my favorite, I gathered nothing but maple leaves.

I brought them home and put them in a large book to press them.

As I live in a valley, of course, I am surrounded by mountains, and right now the mountains feel very "uiggoity" because the trees are dressed in so many bright colors. You can find different shades of pink, yellow, red, brown and green. I don't much like to see the brown coming, because that means that the beautiful trees must leave us until spring, but there are two trees that stay green all the year around; they are the cedar and the holly.

You will find two different kinds of maple leaves in this letter—the one that has a good many points on it is called the pin maple, and the other is the sugar maple. And the next question is, what makes the leaves turn these brilliant colors? Well, I will tell you. All of the sap runs down to the roots of the trees, and they die for food. I wish I could send all of the members some leaves, but that would be impossible, and I guess most of our members can get leaves for themselves.

Before I close I want to tell you that for two days I have been looking on the hills for white violets, and I have found quite a few. I will close, with love to all of the members,

Yours sincerely,

JULIA BULLITT.

Big Stone Gap, Va.

MY VISIT TO ROANOKE.

In going from Crewe to Roanoke, I was very much interested in the scenery along the way. The first place we came to of much interest was the high bridge which crosses the Appomattox River near Farmville. I know a good many grown people who are afraid to cross it, but I am not. I really like to look down upon the water.

The next place of much interest was the grand and mighty James River near Lynchburg. The water was very high and muddy. I think the river is pretty as it winds itself around the lower portion of Lynchburg.

And next we passed through the tunnel, which was very dark and gloomy. I was glad when we came out on the other side into the beautiful light of day. We soon came in view of the grand and lovely Blue Ridge Mountains. I love to watch the mountains, especially at a distance where they seem to raise their majestic brows to meet the benumbed blue sky.

We crossed some very pretty little streams and passed through some beautiful green valleys before reaching Roanoke. While in Roanoke, one night we visited Mountain Park. In going to the park you would have to cross the Roanoke River, which is a very pretty stream. You also pass the Crystal Spring, which furnishes the whole city of Roanoke with water as pure as the name it bears. The park is situated between the base of Mill Mountain and the Roanoke River. It is a very pretty park, all lighted up by electric lights fixed in many pretty shapes and forms. The park has plenty of nice, comfortable seats and several houses of amusement. There is also a very beautiful fountain there. Mill Mountain overlooks the park. There is a hotel on the summit.

Another nice trip is from Roanoke to Salem on the street car. Salem is a pretty little town, nestled down in between the mountains.

The place of greatest interest to me was the Baptist Orphanage. It is situated on an elevated knoll overlooking the town. It is a very large brick building, cool and airy, and seems so healthful.

The superintendent and ladies were so nice in showing us around and telling us about the children. They were so clean and healthy-looking.

Each one has to make up her own little bed, which looks so white and neat. They are in long rows up and down the rooms. They have their dolls and toys, like other little girls and boys, which the good Bardie people from all over Virginia have sent them. They have plain, substantial fare, and they all seem so happy, healthy and strong.

For fear my letter is getting too long, I will close.

LELIA REBEKAH CARTER.

Crewe, Va.

NELLY'S DREAM.

It was a cold December day; the snow was falling in blinding sheets. Nelly Grey was lying by a window looking out. She was weak and sick. She had been an invalid since she was a baby. Just to think! Suffering for twelve long years! She was a rich banker's daughter, and had everything she wanted but health. She had an unusual flush on her face that day. As she lay there all of her pain left her, and she felt herself floating away. Then she heard sweet music and she saw angels gathering around her. They led her to the golden gates of Heaven; they were thrown open and she entered. Oh! how happy she was! They led her about and——.

"Nelly, it is time to take your medicine," said her mother's voice in her ear. She awoke with a start. All her old pain had come back.

"I must have dreamt I was in Heaven, mamma," whispered Nelly. She told her mother what she had dreamt. That night Nelly's mother and father were sitting with her when she said: "Mamma, I think my dream is coming true." Mr. and Mrs. Grey went to her bed and found she was very pale. The doctor was sent for and he said she was dying. Nelly died that night as the clock struck eleven. A week later the snow was piled high on the little grave. GEORGIE LUCY.

1227 W. Marshall Street, Richmond, Va.

ETTA AND THE MONSTER.

Etta lived in a castle with her father, who was a very rich man, and cared nothing for his daughter, but only for his money, and treated her very badly.

Etta was a beautiful girl, and one would think to see her that her father could do nothing but pet Etta, but he loved his money so much.

Etta's mother had been a very sweet lady, but she died when Etta was but six years old.

One day when she was up in her room reading she heard a great roaring. She jumped up, dropping her book, and ran down the steps out into the court-yard.

Etta looked up, and saw that the castle had grown up so far that she could hardly see the top. At this moment she heard something speak. Etta saw a huge monster standing beside her. The monster said: "Come into the woods with me." Etta was so frightened that she did not know what to say, but she said: "I don't want to." "But you must," said the monster. So Etta went to the forest with the monster.

She lived with the monster, and one day when she was out walking with him he suddenly changed to a handsome young prince, with plumes in his hat and a prancing horse at his side.

He took Etta in his arms, and said: "Etta, my darling, be my wife. I have loved you a long time."

Etta looked up into his face and said: "My love, I will."

He took her on his horse and went to her father's castle and married her.

Her father never treated her badly after she came back, for he had missed his daughter very much. Thus ended the story of "Etta and the Monster."

MARY CARRINGTON HERRING.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

It was a bright moonlight night when John and Ruth Williams went after the Ellis children, who lived around the corner. There were three of the Ellis children—Martha, James and William, and their two cousins Frances and Bessie Sayer. The children represented differ at characters: John represented an Indian; Ruth an Egyptian fortune-teller; Fran—, a Japanese maid; James, a clown; Bessie, old Mather Goose; Martha, a Chinese maid and William Uncle Sam. The children went to see some of their friends, and they had a very jolly time. Afterwards Ruth invited them to come go home with her. When they got there Mrs. Williams prepared a nice surprise for them, which consisted of tea, cakes and hot chocolate. After they had finished eating they played games until 10 o'clock, and then they went home, declaring it was the best time they had ever had. MAGGIE GRAY.

307 N. Seventh Street, City.

A BRIGHT SIDE.

Grandma Bright is a dear, sunny-faced old lady, who always has a smile on her face. She has lived a long while, and says it does not pay to worry. Her little granddaughter was worrying over some trouble. The old lady told her that it was no use of worrying. "Bessie," she said, "if you live as long as I have, you will find there is a bright side to every trouble—a silver lining to every cloud."

Bessie thought she would puzzle the old lady, so she said "Grandma, what is the bright side to your trouble when you lose your spectacles?"

"Why, I have a very nice bright side then. That shows that I have a dear little granddaughter who does not mind finding them for me."

Selected by OLIVE M. AGEE.

Norwood, Va.

BESSIE'S POINT OF VIEW.

She dropped her slice of bread one day,
So nice and big and wide,
And quickly noticed that it lay
Upon the buttered side.

"Mother, 'tis all your fault!" this bit
Of rosy girlhood cried.
"Because you didn't butter it
Upon the other side."

Selected by ZELA MORRISS.

SWALLOW SONG.

Farewell, autumn leaves,
Farewell to the flowers;
For winter is coming,
And takes with it all summer's bowers.

Birds, flowers, sunshine
Will now from you depart,
But we are going South
To find a place with summer's heart.

The running streamlet now
Will soon be closed with winter's ice
But flowers bloom and fruit trees be
In that far Southern land, you know.

Building our nests in the blossoming trees
And swing on branches high,
We'll sit and sing of that Southern land
And to soar in the sunny sky.

But when spring, with all its splendor,
Breaks forth like sunshine after rain,
We and our band of feathered friends
Will all come back again.

PARKE MORRIS.

Farmville, Va.

JAMESTOWN.

In the year 1607 three English ships, the Susan Constant, the Godspeed and the Discovery, under the command of Christopher Newport, anchored off the coast of Virginia near Cape Henry. This proved to be a desirable place to settle, so the little fleet sailed into the Chesapeake Bay and up a broad river, which was called James, after the English king. Landing on the shore these men made a settlement, which they called Jamestown, the first successful English colony in America. There were only a hundred of these men to form this colony on this strange coast so far from their English homes; but they had two brave, wise men among them, Captain John Smith, who afterwards became their leader, and Mr. Robert Hunt, their chaplain. The Indians of Virginia were not so rude and barbarous as some other tribes, and, at first, showed some kindness to these men. In a few weeks Captain Newport, Captain Smith and some other men left Jamestown and went up the river exploring. They knew so little of America that they expected to come to the Pacific Ocean. Instead, they came to the falls of the James, afterwards the site of our beautiful city, Richmond. Later on Smith was captured by the Indians and taken before Powhatan, their king. Powhatan sentenced Smith to die, and he was laid on the stone to be killed, but Pocahontas, the king's daughter, threw herself across his body, and so was saved. The settlement at Jamestown has now disappeared, and all that remains of it is the brick tower of the church in which Pocahontas was baptized.

In the year 1907 there will be held an exposition near Norfolk, Va., to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the landing of the first English settlers at Jamestown. COTTON WILLIAMS.

307 E. Leigh Street, Richmond, Va.

RICHARD I.

Richard I. was born in England in the year 1157. He came to the throne of England in 1187, and immediately started to gathering troops for the Crusades. When all was ready he started, and on the way he was joined by the French king and his army. After several delays he reached the Holy Land. His object was to get to Jerusalem, but he found his passage disputed by Saladin, the Moslem general. Richard beat Saladin, and after many battles and sieges reached the Mount of Olives. Peace was then declared, and he started for home. On the way he was imprisoned in Germany. Blondel, a French minstrel, happening to pass Richard's prison, sang a song which he knew Richard was fond of, and the King answered him from within. By this the English found where their King was, and paid a large ransom for him.

Richard then returned to England. He afterwards went to France on a war, and there he was killed, in the year 1199.

DREAMING OF HIS VOCATION.
By Lewis Staton.

Richard acquired his fame in the Crusades, and his name inspired terror in the hearts of the Moslems.

SAMUEL LEE ROBERTSON.

Tally, Va. (Age, thirteen years.)

IN THE OLD-FIELD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

In the old field school-house,
I sit as quiet as a mouse,
And study my books of many kinds;
But still on paper with inky lines,
I write to the T. D. C. C.

Winnie, Va. JUDITH INGRAM.

ILLUSTRATED BIRDS

EACH PICTURE REPRESENTS A WELL-KNOWN BIRD.

OUR TURKEY GOBBLER

(Prize Story)

Our turkey gobbler was hatched two years ago, early in the spring. The other little turkeys and the mother turkey died, so we raised the little turkey that was left for a pet. He raised himself by running up and down the kitchen catching flies. Every time we churned he would peck the butter off the churn. He thought he was one of the children, and would stay with none of the other fowls. He would follow us out on the porch, and would hop in some one's lap and sit there one Sunday afternoon we all were driving, and left the turkey to keep house. So the turkey decided he would take a walk and see if he couldn't find some of us. He went as far as the courthouse, where some kind friends found him and brought him home. Finally he grew so fast and was so much trouble that we sent him to the barnyard, where he found out that he was a turkey instead of a human being.

KATE HOWARD.

Floyd, Va.

COLONIAL LIFE.

In Colonial time the laws were very strict. In Hartford a watchman rang a bell every morning for every one to rise from bed. One Sunday a man came home from church and found his fire had gone out, so he started it up again. The officers of the church condemned him for breaking the holy day. If a woman scolded too much she was placed near her own door for two or three hours with a gag in her mouth, that every one that passed might see her and take warning.

The breeches of the men and boys resembled knickerbockers. The rich had silver buckles and buttons, but the breeches of the poor were made out of coarse cloth. No family could get along without a spinning wheel. With it the mother spun the thread for shirts and coats and for knitting the socks and stockings. At first all the houses were made of logs and small windows. The latter were to guard against Indians. Sometimes the floor was the hard ground. All the cooking was done in a big fireplace, and the pots and kettles were hung over the fireplace. The children often had to stand while eating from the table. Blocks of wood were plates. There were knives, but the fingers served as forks. Most of the traveling was done on horseback. The schools were poor; the desks and seats were tables. The teacher was harsh and fond of using the rod. The first printing press was set up in Cambridge in 1639; the first newspaper was printed in 1704. There were no Sunday schools. The sermons were two and three hours long. If a man became sleepy he was hit on the head with a rabbit's foot tied to a stick. If a woman became sleepy she was hit with a rabbit's tail tied to a stick.

VIRGINIA LEIGH MORTON.

161 Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.

MEMORIES.

TO "OLD LADY."

Will she always hate the Yankees?
Be against them to the last;
O just forgive and then forget
The war that now has passed?

If she still remains a "Rebel,"
It's because she's good and true
To her Southland and the boys in Gray
Who fought the men in Blue.

Perhaps she would forgive them,
But for some memory
Of when our boys marched to defeat
And theirs to victory.

Some memory she will cherish
Until eternity,
Some memory of the Civil War,
Who knows what it may be?

Is it the sacred memory,
Of a husband good and true?
Who went away 'mid ranks of Gray
To fight the cruel Blue?

Or the half forgotten memory
Of the soldier boys' last cry,
"I've lived to fight the Yankees,
So I'll be content to die."

Or some other little memory,
That none but she must know,
Some little trifle of the war,
Fought forty years ago.

"Love your enemies," a motto,
Which is, doubtless, good and true,
But could you love the Yankees,
With such memories haunting you?

MARIE ABRAMS.

Atlanta, Ga.

WATCHING IT RAIN.

An old man sits by his window
Watching it drearily rain,
And many a bitter thought
Comes to his weary brain.

Oh, brother that's buried in the graveyard,
You were always so kind and true,
And as I watch it raining,
My thoughts turn once more to you.

Dearest, oh, dearest mother,
Why did God take you away,
And leave me so lonely, dear mother,
Lonely and sad each day.

God even took dear little Mary,
My sweetheart I loved so well;
He took her with Him to Heaven,
To the Golden City to dwell.

But years have passed since then, dearest,
And I'm weary and bent and old;
And I feel as I watch it raining,
That God soon will take my soul.

The old man sits and watches
The fast-falling rain,
But suddenly his head drops
And no more thoughts come to his brain.

"He is dead, he is dead!" the night birds cry,
His soul has taken flight,
And his body lies cold and undisturbed
In the dark and solemn night.

AMANDA CORDES.

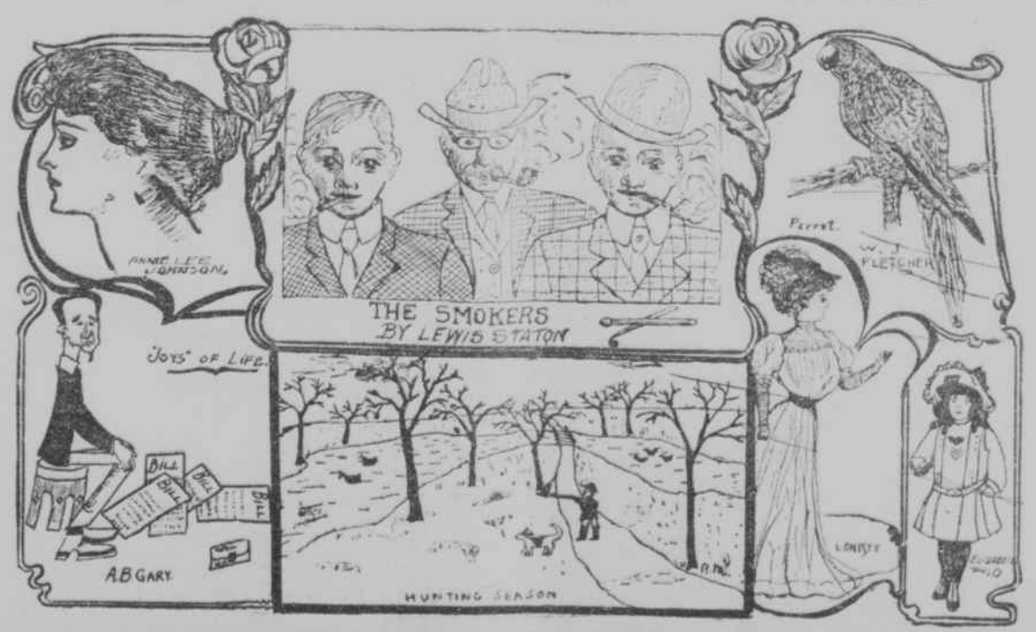
124 Rider Avenue, Patchogue, N. Y.

Just Like Job.

"I notice," said the visitor, "that your sign reads: 'Job Printing.' What's the connection in there for?"

"My dear, sir," replied the country editor, "that is a delicate way of conveying the information that we're running this business as Job might have run it. We have wonderful patience and forbearance."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

SOME OF THE WEEK'S BEST DRAWINGS



Letters From The Children

Dear Editor,—I received the prize from you yesterday, and am really proud of it. I thank you so much for it. I will send you a piece about "The Brunt Side," and hope it is good enough to publish. I am, One of your members.

OLIVE M. AGEE.

Norwood, Va.

Dear Editor,—It has been a long time since I have written to you. I enclose a true story of our turkey gobbler, which I hope you will print. I think the T. D. C. C. gets better every week. Please send me a badge, as I just adore. I was eleven years old the 26th of September. Your little friend,

KATE HOWARD.

Floyd, Va.

Dear Editor,—I am a stranger in Richmond. Papa takes The Times-Dispatch, and I am very interested in the children's page. Enclosed find a drawing, which I hope to see in print. Please send me a badge, as I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I remain,

Yours truly, RALPH CON.

3 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I would like to join your club, and I would like to have a badge. I have enjoyed reading your page so much. I enclose a sketch, and hope to see it in print in your Sunday paper. I am, Your little friend,

MARY CARRINGTON HERRING.

Yancey Mills, Va.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed find a sketch from Nature, which I drew recently. It is a picture of a big concrete dam at Bluestone Junction, one mile from Pocahontas, Va. Water from this dam is pumped to West Vivian, W. Va., a distance of twenty miles. I was glad to see my sketch in last Sunday's paper, and I hope to see this one, if it is worthy of space.

Yours truly, JULIAN T. BABER.

Pocahontas, Va.

Dear Editor,—I thank you so much for my prize. It is real good. I have nearly finished it. I have no picture now, but will try to get one next month or later on. I am going to send you another story soon on one of my hunting adventures. Please send me another badge. If you sent it in your last letter to me it was lost out, for it was open when it reached me. Your old member,

MAHOOD P. HARDY.

Lancaster, Va.

Dear Editor,—I went with four of my little friends up near the Peaks of Otter on a chestnut hunt Saturday. I love to read the stories about Buster Brown, so I will send a picture of him. I hope to see my drawing in The Times-Dispatch Sunday after next.

Your unknown friend, ANNE KYLE.

Aged eleven years.

1106 Federal Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a picture of a steam car which I drew myself. I did not copy it, so please print it. I think our club has improved a great deal in the past year. I am going to send you a Hallowe'en story next week. Next time if there is a next time I win a prize won't you please send me a box of paints? I am very fond of painting and want a box very much. Wishing you and a merry Hallowe'en, and our editor especially, I am, Your loving member,

MARY S. LYNN.

Scruggs, Va.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country and go to school to my mamma. I like to learn in my geography and English, too, but get very tired of the take-from in my arithmetic. We have a new Sunday school at Glen Echo. Dr. Eggleston built a church there and has a nice Sunday school. There surely are a lot of scholars. Mamma says I will not make a scholar anywhere. I am mighty sorry, but I don't like to think too much, it is too much trouble. Please give me a new pen. I have lost mine.

THOMAS N. ISBELL.

East Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I send you a little rhyme, which I hope will be worth publishing. I saw my letter in print in the last paper, but did not see my story, and I also saw my name in the specially good papers. I was glad to see it there. I hope this rhyme will be published. I want to do better hereafter in writing to the T. D. C. C. I have not written anything for quite a long time now, for school takes a lot of my time. I hope I will win a prize. Your sincere member,

JUDITH INGRAM.

P. S.—If you do not think it worth printing it will do all right.

Dear Editor,—I cannot tell you how surprised I was on opening the Sunday's paper to find I had won a prize. I feel proud of our Danville girls, for a good many have won prizes on our page. I attend the training school, and all the children that have a pet anything pet have been in my grade. Enclosed you will find a poem called "Swallow Song." I must close my letter now, and hoping my poem will get safely by the great enemy, the waste basket, and land safely on this T. D. C. C. page, I remain, An old member,

PARKE MORRIS.

Farmville, Va.

Dear Editor,—It has been a very long time since I have contributed anything to the children's page, and I hope you have not crossed my name from the roll of members. I enclose an account entitled "Stonewall Jackson," and hope it will appear in your Sunday's paper. I have tried very hard on it, and trust you may deem it worthy of a prize. It is too long, I am afraid, to be printed in full, but I had rather not have it divided unless you think it best. I haven't sent anything since you started publishing stories by the chapter, and do not know how to fix them, so I will be very much obliged to you if you will arrange it for me, should it escape the waste basket. Please send me another badge as your earliest convenience, as I have broken the one you sent me several years ago. Thanking you in advance for your kindness, and hoping to receive a prize, I remain always,

Yours very truly,

CARRIE KIRKLAND RUFFIN.

No. 44 S. Jefferson Street, Danville, Va.

Dear Editor,—I have been very busy fixing rabbits' traps and I have some setting, but have not caught any rabbits yet. I have a little black and white kitten, and she went out one night and caught a little young rabbit, and the poor little thing cried so pitiful we took it from her and turned it loose. To-night the kitten came in with a little bird and she quarreled and would not give the other cats any. I have been pretty lucky hunting and found a lot, and we roasted them and boiled some, and had a fine time. I also like to climb the apple trees and gather nice apples. It has been raining all day, and we had to stay in the house, so we had a fine time popping popcorn. I hope more of the boys will write, so the girls will not beat us, because I don't believe they could if they were to try.

Your little member,

WILLIE D. ROBERTS, Jr.

Norwood, Nelson county, Va.

Dear Editor,—I guess you think I am very impolite not to thank you for my lovely book. I am so proud of it. I have read little over half through it. The reason I haven't written to you before is because I haven't had time. I have been going to school for three weeks. We have twenty scholars on roll. I am in school now. To-day it has rained since before 12 o'clock, so at recess we had to play indoors. First we played charades, and then we played blindfold with the bell rope. Friday Miss Grace (that is our teacher's name) told us that we had been so good she would take us to the James River, about one-half mile away. When we got there we began to pick up shells. There is a small wharf down there that a truck runs on so as to get lumber out to the lighters in the river. They would give the truck a push and off it would go. After a while I got tired of picking up shells, so I asked Dan if I could ride if I would help pull the truck back (Dan is my brother) up the wharf. After awhile the other girls got tired of picking up shells and wanted to ride, too. The boys of course consented, and Miss Grace rode, too. We all enjoyed ourselves until Myrtle Hounshell fell off the truck and hurt herself very badly, poor thing! She hurt three of her right hand fingers. Now she tries to write with her left hand until she has learned how, for she cannot use her right hand yet. Nina Hounshell, one of my schoolmates, is going to join the Children's Club. Her papa takes the Weekly Times-Dispatch, but the club doesn't come out in the weekly, and I am going to lend her mine. I will send my photo as soon as possible. Papa is going to renew his subscription soon. Thanking you again for the prize, I will close, with love and best wishes to all the club members.

DOROTHY WARD.

P. S.—I want to win some more prizes very much. I love to read better than any one I know, and I like fairy tales very much.