

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS OWN THE PAGE

MADE BY AND FOR THEM



Letters From The Children

Dear Editor—I will write you a letter for Christmas. I started to draw something, but I know that there will be some other better than mine, so I wouldn't do so. If you see that I am not good at drawing, I will let you know. I will let you know if I am not good at writing. I will let you know if I am not good at anything else. I will let you know if I am not good at anything else. I will let you know if I am not good at anything else.

Dear Editor—I wish to thank you for the nice book you sent me as a prize for my story. I was very much surprised to receive it. I was very much surprised to receive it.

Dear Editor—I send you a lady I drew awhile ago. I hope you may put it in the paper. I hope you may put it in the paper. I hope you may put it in the paper. I hope you may put it in the paper. I hope you may put it in the paper.

Dear Editor—I received my badge and appreciate it very much. Will you please excuse me for not writing with ink? I hope my little drawing will escape the trash basket. Your truly, WILLIAM J. CRAVEN.

Dear Editor—I would like to join your club. I am a little boy ten years old. My sisters have joined it, so I would like to join and win a prize. I would like to join and win a prize. I would like to join and win a prize.

Dear Editor—I enclose a composition on the "Sistine Madonna" which I wrote for my school. I enclose a composition on the "Sistine Madonna" which I wrote for my school. I enclose a composition on the "Sistine Madonna" which I wrote for my school.

Dear Editor—I received my prize and like it very much. I like it very much.

Dear Editor—I have not sent any pictures or stories for a long time, but I have not stopped reading the "D. C. C." page. I will send you a drawing of a "Dog's Head" and hope it will escape the waste basket. I will send you a drawing of a "Dog's Head" and hope it will escape the waste basket.

Dear Editor—Enclosed you will find a drawing, which represents Christmas Eve. I was a thousand times pleased with the book you sent me as a prize. It was certainly a nice gift. I haven't a photograph suitable to send you now, but expect to have some soon. I haven't a photograph suitable to send you now, but expect to have some soon.

Dear Editor—You cannot imagine how delighted, as well as surprised, I was when I looked at the names of the medalists for November, and so dreams do come true after all. I was delighted, as well as surprised, I was when I looked at the names of the medalists for November.

Our Lee Page to Be Fine One

Dear Children of the Club: You have just five more days to prepare for our Lee celebration page, as all contributions must be in by January 11th. I am especially anxious about the work of our members on that page, because I want all our little boys and girls who have written such splendid stories about the "Stars and Stripes" to remember and revere the "Stars and Bars" as well, and to know about our heroes that fought under that battle-scarred flag.

MEALISTS FOR DECEMBER. E. Novella Sydner, Disputanta, Va. Charles Murdoch, No. 1107 North Twenty-third Street, City.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS. Emma Blount, 1312 Beverly Street, city, for story entitled "The Legend of St. Christopher." William Terry Mitchell, No. 601 North Lombardy Street, for story entitled "How John Was Cured."

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK. Agee, Olive M. Ingram, Judith. Allen, Edward Ingram, Hansford. Herman, Tillie Keaveney, W. J. Blount, Emma Lee, Elizabeth E. Busby, Maude Leberger, Ella Bell, H. O. Osburn, Lizzie P. Craven, William J. Robertson, S. J. Tomaldson, Stanley Ramsey, Sallie W. Earnest, Jennie L. Shanda, Willie R. Flanagan, Dorothy, Tyler, Louise Hummelt, S. W. Tombs, Cecil. Ingram, Mary J.

A KING'S DAUGHTER. Once upon a time there was a little princess and her name was Lizzie. She had golden curls and dark eyes. She had three years old. One day when her nurse carried her out, Lizzie saw some fairies talking. She was going to take her home, but when she turned to look for her she had gone. She ran home and looked and looked, but could not find her. Presently she saw some one in the room where the fairies lived. All the fairies had gone to the feast. She tried to open the door, but it was locked. She did not know how to get out, because the door had never been locked before.

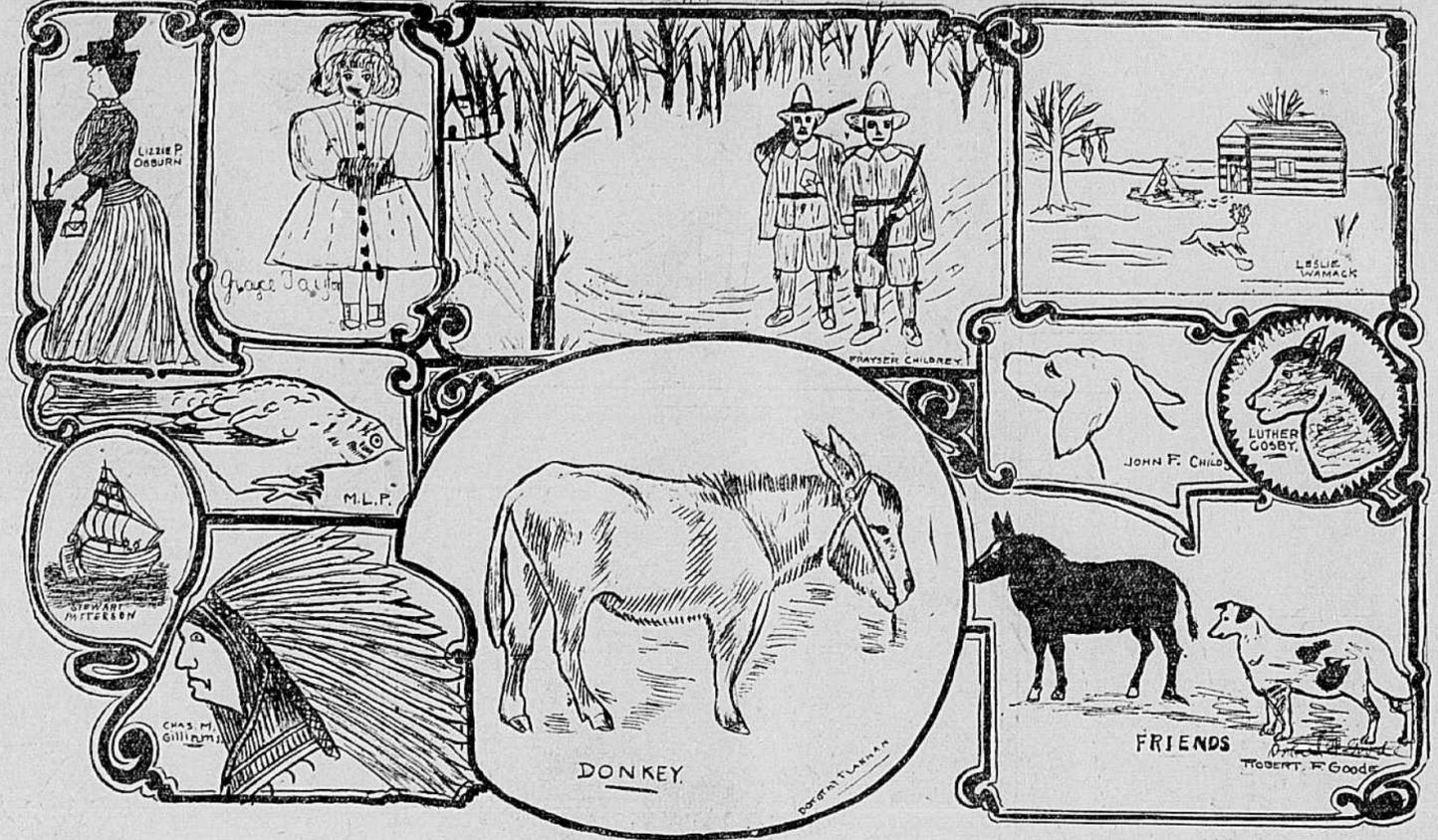
"Father," said the little girl, "I went in there and locked the door so nurse could not get in. I went to ask the fairies to let me go to the feast, and they were gone. And father," she began, "nurse was out in the street talking and I got tired and wanted to go to the feast."

"My dear," said the father, "we will go to the feast and take mother." "A right," said the little girl, clapping her hands. "Let us go!" "But when the little girl got ready to go to the feast the fairies were coming back. The little princess ran to the queen, crying as if her heart would break. The queen did not know what to make of it, because the little girl never cried. She asked her what she wanted. She said she was going to the feast with father and he was going to take mother, and she was over."

"Don't cry, dear," said her mother, "we will go and visit the fairies." "Oh, won't that be nice?" said the little girl. "It is Christmas, and we will go to the feast, then won't we, mother?" "What do you want Santa Claus to bring you, dear?" "Call all the fairies and nurse, so I can tell them," said the little girl. "And when they came she began: 'I want a little kitty and dog, and a horse, and a carriage, and I want to go to see the fairies, and when she went they petted her, and when she got ready to go they gave her a dog and a cat, and when she was ready to go they gave her a horse and a carriage.'"

"FARM LIFE." I live on a nice little farm three miles from a station. I have lots of pets. I have a large Newfoundland dog. I have a white cat. I have a black and white pig. I have a large white cat. I have a black and white pig. I have a large white cat. I have a black and white pig.

MY VISIT TO THE COUNTRY. I visited my aunt a week down the country. She has a lot of little chickens, guinea and turkeys, and old ones, too. I got the eggs up every day, and got about one hundred and fifty. I feed the turkeys, but I did not milk the cows because they would kick and horn. I would take the horse, saddle, and ride across the field, and then I would take the ditch and I almost had a fall. I was going after grapes. I got my grapes, and I found the birds' nests with three little speckled eggs in it. I went home, and when I got there I had left my grapes at the nest. I turned around and went back to get them. When I got there, a lot of birds were eating them, and they were nearly all gone. So I got what was left. KATIE L. GOBEWARD, (Twelve years old.) R. F. D. No. 2, City.



SOME OF THE WEEK'S BEST DRAWINGS BY T. D. C. C. MEMBERS.

"The Sad Story of a Newsboy."

It was Christmas eve. The wind howled unmercifully around the streets. The snow was falling in great white, feathery flakes. The people hurried up from their places of business, blowing great volumes of white vapor from their mouths. On the corner of Charles and Baltimore Streets stands a little newsboy; his hands thrust in his ragged trousers, and hitting his foot against the other. No one noticed him. Business was dull with him that evening. No one thought of a newsboy's Christmas. He was cold, in fact, very cold. But his thoughts of the cold were driven away by his day dreams. He imagined he saw a great Christmas tree with candles and candy upon it. He saw little children running to and fro, showing their gifts to one another. His views changed. His eyes fairly glistened as he saw a Christmas dinner: turkey, cranberries, plum-pudding, candy and nuts. But he awoke suddenly. The same old, gray bellows loomed up before him, and he yelld the familiar words, "News, last 'dition." And then he remembered that he was cold. He shook his ragged clothing over him, and he went to a stand and there he saw some papers. He then realized that he could not pay his board that night, and he had no where to go. The people were now mostly gone from the busy streets, so he cuddled himself up in a doorway and fell asleep—to wake no more. The next morning a snow-covered, icy path on the sidewalk, cautiously uncovered it. There was the little newsboy, a smile on his face, and his soul gone to God. AGNES CLARSON, 3129 West North Avenue, Walbrook, Baltimore, Md. Aged 13 years.

A PRIZE-WINNER.

was at the man's office at 8 o'clock sharp, and found a job as office boy in Mr. Moore's office, for that was the man's name. He worked so well that Mr. Moore soon raised his salary from \$5 a month to \$10. His uncle fell sick and little Rob had to work hard to make enough to feed and clothe himself and pay the doctor's bills, but as he was such a hard worker he soon paid all of the bills. His aunt was too old to do anything. Rob soon grew to be a prosperous gentleman. H. PRESTON MORRIS.

TELL ME A STORY.

"Tell me a story, mother." "A little boy said one day. Tell me of dear Jesus, mother. Of His kind and loving way." Tell me of the Lord God, mother. The Father in heaven above; Tell one story of Jesus, The Saviour I always will love." The mother then told of Jesus, The Saviour who was so brave; She told how the Christ child died, The souls of all sinners to save. The boy sat gravely to the story. And said with a gentle sigh, "I hope I'll be taken to heaven, Dearest mother, when I die." Then the mother answers softly, "Though I know you are full of sin, Yet if you knock at the golden gates, Jesus will let you in." Months later passed, and the boy lies on his dying bed; And his eyes were fixed on his mother's face. As he took her hand and said: "Mother, I know I am dying, So do not weep or be sad, For you know that when I'm in heaven I'll always be happy and glad." I see dear Jesus coming! The boy starts up in his bed; He gives a happy sigh, And falls in his mother's arms—dead.

Hiawatha's Canoe

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy. He lived with his grandmother, Nokomis, in wigwam by the "Big-Sea-Water." One day he went into the forest and said: "Give me of your bark, O birch tree!" and the birch tree gave him his bark. Then he went to the cedar tree—"Give me of your strong boughs, O cedar tree!" and the cedar tree gave him his strong boughs. Then he went to the larch tree—"Give me of your roots, O larch tree!" and the larch tree gave him his roots. Then he went to the fir tree—"Give me of your resin, O fir tree!" and the fir tree gave him some resin, and Hiawatha stopped at the crack. Hiawatha had now a light canoe that floats like a yellow water lily. IRVING GILLIAM, 15 Fillmore Street, Petersburg, Va.

LESLIE JONES, Richmond, Va.

HOW JOHN WAS CURED.

Once upon a time at a school a boy stole another boy's wood. The rule of the school was that every boy must go to the woodpile and chop his own wood and take pieces about ten inches long, and then he must carry it to his room. Two boys occupied one room. The boy and his room that were next to Charles and Frank were very lazy. One day Frank said to Charles: "I saw one of the boys in the next room go to our pile of wood and take an armful of wood to his room." "I will put a stop to that," said Charles. "To-morrow at recess I will tell the boys to help me catch John, who stole my wood, and I will punish him." Frank was very angry and he will punish him they way that we think best. The next day at recess Charles told the boys to catch John and try him for stealing his wood. That evening John was caught and tried in the gymnasium and have a private trial about it. Frank can be the witness, and we will punish him they way that we think best. The next day John brought his wood in. He had to bring it to Charles and Frank for a whole month. This punishment was just what he needed, and in three months he was a very much better boy. MARY JUDITH INGRAM, 601 N. Lombardy Street, City.

OLD VIRGINIA.

Virginia is a happy place In good old winter time, When we go out a-skiating, And oh! it is so fine. Virginia is a happy place In good old spring time, When we go beside the little brook To gather violets fine. Virginia is a happy place In the good old summer time, When we go to the meadow, And the weather is so fine. Virginia is a happy place In good old autumn time, When we begin to go to school, And stop paddling in the pool. Virginia is a happy place In good old winter time, When we begin to go to school, And stop paddling in the pool. Virginia is a happy place Through all of the seasons, It is because God blesses Virginia with good seasons. Virginia with good seasons. VIRGIL BENTON, Blanton's, Va.

The Murder of Two Indians

In the western part of Virginia, near the Ohio River, the settlers from the east had taken possession of the country, and drove the Indians until they were very near. One evening two little boys, aged eleven and thirteen, John and Henry Johnson, were sent out to hunt cows, when they saw two men approaching them, but did not know they were Indians until they were very near. The boys were captured and taken away near a spring, where the Indians built a fire and cooked supper. Little Henry pretended that he had a bad father, and was glad to be taken prisoner, and the Indians were very intimate with one of the Indians. After they had eaten supper and the fire was covered up, and laid a strap over the children, and they lay on the ends of it. In the middle of the night one of the Indians turned over and seized John the elder, and thus releasing the strap so the boy could get up. When he got up he untied his hands and then went to Henry to get him loose, then they proceeded to do their work. John got the Indian's gun and gave it to Henry, and he got the tomahawk and told Henry to pull the trigger, when he gave him the first lick. It was very hard to get Henry to do this, for he wanted his father, and the Indians were very intimate with one of the Indians. Henry agreed, and when John struck the Indian he shot the chin of the Indian, and then killed him all the same. John did not kill his with the first lick, but he kept chopping until the Indian was dead. Then the boys went to the fort, and when they reached the fort they heard their mother's voice. "Poor little fellows, they are either taken prisoners or they were killed." Henry said, "Here we are mother." An Indian afterwards asked, where the boys lived, and was told that they lived in the same place. The Indian said, "You have not a very good father, you should have made kids of those boys." MARY JUDITH INGRAM, Winble, Va.

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS.

Mamma was a little girl ten years old. Her sister had died a few months before, and she was the only girl. Her mother said to her Christmas Eve, that she had better hang up a pillow-slip instead of a stocking. She hung up her pillow-slip, and when she awoke in the morning she was surprised to see what she had gotten. There was a doll dressed in a white dress, with blue ribbon tied on her hair, and a large tea set—large enough for her to eat her own breakfast out of. She went and looked around and saw a kitchen needed. There was a little bucket with a dipper in it and a stove and some little plates on a shelf—more things than I could mention. She kept the doll until it was broken by my oldest brother. It was a baby. JUDITH INGRAM, Winble, Va.

THE SISTINE MADONNA

The great Sistine Madonna was painted by an Italian man named Raphael. It is descending on the clouds with the Christ-child in her arms. Mary and the babe both have a sad countenance, because she knows that her child will be crucified on the cross. The central picture is Mary with a veil.



The picture was one day carried in front of a monks' procession and placed in a chapel, where Augusta II. bought it. Then it was put in the Royal Gallery in Dresden. It is in a room all to itself, and many people go to see it. LOUISE TYLER, 295 South Cherry St., Richmond, Va.

THE T. D. C. C.

Hurray for the T. D. C. C.; The T. D. C. C. is the club for me, Whether I be on land, Or whether I be on sea; Whether I am abroad, or Whether I am at home; That is the club for me, Wherever I doth roam. Composed by SAMUEL LEE ROBERTSON, Tally, Va.

MY PET.

I have a pet cat. He is a dandy, white with black spots. Every one that sees him says he is very pretty. He will eat raw butterbeans, pears, corn and tomatoes, and bananas, and bananas. I love I have told you everything about him. GENEVA GRIFFIN, Yorktown, Va.

GENTLE WORDS.

"More precious than the honeyed dew, From flowers distilled of saffron hue, Of rose, of lily, of blue, Are gentle words." "Sweeter than music's hallowed strains, To cheer old age when memory wanes, And lull to rest its aches and pains, Are gentle words." "Holy as friendship's gifted name, With bright unquenching flame, That on the breeze of love is borne, Are gentle words." Selected by TOM CARTER, Reidsville, N. C.