OUR CHILDRENS PAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

Send in Stories on Your Summer Outing

Dear Children of the Club:

Don't you think it would be a pleasant thing for the T. D. C. C. to have a midsummer directory page? I suppose the plans of members in regard to summer holidays and outings are pretty well formulated by this time, and that many Richmond members are out of town. This, of course, is a delightful time for members who live in the country, and are having all of the enjoyments that out-of-door country life affords.

Now, wherever the T. D. C. C.'s may chance to be who read this message from their editor's desk, let them respond to it by sending a short story or letter, as they may prefer, locating themselves and contributing their mite toward making the membership directory complete. The editor's interest in club affairs never grows dull. Therefore, stories about whatever seems at the moment of interest, whether it be a picnic, a day spent at home, a visit to the exposition, the seaside or the mountains, cannot fail to find an echo of sympathy in the editorial heart.

In addition to the directory, the editor wishes to call the attention of the club to some August topics of interest. What club member desires to send in a paper telling why the month of August was so named, when and why, and what place it occupied in the old Roman calendar? What boy or girl is interested in describing the event that renders August 13th important historically to Americans? And what other boy or girl proposes to give the best paper regarding what hoppened in America on August 16th about one hundred and thirty years ago?

THE EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE WEEK.

Miss Anne Barksdale, Elk Horn, W. Va., for original poem, "How to Draw a Picture for the T. D. C. C."

Miss Nan R. White, Warrenton, Va., for a short story called "A Picnic."

Master Willis A. Calloway, Norwood, Nelson county, Va., for verses under the caption of "Richmond's Victory."

SEND BADGES TO

Mollie Pasman, 215 Craighead Street, Danville, Va.

George M. Walke, No. 82 Avenue A, Huntersville, Norfolk, Va.

Miss Barbor Lewis, Courtland, Va.

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.

Agee, Olive M.	Lewis, Gay B.
Anthony, Blanche	Lewis, Barbara
Barksdale, A. R.	Lawson, A. H.
Bingham, M. E.	McGhee, Mary C.
Calloway, W. A.	Pasman, Mollie
Church, Dorothy	Phillips, Delia B.
Ciucci, Joseph	Ryall, George
Fleetwood, M. L.	Ross, Lennice S.
Gary, Gertrude	Robertson, S. L.
Gates, Estelle	Stoneburner, M. M.
Gayle, R. B.	Turnbull, Evelyn
Gude, Nellie	Turner, Lucinda
Hart, S. J.	Turnbull, G. B.
Hutchison, Arthur	Turpin, Eloise J.
Jacobs, M.	Walke, George M.
Joyner, Helen	White, Nan R.
Johnston, Joseph	Wimbish, Edith M.
Jones, R. C.	Young, Ruth S.

A WESTERN EXPERIENCE.

My father lived in North Dakota and Montana from 1880 to 1891. He has told me many of his experiences in hunting and being among the Indians. For some time he had a farm on the Missouri River.

He has told me about going out near his house and killing twenty-five wild geese in one afternoon. One morning he and a friend killed fifty geese and then a deer after dinner. He says there were also lots of prairie chickens, and many times he would have in his house seventy-five geese, ducks and prairie chickens, and at one time, three deer. He also killed lots of antelope and once he killed two antelopes at one shot with a rifle.

Of course, all large game was shot with the rifle, but small game with a shotgun. Papa has also told me of some of his experiences with the Indians, and some of his trips through the country.

These experiences would seem very strange to the members of the T. D. C. C., and if you would like to have them I will write you another letter telling you about them. But it would take many letters to tell you all.

GAY BURFORD LEWIS.

NED'S WISH.

Ned's father had been an engineer ever since he could remember, and he had wished more than once that father should be a merchant. One morning he went down and said to his mother: "I had such a nice dream last night, and if it would only come true I would be so happy."

"What did you dream about, son?" asked his mother.

"I dreamed that papa had gotten a fortune from England and we were going to go to a large city and were going to open a large store. I had grown to be a man, and he was going to let me stay in the store with him. Alas! I was not so happy when I awoke and found it only a dream. But wishes are not always granted.

An Old Member,
OLIVE M. AGEE.
Norwood, Va.

A PICNIC.

On Saturday morning we had a little picnic of five, two boys and three girls. We had two basketfuls of lunch, which the boys pulled out in a little wagon for us. We went to a place called Lee's Grove, about a mile and a half out of town. There is a branch that runs through the grove, and a large rock that crosses the water, which forms a natural bridge. We caught a young crawfish in the branch, and put it in a cup and kept it awhile, and then put it back. I put our bottle of tea in the branch to keep cool in the shade of an old elm tree. We put our lunch in a safe place, and went off to explore the grove. We scared up a young rabbit and set the dog on it, but he didn't catch it. We found a few ripe blackberries. We ate our lunch, rested a while, and then played games. We came home after having a very pleasant day, and ready for our tea.

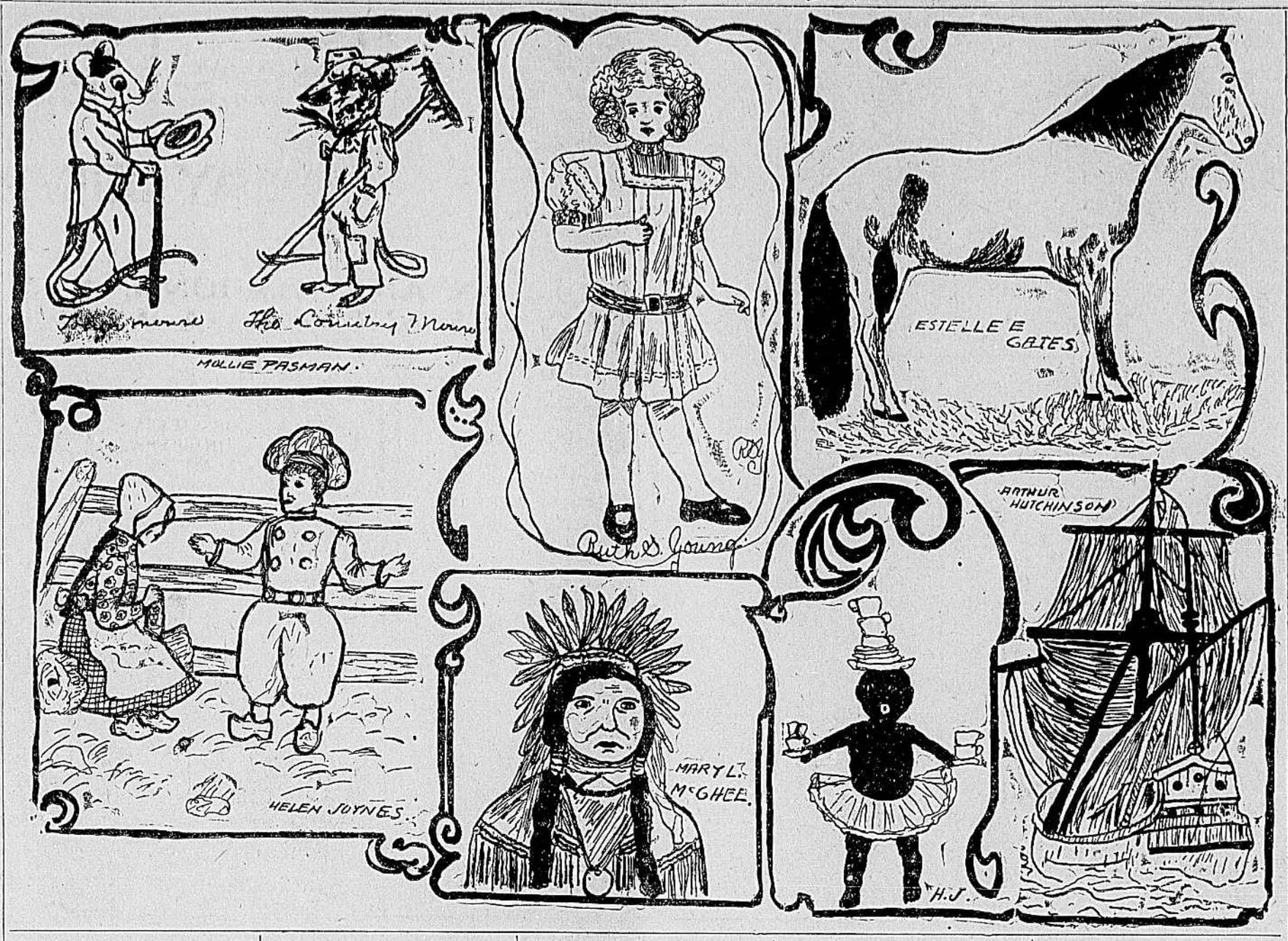
NAN R. WHITE.
Warrenton, Va.

WHERE THE ASPENS QUIVER.

The churchyard yew is like his dead,
Tranced is the tall ash tree,
The thorn-brake might be cast in lead
So motionless is he;
But still there is some unheard sigh,
For, lo! the aspens make reply,

Those sentries of the drowsy hours
Seem watching as they quiver,
The slumber of the reeds and flowers
Beside the idle river;
You, aspen leaves, will I resemble,
And be the first to "hear and tremble."

Selected by R. C. JONES,
Petersburg, Va.



Hauling in of the Seine.

There are lots of attractions at Ocean View, and among them is the hauling in of the seine. The seine is a very long net, with cork balls on one side of it to keep it from sinking. There is a long rope tied to one end and the seine is carried out into the water, and the rope is tied to a wooden wheel called a windlass.

At night horses are hitched to the wheel and the rope is wound up until the seine is pulled to the edge of the water. Then negroes pull the seine in shore. They sing when they are pulling it in, and it moves just like clockwork. After they get the seine in far enough, the men get hamper-baskets and bring the fish in.

It is at night when they do all this, and, of course, they have to have a light. This is supplied by a lightwood knot put in an iron cage on an iron staff. When it is lighted it makes the fish shine like gold.

LUCINDA TURNER.

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS.

It was a hot, sultry day that Dick and Tom emerged from a log cabin. They had gone out to look after some beaver traps. As the two boys were walking along, chatting merrily, the sharp report of a rifle rang out. Tom saw Dick drop his rifle, and said:

"What's the matter, Dick?"

"The Indians plugged me," replied Dick.

"Where did the bullet strike?" asked Tom, greatly alarmed.

"Crack!" rang out another rifle shot, narrowly missing Tom's head, and sinking into a tree.

"We're attacked by Indians," remarked Tom.

"Get behind a tree and fight 'em," said Dick.

"Don't you shoot at them until they come closer, and then you may use your revolver. I'll shoot at 'em with my rifle," said Tom.

The Indians were steadily gaining on them.

"Dick, you pretend you are dead, and they might not bother you," remarked Tom.

"I'm not going to be scalped alive if I can help it," retorted Dick.

"If you see they'll scalp you, then you jump up," said Tom.

The Indians had by this time captured Tom, and one of them, at seeing Dick, thought him to be dead, and at once drew his scalping knife. As the Indian knelt down, Dick fired a shot into him, at the same time saying, "You'll never scalp another person."

Another Indian instantly leaped upon him, but received the same medicine. Dick was finally captured, and bound hand and foot.

They at last reached a camp.

"One of the braves will shoot palefaces; heap fine scalps," said one of the squaws who saw the boys.

"Shut up, you old hag," replied Tom. "Paleface no live; go through happy hunting-ground," remarked the squaw. The boys got no supper that night.

"We must try to escape to-night," said Tom.

Tom got loose after dark, and was unbinding Dick, when the Indians discovered it. The Indian whooped loud and long to signal the camp. Tom rushed away, followed by Indians. After an hour they returned, but they hadn't recaptured Tom.

As night came on, food was brought to Dick. Dick tried to get loose that night, but all in vain.

One of the Indians came up to Dick and said: "We shoot you at sunrise!"

At sunrise Dick was tied to a tree to be shot. One of the Indians was to count to three first.

"One!"

Dick's heart beat fast.

"Two!"

He shut his eyes that he may not face the barrel of the rifle.

"Crack!" the sharp report of a rifle rang out loud and clear on the morning air. The bullet buried itself into the head of the Indian that was to kill Dick. Then the bullets of a hundred rifles whistled into the Indian camp, causing utter destruction to the Indians that were gathered around Dick. In a second Tom was beside his brother, unbinding him.

"I don't want to be captured by Indians another time, Tom," said Dick.

"I don't blame you," replied Tom.

"Who shot that Indian?" asked Dick.

"I did," replied Tom, gazing proudly upon his rifle.

"Unless the soldiers had come, probable both of us would have been killed," said Dick.

Both Dick and Tom thanked the soldiers heartily for their service. By the time the boys reached home, Dick's arm was well. Their father was overjoyed to see them.

Tom's rifle is still kept as the chief ornament.

HENRY CALLOWAY.
Norwood, Va.

OUR BASEBALL GAME.

The animals got up a team
To play against our nine;
They thought 'twould surely be a dream
To beat our men in line.

The tiger was the pitcher,
The best one in the town,
And the lion was made catcher
To hold the pitcher down.

The horse, the monkey, and the sheep
Were lined up on the bases;
Then all the animals made a leap
To get the other places.

The leopard seized the centre-field;
His brother took the right,
While the elephant would not yield
The left without a fight.

The dog wanted to be shortstop;
He said 'twas his by right;
But the kangaroo leaped by a hop,
And seized it with his might.

Then the game had its beginning,
Called by Umpire Cat;
The animals had first inning,
And they lined up at the bat.

The sun was setting hind the hill,
'Twas nearly half-past four;
Only one animal remained there still
To say they'd play no more.

Composed by
CARRINGTON CALLAWAY.
Norwood, Va.

JANET'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

This was little Janet's sixth birthday, and her mother and father thought they would have a surprise party for her. Her father got ice cream, cake and candy, while her mother wrote the invitations and sent them to Janet's friends.

Janet was surprised at 2 o'clock, when all of her friends came to her home. Her mother then told her they had come to a surprise party she was having for her. They played and had a nice time until 4 o'clock, when the ice cream, cakes and candies were served.

On leaving at 5 o'clock the children left Janet very happy about her party. They all said they had had a very nice time.

MARY MOORE STONEBURNER.
Edinburg, Va.

THE LITTLE LADY.

I know a little day, who no matter
what takes place,
Is always seen wearing the same
smiling face.
And she is quite a Spartan, this brave
little dear,
For once she broke her arm, and never
shed a tear.
Now don't you want to know who this
wonder is?
I'll tell you right this minute; she's
my doll—"Liz."

Composed by
ANNA HOWARD LAWSON.
Floyd, Va.

SOME ONE.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Every second of the clock
Some one living,
Some one giving,
Some one playing,
Some one paying,
Some one thinking,
Some one drinking,
Some one calling,
Some one falling,
Some one ringing,
Some one singing,
Some one sleeping,
Some one sweeping,
Some one could go on forever,
And this rhyme would finish never;
Tick tock, tick tock,
Every second of the clock.

Selected by R. B. GAYLE.
Aged 12. Bestland, Va.

The Old Garret.

Whenever Susie and Edith visit grandpa and grandma they go up into the old garret to play. Now this room is at the top of an old-fashioned house, and it has a very gloomy and ghost-like appearance, having only two small windows. I shall tell you what they see and play with up there. First of all, they go to a small leather trunk, and, as it is being opened, let us see what it contains: A little faded dress and a pair of tiny shoes, which grandma wore across the ocean to England, the home of her aunt. Next we see a suit of clothes which grandpa wore when a boy. Then we see a great many toys which he had tried to carve long years ago, having no tools but an old knife. Susie was especially pleased with the pieces of furniture, but Edith liked the dolls best of all. One more glance around the room and you will see grandpa's war articles, the old leather wallet, the rusty gun, the gray, blood-stained suit, and a Confederate flag.

LENNICE S. ROSS,
Edgerton, Va.

SAVED.

"Mama, may I go on the beach?" asked little Clarence Vane, who was stopping at the hotel near the beach.

"Yes, but don't stay long," answered his mother.

He put on his big straw hat and went running down the plank walk.

After playing on the beach a little while he decided to wade in the water. After about fifteen minutes he ventured to go too far and a big wave was coming.

He screamed, but no one heard but Rover, the St. Bernard dog.

Rover ran down the beach and saw Clarence just as he came up the second time.

He jumped in the water and caught Clarence by the dress and dragged him out.

Clarence was lying on Rover's paws and he didn't know how to get the child home.

He waited. Fifteen minutes passed. At last help came. He heard Mrs. Vane calling: "Clarence! Clarence!"

When she saw Clarence she screamed.

Clarence soon got well and Rover always was a great pet.

NELLIE GUDE.
2607 Hunt Ave., Newport News, Va.

RICHMOND'S VICTORY.

Long knocked a home run,
Hinton a three-base hit;
The score was two to one,
And Portsmouth was in the pit.

Heffron put the sphere over the fence,
The Portsmouth nine was amazed;
Portsmouth has been beaten ever since,
And I think she is still dazed.

Ten men Salve struck out;
One base he gave on balls,
And this made Manager Shaffer shout,
And loud were the grandstand's calls.

Up to the bat stepped Reeve,
A broad smile on his face;
He took up the bat and rolled up his
sleeve,
And swatted the ball for second-base.

Kirkpatrick walked up to the plate,
Said he: "It is my time to do the
stunt."
The pitcher was easy bait,
And Kirk did beat out a bunt.

Then mighty Titman, Richmond's pride,
Did surprise each and every fan
By hitting the ball, and with many a
mighty stride,
Scurry across the pan.

Wallace, a two-base hit did knock,
And Cowan hit for base number one;
Then Cassidy the ball did sock,
And the score was five to one.

Carter and Howard the twirlers new,
Did throw ins, outs, jumps and the
perpendicular drop.
Until safe hits began to be few,
And the batters flies began to pop.

Then little Count O'Neil,
Who always figured in the double
play,
Upon second-base would plant his heel,
And hurry home to save the day.

Then old Pop Shaffer, that fast first-
baseman,
Would take up the bat and pull up
his pants,
Crack the ball to the delight of the
fan,
And around the bases he would
dance.

Paul Siebrie his appearance soon will
make,
And take his stand on the second
sack,
And when the game is at stake
He will give the ball a resounding
crack,
And win the day for old Richmond.

WILLIS A. CALLAWAY.
Norwood, Nelson county, Va.

THE ARBUTUS HUNT.

Some children and myself started out Saturday to hunt for arbutus. We went to a mountain about fifty yards from our house, got some candy to eat on our way, and took some twine to tie our flowers with, and started out. We went on up the mountain, which was rather steep; but we could not find any arbutus at first; but found plenty of mountain tea-berries and violets. We left the violets, as they wither so soon, and as it was rather warm we sat down and ate some of the candy. We were about on top of the mountain now. We continued our search, but as we found such a little arbutus we thought we would try another mountain; so we plowed through the briars, and we finally crossed over to the other mountain, where we found ourselves exactly in an arbutus patch. We soon had our hands full of beautiful pink and white arbutus and mountain tea-berries. Of course, we had to hunt under some leaves to find them, but those which we hunted the harder for were sure to be the prettiest, and they had such a sweet odor. As our hands were full, we sat down under a lofty pine tree and tied our flowers in a neat bunch. Then we started out again, and met with the same good luck as before.

As we were starting down the mountain one of the girls hollowed: "Oh! look; there's a snake!" and one of the boys tried to kill it, but it got out of sight. You may be sure we were frightened, so the girls ran across the hill and came down another way; but I do not think we were in danger, for we were at a safe distance. The snake was about three-fourths of a yard long. Just a little while before we saw the snake we saw a rat; rather queer, wasn't it? As we were very thirsty, we went down to the brook and got a refreshing drink. Then we went home. When we reached home we had plenty of arbutus and scratches. "Throw me anywhar but in de briar patch."

ANNE R. BARKSDALE,
Elkhorn, W. Va.

FROM BROWN TO GREEN.

I.

When all the brown is turning green
The baby buds and leaves are seen;
They push their heads out, one by one,
And nod and smile to greet the sun.

II.

When all the brown is turning green,
The little birds their feathers preen;
They love the coming of the spring,
And so they build their nest and sing.

III.

When all the brown is turning green,
Over the brook the bushes lean,
And dip their fingers in the tide,
And scatter drops on every side.

IV.

A little child may love them all—
The buds, the brook, the birds that
call,
And watch the spring come softly
down,
To change to green the earth so
brown.

V.

And so I like to romp and play,
On such a warm and sunny day;
I feel so happy as a queen.
When all the brown is turning green.

Selected by FANNIE HARDAWAY.

Puzzle Department.

Answers.

To Jumbled Girl's Names.—1. Helen. 2. Mary. 3. Hattie. 4. Sallie. 5. Lucy. 6. Agnes. 7. Frances. 8. Eva. 9. Lucile. 10. Jenny.

DOROTHY CHURCH.
308 W. Cary Street.

To Dropletter Puzzle—1. Virginia. 2. Maine. 3. Wyoming. 4. Maryland. 5. Florida. 6. Georgia. 7. Oregon. 8. Texas. 9. North Carolina. 10. South Dakota.

MARY M. STONEBURNER.
Edinburg, Va.

To Jumbled Girl's Names.—1. Helen. 2. Mary. 3. Hattie. 4. Sallie. 5. Lucy. 6. Agnes. 7. Frances. 8. Eva. 9. Lucile. 10. Jenny.

ELOISE J. TURPIN.
Boydton, Va.

Jumble Girl's Names.—1. Lanier. 2. Florrie. 3. Kathleen. 4. Spotswood. 5. Caroline. 6. Richie. 7. Elizabeth. 8. Rebecka. 9. Camilla. 10. Edith. 11. Roberta.

By EDITH M. WIMBISH.
Nathalie, Va.

To Additional Puzzle—The answer is 123527.

By R. C. JONES.
Petersburg, Va.

Charade.

My first is in mad, but not in glad.
My second is in cat, also in rat.
My third is in down, but not in crown.
My fourth is in pie, but not in cake.
My fifth is in silk also, in satin.
My sixth is in rose, also in pose.
My seventh is in near, but not in pear.
My whole is a president of the United States.

NELLIE GUDE.
2607 Hunt Avenue, Newport News, Va.

MY VISIT TO THE EXPOSITION.

We left home about half-past 7 o'clock in the morning on the 10 o'clock train for Norfolk; got there about 12, and found my aunt waiting to meet us. We took a car for her home. As it rained the first two or three days we did not get to the grounds until Virginia Day. We got to the Exposition Grounds about 12 o'clock. We went through the States' Exhibit Building, the Machinery Building, the Pure Food Building and the Government Buildings. We thought the fishes beautiful. At 3 o'clock we saw the military parade, and thought it was very fine. We then went in some of the State buildings. We did not go in any of the shows that day, but another time we went in to see Trixie, the educated horse, and the wild animal show. We stayed in Norfolk three weeks; stopped a week at Brandon with our cousin, and had a pretty trip up James River.

Saturday we went over to Claremont and took the train for Waverly; found our uncle there to meet us, and got home just before dark, after a very pleasant visit.

M. LOUISE FLEETWOOD.
R. F. D. No. 1, Disputanta, Va.

IF I HAD WINGS.

If I had wings I would fly away
Up to the clouds at break of day,
And watch 'till the rosy fingered dawn
Tell the coming of the morn.

Oh, to be free, and away to fly
Up in the broad and azure sky,
Where the stars look down from the
heaven above,
And hover above us like angels of love.

If I had wings I would fly and see
Poor little children unlike you and me,
And whisper some comfort to each little
child
About our dear Saviour so meek and
mild.

Then I would soar to the mountain
crest,
And gaze on the tranquil valley of rest,
And look at the river as it runs
Bathed in the beams of the setting sun.

But then a wee voice inside of me
sings
All your thoughts have the power of
wings,
And you can whisper kind words all
the same,
Then tell them about our dear Sa-
viour's name.

Then thoughts can fly to the mountain's
peak,
And quiet rest in the valley seek,
So let's be content tho' we haven't
wings,
And listen to what the little voice
sings.

Composed by PARKE MORRIS.
Farmville, Va.

Letters From Our Children

Dear Editor,—I am sorry I don't write any more than I do, but I help mamma a great deal of my time. I see a great many new members joining our club. I am sure they will like it, and there are so many nice pieces written by the old members. I am sending my papers, and I am going to make a T. D. C. C. book out of them. I think the T. D. C. C. Club is the best club I have ever been in. I am real anxious for school to start, and I guess some of the other members are too. I am going to go down to Virginia for my vacation, but I can't decide whether to go to Jamestown or Christiansburg. I do wish I could win a medal from our page, but I don't see how I could without writing more often. I am going to try and write every week, or draw something. I won a medal in music, and a bracelet for speaking. I think Anne Barksdale's medal is beautiful. I have three nice pets that I am going to write a story about. I have a spotted cat, a black kitten and a brown water spaniel dog. I will close now, with much love to the members and our kind editor.

Wishing a glorious vacation to the club, and for our editor, an old member.

MYRTLE E. BINGHAM.
Elk Horn, W. Va.

Dear Editor,—I saw my letter was printed in the T. D. C. C., and you can't imagine how glad I was. I have been to the exposition three times, and I think it would be fine to have an exposition page. I read your letter in the T. D. C. C., and you said for us to write on the things that interested us most, so I thought I would write you a story on what interested me most. I hope it will be printed, and, if possible, win a prize, for I have taken so much pains with it. I wrote it over with pencil three times before I copied it with ink. I also send a drawing of a boat which catches blue fish, and a few words to describe it. The men over at the fort are practicing with cannon, and when they shoot, it jars the houses. Well, I guess my letter is long enough anyway. Hoping it will be printed, and my story win a prize. Your fond member,

LUCINDA TURNER.
Ocean View, Va., box 47, care Dr. W. D. Turner.

Dear Editor,—I guess you have forgotten me, but I am away on my summer vacation in the mountains having a splendid time. This place is perfectly lovely, for there is plenty of cattle and horses, and among the flock of sheep are two pet lambs which will eat salt out of your hand. The boys here have made a house in an apple tree, which we girls often read in. My uncle has a lovely steel boat. Its name is, "The Mohican." I tell you it can go fast. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain, your member,

DELIA B. PHILLIPS.
Waynesboro, Va. Care of Mr. Chas. E. Ellison.

Dear Editor,—I inclose another drawing which I hope may win a prize. I saw by the paper that I won first prize, and thank you very much for your kindness. I do not know whether I am entitled to a prize or not, but thought I would try again anyhow. Thanking you again for your kind attention, I am, yours truly,

RUTH S. YOUNG.
R. F. D. No. 4, Solomon's Store, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I received the beautiful medal you sent Monday, (July 8) and I can never stop thanking you for it. I would have received it much sooner but I am visiting relatives at Locust Hill, Middlesex county, and it was sent to Farmville. It was so much prettier than I expected. I am so proud of having my name on the back. So many people have complimented it. Thanking you again, I am, an old member, MARIA ADAMS BRISTOW.
Farmville, Va.

Dear Editor,—I enclose a drawing which I hope to see on next Sunday's T. D. C. C. page. I am so glad when Sunday's paper comes so I can read the T. D. C. C. page. I enjoy reading it. I went to Sunday-school yesterday. I certainly would be glad to get a prize. I think last Sunday's paper was just fine. We have twelve little guineas. I have a pearl-handled knife that mother gave me for a birthday present. I am going to try to send you a story for Sunday 21st. I like to see my letters printed. I have got eight china dolls, and I like to play dolls. I will close, hoping to see my drawing printed. Yours truly,

IRENE M. PUGH.
Madisonville, Va.
10 years old.

Richmond, Va., July 15, 1907.

Dear Editor,—I was so delighted on Sunday when, looking in the paper for my story, I saw that I had won a prize. I had no idea of winning one. I send you a drawing of a Sioux chief. I hope it will not fly over the waste basket. With love to the members of the T. D. C. C., I remain your devoted member,

G. RYALL
514 North Eighth Street, City.

Dear Editor,—Inclosed you will find an answer to one of the puzzles in the paper. Will you please send me a badge, as we had an accident and my badge burnt up. Well, I guess I will close. Good-by, from an old member, DOROTHY CHURCH.
No. 308 West Cary Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge. My sister is a member of your club. I am a little girl eight years old. Yours truly,

BARBARA LEWIS.
Courtland, Va.

Dear Editor,—We went after some blackberries and got a small bucket half full. After we had been back about five minutes, we got up seventy-five chickens and twenty-four turkeys. In about fifteen minutes it started to rain. Inclosed you will find a story which I hope will be good enough to be printed. Your old member,

GAY B. LEWIS.
Hanover C. H. Age nine years.

Dear Editor,—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. You will find inclosed one of my drawings which I hope will not reach the waste basket. Please send me a badge. I will close now, with love to all the members. Yours,

MOLLIE PASMAN.
213 Craighead St., Danville, Va.

Dear Editor,—I reckon you think I have forgotten you, but I have been away a month, so you see I could not write. Inclosed you will find a piece entitled, "My Visit to the Exposition," and hope it will win a prize. My sister and myself have about a hundred chickens. I have a little kitten named Buster Brown, and my sister has one named Mary Jane. It is real amusing to see them play. I have a little white bunny too. For fear my letter is too long, I will close. Yours truly,

M. LOUISE FLEETWOOD.
Disputanta, Va.

Dear Editor,—It would please me ever so much if I were a member of the T. D. C. C. To-day (18), looking over some back-date papers I found two pages of the T. D. C. C. If you will please send me a badge. I don't know whether this is the right address or not. Please send me The Times-Dispatch and the T. D. C. C.'s right address. Hoping to be gladdened by seeing this poem in the paper, I remain, your friend,

GEO. M. WALKE.
82, Avenue A, Huntersville, Norfolk, Va.

Dear Editor,—I believe I will write you a few lines this morning. It is now warm, which I am glad of, as I like that kind of weather. I have been collecting all the Indian relics I can find. By finding them myself, and getting them from the schoolboys and others, I now have about sixty. There are very few of them perfect, but if I know that the Indians made them, I take them. All of them are heads for arrows and spears. I think very much of them. I now read all the time as I have nothing else to do. It gives me much pleasure. I suppose I should go crazy nearly if I did not have any books. I like Thomas Moore's works. Well, I will now close this letter. I remain your member,

SAMUEL LEE ROBERTSON.
Tally, Va.

Dear Editor,—Inclosed you will find a drawing entitled, "Chickasaw Indian." I haven't sent anything to the paper for a long time. I have been busy in school. I was promoted in the Sixth A. class. They don't have grammar grades out here like they do in Richmond. The grades go from first B. up to eighth A., and then to high school. We moved to Oklahoma last November. We like it alright out here. We ride ponies and donkeys, and have a fine time. Hoping my drawing will escape the waste basket, I remain,

MARY E. McGHEE.
942 Iowa Ave., Chickasha, Oklahoma.