

GOLDEN CHILDRENS PAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

The Editor Says: "Merry Xmas and Look Out for Next Sunday!"

Dear Children of the Club: Before another Sunday comes around Christmas Day, which we have been writing and talking and thinking, will have come and gone, and you will have had time to enjoy and appreciate the pretty gifts that Christmas has brought you.

In the meantime I wish to tell you all who have helped to make the Christmas page so bright and interesting how pleasant the review of your good work has been to me, and how much I congratulate you upon the standard you have made and upheld for yourself.

To the little people who have had to wait for their badges I desire to say that the new supply ordered for Friday, December 20th, will most probably reach you before Christmas Day, so that you will have another pleasant association linking your membership and the holiday season together.

In conclusion, I wish you all a "merry Christmas." Let us make a bargain with each other. Let us each one try to do something this Christmas to make some one happy.

Suppose you finish up December on your page by telling me something about the old-fashioned Christmas games. What do you know, for instance, about hunt-the-slipper, blind-man's-buff, puss-in-the-corner, snapdragon and forfeits? Who can write the best story about what Christmas holiday means to the school children, and how enjoyment is the greater for the work that goes before it?

PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Ottway Carter, Prospect, Va.
Master Leslie T. Davis, Fairmount, Va.
Miss Lucia Baldwin, Farmville, Va.

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.

Baber, Julian T. Levy, Ethel
Baldwin, Lucile Mitchell, M. P.
Bingham, M. E. Metzger, Frank
Biscoe, Betsy Massel, Josephine
Bullitt, Julia Noel, Helen
Calloway, W. A. Owen, Ruby
Carver, A. B. Pagan, Anna
Carter, Ottway Pitts, Margaret
Cox, Essie T. Powell, Hazel
Clements, Aphie Reid, Elizabeth
Craven, Mamie Reid, Ida K.
Davis, Louis L. Robinson, Myrtle
Eppes, Annie B. Sheldon, J. C.
Engley, Marie Selden, Eloise
Gates, Estelle Sheffield, H. N.
Gode, Robert Shepherd, Watson
Hubbs, Roy (alumnus.)
Kings, Gladys Switzer, Frances
Key, K. Stevens, R. W.
L. John Tucker, J. K.
Elizabeth Adams, Lloyd
Elizabeth Walters, Ethel
Lillian Wells, Grace
Lillian Whitehurst, O. J.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

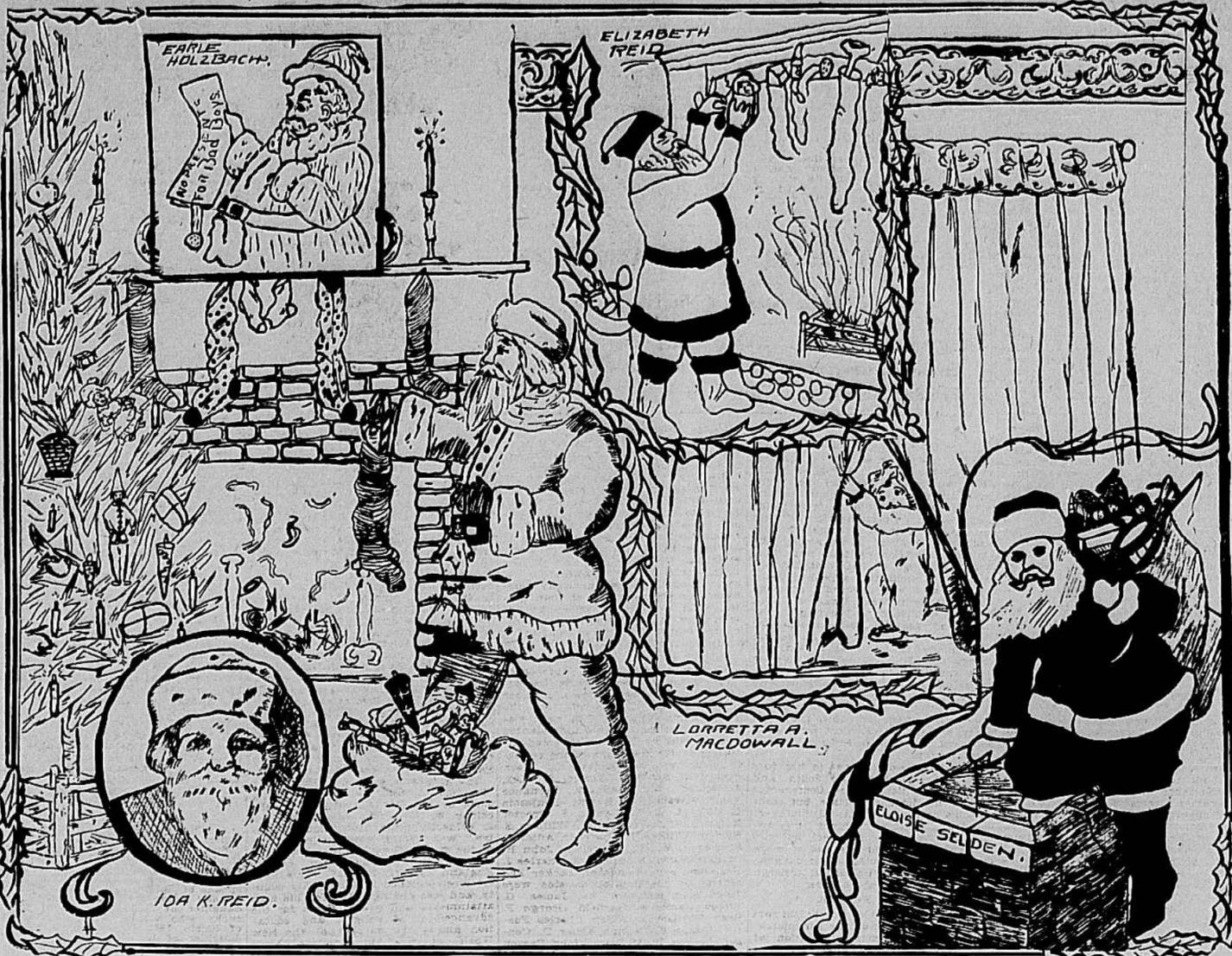
(Original.)
It was a clear, starlit night. In the far-away country of Judea, shepherds were watching their flocks, and probably talking of ordinary occurrences. Little did they know, as they sat there in the sheep pen, lying about them, how often that night would be talked of and sung about in the years to come.

Suddenly a bright light was shed upon everything, and the shepherds hid their faces for the light was the glory of the Lord.
Then there appeared unto them an angel, who told them that a Saviour had been born in Bethlehem and was lying in a manger.

Afterward the angel was filled with angels singing joyously, and bringing "Peace and good will to men." Then the men departed, and the shepherds arose and hastened to Bethlehem. Soon the little town was reached, and in a stable they found the Christ child.
He lay in a manger where cows and donkeys ate their food; "only a baby," like any of your little brothers. The little band fell down and worshipped the infant King who was to go through so much for us.
Then the precious Christmas presents were given to anybody, and we ought to show our appreciation for it by being loving and kind. This makes Christmas a joyous season.
ELIZABETH JENKINS.

CHRISTMAS.

We celebrate Christmas because on that day Christ was born. One night the shepherds were out watching their flocks, and they saw a star brighter than all the others shining over them. Next they saw a group of angels coming towards them. At first they were frightened, but the angels told them not to be afraid, that they had good news to tell them.



A Happy Christmas.

(Original Story.)
The day before Christmas, Lucy, Jack and baby Mary went out to auntie's with mamma and papa to spend Christmas.
The ground was covered with snow, and they enjoyed sleigh-riding very much. Auntie was very glad to see them and made them feel at ease.
When that long-looked-for eve came, they all clustered around the fireplace to hang their stockings. Jack had bragged to both the children that he would see Santa. So he waited, oh, and they enjoyed waiting for him so much. The people on the wharf were cheering and urging the dog onward with cries of "Bravo! Bravo!"

THE STORY OF THE YULE LOG.
As Christmas draws near the Yule log is prepared, the burning of which takes place on Christmas Eve.
The custom of burning the Yule log is kept up more by the ancient families of England than America.
Many different stories are told about the Yule log. The following is a story that has been told to several generations and is said to be true.
There was once a farmer who always burnt a Yule log, and as long as the log burned, his sons could frolic, but when the log burned out they must come home and go to work.
Several months before Christmas his sons put a large log in the creek, and they went to look for it and let it dry some, and then put it back again. Near the 1st of December they took it out and let it dry well on the outside. They told their father that they had a fine log for Christmas. Their father looked favorably at the log, and it was brought in and put on the fire. Their father wondered at the log burning so long. Several times his sons came home to see if the log had burned out. It lasted about ten days, and all that time the sons frolicked.
ESSIE T. COX.
No. 2517 East Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

THE STORY OF JAPPLE.

Once in a little town on the eastern coast of Maine there lived a little girl called Japple. Her real name was Janie, but she had black hair and eyes, and for this reason people called her Japple.
One day, while she was on the wharf watching the ships come in she learned that a large ship was coming from Newfoundland and that she had her large Newfoundland dog with her when she came to the wharf, and when he saw his little mistress fall into the water, he was after her in a second. The child came up the second time, with her black hair wet and clinging and eyes closed as if in death. The minute the dog saw the face he loved so well, he struck out bravely for the spot. The people on the wharf were cheering and urging the dog onward with cries of "Bravo! Bravo!"
The dog waded until the little girl came up the third time, and then caught the little pink dress and swam with her to the shore. The dog, as long as he lives, lives in America with the greatest regard, and the little girl never came to the wharf without her dog.
P. S.—I have written and composed this for the T. D. C. HELEN NOEL.



Puzzle Department.

My sixth is in pit, and also in all.
My seventh is in May, but not in pay.
My eighth is in lava, and also in harm.
My ninth is in seal, but not in peal.
My whole is a day in which we all enjoy.
By MYRTLE BINGHAM.

IN SANTA CLAUS LAND.
"Twas the night before Christmas," and in Santa Claus Land, the North wind was blowing the large white flakes of snow over the already very ground. If we had been there, we should have said that it was very cold, but the only inhabitant of that cold land, a ruddy old man, was thinking how jolly the white snow would make his ride down to the South.
Just as he put the last runner on the sled he was making, there came a loud knock on the door. "Come in," said Santa Claus, "and warm yourself." The door opened and the visitor was no other than the mail man, who threw a large leather bag at the feet of Santa Claus. The bag was weather-beaten, but Santa was used to that. He looked at once at the inside, and there found hundreds of letters addressed to Mr. Santa Claus, North Pole, America.
The first he tore open read as follows:
"Dear Mr. Santa:
"I am a little girl, four years old, and I want to go to my little brother; I go to bed early, too. Please bring me an orange and a pretty doll-baby, and a dollar in the toe of my stocking, only count that of anything else, so bring anything you want to. Don't forget little brother."
"Good-by JOSEPHINE MARCH."
"Well, well," exclaimed Santa. "She seems to be a nice little girl, I'll look her up." Then he took down his large book and looked down the columns until he came to her name. Then he read: "Josephine March, a small girl and generally good, only gets stubborn and angry when she has had her little while his little brother because he won't give her all of his cake."
"Well, I declare, I won't be hard on the little chap. I'll give her what I think best."
Santa continued reading the letters, and looking up the children until he had what each child wanted wrapped in a neat package, bearing the child's name.
At 5:30 o'clock Santa Claus closed his large book and threw the unopened letters into a trashbasket, exclaiming: "I'm sorry to disappoint the children, but they are too late. I must start on my journey."
Santa Claus went into another room and looking up the children until he had what each child wanted wrapped in a neat package, bearing the child's name.
His wife rushed to the door in time to see the sled run over the hill and to hear his only voice shout: "Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer! Now Vixen! On! Come! On! Cupid! On! Dunder and Blixem!"
LUCILE BALDWIN.
Aged twelve; Farmville, Va.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES.—PART II.
(The Fourth Game.)
The Tigers went down in defeat by the Cubs, to the tune of 6 to 1, in the fourth game.
The game was very cold during the game, the temperature ranging between 45 and 50 degrees.
A cold wind from the North blew

Puzzle Picture.



What does the above illustration depict?
HURRY UP!

Put together words in each sentence to make a geographical name.
1. The river is thick along the mouth of the river.
2. A man did mar the pan.
3. When I arrived upon the land as the boat came into port.
4. The boy hit the Turk with a key.
5. I rode across the land.
6. When he climbs the tree you must throw him a rope.
7. If you take a north car you will be merry.
8. I owe him a dollar.
9. The English saw many of their men fall in the Revolutionary War.
10. The islands please send me a can of rye.
11. Oh, how tired I am," sighed Mary, as she trudged along over the snow-covered land.
12. The English saw many of their men fall in the Revolutionary War.
By WILLIE A. CALLAWAY.
Norwood, Va.

MARY'S CHRISTMAS.

Mary was a little girl that had no father. She lived with her mother, and the people were good to her. Her mother was a young lady that let Mary go around the village to visit the little girls. She had never seen her mother since she came to Santa Claus. She had never seen her mother since she came to Santa Claus. She had never seen her mother since she came to Santa Claus.

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Dear Editor—I received the book I won as a prize on the children's page, and thank you so much. I haven't got my picture made, but will send it when I have it made. I will try to send another story soon. Please send me a badge. Yours truly, RUBY OWEN.
Bassett, Va.
Dear Editor—Please accept my thanks for your kind mention in the Sunday morning's paper. I am sending you most earnestly a jumbled puzzle—American rivers and holidays. Hoping to receive my badge and that my answers are correct. I remain, respectfully, HAZEL POWELL.
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Dear Editor—I enclose a drawing and hope it will please you. I wish you would send me a badge. I have to draw very much. Your little friend, HOWARD SHEPHERD.
No. 130 Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.
Dear Editor—I want to join the T. D. C. Club. Will you please send me a badge? I will send you some of my drawings and let you see them. I am a little boy twelve years old. Please send me a badge. I remain your member, JIM CRACKER.
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The features of the game were the batting of Steinfeldt and the base-running of the Cubs.
WILLIE A. CALLAWAY.
Norwood, Va.
(To Be Continued.)

Dear Editor—I am six and a half years old and want to join the T. D. C. Club if you will take any one as young as I. If you are happy to wear it, and to know that I am a member, I am trying to learn to draw pictures. I have drawn a picture of Santa Claus, and a half-year-old picture of the T. D. C. Club page I will send it to you, and would be pleased to see it in the Times-Dispatch.
ELIZABETH J. HILL.
No. 11 S. First Street, Richmond, Va.
Dear Editor—If it is not asking too much of you please let the above go in your T. D. C. Club page for next Sunday. The little girl (six and a half years old) who drew the picture, and always wants that part of the Sunday paper read to her. She cannot read, but knows all the letters of the alphabet, and hardly a day passes that she does not try to make a picture for the T. D. C. Club. Her name is Julia Bullitt, and she lives at the heart of the dear little city you can see by making her name above. I am your club member and send her a badge. Truly yours, G. F. HILL.
PEEPING AT SANTA.
(A True Story.)
One Christmas Eve I asked mamma to let us peep at Santa Claus. She said if he came early enough we could. So, about a week before Christmas Eve, we went to work making chains to put on the tree. We made them by cutting different colored paper into strips and pasting them together one by one.
After we finished the chains it was Christmas Eve. We went to the window and peeped at Santa. He was ready for Santa and then went to bed. About 10 o'clock we heard a loud knock at the door. Mamma went straight to our door and said in a loud voice, "All the children sleep and the covers are pulled up. Do not keep them from coming in. He went on to the parlor, where the tree was, and started to putting the things on the tree. Mamma told us to go on and sleep. We went quietly to the door, and there he was, a little, low, chunky fellow, and a short, fat, round man. He had a red cap trimmed with fur. When he got ready to go we went to the window and watched him till he turned the corner. We ran into the room that he brought us. When we went back to bed I did not think I would ever go back to sleep.
OTWAY CARTER.
Prospect, Va.
CONVERSE ON CHRISTMAS.
Tom and Jack went to bed early on Christmas Eve night, and each were talking of what they wanted Santa to bring them.
Said Jack: "I want him to bring me a sled, a train, with a real track, and a lot of candy, and oh so many other things that I don't think he once thought of the poor that had nothing at all."
But Tom was a boy that thought of others besides himself, so he said: "I want him to bring me a great many things, and I am going to mend my wagon and carry my pretty ones that I think will please the poor around to them; so that they can have a Christmas, as well as we."
"Why, Jack, what would mamma say if she would hear you talking like that. Don't you mean to give him any of your new toys?"
But Jack thought more of himself than he did of any one. When Christmas came, Tom took nearly all of his toys to the poor children, but Jack kept his. Mamma told us to be very pleasant Christmas, but Jack did not seem to spend a very pleasant one; he seemed to be thinking of his selfishness all that day. Which do you think was the best?
Composed only by MYRTLE B. BINGHAM.

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Norwood, Va.
(To Be Continued.)

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