

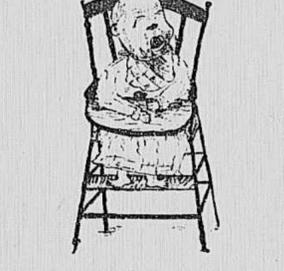
MARY CUSTIS LEE.



WILLY E. CHADWICK.



JOHN W. SHEFFIELD, JR.



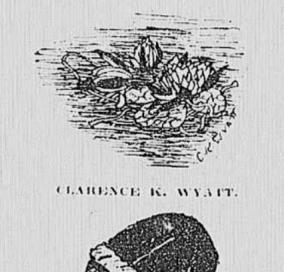
BEESON MANSELL.



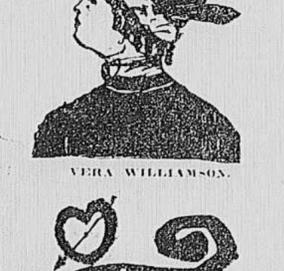
MARY JOHNSON.



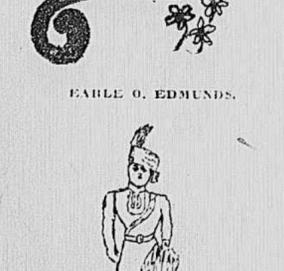
LATITIA C. SHANDS.



CLARENCE K. WYATT.



VERA WILLIAMSON.



EABLE O. EDMUNDS.



JOHN AUSTIN UMLAUF.



GERTRUDE JONES.

Correspondence Column

His Three Puppies. Dear Editor—I saw my little drawing of Uncle Sam in the Sunday paper, and greatly appreciated your kindness in putting it in. I also want to tell you about my puppies. I have three; one is a shepherd, and the other two are beagle hounds. The shepherd is about three or four months old while the beagle hounds are about one or two months old. If I throw a ball and this (that is in the name of the shepherd) sees me do it he will run and bring the ball to me. I will tell you more about my dogs later on. Inclosed you will find one of my drawings of a deer. I will have to close my letter here. Good-by. Your little member, WILL R. SHANDS, Courtland, Va.

Reading Quo Vadis. Dear Editor—I was pleased to learn from the Times-Dispatch of Sunday that I had won a prize—my first. The other boys, Edgar and Cedric, have been more lucky, but I mean to try harder than ever. I am very anxious to receive my prize and shall always keep it as a remembrance of the pleasant T. D. C. days. I am now reading Quo Vadis, which I like, and it seems a white tedious. Yours very truly, FITZ SEWELL BEVERLY, Freeling, Va.

Gave Prize to Mother. Dear Editor—I received my prize last week and you cannot imagine how surprised and pleased I was, for I missed the papers and had no idea what I would get. Of course, every one will want to know what I did with it. Well, I gave it to my mother. Now don't you think that was as nice as anything I could have done with it? I am glad you liked my picture. I haven't any nice drawings this week, but will send some soon. Thank you so much for your lovely letter. I shall always keep it. Your loving member, EMMA V. CHADWICK, Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers Home, Hampton, Va.

Her First Story. Dear Editor—I am sending you a little story. It is the first one I have written for the T. D. C. C., and I hope you will like it. I am going to work hard as a club member this year. I want to get the medal. I have three brothers who have won medals, and I want to do as well as they have done. So you will hear from me often. Your little member, HESTER BRUCE, 313 South Third Street, City.

Has Been Sick. Dear Editor—I have been real sick with coughs and have not written for some time. I am sending a head, which is not very good, but I drew it some time ago. I was glad Emma won the prize, for she has been a faithful member, which I am sure you will try to be. Harry is sending a story, and I am going to send you a puzzle, which I think close, as I am very tired and can't think of anything more to write. Your true member, CARE WILLIAM CHADWICK, NATIONAL SOLDIERS HOME, HAMPTON, VA.

Obeys Rules This Time. Dear Editor—I received the pretty badge you sent me, and thank you very much. I did not see my last letter in print, but I guess it was because I disobeyed the rules and wrote it with pencil. I send you a puzzle, which I hope to see in the paper. I am a little girl nine years of age, and this is my first contribution to the T. D. C. C. page. I am going to write this with ink, and hope it will not keep company with my last one in "Mr. Waste Basket." I am, your new member, EDNA BEASLEY, 605 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

Sends a Valentine. Dear Editor—I would like to join the T. D. C. C. page. It is the very best part of our paper. My brothers and sisters have a remarkable every week due to be the first to get it. I am sending a valentine, but I am afraid it is too large. Please send me a badge. I will soon be eleven. Your friend, JOHN W. SHEFFIELD, JR., Ridgeway, Va.

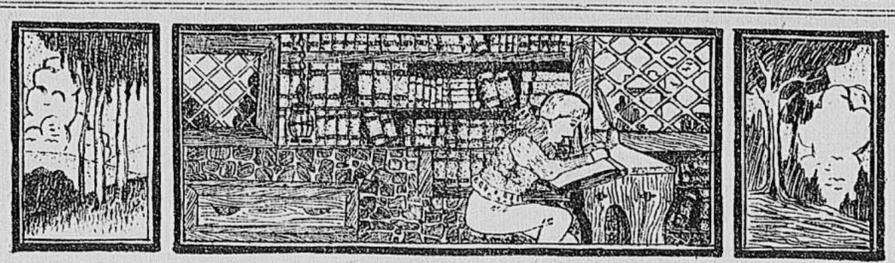
Attended Japanese Ten. Dear Editor—I have not written for so long I suppose I am no longer considered a member of the T. D. C. C., but nevertheless I am, for I have my medal and badge, and often wear them. Barbara has been sick in bed for some time, but I hope she will be able to get up to-morrow. I am sending a little story for the valentine page. Saturday we had a Japanese ten. Another time I will write you about it. Your member, GAY B. LEWIS.

Enjoys Children's Page. Dear Editor—I should like to become a member of the T. D. C. Club. My father makes the daily Times-Dispatch, and I enjoy reading the children's page, and am eleven years old and have two brothers and one sister. I go to school every day, and like to go very much. Will I be able to do anything to join the club? If not, please send me a badge. I remain, your true member, MARIAN LEE MOTLEY, Upper Zion, Caroline county, Va.

Fond of Elsie Books. Dear Editor—Inclosed is a short story. I am sick in bed today and am writing this in bed, so you can tell why this is not written very nicely. I am sorry that you did not have any Elsie books. I am crazy to read "Elsie Whimwhod." I certainly am glad that it is something we always buy, such a good time coasting on a long, steep hill in front of the house. Will I be able to have you to write another letter to your member, BARBARA WINSTON LEWIS, Hanover Courthouse, Va.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME. I live on New River, in a rugged gorge between the mountains. Their peaks rise at my right and left, and the river lies at my feet. Many tons of coal dug from the mines in this vicinity are carried to all parts of the world. My father is physician to the men who work in some of these mines. Not many miles away is the historic little town of Astoria. Here rest the ashes of Stonewall Jackson's mother, far removed from her illustrious sons at Lexington. I have lived here seven years, being three when I came. I hope some day to live near sunny meadows and beautiful lakes. For this is a steep and rocky country, where we mountain-climb every day. Composed by JOHN B. WOODVILLE, JR., Fayette, W. Va.

OPERATIONS. In a recent discovery it was found that in some cases, an operation on the brain will cure habits. A criminal was operated upon and he was relieved of his wickedness and changed into an honest man. If curing could be made to yield to the knife, there is no limit to the possibilities of surgery. The naughty child of the future will be placed on the operating table. Instead of his mother's lap, the doctor, with anaesthetics and sharpened knives, will replace truant officers in the pursuit of boys who play "hockey." It will soon be possible to operate on certain wealthy men for meanness, and of course, their wives for extravagance. Many honest citizens of this country especially, hope to see the day when politicians could be placed on the operating table to have their graft cut out. Composed by MOSES CHALIN, 1929 North Seventeenth Street, City.



BARBARA WINSTON LEWIS.

Editorial and Literary Department

My Dear Girls and Boys: With ninety-four contributors for the week, I must just say a few words and give you the whole of the rest of the page. I hope the medals will get here in the next few days. Then I will announce the names of medallists. I am sure we are all glad to welcome into the club so many members and that we will make this a banner year in membership and everything else. YOUR EDITOR.

HONOR ROLL. Rachel E. Rudd, Keysville, Va.; W. B. Shands, Courtland, Va.; Hester Bruce, 313 South Third Street, City.

PRIZE WINNERS. M. Margaret Daniel, Locust Hill, Va.; Moses Goldin, 1039 North Seventeenth Street, City; Lee W. Morton, Jr., Keysville, Va., Box 13, R. F. D. 2.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS. Anderson, Evelyn; Lee, Mary Custis; Anthony, Blanche; Lawson, Katherine; Anderson, Frances; Lewis, Gay B.; Anthony, Sadie; Lewis, Barbara W.; Beverly, Cedric S.; McAlix, Frank; Beverly, Elaine; Marshall, F. R.; Beverly, Sewell; Murray, Connie; Brown, Annie; Minter, Emerson; Brown, Edna; Brown, Thos. W.; Burks, Aline; Bruce, Hester; Clay, Alice; Carleton, E. J.; Chadwick, Harry; Chandler, J. L.; Cogner, Gertrude; Chadwick, E. V.; Dyke, Evelyn E.; Davis, J. H., Jr.; Dance, Charles O.; Dain, Emma; Daniel, M. M.; DeCora, Mary L.; DeCora, Sophie; Ellis, Lion A.; Edmunds, Eable O.; Enos, Bessie L.; Goldin, Moses; Garber, Gordon; Gilpin, Mary A.; Graves, Earle; Harris, Cecil; Hancock, Aletha; Hay, Emma; Hobson, Mary; Ivey, Robert A.; Jackson, Blanche; Johnson, Mary; Jones, Gertrude; Johnson, Brainerd; Johnson, Mary; Kent, Edna; Lea, Gay M.; Walker, Louise.

THE LOST FATHER. There lived in a wood two foxes; the mother, the father and the three young ones. Their father went out one day after food for the young ones. After he had been gone a long time the mother became uneasy, and she went out of the hole once or twice and looked, but getting no response, she went out and began searching for her mate. After searching a while, and not finding her mate, she came back and told the little ones to stay in the hole, until she came back. Then she started to look for her mate and found his tracks in the snow and blood along beside them. When she saw this she was so frightened that she started to deal of her mate, but she thought a great deal of her mate and wanted to help him out of his trouble, even at the risk of her own life. So she followed his tracks until she found him lying down out of breath from running, and bleeding from his front leg, where he had been hurt. But he got up and hobbled home, and what a rejoicing you can imagine.

ST. VALENTINE. Many years ago there lived an old bishop whose name was Valentine. He was full of love and kindness for all his people. Every one loved him. The children were always glad to see him because he was so kind to them. When he became too old to go to them he used to send them messages of love. The good bishop believed in God. Many of his people believed in worshipping images. They would pray to them as if they were God. In time they became angry with Valentine for not believing their way. They seized him, and cast him in chains and cast him in prison. But as years went on the people themselves came to believe more and more in Valentine's God. So sorry were they for mistreating him that they called him St. Valentine and on the 14th of February as his birthday, to be remembered every year. They kept his birthday by sending messages of love to their friends, as St. Valentine had sent messages of love to them.

WARREN MURRAY. School had closed for Christmas holidays and Catherine and John ran down the stairs through the yard and into the woods. Catherine was a bright child of ten and very pretty with lovely dark blue eyes and black hair. They were going to get holly to decorate the house. At last they came to a holly tree covered with holly berries. "Oh, how beautiful," cried Catherine. John climbed the tree and soon came down with an armful of holly. They went back to the house and soon the rooms were decorated with holly and running cedar. At last Christmas Eve came; the children were so happy. They went to town and bought Christmas presents for their parents and the servants. They got back about a o'clock, and after supper went to bed. Catherine entered a large bedroom very prettily furnished in mahogany. The pictures with holly behind them and running cedar over the door gave the room a very cheerful appearance. She prepared for bed and was soon

sound asleep, dreaming of lovely things. (To Be Continued.) Composed by BARBARA WINSTON LEWIS, Hanover Courthouse, Va.

FIRST VOYAGE TO INDIA. (Concluded.) Here they waited three days for a fair wind, and resumed the voyage. They were forced to wait three months for a favorable wind, then Dan Gama set sail again. It took twenty days to reach Calicut, India. The dream of years had been realized. And so it happened that a great route to India, the land of silks and spices, had been discovered.

CECIL SYLVESTER BEVERLY. Virginia Browne. Virginia Browne, a girl of eighteen, lived in a beautiful home not far from New York. The mansion, as it was called, was the only child of a very wealthy merchant. Mr. Browne went to New York every day, so, of course, Mrs. Browne and Virginia were the only ones at home. Everybody thought it very peculiar that Virginia didn't get lonesome, as there were no young people any nearer than New York. Virginia was a girl who didn't get lonesome.

THE STORY OF THE HATCHET. Once upon a time there lived a little Norwegian boy named Lars. His father was a tumbler, and often went on long trips to carry tubs to people after he had made them. Lars had a hatchet which had been given to him by his father, and he prized it very much. One day as his father was getting ready to go on one of these trips Lars asked if he could go, too. His father answered in the affirmative, and soon they were off, Lars carrying his hatchet.

ROBERT E. LEE. (Continued From Last Week.) Lee was urged to remain in the United States Army by General Scott, the commander-in-chief at that time. But his attachment to his native State was still more powerful. He thought the duty was the sublimest word in our language, and that "human virtue should be equal to human calamity." He was never known to fail in any duty toward God or man. Mrs. Lee wrote a letter to a friend: "My husband has wept tears of blood over this terrible war; but he must, as a man and a Virginian, share the destiny of his State, which has solemnly pronounced for independence." He was afterward put in command of the Confederate army. His men suffered starvation and all kinds of hardships, not only for the cause for which they were fighting, but for the love of their commander. He was seated on Traveler, his favorite horse, when he uttered his favorite words to his men: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have been your best friend. My heart is too full to say more. Farewell." The next day, April 9, he surrendered to Grant. He was brave in victory, but braver still in defeat. After the war he was offered many good positions of honor, but the one he accepted was the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, where he remained until his death in 1870. He was buried under the college chapel. The college was afterward called Washington and Lee University in honor of him. Lee was not only loved by Virginia and the South, but he is recognized all over the country as a great and noble man. MARY LEIGH. (Aged eleven years.) Blackstone, Va.

DON'T SAY TURKEY. The story which I am about to relate is a true one. It happened not a great distance from Freeling. In a year gone by a man whose name was Dickey, bought some turkeys some distance from home. Dickey did not want to have the trouble of taking them home himself, so he hired an old man, whose name was Dan Ramey, to drive them for him. The old man started with the turkeys. Now, turkeys are not easily driven—Dan at least found it so before he reached his destination. Just as he reached the top of a little mountain, which he had to cross, the turkeys stopped and showed signs of fight. All at once an old gobbler began to make a noise, such as turkeys sometimes do when they start to fly. He arose and flew toward another mountain in the distance. The other turkeys followed his example. Dan was in a great fury. He went on to Dickey. "Where are the turkeys?" asked Dickey, when he saw Dan coming. "Dickey Bond, don't you say turkey to me," answered Dan. "An old gobbler said, 'Put, put,' and they all did put to 'Tine Mountain.'" CECIL SYLVESTER BEVERLY, Freeling, Va.

AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED. The scene of this story is laid in Wyoming. For many years there had been a party of men who wrecked trains, robbed stores, and sometimes committed murder. As soon as they committed a crime they would go

away into the mountains, and no armed body of men had ever found them. One day a girl, whose father owned a sheep ranch, was out on the mountains looking for some sheep that were lost. While following their tracks she heard the low murmur of voices in a little hollow to the left. Approaching cautiously, she saw ten desperadoes talking together. Then she knew that she had found the gang that had terrorized the country for so many years. She soon found out that they were making plans to wreck the midnight express at a little mining switch about five miles away. They would put out the light and turn the switch, so that the train would be crashing through the dense woods, and then they could loot the express car. The girl, as soon as she heard this, slipped away and ran to her father's ranch, where she told him what she had heard. He saddled a horse and rode to the nearest telegraph station, where he reported the news. Late in the afternoon with fifteen armed men he rode to the mining switch. The desperadoes soon came and sat around among the trees, discussing their plans, until they heard the train blow for a crossing two miles away. They jumped up and started to turn the switch, when the armed men ran out with drawn revolvers. They captured each one of the desperadoes, and stopping the train, put them on it, and by it they were carried to jail. The railroad and express companies, not forgetting the girl's service, gave her a rich reward. Written by JIMMY B. POWELL, Warrenton High School, Warrenton, N. C.

EMMA DAIN. CHARADE. Mon premier est dans cles, Mals nons dea, Mon second est dans faire, Mals nons dans pere, Mon troisieme est dans front, Mon quatrieme est dans rend, Mals nons dans temps, Mon tout est un animal. CEDRIC SYLVESTER BEVERLY, Freeling, Va.

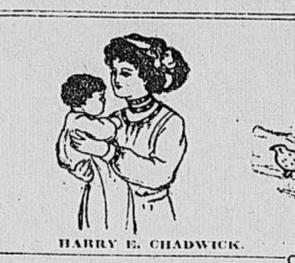
BURIED CITY. I We peered through the window and saw the snow falling. 2 Four less two are two. 3 St. Peter's crown has fallen down. 4 Lynchburg is an important borough in Virginia. There is one syllable in each of the above sentences, which when put together spells the description and name of one of the finest cities in this "Old Dominion." EDNA BEASLEY, 605 Halifax St., Petersburg, Va.

A GREAT MAN. My first is in wake, but not in take. My second is in neat, also in seat. My third is in snow, also in row. My fourth is in John, but not in tongs. My fifth is in iron, also in outing. My sixth is in Atlantic, but not in Arctic. My seventh is in gun, but not in hunt. My eighth is in cat, also in rat. My ninth is in old, also in told. My tenth is in not, but not in top. My whole is the name of a great man. LUCIAN PENN WICKHAM, Hallabore, Va.

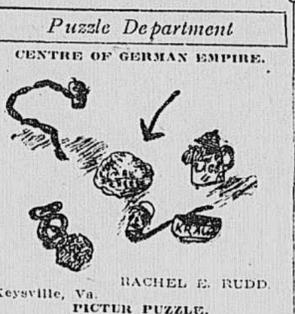
SIX DIFFERENT KINDS OF TREES IN FIGURES. 1—19, 1, 19, 19, 1, 6, 18, 1, 12. 2—12, 1, 11. 3—1, 19, 8. 4—16, 9, 14, 8. 5—19, 25, 3, 1, 13, 15, 18, 2. 6—13, 21, 12, 2, 5, 18, 13, 20. North Carolina. ANSWER TO JUMBLED GIRLS' NAMES. 1. Estelle. 2. Fannie. 3. Isabelle. 4. Susan. 5. Laura. 6. Helen. 7. Nellie. 8. Caroline. 9. Katherine. 10. Elizabeth. 11. Edith. 12. Dar. 13. Patsie. 14. Sallie. M. MARGARET DANIEL, Nohead, Va.

ANSWER TO PRESIDENTS IN FIGURES. 1. Washington. 2. Adams. 3. Jefferson. 4. Madison. 5. Monroe. 6. Adams. 7. Jackson. 8. Buren. 9. Harrison. 10. Tyler. MARY MARGARET DANIEL, Nohead, Va.

AN EXCITING GAME OF BASEBALL. Yes, indeed, it certainly was an exciting game of baseball. We were at the bat in the beginning of the ninth inning, with the score 4 to 3 in favor of them. In that inning we made a run, tying the score. Then they came to bat. The first man up bunted and made first without any difficulty; the next man up knocked a fly over the left fielder's head and made two bases on it; then their best batter came up, with the score 4 to 4, men on second and third bases and no one out. The pitcher threw an insnot, the batter batted on it squarely and knocked a sky-rocket to shortstop—I was playing in that position—and waited for it to come down. "Isn't it ever coming down?" thought I. "My! it is still going up and a man on third. Oh, suppose I miff it; he will get in, we will lose. I will be disgraced, probably put off the team. Gracious here it is! What if I miff it?" Just then the ball passed between me and the sun. I lost sight of it, but I was fixed to catch it. Before I knew it the ball hit my glove—and bounced out. The men on second and third bases, who were playing off about ten feet, ran to the base ahead of them. "I have lost the game," thought I, as instinctively I grabbed at the ball. Ah, I hit it, it stuck in my glove; I had won, not lost, the game. Then, without thinking I slammed the ball to the third baseman, who touched his base and threw the ball to the second baseman, who did the same—a triple play! My, what luck for me! In the next inning we won the game, 5 to 1. J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR., 1215 West Cary St., City.



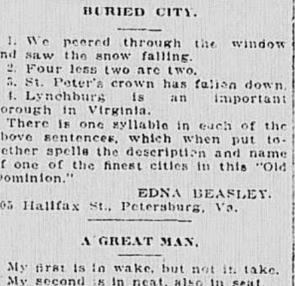
RACHEL E. RUDD.



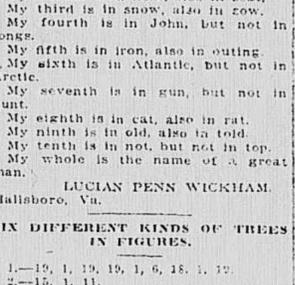
EMMA DAIN.



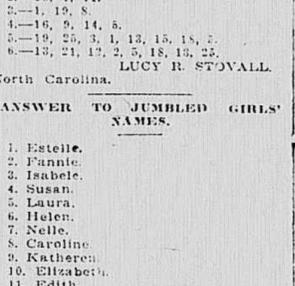
LARA RANSOM.



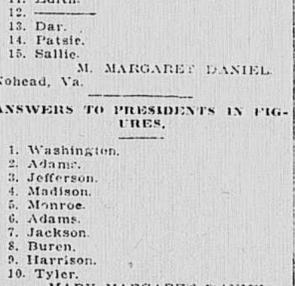
ELINE BEVERLY.



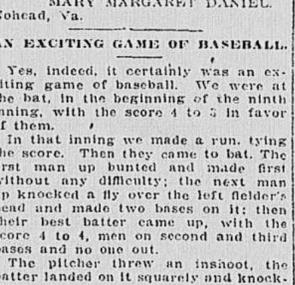
GLYN E. DYKE.



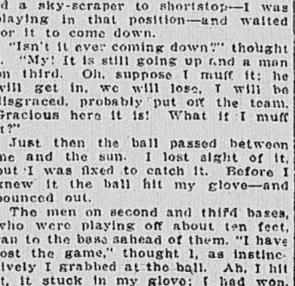
FRANCES ANDERSON.



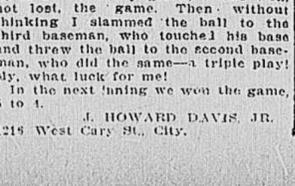
CHARLES OLD DANCE.



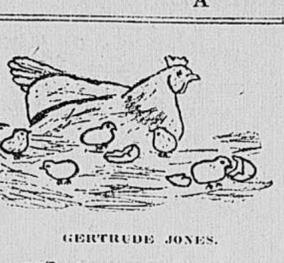
LUCIAN PENN WICKHAM.



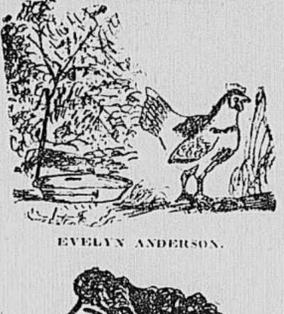
BLANCHE JACKSON.



ALETHA HANCOCK.



EVELYN ANDERSON.



GERTRUDE JONES.



HESTER BRUCE.



FITZ SEWELL BEVERLY.



EDNA BEASLEY.



LUCIAN PENN WICKHAM.



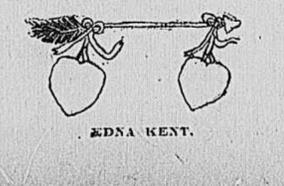
ROBERT E. LEE.



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