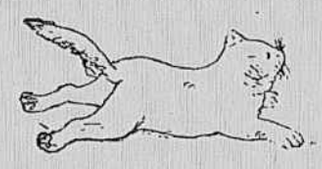
WRIGHT LAWFORD.

EVELYN E. DYKE.

VERA WILLIAMSON.

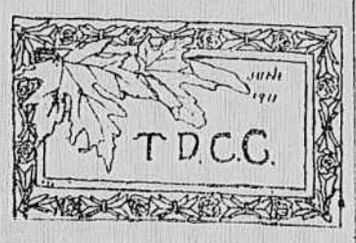
ELIZABETH BAKER.

LARKIN.



JOHN W. SHEFFIELD, JR.

MARY E. LANIER.



SEWALL BEVERLY.

MARY C. LEE.

LOUISE L. WALKER.

Correspondence Column

Appreciates His Medal.

Dear Editor.—You ought to have seen me when I opened our paper and saw my name the first thing as a medalist. Did you ever have your heart get up in your throat? Well, that's how I felt. I was so surprised and delighted. I hardly hoped to get my drawing in the paper. I was afraid there was a mistake, so I kept the road pretty hot to the post-office until it came, when I had another surprise. I had no idea it would be so nice. My badge is a beauty. I do appreciate it more than I can tell you, and shall wear it with pride. Mamma is more pleased, if possible, that I deserve it. She tells every one who calls. She says she going to preserve my literary efforts with some of papa's when he was correspondent for the Dispatch in 1861. John says he is going to try for it; that if a clodknocker like I am can get a medal anybody can. My school will be out in nine days. I am glad, as the weather is getting too hot to study. I wish I could attend the conference, but as I cannot will send a drawing. Again accept many thanks for my badge. I am your member and friend forever,

W. A. SHEFFIELD.
Ridgeway, Va.

Will Do Better Hereafter.

Dear Editor.—I am positively ashamed of myself for neglecting you so long, but really I have not had the time. I have been so busy with my lessons, so please forgive me this time and I shall try and do better hereafter. I received the prize you sent me last week and thank you very much for it. I would be very much obliged to you if you would let me know what I received the prize for. I don't think you could have sent me anything better than a book. Thanking you again, I remain your member,

ELSIE HARDIN.
3114 East Marshall Street, City.

She Has Done Her Best.

Dear Editor.—I received my prizes and am just delighted with them, and you could not have pleased me better, for I just love books. I am sending answers for some of the questions in the contest. I cannot answer all of them, but I have done my best. I am also sending a drawing, which I hope will escape the waste basket. I shall close now, but remain as ever, your true member,

EVELYN E. DYKE.
2813 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

Sends Four-Leaf Clover.

Dear Editor.—I have not written to you for some time. I spent a week up in Orange county with my aunt. We had a very pleasant time up there. We would walk up the railroad track late in the evening and find wild violets, wild pansies, wild honeysuckle and a lot of other things. I am sending a poem about "The Apple Tree" and a story about John Greenleaf Whittier. I hope to see some of them in print, as this is the first poem I ever tried to write. I do not have to go to school now and have plenty of time to write. Hoping to win a prize soon, I remain your member,

MARIAN LEE MOTLEY.
Upper Zion, Caroline county, Va.

P. S.—I inclose a four-leaf clover, whose four leaves stand for T. D. C. C., and a five-leaf clover for yourself, whose leaves stand for T. D. C. C. Editor.

A Lover of Spring.

Dear Editor.—I was disappointed in not seeing any of my contributions in your page Sunday, but never mind, I must remember that there are plenty of other members. I will try to answer the booklovers' questions. Aren't we having beautiful weather? The flowers are all in bloom, and the trees and grass is so green and pretty. I hope to come to the conference and will bring some work with me to show you. Your member,

LYRA V. RANSON.
Masonic Home, Va.

A Little Rhymer.

Dear Editor.—I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school, but I do not always mind the rule, but I can read and write and spell, and my teacher says I am doing well.

ELVA BARDEN.
Sunnyside, Va.

Sends the Outdoor Girl.

Dear Editor.—You have no idea how delighted I was to see in last Sunday's paper my name among the prize winners. I have not gotten the prize yet, but suppose I will this week. Last week I sent a drawing entitled "The Graduating Girl," so this week will send "The Outdoor Girl." Must close now. Thanking you again for the prize, your member,

LOUISE L. WALKER.
Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Glad That Nellie Is a Medalist.

Dear Editor.—I hope it doesn't make any difference writing at the bottom of my puzzle answers (which I hope are right). Is there anyway in which the members who do not go to Richmond can see the work exhibited at the convention? We would like to see it very much, but cannot go to Richmond. You don't know how glad we are that Nellie won a medal, as we all have them now. Quite a record, I think: five medalists in one family. Emma, Willy and I went to the National Home a few days ago and went through the conservatory. It's a lovely place, and makes me think of the African jungles. We wanted water and had to drink out of the hose. We did not know the old man in charge, but he had heard of our work in the club. Your loving member,

HARRY E. CHADWICK.

P. S.—Is this paper all right to write on?

All Five Medalists.

Dear Editor.—My medal came last week. You don't know how proud I am of it and how pleased I was when I saw I was a medalist. I thank you very much for giving me one. We have quite a record, haven't we? Five medalists in one family. I am greatly interested in the conference, because that is all the others talk about. My favorite reading is history and books of travel; my favorite friction writer Charles Dickens. I read "Sketches by Boz" when I was seven, and every once in a while I read it over again and find something new. I have been sick for some time. I am getting so thin my best friends wouldn't know me. What has become of Gordon Knipple? Wishing you and all the members a nice time at the conference, I am your old member and friend,

NELLIE H. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Garden Planting and Parties.

Dear Editor.—I haven't written to the T. D. C. C. for a long time, but I have never won a prize and have given up all hope of ever winning one, but am going to try, try again until I succeed. We have had lots of showers up here this week. It certainly is nice weather to-day. Everybody is busy planting their garden. Mamma has English peas, snaps and potatoes, onions all up in her garden. When they all get ripe you must come up and take dinner with us; and oh! I forgot — nice delicious strawberries; they are just beautiful. I am sending two pictures and one story, but it is so short I am going to a party to-night. Certainly do wish you could go, too. Well, I know my letter is getting too long. I remain, yours sincerely,

LENA FARIS.
R. F. D. No. 1, Box 69, Farmville, Va.

Interested in Farming.

Dear Editor.—I have not written to you in a good while so will write a long letter. I thank you very much for printing my contributions. By the time this is printed, if it is printed at all, my school will be out. It will close on the 9th, which is my birthday. I will be fourteen then. I saw William Sheffield's wish for some farmer "boys" to write what they were doing. I am not a "boy," but I take a lot of interest in what's going on on father's farm. Bennett and I sold our tobacco crop the latter part of April. We had over 900 pounds, and we pay father for the guano just like William and John. Father and the hands are planting corn this week. All of our vegetables are growing real fast. I have a flower garden in one corner of the garden. I had some beautiful pansies blooming, and one night some little rabbits went in there and ate them down to the ground and they ate some of my sweet peas too. I certainly did feel bad. My nasturtium, dahlias, sweet William and holly hocks are growing beautifully. I don't guess we will have much fruit this year, as we had so much last year. Gee, won't I be glad when watermelons come! I think Nellie Chadwick and William Sheffield deserves their medals. I always enjoy their contributions. I must close with best wishes for the club. I remain, very truly yours,

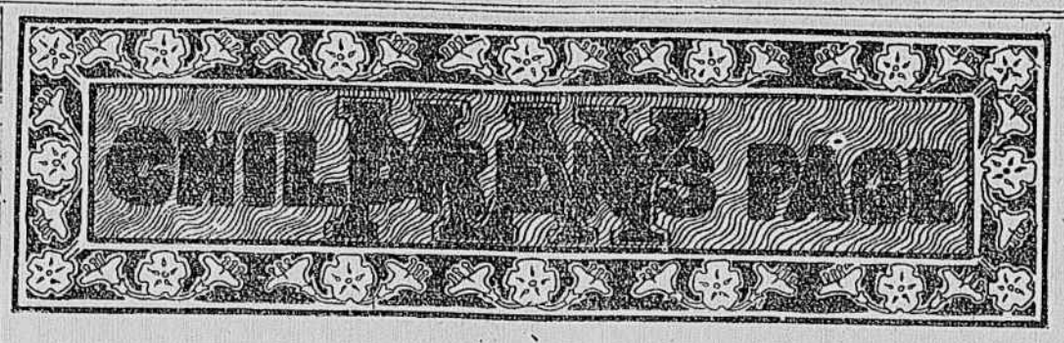
GLADYS BARROW.
Barrow's Store, Va.

JUNE.

I wandered over hills and dales,
'Twas in the month of June,
I walked past beds of yellow flowers,
The whole world seemed in tune.

The sky was blue, the sky was clear,
And flocks were feeding far and near,
The sparrows twittered, the bluebirds sang
And o'er the land their praises rang

Composed by
KITTY VAUGHAN.



Editorial and Literary Department

Club Exhibit at Child Welfare Conference

My Dear Girls and Boys:

I am happy to tell you that the exhibit of your work was well placed among many others in the Mechanics' Institute auditorium, the headquarters of the Child Welfare Conference, held in Richmond from May 22-25. The T. D. C. C. drawings, puzzles and stories were hung to the left of the auditorium entrance. I took a great deal of pains in arranging them, and am happy to tell you that they made a creditable appearance.

A number of visitors to Richmond, people who are interested in all that concerns children's work and interests, were present at the conference. I am glad to know that they saw the effort our club is making toward child improvement and development along useful and educational lines.

The names of club members who were exhibitors will be published next Sunday. I wish I could tell some of our members wishing to see the T. D. C. C. exhibit at the conference how they might do so. The cards on which the work is mounted will be kept, and possibly, at some future time, club members may come together and enjoy looking over what they have accomplished.

In the meantime I thank you for what you have done in your own behalf and on mine. I send special thanks to a little member who sent a four-leaf and five-leaf clover to

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Frances McDearmon, Evergreen, Appomattox, Va.
Miss Elva Barden, Sunnyside, Va.
Miss Harry E. Chadwick, care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Baker, Elizabeth	Lee, Mary C.
Beverly, Cedric S.	Larkin, Mary
Beverly, Sewall	Lawford, Wright
Barden, Elva	McDearmon, F.
Barrow, Gladys	Motley, Marian L.
Chadwick, H. E.	Moore, Minto
Chadwick, N. H.	Martin, Robert
Dyke, Evelyn E.	Pocklington, W.
Donovan, Nora	Pannill, George E.
Dickenson, Lottie	Pannill, A. H.
Dunn, T. B.	Ranson, Lyra V.
Davis, J. H., Jr.	Sheffield, Wm. A.
Elder, Curtis G.	Somerville, Douglas
Faris, Lena	Thurston, W. P.
Gilliam, Mary A.	Walker, Virginia V.
Hardin, Elsie	Williamson, Vera
Jackson, Blanche	Walker, Louise L.
Lanier, Mary E.	Wyatt, Marian
	Woody, John A.

THE APPLE TREE.

Apple trees bloom in the spring and not in the fall,
The fruit trees gets ripe in the summer, after all.
In the fall the leaves begin to drop,
And the grasshoppers forget their hop,
Then the tree has to stand there.
All through the winter, quite bare.
When in the spring the buds begin to peep,
And the grass underneath begins to creep,
Soon the blossoms begin to come,
The humming birds begin to hum;
When the apples get ripe and nice,
The children come as fast as mice;
Soon the frosts of autumn comes,
Driving the leaves to their homes,
Then the winter comes again,
Bringing hail and snow and rain;
Good-bye old apple tree, good-bye;
Long may you live, before you die.

Composed and written by
MARIAN LEE MOTLEY,
Upper Zion, Caroline county, Va.

AN ADVENTURE.

Cecile Sinclair was sitting on the grass in the garden, playing with her kitten, when she heard her name called. She sprang up, dropping the poor kitten and listened intently. Presently she heard a sweet, clear voice say, "Come down to the snowdrop bed, Cecile, dear."

"Yes," answered Cecile, flying across the grass. Stopping by the sweet green and white flowers, she pushed her black curls out of her brown eyes and looked around. A small golden-haired sprite stepped down from her swaying seat on a snowdrop stem.

"I am Snowdrop," she said, with a soft accent, "and I am sent by my dear queen to bring her two dark-haired children. She has never seen any and wishes to do so very much."

"Yes, indeed, there is Joyce Alton. She's my best friend, and I know she will love to go with you."

Of course, Joyce wanted to go, and the three children went down a new path together.

"We've going to the Magic Cave," said Snowdrop, in answer to a look of inquiry from Cecile. At a turn in the path Snowdrop left them, saying:

"Fill your pockets with acorns and go down this path until you reach the Magic Cave. Go inside and say out loud:

"'Tinkle, tinkle little bell,
Lead us to the Magic Well.'

"Then do as you are bid without speaking, do not get frightened, and if you want me call me in poetry, oh! I almost forgot the charm. Just before you enter the cave say:

"'Joyce and Cecile, children tall,
Magic spell, pray make us small.'

That will make you small enough to enter the cave. Good-bye."

Snowdrop waved her hand and disappeared, and the two children filled their pockets with acorns "to help the charm." Then they ran down the path and soon reached the cave.

(To be Continued.)

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM,
300 South Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

THE LAST GLADIATORIAL SHOW.

There is one great stain on the history of ancient Rome which two thousand years has not erased. This is the gladitorial shows. They were finally stopped by the efforts of a single man. It is not definitely known whether his name was Allymachus or Telemachus. He was one of those hermits who led a life of prayer. He went to Rome on a pilgrimage, there to keep Christmas and visit the Shrines. While in Rome he had seen thousands flocking to one of these fights, and he resolved to put an end to them or to die. The hermit went to the Coliseum, and found the gladiators preparing to fight. He jumped into the arena, and shouted out to the people to stop shedding innocent blood. The spectators told him that was no place for preaching, and that the old customs of Rome should be kept, and then cried out, "Back, old man—on, gladiators." But the hermit still strove to keep the gladiators apart. There arose a cry of, "Down with him." The people threw showers of stones or whatever came to their hands down upon him. The gladiators were furious at the hermit's interference, and cut him down with their swords. Then came the horrible thought of what had been done. There were some people present who knew the hermit. They immediately told what they knew of him. This turned the hearts of people, and from that day onward there was not another fight of the gladiators in the empire of Rome. Thus, it was that one brutal custom was stopped by an almost nameless man.

CEDRIC SYLVESTER BEVERLY.
Freeling, Va.

SCHOOL.

A beautiful day in early spring,
With birds a-fluttering about everything,
I have to go to hard old school,
And sit up on a straight old stool,
And have Miss Annie put down my name,
Whether I did it or not, the same.
At half-past one, when I say, "Good-bye,"
I'm so happy that I could cry!
When I have finished my dinner,
"Good-bye, mother," is just what I say,
"Good-bye, mother," I'm off to play,
When I come back I'm not so bright,
For there are those lessons, that horrible sight;
I have to sit down and get it.

DOUGLAS SOMERVILLE.
Fredericksburg, Va.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington was the first President of our United States; was born on Virginia soil, where he was reared and secured his education At an early age, he developed strong, physical strength; at school, always took the lead in athletic sports and exercises, often forming military companies, of which he was usually a leader. He was trained by his mother in habits of frugality, industry, and to always speak the truth. He made surveying his profession, and at an early age became very prificient He was sent out in war against the Indians, enduring many hardships, and when we had to fight for our independence, he was chosen general of our Revolutionary War, and remained in this office until we gained our independence. Was then made President twice, refusing the third election on account of old age, and retired to a quiet life at Mount Vernon, his beautiful country home, on the banks of the Potomac, where he passed away. His last words were, "It is well."

JOHN AYLETTE WOODY.
Allen's Creek, Va.

VACATION SONG.

When study and school are over,
How jolly it is to be free.
Away in the fields of clover,
The honey sweet haunts of the bee!

Away in the fields to ramble,
Where merrily all day long,
The birds in the bush and bramble
Are filling the summer with song.

Away in the dewy valley,
To follow the murmuring brook,
Or sit on its bank and dally
Awhile, with a line and hook.

Away from the stir and bustle,
The noise of town left behind;
Vacation for sport and muscle,
The winter for study and mind.

There's never a need to worry,
There's never a lesson to learn;
There's never a bell to hurry;
There's never a duty to spurn.

To play till the face grows ruddy
And muscles grow biger, and then
Go back to books and study,
You will find it as pleasant again.

Selected by FRANCES M'DEARMAN,
Evergreen, Appomattox county, Va.

ON A TEXAS CATTLE RANCH.

The sun shone warm and penetrating on a weary cowboy of about eighteen years of age. The honest boy had never stooped to the disgrace of stealing anything in his life.

Yet, a band of ruffians and desperadoes of a large ranch in Texas had accused him of stealing a very handsome black pony. In spite of all the boy could say to the contrary the feelings of the hard-hearted men were set against him, and they declared that he had stolen the pony and said that they would hang him for a horse-thief.

Charlie, for that was the boy's name, had heard the men speaking of hanging him, and on the morning of the day set for the occasion, he arose, saddled his pony and left the ranch, not knowing what course to pursue. On he went, thinking himself unseen by any human eye, but one of the ranchers having arisen, spied him as he disappeared over a boulder. As Charlie thought he had not been seen, he traveled at an ordinary rate of speed. The man who had observed his disappearance first, notified his companions and they then mounted their horses and rode at a breakneck speed in pursuit of him. Charlie, hearing the noise of the horses' feet coming behind him, turned and there were his enemies close upon him. He jerked up his pony and soon outran them, but just as he went through a narrow gorge a long lasso whirled through the air and swung above his head.

Charlie was trapped, for the rope tightened about him and he felt himself being drawn to the boulder above.

The men laughed and jeered at him when they caught him, but if Charlie had felt the slightest fear, his appearance did not show it. Although the ruffians were of the most dangerous and treacherous character, they could not help admiring the nerve and coolness of the youth.

Just as he was about to be strung up on a tree, a man appeared and commanded them to "Halt!" He was the man who had stolen the pony and moved by pity by the condition of the boy, he had repented and confessed that he was the thief.

The men who a few minutes before had been Charlie's enemies, now came forward and shook his hand, and the boy found his pony and left the vicinity in quite a happy frame of mind.

LOTTIE DICKENSON,
Oakwood Cemetery.

ELIZABETH M'GUIRE.

The McGuire family lived in a lovely house on Kilby Avenue, in Baltimore. The home was made more beautiful by the lovely yard, which was covered with maple trees.

The McGuire household contained Margaret, Elizabeth, Helen, Clyde and Alfred. Helen was a lovely girl of nineteen. She had black eyes and hair and her skin was real white Elizabeth was not very pretty, but very attractive. Margaret was a sweet child and every one who knew her loved her.

One day Elizabeth's friend, Ruth Harrison, came to see her, and Ruth said that she was going to the seashore. Elizabeth was very much disturbed over this, for Ruth was Elizabeth's dearest friend, and they were together nearly all the time. Elizabeth said, "Mother, let us all go to the seashore; Ruth is going and I don't see how I can do without her. I am sure you would get a great deal better, for you are always complaining." Mrs. McGuire said, "My child, do you suppose I am going to the seashore and rent a cottage, while your father is working for our living?"

The McGuire's home had been left to them by a rich uncle, but the McGuires were not at all wealthy. Elizabeth was very sorry that she could not go to the seashore.

One afternoon Ruth Harrison came rushing in to see Elizabeth; and said, "Ah! Elizabeth, come out in the hammock, I want to see you and ask you something." The two girls went rushing out in the yard. Ruth said, "Liz, mother and I have been talking about it, and we want you to go to the seashore with us. Please go, I cannot do without you.""

That night Elizabeth had a talk with her mother about it and it was decided that she should go. My, how pleased Elizabeth and Ruth were! In three days they were to go. They were going on the 11 o'clock train so as to get to the beach early in the afternoon.

When the time for bathing came the two girls were ready. Elizabeth did not know how to swim very well, so Ruth and her brother, John, had to teach her. One day when John went to the city, Ruth and Elizabeth thought they would go out swimming by themselves. They plunged into the water and had a fine time for a while, but all of a sudden a great wave came and Elizabeth could not be seen. Ruth saw a boat near so the jumped in that to see if she could find Elizabeth. When Ruth got a long way from the shore she found that the boat was leaking and it began to sink, and in a few minutes neither boat nor girl were to be seen. A man on the shore happened to see a head come out of the water and then go back in the water and he went right after this person. He got to the girl and found it was Elizabeth McGuire. She was unconscious. He carried her to the cottage and she soon became better. Mrs. Harrison said, "Where is Ruth?" She could not be found anywhere, and, of course, every one knew she must have been drowned.

The man who got Elizabeth out of the water and did it so bravely was John Harrison, Ruth's brother. And after this they were married. They never will forget the day in the water nor the sad death of his sister and her dearest friend, Ruth Harrison.

VIRGINIA V. WALKER,
Aged thirteen years.
Somerset, Va.

MAY DAY.

Children singing, laughter ringing,
Faces smiling and gay;
Round the high pole swinging to the bright ribbons clinging,
With the dear little queen of the May.

Silv'ry bells tinkling, starry eyes twinkling,
Curls afloat on the breeze;
Merry feet dancing, figures entrancing,
As partners they drop and seize.

So light and so airy, each dear little fairy,
That kneels to the lovely queen;
Glances fleeting, mocking, entreating,
Even in solmen mien.

Oh, dear little Annie, or Lucy, or Nannie,
Such devotion is lasting and true,
And tho' you may never again see them, ever
They'll remember you.

Composed by MARY LARKIN,
Manassas, Va.

MY SUMMER OUTING.

Every summer I go to my grandmother's farm in Albemarle county. I go in her room sometimes and she has candy put away in her wardrobe and gives it to me. I play with the overseer's children most all of the time we play baseball. When we make cider I help pick up the apples while my brother and cousin grind it. I go out in the woods to pick chinquepins and kill bullfrogs with my rifle at the ice pond, for there are so many there. We have a dog, his name is Buck. I play with him. I have lots of fun.

ROBERT P. MARTIN,

Puzzle Department

BIRD PUZZLE.

Find three birds in this tree.

C. G. ELDER.

Answer to May puzzle, by J. H. Davis:

1. Seizure of Jefferson Davis.
2. Oh, Call Me Early, Mother Dear.
3. Ha rrison at Fort Monroe.

To animal found in Canada, by C. K. Wyatt: Caribou.

Charade, by Katherine Snow: York.

Booklovers' contest:

1. _____
2. The author of "The Ugly Duckling" is Hans Christian Andersen.
3. _____
4. The author of "Evangeline" is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
5. The Basin of Minos is an arm of the Bay of Fundy, and indents the Western coast of Nova Scotia.
6. Grand pre means "great meadows."
7. The Acadians were inhabitants of Nova Scotia.
8. They were removed in the year 1755.
9. The removal was made by New England troops.
10. Because they refused to take the oath of allegiance to England.

HARRY E. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Answers to questions in Booklovers' Contest:

1. _____
2. Hans Christian Anderson wrote the "Ugly Duckling."
3. _____
4. Longfellow wrote "Evangeline."
5. The Basin of Minos is in Nova Scotia.
6. _____
7. The Acadians were simple-minded French people, who lived about the Minos Basin and the Annapolis River.
8. They were moved in 1755, when 7,000 were carried to different parts of the English colonies. Many of their descendants, called "Cajans," are found in Western Louisiana. "Evangeline" is a story of the Acadians.
9. The removal was made by England.
10. The reasons for their removal were because the Acadians refused to submit to the English laws. There were other reasons, one being that there were so many who coveted the rich farms owned by the Acadians, and some were inspired by religious hatred.

EVELYN E. DUKE.
2813 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

Answer to letter enigma, by F. Louise Winckler: Philadelphia.

Answer to charade by Katherine Snow: York.

Answers to names of books in figures, by Grace Sebrell. 1. "Donovan." 2. "Heidi." 3. "Beulah." 4. "St. Elmo."

Answers to booklovers' contest.

1. Dickens.
2. Hans Christian Andersen.
3. _____
4. Henry W. Longfellow.
5. Near Acadia.
6. Grand pre means the village of Acadia.
7. The inhabitants of Acadia. They were a simple-minded rural people.
8. 1755.
9. The English.
10. Because they sympathized with the French, and refused to submit to the English rules.

LYRA V. RANSON.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. H. W. Longfellow was the author of "Evangeline."
5. The Basin of Minos is near Arcadia.
6. Grand pre means vast meadows.
7. The Arcadians were French people, who had settled in Arcadia.
8. They were removed in 1755.
9. The removal was made by the English. Winslow was the commander of the ship.
10. The Arcadians were loyal to France, and declined to promise allegiance to English. Their prosperity was so great and numbers so increasing that the English became jealous and could no longer endure their presence.

LOUISE L. WALKER.
Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

THE PILGRIM.

Little one, dear, with deep eyes glowing,
Standing at morn on the broad highway,
I am a pilgrim, backward going,
Where? Ah, where? If there's any knowing
Only you can show me the way.

I am a weary, grave little daughter,
Broke is my staff, with the steep hill climb,
Dry is my flask of the holy water,
Drained of the rose when the dew had sought her
Long ago at the matin chime.

I have tarried too long in the sordid towers
That sear the valley on yonder side.
The gold is worn from the morning hours,
But somewhere blossoms the old-time flowers,
Somewhere, child, for the world is wide.
Lead little feet that are light with laughter,
Back, far back, ere the end of day.
I, on the highroad, stumble after,
Only you can show me the way.

ZALIA E. WOODY.
1823 Grave Ave., Richmond, Va.

"THE ACORN'S BIOGRAPHY.
(Told by Itself.)

"Oh, dear! What a poor creature I am. How I long for the joys of my former life."

Though it grieves me, I will relate it to you, and hope it may prove interesting.

"I was once one of the many children of a mighty oak. My life was filled with beauty from morning till night.

"But one day the merry wind whirled me to the ground, and drifted me on till I reached the county road, and here I am.

"Last night an old farmer most crushed me. But some day I shall be appreciated, as was my venerable father, the oak.

KITTY VAUGHAN.

J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR.

NORA T. DONOVAN.

AMERICA H. PANNILL.

BLANCHE JACKSON.

WILLIAM A. SHEFFIELD.

LYRA V. RANSON.

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

WALTER POCKLINGTON.

MINTO MOORE.