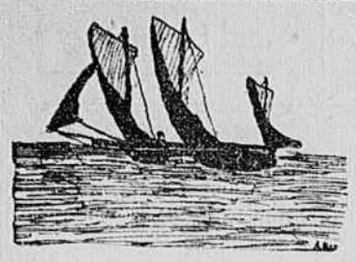


ALVIN HATTORF.

OLD MEMBER.

MARY S. McDANIEL.

COURTNEY K. MEADE.

GRACIE E. TURNER.

WALTER POCKLINGTON.

EVELYN E. DYKE.

LYRA V. RANSON.

Correspondence Column

Real Busy Helping Mother.

Dear Editor,—I guess you think I am quite a poor member, but I have been real busy helping mother, and therefore have neglected to send anything before. When I wrote last I told you I was going to send something to the fair, and am now sending you a drawing, which I do hope you will think worthy of a small place. Will send something else real soon. Estelle Gates, I certainly do appreciate your kind words in your last letter concerning me, and would like so much to correspond with you. Well, Editor, I now leave room for others. Lovingly,

EVELYN PHILLIPS.

At Grove Home School.

Dear Editor,—I know you think that I have forgotten you and all the T. D. C. C. members, but I have not. I have been going to school at the Grove Home School, one mile from Delaplane, in Fauquier county, Va. I left Norfolk, Va., December 28, 1910, and I reached Washington, D. C., December 27, about 7 o'clock in the morning. About 8:30 I took the train from Washington, D. C., for Delaplane, Fauquier county, Va. I reached Delaplane somewhere about 11 o'clock. When I reached the school to my great surprise I found that the place was a very old-timey place. I like old-timey houses better than I like the new fashion houses; don't you? I think an old house has some history to it. The schoolhouse is a very old-timey house. It has a brass-knocker on the front door. The house is situated on a hill. In the yard are several large, beautiful oak trees. My teacher was Miss Susie Randolph Pendleton. I am very fond of Miss Susie Pendleton. I will have to close. Your old T. D. C. C. member,

SALLIE CARY FINCH.

The Grove Home School, Delaplane, Fauquier county, Va.

A Trip to the Beach.

Dear Editor,—A promised to write you about my trip to the beach I will not break my promise. We started from here at 1:40 P. M. Thursday, July 13, and had a nice time on the train. We arrived at Norfolk at 5 P. M. We then took a car and went to Ocean View. The next day we went to Willoughby Spit and took a boat and had a delightful ride over to Old Point. While we were in Old Point we went to Fortress Monroe. It is lovely there. Gee! I would hate to be a ship and they turn those big guns on me. There are some tremendous cannons there. Old Point is quite an interesting place. We stayed there until about 3:30 P. M. We went from Old Point back to Ocean View, and from the View down to the cottage where we were staying. That night after supper we went back to the View and had a fine time. The next morning (which was Saturday) I went in bathing, and it was very nice. We went to Norfolk Saturday morning, and from there over to Portsmouth. The navy-yard in Portsmouth is very pretty and interesting. It's some old cannon and guns there. Some of them were used during the Revolution. We went back to Norfolk and went to the City Park. I believe it was the prettiest place I saw on my trip. At 10 o'clock we went to the depot and got on the train and came home. Papa met us at the depot at 2 o'clock Sunday morning and took us home, so that ended the delightful trip. The answers to Clarence Wyatt's picture puzzles are: Snake River and Battle of Monmouth Courthouse; aie not they? Well, I suppose Clarence Wyatt will make another Jeff, as boxing is his favorite sport. I enjoy his contributions ever so much. I wish Sallie Adkisson would hurry up and send some more work to the T. D. C. C. She seems to have played the "quitts," hasn't she? I must close, as I've taken too much room already. I am, sincerely,

GLADYS BARROW.

Barrows' Store, Va.

Thinks the Page Is Fine.

Dear Editor,—I received the pretty badge you sent me, and I am very proud of it. I have just finished reading the page and think it is very fine. It is raining now, and it rained hard once this evening. I hope to see my letter in print next Sunday. I think the members of the club draw fine, but I am not much drawing in ink. Your friend,

MAUDE MOTLEY.

Upper Zion, Caroline county, Va.

Carried Away With Little Sister.

Dear Editor,—Please forgive me for not writing before. We have all been so carried away with my dear little sister, born in February. She has a bad cough, and we are very much afriad that it is whooping cough. Warrenton has just organized a baseball team, and the last game she played was with Roanoke Rapids. Warrenton beat with a score of 5 to 4. I have a bad cold, but I am going to Henderson some time this summer to visit my cousin, Bettie C. Jones. She is one of the club memuers. Last summer when I went up there I told her all about the T. D. C. Club, and I persuaded her to join, although there was very little persuasion. Are you allowed to send any hand-painted work to the club? Well, I must close, as this is getting too long. With lots of love for our Editor, I remain,

H. BYRD JONES.

Warrenton, N. C., care Hotel Norwood.

P. S.—I would like very much to correspond with some of the members.

An Old Member.

Dear Editor,—I reckon you will be rather surprised to hear from me after such a long time, but I haven't forgotten you. I think our page is fine. Will you let me join again, and will you please send me a badge? I think Courtney K. Meade's drawing is fine. What has become of the old members, as I very seldom see anything of theirs on the page, but they will all wake up and begin again. What has become of William T. Pulsen, Jr.? I had a card from him some time ago, but didn't answer it, and I have lost his address. I hear from Blanche Anthony real often. Please don't forget my badge. With success to the members, from your old member,

MARIE M. HOWARD.

115 E. Main Street, Fredericksburg, Va.

Glad to See Letter in Print.

Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see my letter in print last Sunday, and I am going to try to write a story to send in for next Sunday. Last Thursday my sister and I went about six miles out in the country to see some cousins of ours. We certainly did enjoy ourselves while there, although we only spent the day. Last Thursday I also spent away from home, and that night I went to a lawn party, where I had a grand time. I am thinking of going to Hyco, a place about six miles from here, in a week or two. I think I will ride my wheel there, although almost every one that I mention it to say "I know if you do you will be so tired of that bicycle before you get over there that you will wish you had never seen one." I certainly hope their prophecy won't come true, for I am still determined to ride it. I got a letter from Margaret Ropp the other day begging me to come to see her the 1st of August, but I don't think I can go this summer, as I have already been to several places and have also already accepted several other invitations. I'm simply wild to go though. Oh! Editor, I had almost forgotten to tell you that I went to a dance Friday night. Well, I suppose I must stop. As I hear the dinner bell. Your loving member,

HELEN NORWOOD.

South Boston, Va.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.

"Yes, yes, indeed," said Mrs. James, "that is a splendid plan. I am so glad my boy wishes to dispense with fireworks and want to enjoy a sane Fourth of July."

"Oh! mother, I am delighted," cried Wilson. "You are so kind to agree to let me have a party."

"We will have the party from 7:30 to 10 o'clock Tuesday evening," said Mrs. James. "Isn't that about right?"

"Oh! yes, that is the best time. I shall write the invitations now," he answered as he flint skipping into the next room

EDITORIAL AND LITERARY DEPARTMENT

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Members Must Draw With Black Ink, on White Paper—Are Asked to Get Busy and Send In Contributions.

My Dear Girls and Boys:

I must beg you once again, as I have from the beginning, to send in your drawings done on white paper, with black ink. No matter what is marked on the bottle, or what any one says who sells it to you, do not buy and do not use blue ink or purple ink or anything but what you see and know to be black ink.

Do not sign initials to drawings, but let your full name and address appear on every communication, whatever it may be, that you send to the page.

The editor thanks Evelyn Phillips and Evelyn Dyke for drawings to be used in the State Fair exhibit, and calls on other constant and appreciated club members for contributions. If the drawings, stories and puzzles to be used at the exhibit can be gotten together and arranged now they can be rendered so much more attractive. So wake up, members, and answer the call, as you are always ready and willing to do.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Helen Norwood, South Boston, Va.
John S. Terry, Rockingham, N. C.
Aletha Hancock, Keswick, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Beverly, Sewall	Motley, Maude
Bain, Edward	Meade, C. Keith
Barrow, Gladys	Norwood, Helen
Bouldin, E. M.	Phillips, E. E.
Branch, Erna	Pocklington, W.
Bauersfeld, M.	Roberts, John G.
Coleman, R. C.	Ranson, Lyra V.
Dyke, Evelyn E.	Reid, Margaret
Davis, J. H., Jr.	Smith, Dorothy
Finch, Sally Cary	Tucker, Mary
Hancock, Aletha	Terry, John S.
Goode, Robert	Turner, Gracie E.
Hattorf, Alvin	Vincent, Wade H.
Howard, Marie M.	Vincent, Harold
Howard, May	Walker, Louise L.
Jones, H. Byrd	Ward, Mary D.
McDaniel, Mary S.	Warfield, Edwin.

A LITTLE HERO.

Had any one been walking along the Northern Pacific Railway at a particular point last fall he would have noticed a ragged little boy playing by the track and throwing bits of coal and iron in a river that splashed nearby. Poor and ragged though he was, Jack, for that was his name was very ambitious, and often longed for a chance to do something great.

Happening to go farther up the track than usual, he saw a place where the rails did not seem to come together. Going closer he saw in a moment that the rails had spread, and that if the lightning exppress, which would be due in a little while, were allowed to come on there would be a wreck. For a few moments Jack did not know wha to do. He knew that it was five miles to the nearest place where help could be gotten, and also that there was no probability of the express slowing up, for he had seen the engineer "let her out" down that very grade many times before. Already he could hear the far-off whistle of the locomotive; there was no time to lose. Suddenly a brave notion entered his head, and taking off his shirt he went to the side of the railroad, cut a stick and hung his shirt on it. Then going back to the railroad he ran some distance beyond the broken rails and stopped right on the track. It seemed a long time to Jack before he could hear the low rumble of the cars as they tore along. Louder and louder grew the noise of the train, till suddenly with a roar it crashed around the curve and on to the straight stretch close to Jack. It was a trying moment to the poor little country lad as the big engine came with lightning swiftness toward him, but wildly waving his shirt he bravely stood his ground. On and on came the locomotive, and she could hear the grind of the brakes as the eng'neer vainly tried to stop in time to save him. Still the engine moved on till, with a little cry, Jack fell back under the wheels of the train he had so nobly saved.

By EDWIN WARFIELD.

Walker's Ford, Va.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

Cissie made a beautiful picture as she stood on the front porch one bright June morning. She was all in white from the tips of her trim little slippers to the saucy bow on her hair. She was twelve to-day, and her "chum," Courtney Gilchrist, had promised to take her for a day in the woods, and she stood waiting expectantly, her head thrown back, her dark hair curling gracefully around her shoulders.

Cicely Curtis was visiting her Aunt Madge, who lived in the country, and Courtney Gilchrist was the only neighbor that wasn't a "grown-up," and he was sixteen. He had met Cissie at the station and carried her to Curtis Hall, her aunt's home, and since then he had been her devoted slave. Perhaps her beauty accounted for it, but she was very plucky, and accommodating—just the kind a boy of sixteen likes. So Courtney took her to places and was careful that she did not spoil her dainty white frocks. But Cissie never seemed to get dirty, always wore white, and always looked as if she had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox.

On this particular morning she wore a white sailor cap on the back of her curls, a stiffly starched sailor suit, slippers and short socks. As Court had not appeared she sat on the steps and thought about her sisters. Sylvia was grown, Madge was sixteen, and Meredith, her favorite, was eight.

"A penny for your thoughts, my dear," said a merry voice. Cissie started slightly and looked up with a smile.

"I'm thinking about my little sister Merry," she said, getting up and walking down the avenue with him.

"Is she anything like you?" he said looking admiringly at her slim straight figure.

"No; at least, not much. She is only eight, and so full of fun and mischief! She—why, there she is now," cried Cissie, delightfully, as a carriage turned in the avenue and stopped for a little girl with short black elf-locks and a gypsy face to spring out. She had on a tan linen frock, tan ribbon slippers and socks.

"O, Cissie!" she cried; "I'm to stay very whole week! Isn't that jolly?" Merry insisted on going with them and they soon reached the woods.

"Let's go to the 'bungalow' first and get the fishing tackle. You girls had better take off your shoes."

"The 'bungalow' is in these woods," explained Cissie. "Uncle built it, and it has three rooms, a bedroom for me, a tiny kitchen, and a dining room. When we stay all night I sleep in the bedroom and Court sleeps in the dining room.

When they reached the bungalow they took off their shoes and then went fishing. Merry fell in the brook and had to sit in the sun to dry, but she caught three fish, so she didn't care. Cissie and Court each caught two, and then they picked blackberries.

At 12 they went back to the bungalow and had dinner. Court fried the fish, while Cissie set the table and "explained things."

"We come almost every day, and so Uncle Gilbert lets us keep ice and bread and things all the time. Sometimes we stay all night, but the people don't get worried, because we lock the door and there isn't anybody around mean enough to hurt us. They're all too fond of aunt and uncle," Cissie told Merry.

"O, can't we stay to-night?" cried Merry.

"No, not to-night. They told us to be sure and come back, but we will do it soon."

"O, Cissie," called Court from the kitchen, "we forgot to get the salt, and there isn't any here. What shall we do?"

"Eat without it, since there isn't any," she answered with a laugh. And so they did, and enjoyed it, too. They had fish without salt, little biscuits and cool spring water, with blackberries, sugar and cream for dessert.

After dinner Courtney swung the girls and went wading until the sun began to sink behind the trees. Then they put on their shoes and reached home just in time for supper.

During Meredith's stay they went to the woods nearly every day. They went on picnics, hayrides and such delightful things that Merry didn't want to go home when the time came, and promised her aunt and uncle that she would come again and stay longer."

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

200 South Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

WILL'S LONGING.

The sun is sinking in the west,
The birds lie sleeping in their nest;
Everything is quiet and still,
Yet stands weeping little Will.

Father has gone far away,
To return some happy day
With fame and fortune for his boy,
Yet Will cares nothing for this joy.

All he wants is dad's safe return,
With the idea his cheeks they burn;
But then, again, he might be dead,
As every one had thought and said.

Children have come to jump and play,
But Will can't go along and stay,
Longing to see his father's face
Haunts him in every nook and place.

To war Will has declared to go,
His mother has allowed it so;
In uniform of dark blue clad,
Off to war to find his dad.

Hark! The soldiers are returning,
Will's heart within him is burning:
One minute more in dad's arms he will be,
The happiest boy you ever did see.

(Original.)

Composed by

I. HAMILTON WHYTE.

214 West Clay Street, City.

DANIEL IN THE GOLDEN WEST.

Daniel, a bright, handsome lad, was the son of a poor old farmer, living in a small village of New England. Times were very hard for the farmer, and he and the old dame struggled hard to make ends meet. Daniel, their only son, was their pride and joy, and he was always willing to cut wood for them in the forest, to work on the farm or do anything in his power to help the old folks. One day, when Daniel was sixteen, he worked as hard as he could all day, and that night before his old father and mother lay down to rest he kissed them good night over and over very tenderly.

About 3 o'clock he arose, packed the few clothes he possessed in an old ... carpetbag, and stole quietly out of the house. The next morning when the old farmer arose he was very much surprised to find that his son had already arisen, but thought that he was only out on the farm somewhere close at hand. He went about his daily work, but seeing nothing of Daniel he went out into the forest to look for him. After looking far and near, and still no trace of him could be found, the old man's heart was filled with sorrow and anxiety. He then imagined his son lying dead in the thick... killed by some prowling beast. He stood in the forest and called again and again: "Daniel; O, Daniel," but the only sound that came back to him was the echo of his voice and the moaning of the lonely pines as they swayed back and forth and formed fantastic shadows against the gray sky.

When the sun rose high in the heavens and he did not return the whole village was aroused, and a large party went out in search of him. After searching everywhere for him with no success they returned, and one after another informed the old man that they had found no trace of Daniel. Then the farmer, weary and heartbroken, tramped back to the little cabin to break the sad news to his wife that their son could not be found. When he reached the door of the cottage the old lady met him, and, with tears in her eyes, sadly handed him a letter, and this is what the old man read:

"My Dear Father and Mother:

"It makes me feel very sad to leave you all alone, but have gone to seek my fortune in the gold fields of California, and hope to return some day when I'm rich and take you back with me to live happy in your old age. Good-bye.

"Your devoted son

"DANIEL."

The old farmer, though it grieved him greatly to give up his son, thanked God that he had not been torn to pieces by the beasts, as her had feared. The old dame knelt by her bedside each night and prayed that her son would one day return to her.

(To be continued.)

LOTTIE DICKENSON.

Oakwood Cemetery.

THE ROUT OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY.

About nightfall the French gave way on all sides, and the English, who had been re-enforced by the Prussians, pressed forward with new energy and courage. Marshal Ney, who had five horses shot under him, borrowed another, leaped into the saddle, dashed like a madman after the flying French. He was without hat, stock or sword, muddy and bleeding, and trying in vain to stop the terror-stricken French. He insulted the French; he shouted to them to stop, but to no advantage; the French soldiers ran from him shouting long live Marshal Ney. The whole French army was in the wildest confusion. Friends killed each other in their frenzied efforts to escape. The Prussian cavalry came up fresh and dashed in on the French. Horses were cut loose from the caissons, wagons were left, blocking up the way; all things which impeded flight were thrown away. No friends or general were heeded. An attempt was made to rally the French. Three hundred men were got together, who faced the enemy, but at the discharge of a volley of canister the French fled. The rout only stopped when it reached the frontier of France.

CEDRIC S. BEVERLY.

Freeling, Va.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

One of the prominent traits in the character of young Americans is a desire for adventure. In the eyes of the masculine portion of this rising generation the hunter who can show strings of wolves' teeth and bears' claws, and who has slain Indians by the score, is nature's nobleman—being far more worthy of respect than the statesman, who stays at home and makes grand speeches in the halls of Congress. Some American youths take pleasure in telling how they would conduct themselves and what brave exploits they would perform were they to be attacked by a band of hostile Indians in full war paint, armed with tomahawk and scalping knife. Others will dilate on the pleasure of hunting wild animals, and will talk enthusiastically about the keen relish which a sense of personal danger gives to such manly sports, being pretty sure to wind up with, "Just give me a chance and see what a bold hunter I will make."

Less than one year ago I was just such an individual. I was anxious to fight Indians, hunt grizzly bears, chase the bison over the boundless prairies of the West, and, in fact, do anything to prove my indomitable courage and intrepid spirit. But a few weeks since I met with an adventure in the heart of Western New York which forever banished such foolish notions from my mind, and made me content with my job as apprentice boy in a large machine shop in the city of Richmond.

I was spending a few days with my cousin, who resides in Scottsville, a little village noted for frequent fights and pretty girls, situated about twelve miles southwest of Rochester and two miles west of Genessee River. Between the river and the village there is a low, level tract of land called the Gennessee Flats. Every spring the river bursts its bounds and pours a mighty flood of water over these flats, transforming them into quite a respectable lake. The land thus irrigated in summer is covered with luxurious vegetation, on which hundreds of cattle feed and thrive.

Nearby, in the centre of these flats, by some strange freak of nature a high hill has been thrown up, whose lofty summit towers high above any other in that vicinity.

There is a legend prevailing that many years ago a mighty battle was fought near its base, between two of the most powerful nations then in America. The conflict lasted many days, and finally the remnant of the vanquished tribe was driven to the top of the hill and held in siege until they either starved to death or gave themselves up as prisoners.

(To be continued.)

J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR.

1216 West Cray Street, Richmond.

R. GOODE.

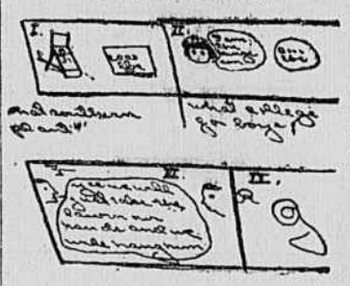
Puzzle Department

FLOWER PUZZLE.

What Flower?

ALETHA HANCOCK,
Keswick, Va.

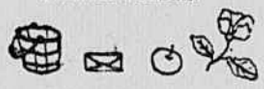
PICTURE PUZZLES.



1. What Southern plant? 2. What college for boys? 3. What game? 4. What pastime?

HELEN NORWOOD,
South Boston, Va.

ANIMAL PUZZLE.



What Animal?

MILDRED BAUERSFELD,
Keswick, Va.

Find Names of Books.

1. These are the smallest her mother has.
2. It is very mild, Red, so it does not matter.
3. That is Rosa Mondaunt, she replied.
4. Robert's head was badly hurt.
5. That is St. El. More people go there than St. En.
6. The girls and I are going downtown, she said.
7. Cecil, I am going home, said Marion.
8. We must applaud Redmond, said Miss White.
9. That is our Ross. I envy her for that lovely trip.
10. Melros, your mother is calling you, said Edith.

LOUISE L. WALKER.

Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Jumbled Names of Favorite Pastimes.

1. Girwon.
2. Canzind.
3. Rdvinig.
4. Lingpay nisnet.
5. Inginagsw.
6. Eadinrg.
7. Tingea.

HELEN NORWOOD.

South Boston, Va.

Boys Names in Figures.

1. 19, 20, 21, 1, 18, 21.
2. 18, 15, 2, 5, 18, 20.
3. 19, 1, 13, 21, 5, 12.
4. 20, 8, 15, 13, 1, 19.
5. 10, 15, 19, 5, 16, 8.
6. 18, 9, 3, 8, 1, 18, 4.
7. [illegible], 15, 18, 4, 15, 14.
8. 10, 15, 8, 14.
9. 8, 1, 13, 18, 28.
10. 3, 15, 9, 14, 20, 15, 14.
11. 23, 9, 12, 15, 9, 1, 13.
12. 12, 21, 20, 8, 5, 18

M. M. HOWARD.

1125 East Main Street, Fredericksburg, Va.

Boys' Names in Figures.

1. 19, 15, 21, 20, 8, 7, 1, 20, 5.
2. 18, 15, 2, 5, 18, 20.
3. 7, 15, 18, 4, 18, 14.
4. 5, 4, 7, 1, 18
5. 1, 18, 12, 5, 14.
6. 8, 5, 14, 18, 25.
7. 23, 25, 3, 8, 8.
8. 7, 1, 18, 12, 1, 14, 4.
9. 4, 9, 3, 11.
10. 20, 15, 13.

MARY TUCKER.

Girls' Names in Figures.

1. 2, 5, 18, 20, 8, 1.
2. 13, 1, 2, 5, 12.
3. 5, 18, 13, 1.
4. 18, 21, 20, 8.
5. 3, 8, 18, 9, 19, 20, 15, 2, 5, 12.
6. 8, 5, 14, 18, 9, 5, 20, 20, 1.
7. 2, 12, 1, 14, 3, 8, 5.
8. 4, 15, 21, 7, 12, 1, 19.
9. 7, 5, 18, 1, 12, 4, 9, 14, 5.
10. 7, 5, 18, 20, 18, 21, 4, 5.

SALLIE BROOKS.

THE PICNIC.

"Come on, Linda, and get ready for the picnic," said fourteen-year-old Carrie Smith to her twelve-year-old cousin, Linda Lee. There was going to be a picnic down by the pond, and all the girls in the neighborhood were invited to go.

Linda lived in the city, and had come to the country to visit her Cousin Carrie.

By time the girls were ready the hired man had hitched the horse to the buggy, and Mrs. Smith had put their lunch in a basket and put it in the buggy. Linda and Carrie started, and arrived at the pond about the time the other girls did.

They put the lunch basket on the grass and went to play. After they had played lots of games and tricks it was time for lunch. The girls soon had the lunch ready, and all began to eat, and ate in a hurry, for the man was there to take them out boat-riding. They got in the boat with their lines and bait. They caught some fish and returned to the shore and played games until time to go home.

It was two tired girls that arrived at Mr. Smith's that evening about 6:30 o'clock. Linda and Carrie ate their supper and then went to bed, hoping to have another picnic soon.

Composed by

MARIAN LEE MOTLEY.

Upper Zion, Va.

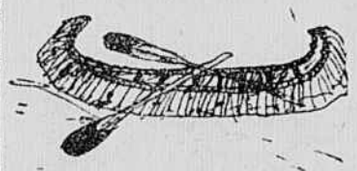
JOHN S. TERRY.

MILDRED BAUERSFELD.

SEWALL BEVERLY.

ALETHA HANCOCK.

J. H. DAVIS, JR.



ELIZABETH BOWDIN.

VIRGINIA ATKINS.

MARY S. McDANIEL.

LUTHER HERNDON.

ANNIE LEE.

LOUISE L. WALKER.