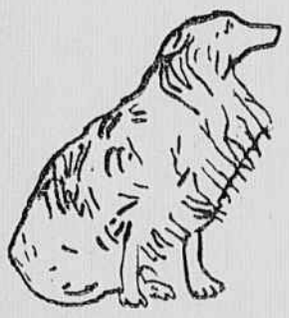
WILLIE E. CHADWICK.

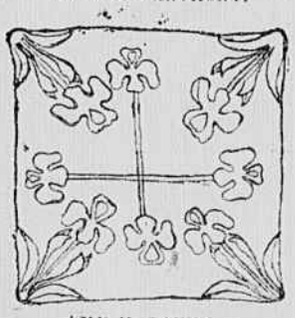
LYRA V. RANSON.

NELLIE S. COLLINS.



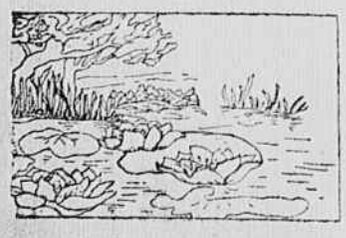
BERNICE WRIGHT.

BLANCHE ANTHONY.



AMY H. PANNILL.

COURTNEY KEITH MEADE.



BERTIE TIMBERLAKE.

KATHERINE ROWZIE.

Correspondence Column

The Lady in White.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a short story to the fair. It is called "The Lady in White." My sister drew an illustration for it. Nellie's thumb is a little better, and she will write next week. I would like to go to Richmond for the fair and see the children's work, but as I do not expect to I hope to read about it in your letters on the page. I read. I read all your letters to the children with great interest. Your little member,

BESSIE MAY CHADWICK.

Care Wm. Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Designs Letters and Flowers.

Dear Editor,—My cousin from Richmond made a visit to my house last week and brought with him one of your papers. He called my attention to the T. D. C. C. page, and my interest was attracted at once. As I am fond of drawing I got my brains to work on selecting a sketch to send, and this is my selection. I am working for a man in the stone business here in Portsmouth learning to design letters and flowers for stonecutters to cut by. I am very much interested in my work and hope I can keep the place. My parents are also interested in my work, and told me to try my skill in your club. I am fifteen years old on the 24th of this month. I hope my drawing will be accepted, and hoping you success, I beg to become a true friend,

HARRY JOSEPH ELLER.

836 Riverview Avenue, Portsmouth, Va.

P. S.—I drew nearly all of the Christmas pictures on the boards for the decorations. I also drew a calendar for each month on the board.

A Delightful Trip.

Dear Editor,—You cannot imagine how much I enjoyed your letter this week. I went to Buckroe Beach Wednesday and had a dandy time, indeed. I never enjoyed a trip so much in my life. A friend from Richmond went with me, and while down there we went out on a launch to the lighthouse. It was a delightful trip. There was an awfully large crowd there from Richmond. I am sure some of the members were there. Your true friend,

EVELYN E. DYKE.

2813 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

Colored Crayon Drawing.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a drawing for the State Fair exhibit. Some time ago I asked you about the kind of work that you wanted for this exhibit, and as you said either black and white or colored crayon would be accepted I have drawn this with the colored crayons. Hoping that you will find this drawing good enough for the exhibit and wishing the club success, I remain your member,

MARY M. HICKS.

Lawrenceville, Va.

Glad to Hear From You.

Dear Editor,—I have intended writing before and sending a contribution, but I have not. Now that I have started I hope to be able to send one every week the whole summer through. The picture I send was drawn a good while ago, but never sent. I hope this will be acceptable. Is it too late to send in something for the fair? If not, you may send in anything of mine that you consider worth sending. I hope to send a story soon for publication, if suitable, and the fair. By what time must I send it in? I hope to be able to contribute to the T. D. C. C. page some this winter. Hoping to see this letter and picture in a week or two on our page, I remain your old member,

S. J. HART.

400 E. Tenth Street, Charlottesville, Va.

At Lake Chautauqua.

Dear Editor,—During my vacation I went North for six weeks, and while I was at my aunties we spent one day at her camp on Chautauqua Lake. I spent my time playing in the sand, paddling and bathing in the water and watching the steamers from Mayville to Chautauqua. At last, watching the sun set on the dear old Chautauqua Lake, ended our day's pleasure.

IDA HEUBI.

700 North Avenue, Chestnut Hill.

Our New Member.

Dear Editor,—I would like very much to join the T. D. C. C. if you will let me. I read the page every Sunday and am very much interested. Please send me a badge. Your new member,

HELEN GEORE.

1531 Monument Avenue, City.

School Soon to Open.

Dear Editor,—Inclosed is a drawing, which I hope to see in print. Have you had a vacation yet? I hope you will enjoy yourself. I wonder how many of the members dread the opening of school. There is only a short time, so let's get to work and do something for the club. I will have to say good-by for this time. Your loving member,

LYRA V. RANSON.

Masonic Home, City.

The Blind Boys' Stories.

Dear Editor,—I hope you and all the club members are well, and that you all are having a happy vacation. School will soon begin for some of the members, and I know some of them will not want to go back. Inclosed you will find some pictures drawn by me, and also the third part of my story entitled "A Race for My Life." I hope there will be room enough for my story, but I would rather see a story written by Harold Lawrence or some of those other blind boys. They can write good stories, let me tell you. It has been some hot this summer, but I'm thinking that it will turn cool soon. I remain as ever, your member,

JOHN HOWARD DAVIS, JR.

1216 W. Cary Street, City.

Proud of Prize.

Dear Editor,—I received my prize and am very proud of it. I got a card from Louise L. Walker last week. I am sorry to hear of Nellie Chadwick's accident, and hope her hand will soon be well again. J. Howard Davis, Jr., and Lyra Virginia Ranson draw fine. Please excuse bad writing, as I am in a hurry.

MARIAN LEE MOTLEY.

Upper Zion, Va.

RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM THE BORDER.

The transports cleave the ocean blue
And leave a track of foam,
And joy is reigning in our hearts,
The troops are coming home.
From every flagstaff in our town
The Stars and Stripes do wave,
To show the boys we think of them,
The boys in blue, so brave.

The lights shine bright in the hotel cafes
And blaze from square to square,
And happy faces, old and young,
Smile "Welcome" everywhere.
And where are all the tears we dropped?
Our sorrow and our pain
Are all forgotten for the boys
Are with us once again.

But shadows fall on everything,
And in some lonely place
A mother sits, alone, forgot,
Her hands are to her face.
"My boy! My boy! My soldier boy!"
Her tears are falling fast
For the only boy in all the world,
A memory of the past.

But all is life on the home-bound ship,
Where the searchlights span the sky
And the shining glasses, filled to the brim,
Touch as they're lifted high.
And they all declare in fervent tones
They never more will roam
(But they know they will if their country calls),
And the band plays "Home, Sweet Home."

A voice above calls loud and clear,
"I see Cape Henry light."
The boys rush upon the deck
And cheer with all their might,
And as they stand beneath the sky
And watch the feathery foam,
Down at the Point joy reigns supreme,
The troops are coming home.

Composed by
HARRY CHADWICK.

Care Wm. Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

EDITORIAL AND LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Various Matters of Interest

Edgar Lafferty, Jr.'s, Tribute to "Billie"—An Old Member's Contribution and Welcome to New Members—An Exhortation to Members in Special and in General.

My Dear Girls and Boys:

I wish you all to read a story contributed this week by Edgar R. Lafferty, Jr., of this city. It is written about his dog, "Billie," and expresses so much of genuine affection for a faithful animal friend that I am sure you will indorse the very real interest which it aroused in me. I could not help but think when I put the letter down that a good master makes a good dog.

We are always glad to welcome something sent in by an old member like S. J. Hart, of Charlottesville, who is represented on the page for this week. We are glad to welcome new members like Helen George and Harry Joseph Eller and others. And we appreciate beautiful contributions sent in for the State Fair exhibit by Bessie May Chadwick, Mary Hines and Emma V. Chadwick, the illustrator for her sister's story.

I am wondering why Curtis Elder and John Terry and Clarence Spencer do not send something for the State Fair. Also Cedric and Sewall Beverley, Carrington Calloway, Robert Hersman, Andrew J. Bryant, William Poage and Hamilton Whyte. Get busy, boys. I shall expect to hear from you very soon.

Among the girls there are a large number for whom I am waiting. Do not put off sending something in any longer. I can use it better now than later.

I am going to see the exhibit committee on children's work for the fair to-morrow, and I will write you next Sunday all about it. There is to be a corn club parade and various other features for boys and girls, but I am sure nothing will be better than an exhibit of your drawing if you try hard to bring it up to a fine standard.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Edgar R. Lafferty, Jr., 1127 West Avenue, Richmond, Va.
Samuel Conner, 2001 Littlepage Street, city.
S. J. Hart, 400 East Tenth Street, Charlottesville, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche	Hart, S. J.
Anthony, Sadie	Hattorf, Alvin
Abraham, Ruth	Heubi, Ida
Birdsong, Sylvania	Ingalls, Gladys
Briggs, Wm. J.	Jeffries, Margaret
Conner, Samuel	Kuper, Florence
Collins, Nellie S.	Lafferty, E. R., Jr.
Chadwick, W. E.	Meade, C. K.
Clark, Elizabeth	Motley, Marian L.
Chadwick, Harry	Norwood, Helen
Dunn, Mary	Pannill, Amy H.
Dyke, Evelyn E.	Pannill, Mary E.
Dickenson, Lottie	Reaves, Lucile
Davis, J. H., Jr.	Reaves, Velma
Davis, Grace D.	Rowzie, Katherine
Daniel, M. M.	Ranson, Lyra V.
Eller, Harry J.	Snead, Otis
Fellows, Chas. W.	Timberlake, Bertie
Green, C. A.	Terry, John S.
Gardner, Pearl A.	Vaughan, Kitty
Gardner, Opal	Wright, Bernice
George, Helen	Walker, L. L.
Hicks, Mary M.	Waller, Marion
	Whyte, I. H.

THE LIFE AND SAD DEATH OF "BILLIE," ONE OF THE NOBLEST DOGS THAT EVER LIVED.

Died, at our residence, 1127 West Avenue, one last Wednesday evening, at 4 o'clock, my bulldog, "Billie," the best friend I ever had.

At the age of three years I was taken by my dad to a kennel, where I made my own selection from some lovely four-weeks-old registered bull pups. From that day until the fatal day of Billie's death, ten years this summer, he has been my shadow.

He has watched beside my bed every night of my life while I slept. He never showed the slightest displeasure at anything I might do to him. There was not a child in all Richmond who could not trust him, and even take crumbs from out his mouth. Yet he was strong as an ox; could leap a six-foot fence and weighed sixty pounds.

I named him for my grandpa. During ill spells in my life of weeks' duration, "Billie" could not be tempted from my bed, but was fed beside me, and when I would be left alone, he would tip up in my bed to lick and love me. He would eat anything he saw me eat, from candy, fruits and nuts, to chewing gum. Yet he would not touch a morsel not given him, even though he stepped across it on the floor. He could tell my step as far distant from the house as the sound could be detected, and always barked to let me know he was awaiting my opening the door.

"Billie" could almost talk. On several occasions while I was sick in bed he slipped out and brought me large pieces of fresh beef, and put them down beside my bed, once a ten-pound roast, another time a rabbit; then again he brought me a paper full of little live kittens.

I think he must have gotten the meat from a market man's basket at some gate. He was "one of the boys" at Richmond Academy. I had to lock him indoors to keep him from following me there, for in a game of baseball if he could get the ball he would always bring it to me. He played hide and seek perfectly. He would wait at base until we called or keep perfectly quite if hiding with us. He loved to ride. He had learned his way to dad's office, and was known to wait on the corner alone until some one took the car, then he would bound, transfer at Main Street and go to the office. How he got off we never knew, whether he jumped off or was put off. Many of the conductors knew him.

His character will be my lifelong lesson. Billie was noble, affectionate, patient and forbearing. He never associated with dogs, preferring people. He was a fine ratter.

Were I to tell all the good traits he possessed I would fill this page. I know many boys in Richmond who will be sorry to learn of Billie's death, for I have already gotten letters of sympathy. His death came in a most unexpected way. Dad left him at home in care of the maid, and came here in the mountains with us for a few days. Billie, not understanding the loneliness, refused to eat, and at midnight sprang from the second story window, was injured seriously, and though the doctor was summoned, he died in a few hours. This, of course, could not have been foreseen, but I regret ever having left him. Dad reached home that day in time to give Billie the burial that such a friend deserved.

I will through life appreciate "Love me, love my dog."

E. R. LAFFERTY, JR.

1127 West Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Written at Crozet, Va., Aug. 15, 1911.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SPANIARDS

Spain, by far, has suffered more than any other country from unsympathetic travelers. Many think the immoral habits and vices of the natives are not worth seeing, and not suitable to describe. It is thought that the Spanish women are both cigarette smokers and wind drinkers, but it is untrue, their only beverage being water. The women cigarette smoker can only be found among the poorer class, such as those who work in the tobacco factories. Spanish women are never seen alone on the street, and when an American woman is seen alone, it causes much comment, thus putting in her mind the immorality and horridness of the Spaniard's manners. The Spanish girl has lovely features and attractive charms, yet when she marries, she marries for love's sake and not for mercenary purposes, for she never questions the pecuniary ability of her lover, as marrying in their country for money is unknown.

Serenading and knife struggles are common occurrences in romances, yet in Spain there are very little of either, and therefore in novels are greatly exaggerated characteristics of the Spanaids. When a stranger knocks at a door, all the women in the house rush to the door to welcome him, and during his stay, if he is taken sick, diligent care and watchful attention prevail.

Pride and dignity of the Spaniards are their two great features. In Spain they need no introduction, therefore every one salute each other with great cordiality. It is said that when a Spaniard sits down to his repast he first asks every one present to join him. Spain's greatest peculiarities are that poverty is not treated with contempt—as it is in many other countries—and the wealthy are not idolized.

Cadiz "hospico" is where the poor and needy are sent when they are homeless. The old people and homeless children can enter this charitable home if they have an order from the government saying that they are respectable. At times they can visit their friends, or, vice versa, they can be sent money, food or wine, and altogether it is a rest.

Composed by
J. HAMILTON WHYTE.

THE TAMING OF JOHN TERYLL.

CHAPTER 1.

John Teryll walked along the sand upon which the waves rippled softly. The sun shone hotly down, and John was looking for a cool place in which to rest, as he did not want to go back to the hotel so soon. Far up the beach he caught sight of a crimson parasol, and in an instant the heat and fatigue were forgotten, and he quickened his pace toward the figure, which he soon saw was a small girl of about twelve years of age. (John was sixteen.) Her thick auburn hair hung in short curls about her ivory face, and straight, dark brows overhung the large brown eyes which were gazing steadily at the fishing line she had just thrown in the water. As he drew nearer John lessened his walk, and, putting his hands in his pockets, sauntered up.

"Fishing?" he asked.

"O, no," she replied, in a pleasant voice, which was nevertheless full of sarcasm; "I'm picking apples off my grandmother's chestnut tree."

John giggled foolishly. "I—I knew you were fishing," he said, "but I did not know what else to say."

"You didn't have to say anything," she replied bluntly.

John saw he had lost ground, so began on another tack. "Suppose we introduce ourselves," he said. "My name is John Seldon Teryll. What's yours?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out," came the answer.

Then she looked at him for the first time, and it was a look that did not waver.

"Did you think I had caught a whale. You came hurrying up the beach so quick," she inquired.

To say John turned red is putting it mildly. He turned a vivid crimson from the lock of hair that hung idly in his right eye to the tips of his canvas pumps (figuratively, not literally). He tried to say something, stammered, stopped, and finally blurted out:

"I knew what you were doing, and I knew you hadn't caught a whale, but I wanted to get acquainted with you," adding perily: "Are you satisfied?"

Harriet Esterbrooke was a girl of few words, but what she said were to the point.

"Yes, little boy," she answered; "perfectly. And I am also satisfied that I do not wish to continue the acquaintance."

Turning on her heel, she walked away, leaving him alone. "Little boy," indeed! When only two weeks before, on his sixteenth birthday, he had put on his first long trousers! A strong desire to wallop her came over him, and he started to run after her, but he suddenly realized how impossible it was, and, retracing his steps, he walked in the direction of the Hotel Desmond.

CHAPTER II.

Lieutenant Esterbrooke crossed the piazza of the Hotel Desmond and took a seat in a shady corner. He would have a fine time telling the boys of his vacation when he got back ("the boys" being those of his regiment who had to stay at the dismal, lonely old post all summer). Evidently he was not to rest undisturbed, for a step was heard and a voice said: "Good evening, colonel." Lieutenant Esterbrooke smiled as he looked up. Before him was a lad of about sixteen, who threw himself down in an easy chair. "Good evening, son," he said, "but what made you call me colonel?"

"Why, aren't you an army officer?" the boy replied, "and all I've ever read or heard about were colonels." (O, the ignorance of those who have never lived near an army post!)

"No, indeed," laughed Esterbrooke. "I hope to wear epaulettes some day, but for the present I am only a subaltern—a lieutenant in the Fifty-third Coast Artillery. My name is Esterbrooke. What is yours?"

"I am John Seldon Teryll, and I am from down South."

"I am a Southerner, too," replied Esterbrooke, "a Virginians."

Just at that moment a slight figure with auburn curls came from around the side way of the hotel and made her way across the sand. Catching sight of her Esterbrooke called: "Hello, Harriet!" She turned, waved her handkerchief, and was soon lost to sight.

"Who was that girl?" asked John. "I tried to get acquainted with her all yesterday, but made no headway."

Esterbrooke considered. Like any ordinary man, he knew how to put two and two together, and though he had reached the mature age of thirty-eight, he liked to have his fun. Had not his daughter told him the night before of "a strange, rude boy who kept asking her pert questions" and said his name was John Teryll? And was not the boy before him John Teryll?

"I have known her some time," he said. "Her name is Harriet."

John leaned forward eagerly.

"I know that," he said, "but what is her last name?"

"I was never inquisitive enough to ask her," replied Esterbrooke.

John looked at him aghast, and his eyes bulged. "Gee whiz!" he said slowly. "If she hadn't told me herself I'd have made her."

Esterbrooke rose. "Harriet is not the kind of girl to impart knowledge when it is demanded of her," he answered. "I think you are on the wrong track, my boy. Better think it over and go careful. You must excuse me now, as I have to dress for dinner."

He was off, and John was left thinking it over.

(To be Continued.)

Composed by HARRY CHADWICK.

Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

IN CAMP.

On a bright Wednesday morning we left Mr. B.'s, as happy as larks, for he is the head man of our scouts. Before we went away each scout had to take some meal, potatoes, three slices of breakfast bacon and two eggs. When we came to Forest Hill we had to walk a mile to the place we were going to. We went up to a man's house to find a good place to stay. We had to go back a half a mile to get a good place. We went on top of a hill, where a nice spring was, with good water to drink.

The first thing we cooked were corn cakes, and they were real good, for Mr. B. made them himself. Two of the boys went down to the spring to make the dough for the cornbread. Then we made some grease from the bacon and cooked the potatoes and eggs. At half-past 2 we had dinner. We had baked beans besides the other things, and they were fine. We ran down the hill to get water to drink.

We played a little and then we went to Forest Hill and tried to throw up to the tall pines. Then we went on the different things you ride on. Some of the boys went on the "shoot the chute." I went to the store and got 5 cents' worth of popcorn and gave the boys some of it. Then we came home all happy but three boys, and they were sour because Mr. B. would not let them go in swimming. Then we got on the car, and came home.

WILLIAM J. BRIGGS.

1100 Grove Avenue, City.

AN EASTER EGG HUNT.

Helen was sitting in the big armchair in the hall asleep when the postman's whistle awakened her. She jumped up and ran to the door. "Is there a letter for me?" She asked. "I think there is one," was the reply. "Oh! yes; here it is," said the postman. Helen grabbed the letter from the postman's hand and eagerly read the following note:

Easter, 1911.

Dear Helen:

Can you come to my Easter egg hunt Friday at 4 o'clock.

Your little friend,
ANNE WALTER.

Helen ran to her mother to ask her could she go. Her mother said yes. That night a very happy little girl went to bed. The next evening the clock seemed very slow to Helen, but at last it was 4 o'clock. They played games until all of the children had come. Then they went out in the yard to hunt the Easter eggs. All of the Easter eggs were hidden in hay. Helen got the prize. After they had given out the prize they had ice-cream and cake. At 6 o'clock they went home, after having a very nice time.

By HELEN GEORGE.

1531 Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.

THE THREE SONS.

A man had three sons, and one day he called them to his room and told them he was very ill, and before he died he wanted to give them a task to perform. He placed before them a bundle of stout sticks, securely tied together, and asked them if they could break them without untying them. The boys tried their best, but without success, and gave it up. Their father then told them it could not be done, and that he had asked them to try and do it, knowing they could not, for the purpose of showing them that if they would stick together during their life they could not fail, as in union there was strength, which was true. Don't you think so?

Yours truly,
CHARLES W. FELLOWS.

Fairmount, Richmond, Va.

Puzzle Department

Line to Be Incorporated.

GLADYS INGALLS.

Mythological Puzzle.

1. Who was the father of the Gods?
2. The god of the ocean?
3. The god of Hades.
4. The god of war?
5. The god of love?
6. The messenger of the gods?
7. God of the grape harvests?

FLORENCE KUPER.

Lorraine, Va.

Names of Cities in Virginia in Figures.

1.—18, 9, 3, 8, 13, 15, 14, 4.
2.—12, 14, 3, 8, 2, 21, 18, 7.
3.—14, 5, 28, 16, 15, 18, 20, 14, 5, 23, 19.
4.—4, 1, 14, 22, 9, 12, 12, 5.
5.—18, 15, 1, 14, 15, 11, 5.
6.—6, 18, 5, 4, 5, 18, 9, 3, 11, 19, 2, 21, 18, 7.
7.—14, 15, 18, 6, 15, 12, 11.

Original by
PAULINE BAKER.

803 York Street, Barton Heights City.

Jumbled Names of Asiatic Countries.

Airspe.
Urtyek.
Helan.
Msia.
Pajna.
Ra Eala.

Names of Presidents in Numbers.

23, 1, 15, 8, 3, 14, 7, 20, 15, 14.
13, 1, 4, 9, 19, 15, 14.
10, 1, 3, 11, 19, 15, 14.
7, 1, 18, 6, 9, 5, 12.
18, 15, 18, 19, 5, 22, 5, 12, 20.

Jumbled Names of Candy.

1. Ramlace.
2. Ocalteoch.
3. Tancuoco.
4. Nerjch.
5. Carem.
6. Pinpempert.

LOUISE L. WALKER.

Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Answer to Birds' Names:
1. Robin.
2. Crow.
3. Woodpecker.
4. Eagle.

Answer to Magic 15 Puzzle.

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

Answer to Railway Puzzle:
1. Porter.
2. Freight.

Answer to Jumbled Liquids:
1. Water.
2. Milk.
3. Wine.
4. Cider.
5. Vinegar.

Answer to Names of Some Ancient Kings of England:
1. Alfred the Great.
2. William I.
3. Henry II.
4. Edward I.
5. Richard II.
6. Henry V.
7. Edward V.
8. James I.
9. Oliver Cromwell.
10. Charles II.

Answer to puzzle by E. E. Dyke:
1. The girl's hat is new.
2. They came too late.
3. Boys will be boys.
4. Mary said, "Let us play games."
5. Flowers bloom in spring.

MARGARET DANIEL.

Nobhead, Va.

Answer to Bird Puzzle by Louise L. Walker:
1. Robin.
2. Crow.
3. Woodpecker.
4. Eagle.

Answer to Magic 15 Puzzle, by Alvin Hattof:

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

Answer to Wrong Made Right, by Evelyn E. Dyke:
The girl's hat is new.
They came too late.
Boys will be boys.
Mary said: "Let us play games."
Flowers blossom in spring.

Answer to Jumbled Liquids by Marion Lee Motley:
1. Water.
2. Milk.
3. Wine.
4. Cider.
5. Vinegar.

Sent by
BLANCHE ANTHONY.

R. F. D. No. 4, Box No. 20, Ashland, Va.

Answer to Birds' Names:
Robin.
Crow.
Woodpecker.
Eagle.

Answer to Magic 15 Puzzle.

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

Answer to Names of Some Ancient Kings of England in Figures:
1. Alfred the Great.
2. William I.
3. Henry II.
4. Edward III.
5. Richard II.
6. Henry I.
7. Edward I.
8. James I.
9. Oliver Cromwell.
10. Charles II.

Answer to Wrong Made Wright:
1. The girl's hat is new.
2. They came too late.
3. Boys will be boys.
4. Mary said: "Let us play games."
5. Flowers bloom in spring.

Answer to jumbled Names of Liquids:
1. Water.
2. Milk.
3. Wine.
4. Cider.
5. Vinegar.

SAMUEL CON[illegible]
2001 Littlepage St., Richmon[illegible]

IN AUGUST.

There wasn't one President [illegible] in August. During the Rev[illegible] War Clinton sailed from Ch[illegible] New York, which Washingto[illegible] by Charles Lee, Putnam a[illegible] held securely. General [illegible] British general, took p[illegible] Staten Island. Howe m[illegible] on the Americans, and s[illegible] 1,000 troops, was cantu[illegible] night of August 29 Wa[illegible] boats and withdrew h[illegible] Long Island, without [illegible] by the enemy.

EVELY[illegible]

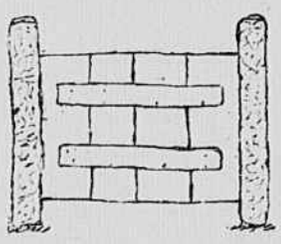
LOTTIE DICKENSON.

ALVIN HATTORF.

JOHN S. TERRY.

EVELYN E. DYKE.

LUCILE REAVES.

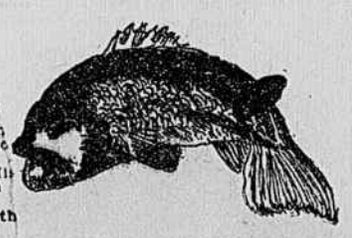


MARIAN LEE MOTLEY.

MISS OPAL GARDNER.

VELMA REAVES.

SADIE ANTHONY.



GRACE DARST DAVIS.