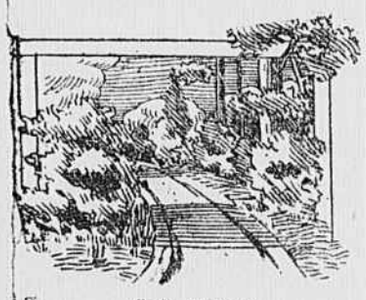
HARRY CHADWICK.

LOUISE L. WALKER.

EDNA KENT.

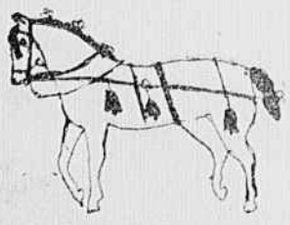
WILLIE E. CHADWICK.



C. G. ELDER.

SALLIE PARSONS.

GLADYS BARROW.



BEATRICE REA.

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

Correspondence Column

Likes Fall Best.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a little article that I have written, and I do hope you will think it nice enough for the Page. I don't expect prizes, but if you ever think I deserve one please remember I like books. We are having beautiful, crisp fall weather. The leaves are dropping and the cosmos are getting ready to bloom. I think I like fall best of all the year. Love to you and all the members.

Your loving member,
NELLIE H. CHADWICK.

Hampton, Va.

Long Time to Vacation.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a drawing and story to the Page. There were a lot of good poems in Sunday's paper. I suppose all of the Richmond members are looking forward to the State Fair. I certainly would like to go to it. I was so sorry that Willy Chadwick's story was not continued this week.

By the time this is in print our school will have begun. I certainly do hate for it to begin, because it will be such a long time before we will have vacation again. Must close. Your member,

LOUISE L. WALKER.

Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Sends Water Color Heads.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you some heads for the exhibition, which I have done in water colors. As I said before, I have never taken art lessons, but hope you will be able to use my work.

I noticed that in the verses printed yesterday I had made two mistakes. They were formerly written on a typewriter, but I thought it would be safer, at the last, to send them in my own handwriting, and therefore did them over in a tremendous hurry. Thanking you so much, I am,

Sincerely, MILDRED S. RIBBLE.

Thinks Drawings Are Fine.

Dear Editor,—I have seen your Page in the paper, and would like to become a member of your club. I have seen the drawings in the paper, and think they are very fine. I am inclosing a comic picture that I hope you will use. Yours truly,

EDWIN GILL.

Laurinburg, N. C.

True to Life Sketch.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a couple of little sketches, which I hope you can print. One, the girl with her hand on the rail, is a true to life sketch; the vine by her is on our own piazza. I wonder if any of the members can guess who she is? I have been real sick. Last Monday I had a nervous chill, and my nerves are real bad yet, and that was over a week ago.

Lessons have started, and I don't get much time, but I am going to try and win a prize, as I haven't won one this year. I must now say adieu for this time.

Yours devotedly,
WILLIE E. CHADKICK.

Hampton, Va.

Sends Original Poem.

Dear Editor,—I am so glad you thought my picture nice enough for the fair. I am sending one to-day for the page. I wrote the poem myself. I do not expect to come to the fair, but I hope you and all the members will have a good time. There is a good deal of heavy firing going on at the fort, and we get shook up every now and then. Best wishes for all.

Your sincere member,
EMMA V. CHADWICK.

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

Glad to See Curtis Elder at Work.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a drawing and also answers to my puzzles. There was a mistake in one of them. I had "Fire" and it was printed "Jux."

I surely am glad to see some more work from Curtis Elder, and the Chadwick girls do write such interesting letters. I always enjoy reading them.

Your true member,
EVELYN E. DYKE.

2512 Washington Ave., Newport News, Va.

Visited by a Carrier Pigeon.

Dear Editor,—I know you think I have forgotten you, but I have not. I have been so busy have not had much time for writing. Inclosed you will find a picture. I hope you had a nice time on your vacation. A carrier pigeon came here about ten days ago, and is still here. I will close. Wishing much success to you and the club members, I am, Your member,

EDNA KENT.

Kent's Store, Va.

Like Club Drawings.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the T. D. C. C. Page for a long time, and would like to join the club. I like the drawings, and am sending a drawing, which I hope will be published in next Sunday's paper. I remain, Your new member,

CURTIS LYONS.

223 West Street, Petersburg, Va.

Has Not Lost Interest.

Dear Editor,—I haven't sent in anything for quite a long while, but I haven't lost my interest in the T. D. C. C. at all, and am almost always the first one to see the paper in the morning.

I hope you will have space enough to print these two drawings I am sending, and also hope you enjoyed your vacation. I remain, Your member,

ALICE GAYLE.

601 Louisiana Street, city.

Story From Blanche Anthony.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a story for the page. It is right long, but I couldn't make it much shorter. If you think it too long continue it. I hope you enjoyed your vacation. Ever a member,

BLANCHE ANTHONY.

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

Attended Protracted Meeting.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a drawing which I hope will be fit to be published. My school will start Monday. I was so busy last week that I couldn't draw anything. Our protracted meeting was going on, and I went every night. I certainly do enjoy reading the Children's Page. I must close for this time.

Your member,
ZELLIA E. TOWSEY.

Pendleton, Va.

"MA."

"Say," said the little boy looking up into the policeman's face, "do you know where my ma is?"

Now, the policeman at that time was very busy keeping people from getting themselves killed by street cars, and he did not fully appreciate the courage a little boy must have to speak to him. So he said gruffly, "What do you want?"

Although the little boy was afraid of being arrested, as his mother had frequently predicted, yet he said as sternly as he could, "I'm looking for ma."

The policeman laughed. This was quite a shock to the little boy, who had never supposed it possible for a policeman to laugh. "Oh!" he cried, earnestly, "won't you please find her? She's lost."

The policeman struck his leg with his club several times, and considered the matter. "Yes," he replied at last, "I will."

"Thank you," said the little boy, politely, thrusting his hands in his pockets.

"We'll go right down to the station," said the policeman.

"Railroad station?" asked the boy.

"No, sir, police station."

"Are you going to arrest me?"

"Arrest you? What for?"

"For losing ma."

The policeman laughed. "We don't arrest people for losing their ma's."

"I hope we'll be able to get her all right. I'm pretty much worried about her. Is this the police station?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Well I don't think I'll go in. I think I'd better wait outside while you find her."

"That's where we don't agree," said the policeman, taking him by the arm "you see, I might get lost, too."

"That's so," said the boy.

So they went in together. On a bench beside the big desk sat a lady holding in one hand a handkerchief compressed into a tiny ball, and in the other a very large orange. The little boy ran to her as fast as he could.

"Ma's found!" he cried.

(Selected)

NELLIE NICHOLSON.

Forksville, Va.

Editorial And Literary Department

Branch Clubs and Sending Out of Prizes

My Dear Girls and Boys:

Some one is asking about branch T. D. C. C. clubs. I think it is such a fine idea for alumni of our club to conduct such clubs and show themselves capable of developing the work they have begun here among us, don't you? One of our alumni, Carrington Calloway, is conducting such a club, and his members among the older boys seem to be enjoying it very much. I have some of Carrington's work for the State Fair exhibit.

I am publishing the rules this week for the benefit of new members asking about them. And I am sending out all badges, prizes and medals to date. I am sorry you were kept waiting, but people have to take a holiday once a year, you know.

I am busy this week getting your work ready for the fair. I think we have a good showing, and I am very proud of what you all have done.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Nellie Chadwick, care of William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Miss Louise Walker, Barboursville, Va.

Curtis G. Elder, Brookneal, Va.

OCTOBER MEDALISTS.

Miss Gay Lee, 1521 Grove Avenue, city.

Ralph Rhudy, Independence, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche	Gilliam, Mary A.
Bennett, Rosalie	Hancock, Aletha
Boston, C. M., Jr.	Kent, Edna
Banks, Ralph P.	Lyons, Curtis
Chadwick, E. V.	McGowan, Susie
Chadwick, W. E.	Nicholson, Nellie
Chadwick, Harry	Parsons, Sallie K.
Collins, Nellie	Palmer, M. B.
Chadwick, N. H.	Ribble, Mildred S.
Canody, Leslie G.	Risque, James
Dyke, Evelyn E.	Seay, Maggie E.
Elder, Curtis G.	Towsey, Zelia E.
Gayle, Alice	Terrill, Mary K.
Gill, Edwin	Walker, Louise L.
White, I. Hamilton.	

The attention of club members is called to the necessity of their letters being addressed to the "Editor of the Children's Page." Letters sent addressed to the "Editor of The Times-Dispatch" from girls and boys cause much confusion and needless work. Sign letters and stories with name and address in full, and write on one side of the paper only.

CLUB RULES.

1. It is necessary to apply by letter to the editor for a membership badge. Afterwards, to be a member in good standing, it is necessary to be a regular and interested worker along some line preferred—that is, in the writing of stories, puzzles or letters, or in drawing.

2. It is necessary to write in ink and on one side of the paper only; to write neatly and distinctly, with attenton to punctuation and spelling. All original composition will receive preference over selected articles.

3. It is especially necessary to sign everything sent in—not letters merely, but everything—with the full name and address of the sender.

4. Only those drawings done with a pen, in black ink, on white paper, will be accepted, as others cannot be reproduced.

5. Prizes are awarded weekly and medals given monthly for the best contributions during the week and month. Stories must be limited in length to 150 words. Look to these limits if you desire to see them in print. Letters should not be over 100 words, and as much under as possible.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

Edison's paternal ancestors came to this country from Holland in about the year 1770.

Thomas Alva Edison, one of our greatest inventors, was born in a small town called Milan, in Erie country, Ohio, in 1847, and his parents settled in Port Huron when he was only seven years of age.

Although he has developed into a man of abnormal physical endurance, he was considered too fragile to attend school when a child, and never went to school regularly but two months.

Edison dearly loved reading, and had advantages for learning, as his mother was a teacher. His father also encouraged his tendency to reading, and paid him a small sum on the completion of the persual of a book.

Thus before Thomas was twelve years of age he had read some of the best books by the best authors. He was very fond of reading adventurous tales, and was a devoted admirer of Victo Hugo. He was known to his fellow operators as "Victor Hugo Edison."

Edison was also called the "Child Experimenter." He had his laboratory situated in the cellar. It was a lot of bottles lined up on shelves and each one labeled "poison," to keep any one from interfering with them. Edison was, at the age of fourteen, editor, proprietor and publisher of the "Weekly Herald." After Edison became a printer he moved his printing outfit to the train he was newsboy on, and printed his paper while the train was in motion.

He also moved his laboratory to the train. However, Edison's laboratory on wheels was not destined to permanence, and with its end there came upon him an infliction that to a man of leser mental resources would have been a terrible calamity. One day a sudden lurch of the car jarred a stick of phosphorus from a shelf to the floor of the baggage car and set fire to the woodwork. While the frightened boy was attempting to stamp out the flames, the conductor, a hot-tempered Irishman, rushed in with a pail of water and extinguished the fire, then turned to Thomas and struck him a violent blow on the ear. Since that moment he has been completely deaf. But the good-hearted man bears no malice toward the man that wrought him this irreparable injury. He even argues that this infirmity has benefited him rather than otherwise.

Written and composed by
BLANCHE ANTHONY.

HIS UNKNOWN FORTUNE.

(First Part.)

"It certainly was mean of uncle not to leave me a cent, and I was so sure of it, too," bitterly, "but just like an eagle that has its claws on its prey, and yet it miraculously escapes," sighed poor disappointed Calmen Gilmore, and then he added, suddenly: "And to think Maurice my cousin, the same kin to uncle as I was, was left his entire fortune." Calmen was speaking partly to himself and party to Lawyer Delacey replied, puffing at his sitting. "Yes, old Gilmore was a very peculiar man, had many eccentricities," Lawyer Delacey replied, puffing at his cigar. "Yet you knew Maurice was his favorite always, so you shouldn't be so disappointed." Silence followed, and then he added: "Do you know I never did like that boy Maurice, and when old Gilmore called me to make the will I tried to persuade him to make you his heir, but he was firm."

Really, Mr. Delacey, would you rather for me to have the money?" Calmen asked, excitedly.

"Yes; for I never liked the boy, your cousin. Peculiar will isn't it? You don't know about it? No. Well, I'll tell you. Maurice Gilmore is not to get a cent of the money, until one year and one day from the time the will was made; besides, he must marry Edith Morton, even as young as he is, before the time expires. If he fails in doing anything included in the will, it will go to the next kin."

"That is I, isn't it? I tell you what I shall do. I'll marry Edith Morton myself," pleased at the idea.

"But would she marry you, is the question?" the lawyer asked discouragingly.

"I don't know," Calmen muttered, almost unintelligibly.

"Maurice must be sent away for a year, at least!" the lawyer announced, turning his sinister face toward Calmen.

"What do you mean?"

"That if he is sent away he can of course not marry the Morton girl, and you will come in for the fortune. You haven't any money, so I will have to pay for getting him abroad. You know I will not do all this for nothing, so let us came to an understanding at once."

The hour that followed was spent in a whispering conversation, after which Calmen took his departure, apparently in a pleasant mood.

Lawyer Delacey met Maurice the next morning on the street, and stopped him. "Gilmore, I'd like to speak to you." After Maurice's cordial "Good morning," he proceeded: "You know you were your uncle's favorite and his wish was that you would complete your education travelling. So I'm to execute his wish if you'll agree. Will you be ready to start by to-morrow morning?"

"So soon, Mr. Delacey?" he asked, surprised.

"It will be a very long time before another ship sails," he replied.

"Very well, sir."

The next day Maurice was on his way to Europe, unsuspiciously leaving his fortune behind him. Little did he think every moment he was going farther and farther from his unknown fortune.

(To be continued.)
(Original.) Composed by
I. HAMILTON WHYTE.

MY TRIP TO CANADA ON JULY 2, 1911

It was a very bright Sunday when we left Mineral for a trip to Quebec. I have relatives in several places there, which I have not seen for some three years.

It was a delightful trip. We left Mineral at 5:30 o'clock and went twenty-eight miles toward Richmond, where we waited forty minutes. We then got on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac for New York. When we reached Washington we passed the prettiest park I most ever saw. It was all lit up with electric lights, which formed a large "W," which I supposed was ment for Washington. We then went to bed, and when we woke we found ourselves in New York City. Then we ate breakfast and got on another train and went through to Sherbrooke, Quebec. When we arrived it was about 2 A. M. There we got a room in the hotel and spent the night. When we got up in the morning mother and I got dressed as quick as possible, and just got ready in time to catch the train. When we got on the train the train could not go fast enough for me, I wanted to see my people so bad, but finally the train reached Black Lake, and my cousins met the train and took us up to my aunt's, where I stayed most of the time. In the afternoon the day after we got there we went and had our pictures taken, and, although it was cloudy, they turned out very good.

A true story.

(To Be Continued.)
BEATRICE CLEARIHAN.

A MENTAL PICTURE.

The Lord is in His Holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him.—Hab. ii. 20.

How many people, I wonder, like to make mental pictures when reading? It is a favorite habit of mine, especially when reading the Bible. A long time ago I read a story—I have forgotten what it was about—but the illustration showed a man going up a mountain path, and around a curve was a temple of pure white marble. It lingered in my memory, and from it I have created a mental picture that is always associated in my mind with the verse above. I will try to describe it. It seems that I can see a field or plain, beautifully, restfully green, in a midst of a temple of purest marble, simple, unadorned, built, I fancy, by angel hands. Over it hangs a solemn hush, "for the Lord is in His holy temple." But that is not all. Before it I saw a little child and a little lamb. It seems curious, but I could never picture any one beside them, and you know He has said, "A little child shall lead them." So does it not seem fitting that a little child should face the majesty of His glory? It all looks so clear to me—the green field, the white temple and the little child. And the rest of the world seems wrapped in a deep peace.

Original.
NELLIE H. CHADWICK.

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

The little red rose by the garden gate
Is drenched with tears of dew.
The roses weep as roses may,
Because of you.

You who sleep in a wayside trench,
Shrouded in gray,
Who fought as Southern soldiers fight
And fell—so far away.

The little red rose by the garden gate
Is drenched with tears of dew.
The roses weep, but I cannot weep
Because of you.

My garden gateway silently
Opened and you came through.
The little red rose by the garden gate
Nodded, knowing you.

Here, in my garden, rose starred,
The ghost of yesterday walks abroad.
And my soul goes up in a sigh to God
Because of you.

EMMA V. CHADWICK.

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

Puzzle Department

A Bird Puzzle.

1. Short for Robert and a place for travelers to stay.
2. Something to hit with, to not be rich, and a boy's name.
3. Something used in playing ball.
4. Short for Robert, and a color.
5. A color.
6. Opposite from day, a place for travelers and a storm.
7. A letter.
8. C, and a big fuss.
9. Something on a quarter.

LOUISE WALKER.

Barboursville, Va.

A Puzzle of Trees.

1. A sad tree.
2. A tree that a cat wears.
3. To grieve.
4. Something people sow—R.
5. Something in geography and a great general's name.
6. Something that looks like an apple, but is hard and bitter.
7. When people yell for a certain person, and a grain.
8. A place that people go in the summer.
9. The sides of a room, and something that falls off of trees and you have to crack to get inside of it.
10. For a person to be liked by every one.

LOUISE L. WALKER.

Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Rivers in Figures.

1. 7, 1, 14, 7, 5, 19.
2. 14, 9, 7, 5, 18.
3. 18, 15, 20, 15, 13, 1, 3.
4. 2, 9, 7, 8, 15, 13, 14.
5. 25, 21, 11, 15, 14.
6. 15, 8, 9, 15.
7. 19, 1, 14, 20, 5, 5.
8. 10, 1, 13, 5, 19.
9. 13, 15, 8, 1, 23, 11.
10. 13, 9, 19, 19, 9, 19, 19, 9, 16, 16, 9, 16, 16, 9.

By RYLAND P. BANKS.

R. F. D. No. 9, South Richmond, Va.

Answers.

Answer to picture puzzle by Curtis G. Elder:

Turn upside down and look on the one on the left's face.

To noise puzzle, by J. H. Davis, Jr.: 1. Bellow. 2. Squeak. 3. Roar. 4. Howl.

To hidden birds, by Blanche Anthony:

1. ——— 2. Swan. 3. ——— 4. Crow. 5. Lark. 6. Red Wing.

LOUISE L. WALKER.

Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Booklovers' Contest.

The questions in this contest are repeated from last week at the request of a number of new members:

Questions:

1. Where is the character of Bopeep found?
2. Who is the author of the story of "Red Riding Hood"? "Cinderilla"? "Jack the Giant Killer"? "Robinson Crusoe"?
3. Who is the author of "The King of the Golden River"? "A Child's Dream of a Star"? "The Ugly Duckling"?
4. What charming English author wrote "The Story of a Short Life and Jackanapes"? What American woman "The Story of Patsy and the Birds' Christmas Carol?" and what inimitable short story writer gave to the world "Wee Willie Winkie?"
5. Changing to Confederate War songs, tell what you know about the authorship of "Dixie," "My Maryland," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "The Bonny Blue Flag."—Your Editor.

REFORMING BINKS.

CHAPTER I.

Edward Merwin sat on the edge of his bed and surveyed his new bunkie with a look of surprise, mingled with disgust. But the newcomer smiled at him in a friendly way (which was not returned). He was short and chubby and pert, with a mop of straight, black hair, which hung in wisps upon his forehead, and large, appealing looking gray eyes. However, they did not appeal to Merwin, but with the air of a martyr he said:

"I suppose you are the new man from out East, and as we are to bunk together, we might as well get acquainted. What is your name?"

"They always called me Binks out there," was the reply as the speaker jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the long mountain range that seemed to cut off the lonely desert post from all other civilization. "But my right name is Thames Beverley Marchmont. What's yours?"

Merwin gave the required information and they fell into conversation, mostly on one side, and that on Bink's, for his dialect was that of a bowery tough, which his service in the army had served to deepen instead of obliterate. Also he persisted in calling Merwin 'Moiwin,' and wanted him to call him (Marchmont) Binks. At last Merwin turned his back toward him but he talked on. Poor Binks! It was seldom he found any one to talk to, even as willing a listner as the apparently sleeping Merwin, and he was a friendly little soul. Suddenly Merwin was aroused by a shary pinch, and two cards fell on the pillow before him. "Say, Moiwin! What do you know about that?" said Binks. "I don't know anything," snapped Merwin, "what are they?"

"T'eater tickets!" replied Binks. "T'eater tickets for to-morrow night. Let's go."

Merwin examined them again and found that they were tickets for a cheap show. "I don't care for that sort of thing,' he said. "T'is not my style."

But Binks was urgent. "Aw, come on," he said, "and don't be a big stiff and a high brow. If you don't I'll have to throw it away."

Thus urged, he accepted, and the next night saw them bound for the theatre. The play was a crude imitation of "Romeo and Juliet," and Binks cheered loudly or wept bitterly at the right time. It was the sort of thing he was used to, but Merwin, with his "refined tastes," took no interest in it. When the curtain was drawn over the last act and they started for the fort, he said: "I'm expecting my family down for a few days next week, and I'm going to reform you."

"'Smatter with me?" replied Binks. "I'm all right."

"But you're not," protested Merwin. "To begin with, I don't want you to talk slang, and what's more, when I introduce you to my mother and sister, I am going to call you Marchmont. Understand?"

"Alright," said Binks resignedly. "Anything else?"

"Yes. I want you to call me Merwin, not 'Moiwin,' and don't say "T'eater."

"Not say t'eater! What's the matter with you, Moiwin? Why not?

"Because that's not it. It's theatre. Now say it!"

Merwin was desperate. "No!" he shouted, 't-h-e-a-t-r-e—theatre. Say it again."

"Thee-ayter," said Binks slowly, and then as they entered the barracks. "Say, Moiwin, let's forget it and go to sleep."

(To Be Continued.)
Composed by
HARRY CHADWICK.

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

WILLIE NICHOLSON.

ELIZABETH HITE.

MISS NELLIE COLLINS.

EVELYN E. DYKE.

ALICE GAYLE.

ALETHA HANCOCK.

SUSIE W. McGOWAN.

UNSIGNED