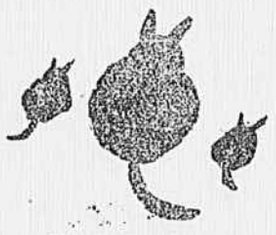
A. BELTON.

EDITH GOODE.

THELMA TIGNOR.

UNSIGNED.

SADIE W. PERROSS.



EDWARD E. BISHOP.

M. BROADRUP.

ALFRED TEAR.

BLANCHE ANTHONY.

CURTIS G. ELDER.

Correspondence Column

How He Whooped.

Dear Editor,—You have not heard from me for some time, but I want to tell you right here that silence does not mean forgetfulness. I read everything on our page with the same interest and pleasure. William and I planned all last summer to write and send some drawings, but we were awfully busy. We were not working tobacco or watermelons either; we spent the whole summer "whooping." We had been running from whooping cough for years, but it got all four of us at the time. Mamma put us in one big room and told us to go ahead and "whoop." I am here to tell you there was something doing. Since school opened, September 13, we have been doing some pretty good work. We drive three miles and had not lost a day until the recent cold spell. William and I have gotten on the honor roll every month. Papa gives us each 25 cents when we get on, but it's worth a whole lot more than that to a fellow to have his daddy slap him on the back and his mother kiss him that way—I just can't describe. I meant to tell you about the Christmas tree we had at home; it was such a beauty. I am afraid I am taking too much space, and you will regret that I came back. I hope my excuse is sufficient to warrant our long absence from the best page in the best paper anywhere. Lucy Wootton wants to know where Buster has gone and when he is coming back. Susan, Lucy Wootton and William join me in all good wishes for you, Dear Editor, and every member of our club. I am certainly gone this time. Your friend forever,

JOHN W. SHEFFIELD, JR.

Ridgeway, Va.

P. S.—I hope to send a valentine next week.

This One Is in Print.

Dear Editor,—Hurrah; there were eighty members for last week. I haven't had a letter published this year, so I hope I'll see this one in print. I must congratulate William Ellis Jones, Jr., for being a medallist for January. I congratulated myself, too, because I was a January medallist. Editor, I certainly think it is cute (my medal). I thank you for it very much. I appreciate it very, very, very much. I love to read better than anything else. I am reading now Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop." I think little Nell is just fine. I bought a book of Poe's poems the other day. I am inclosing a story called "Valentine's Day." It is original; also a poem about Dickens and some drawings. My sister is writing something, too. I would like to exchange cards with the Chadwicks. Again thanking you for my medal, I remain your old member,

REBECCA R. COOPER.

321 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

One of My Valentines.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have sent to you. Excuse me for not writing sooner. I go to the Shortpump School. It is like a city school. I go in a wagon with the rest of the children in Gayton. We have a goat and a baby kid, a wagon and harness. It is too cold to hitch up now, but we have fun when it is warmer. I hope you will receive many valentines.

Lorrane, Va. HELEN BROADRUP.

Helen George Is Better.

Dear Editor,—I have not received my prize yet, and am real anxious about it. We certainly are having some bad weather. Lots of children here have the mumps. Helen George, one of the members, has it, but is better now. Your true member,

MARY McDANIEL.

The Reason He Wrote.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would send you a story, that is, if you choose to take it, and the reason I wrote you about it is that I happened to read some in your paper and I saw that mine would do as good as some of the others. I never have written or drawn anything for public, and, of course, I know nothing about send it, and if you will be kind enough to send me directions. I remain,

WALTER YOUNG BURGE, JR.

17 East Washington Street, Petersburg, Va.

You Are Not a Fake, Mary.

Dear Editor,—I know you think I am a perfect "fake," but really I didn't mean to be so long in writing. The time does go so quickly. Haven't we been having beautiful weather lately? I went skating one evening and succeeded in getting three falls. It had gotten so nice and warm again that I had begun to think we were going to have an extremely early spring, but I see I missed it by a good deal. Well, as my letter is very uninteresting I shall not take up more space. With long congratulations for Hamilton White and Miss Chadwick, if they will accept them at this late day, and best wishes for the club and yourself, I am, sincerely,

Bridger, Va. MARY B. CATLETT.

T. Beau'w Club Acquaintance.

Dear Editor,—I guess you have forgotten me, but I want to have our acquaintance renewed. The page gets better every Sunday and the members take such interest in it, and I hope to be one. I know some personally and one by correspondence. Inclosed is a puzzle. Your sincere member,

ALBE B. WASHER.

306 Williamsburg Avenue, City.

Called to Dinner.

Dear Editor,—I received the badge you sent me, and am thanking you for it. Some of the drawings of the T. D. C. C. page are fine. I'm sending you another drawing, which I hope isn't too large. It is very windy here, and many people have fallen down. I fell down twice. My mother is calling me for dinner, so I will have to stop writing. Your member,

WILLIE BOGMAN.

115 South Adams Street, Petersburg, Va.

Constant Reader of Page.

Dear Editor,—I am a constant reader of the Children's Page in The Times-Dispatch and would like to join the club and do some of the fine work. My home is in Crewe, Va., and I am in the seventh grade of the Crewe graded school. I have always thought I would enjoy being a member of the T. D. C. C. and going to try to send in some fine work, for I love to draw and also tell stories. Am wishing you would send me a badge as soon as you can. Sincerely,

Crewe, Va. CATHERINE HERRING.

CAEDMON.

Of the time when England was in the first stage of Christianity, a wonderful story is handed down to us. Caedmon was accustomed to going to the monastery at Whitby to be taught. The servants and many others would gather in the hall to play the harp and sing songs. Caedmon knew no songs, and when he saw the harp coming his way, he would rise in shame and go home. Some of the guests rode, and their horses had to be guarded for fear of robbers. One night it came Caedmon's turn to watch, and he fell asleep. He had a dream. Some one stood near him. He said, "Caedmon, sing me something." Caedmon replied, "I cannot sing. Indeed, I have out hither from the feast because I could not sing." "But you shall sing to me," the stranger replied. "What must I sing?" queried Caedmon. "Sing of the beginning of all things, sing of the creation of the world," came the answer. Caedmon began to sing a song, but he knew not how. He went the next morning to one of the servants and related his dream. He was taken before Hilda, the founder of the monastrey. He recited the song, and ...da and others expressed their belief as to the providential way in which he had gained his new power. The she told him a story from the Biele; he turned it into verse more beautiful than she was accustomed to hear. He was asked to become a monk. He did accordingly, and gave up the rest of his life to writing poems.

CEDRIC SYLVESTER BEVERLY.

Freeling, Va.

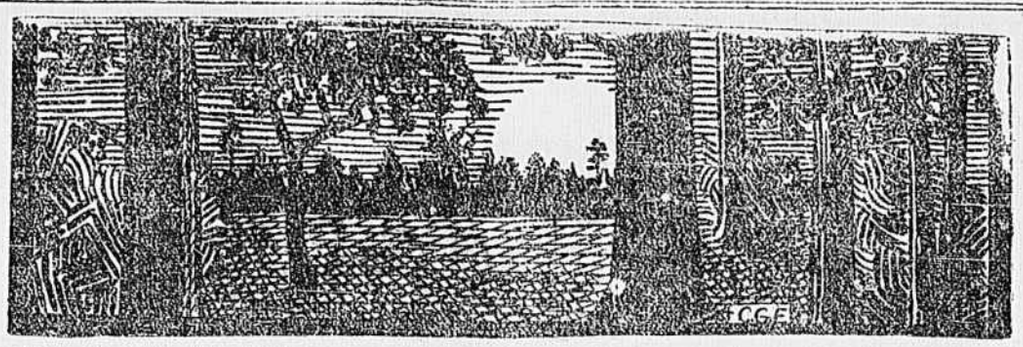
THE TIDES.

"As once I played beside the sea,
It's waters gently came to me
To bring me seaweed, stones and shells
And wash the sand where I dig wells.

"But when I went another day
The waters slowly flowed away,
To gather shells and pebbles more
For me to play with on the shore."

Selected by

EDGAR J. SPADY.



Editorial And Literary Department

Your Page This Week Is Very Fine Indeed

Dear Boys and Girls:

I sometimes get letters from members asking me to write them individually and give them club rules. I cannot do this, for I have not the time. But the letter I write each week is for you all and each one of you. I published the club rules last Sunday, and they contain all necessary directions. If you follow these you will be certain to do exactly right.

One of my little club members hopes that I will get a good many valentines. My girls' and boys' contributions to this page are my valentines, and I can assure you that I read them with the greatest pleasure and appreciation.

Your page for this week seems to be very fine. I am so glad Charles Dickens is remembered on it, for this is his birth month and this year is his centennial. YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

John W. Sheffield, Jr., Ridgeway, Va.
Miss Mary Cobb Leigh, Blackstone, Va.
Miss Katherine Lawson, South Boston, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche	Hammill, Charles
Anthony, Sadie	Hankins, F. P.
Bland, Janice M.	Haase, Vernette
Bosher, G. E., Jr.	Herring, Catherine
Bennett, Roselia	Haase, Gwendolyn
Barham, Louise	Kennedy, Mortimer
Beverly, Cedric S.	Kent, Edna
Bray, Regie	Keys, Thomas H.
Belton, Lyell	Kuper, Florence
Bauersfeld, Mildred	Leigh, Mary C.
Bishop, Edward E.	Lewis, Helen E.
Belton, A.	Lawson, Katherine
Branch, Erna	McDaniel, Mary
Braxton, Mary C.	Meade, Courtney K.
Broadrup, M.	Perross, Helen L.
Broadrup, Helen	Perross, Sadie W.
Bowman, Wilbur	Phillips, Cabell B.
Burge, W. Y., Jr.	Rosenberg, Eva
Chadwick, W. E.	Ribble, Mildred S.
Cooke, Inman	Snow, Katherine
Chadwick, Harry	Sears, Elsie
Cooper, Rebecca	Spady, Edgar J.
Cohen, Dora	Sheffield, J. W., Jr.
Cooper, Sarah	Saunders, Alma L.
Catlett, Mary B.	Tignor, Thelma
Drinker, Virginia	Tignor, Helen
Dunstan, Bruce L.	Tear, Alfred
Duna, T. B.	Taylor, Mattie P.
Elder, Curtis G.	Vincent, Wade H.
Eggleston, E. C.	Williamson, M. K.
Ferguson, Russ H.	Williamson, Vera
Freeman, Jeannette	Weakly, Mary Stair
Goode, Edith	Wills, Henry F.
Gill, E. M.	Watkins, Charles H.
Hinman, Anna	Washer, Alice
Hancock, Aletha	Watkins, E. L.

Watkins, C. H., Jr.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Bee and Will were sister and brother. Mr. and Mrs. Grant were their parents. Bee was eight years old and Will was eight. Valentine's Day was approaching. The two children expected to have a good time. Mrs. Grant planned to give Beatrice a surprise party on Valentine's Day. She told Will this and he promised not to tell. Valentine's Day was Bee's birthday. Once during playtime Will almost told Bee the secret. "I know we'll have a good time Valentine's Day, won't we, Will?" asked Bee. "Of course," said Will, his eyes sparkling. "Mama is going to make me a new dress to wear when mamas company will visit her," continued Bee. "Mama's company," repeated Will. "Yes, you didnt think it was my company?" asked Bee. "No," came from Will.

The Party.

All of Bee's playmates were seated around the dining room table. All the girls' dresses were full of hearts. So were the boy's suits. On the table lay the birthday cake with nine candles on it. The candles were formed so as to make a heart. There were fruit, cakes, candies, and many other good things. Cute little Valentines were scattered here and there. Mrs. Grant makes everything look nice.

"I hope Bee will come soon," said Will. "Have patience, my dear," said his mother. Bee went with her father to a theatre. After staying an hour Bee asked her father to go home. He consented. Arrived at home, Mr. Grant rang the door bell. He did this for Mrs. Grant to turn the lights out in the dining room. When the bell rang out went the lights. The children were quiet. The door was shut. "I think mama is in the dining room, I am going to see," said Bee. "All right," said Mr. Grant.

As soon as Bee entered up went the lights. It was followed by "surprise! surprise!" For a moment Bee didn't know who she was. Then her face flushed, her eyes sparkled. "Oh, how you scared me!" she exclaimed. Then she received birthday greetings from all. Then they sat down to eat. Oh, what a time they had! The next morning Beatrice exclaimed, "Oh, what a fine time we had. What do you say, Will? Was there ever such a day as Valentine's Day!"

Composed by

REBECCA COOPER.

Petersburg, Va.

REFORMING BINKS.

(Continued) Chapter IV.

When Binks left Mrs. Merwin he did not go back to the fort; he went instead to the town where, even if a fellow was shunned, he could amuse himself alone. The day passed happily enough, and when night came he went to a cheap lodging-house, where he stabled his horse, and he himself entered the cafe, though he should have been in his barracks. But the place held no attractions for him, as it had once done. The dim lights, shinning through dirty globes, dazzled his eyes, and the once alluring photograph, which was torturing the atmosphere with "Put your arms around me, honey," seemed loathsome to him. It was his better self calling out to him for the first time in twenty-two years, twenty-two long, hard years of struggle against the world. His face was flushed with fever and his eyes were bright. As reeling dizzily, he turned to a man he had been talking to and said, "I am going to leave." Going to the stables he saddled his horse and started for the fort. He had forgot that it was just after payday and guards would be out rounding up the men (as they always had to do), and when a voice said, "Halt! Who goes there?" he stopped behind a clump of dried grass and did not move. "It's the cops," he thought in his delirium, "and they're going to hang me for queering things with Merwin, but I'm going to escape." It was too late. A shot was fired and he pitched forward into the darkness without a moan. The guard lit a match and leaned over him. "It's Marchmont," he said to his companion.

"I know there wasn't much good in him," replied the other, "but I didn't think he'd come to this."

"You never can tell," was the answer. "Get on that nag and take him to the hospital," and, mounting the horse, the other rode off with his silent burden.

Chapter V.

"Say, Merwin, didn't you use to bunk with Marchmont?"

Merwin, strolling across parade with his mother, glanced at the speaker who was coming swiftly towards them. It was Bink's new bunkie, but he did not know it. "Yes," he said, "what about him?"

His mother had just been telling him about Binks, and his heart was softened towards him.

"Well, he was shot by mistake when they were rounding up the men and the doctors don't think there's much hope for him. He keeps asking for you."

Merwin went white under his tan. "I've got to go and see him," he said. Mrs. Merwin and Grace went, too. They could not believe the thin, white-faced boy on the hospital cot was Binks, but it was. He was a mere ghost of his former self. As he was asleep they did not stay long, but the Merwin that left the hospital walls was a different man from the one that entered a few minutes before.

That night he got transferred to his old place. Several weeks have passed since Binks was taken to the hospital, and he is going to his barracks for the first time. "Don't go out of your way for me," he said, as Merwin walked up the stairs with him. "I'm not going out of my way," replied Merwin. "I got transferred and am going to bunk with you if you don't mind." "Mind!" exclaimed Binks, and a light of joy shone in his eyes, but it died quickly, and he said, "I don't want to make you ashamed, Merwin." "Oh, Binks!" cried Merwin, "forgive me. Forget what I said that night." There in the lonely barracks they gave each other the right hand of fellowship. Then Binks produced two tickets. "What do you know about that," he said. "Let's go to the theatre?" And they went.

THE END.

Composed by

HARRY CHADWICK,

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

THE COW.

The cow is a very valuable, as well as useful, animal to man. From her we get milk and from her milk butter and cheese. When she goes to the slaughter pen we find that there are a great many things, such as brains, steaks, beef, liver, tongue, sausage and various other things I have not mentioned. Her hide is tanned and made into leather. As everything has ways of protecting itself, the cow has two horns with which to defend herself when occasion demands. The cow's horns are dangerous, but are also useful. The hunters use them when they go hunting to call their dogs, and then buttons are sometimes made of them. From her feet, or hoofs, there is a jelly-like substance, which, after having many things done to it, is made into chewing gum.

Cows eat corn, wheat, barley, rye, oats, hay, grass and anything else a horse eats. Cows are sometimes used as beasts of burden.

The weight of a cow varies from five to seven hundred pounds.

Composed by

KATHERINE LAWSON.

South Boston, Va., Box 138.

A LITTLE REDBIRD.

It was snowing hard and Lillian sat at the window watching the big flakes fall with great joy. Just then a beautiful little redbird came and sat on the porch railing. "Poor little birdie," said Lillian's mother, "he must be awfully hungry; what do you say about throwing some crumbs out there for him, Lillian?"

"O, that would be fine for the pretty little birdie when he's so hungry. I wish he would come into the house, but I guess he's afraid."

"He's satisfied with something to eat, for he can find a plenty of places to sleep, but this kind of weather he has a pretty hard time getting something to make his meals off of, so run along and get him something."

Lillian ran into the kitchen and returned with some bread.

"Go softly, dear, so that you won't scare him away, he may fly off, but he will come back," said her mother.

Lillian went and crumbled the bread up fine so that could eat it, the little bird did not even fly away. When Lillian went into the house he hopped down and ate as much as he wanted. He seemed very grateful for it, and every day he would come to Lillian's house for food.

Composed by

MARY COBB LEIGH.

Blackstone, Va.

CHARLES DICKENS.

But, stay, is Dickens really dead
Because his body passe away?
With joyful heart I answer, no!
His spirit is alive to-day!

'Twas woven close in every page
That issued from his gifted pen,
And still its cheery helpfulness
Lifts up the weary heart again.

None other has a higher place
Than he within the people's heart;
At will he brings the joyous laugh,
Or causes pity's tear to start.

And by his magic art he turns
Old age to hopeful youth again;
The joys spirit of former days
He sets tingling in every vein.

With all the vigor of a man,
And with a woman's tender love;
He won a place in every heart,
And raised it to the realm above.

Ah, great heart, thou hast surely won
Far greater fame than any can;
For while thy mighty works endure,
Thou shalt be called the friend of man.

Copied by REBECCA COOPER.

Petersburg, Va.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PENNY.

I was once a large shining penny, with plainly written letters on my back and front, but now I am quite old. One day as I was in an old man's pocket I fell out into the street. After resting there for a while, I was picked up by a boy who took me to a store in exchange for a top. I stayed in this man's register for two days, then I was taken out for change to give to a young lady. She put me in her purse among some other pieces of money.

It wasn't long before she gave me away to a small child to buy some candy, but the child lost me. A little poor girl found me and put me away for good luck. True, it was as years went by, she became richer and prettier. She married the king's son, who afterwards reigned over the country.

Composed by

DORA COHEN.

732 West Broad Stret, City.

ANSWERS TO COUNTY PUZZLES.

Washington.
Henry.
Roanoke.
Bedford.
Hanover.
Rockingham.
Franklin.
Caroline.
Fauquier.
Powhatan.

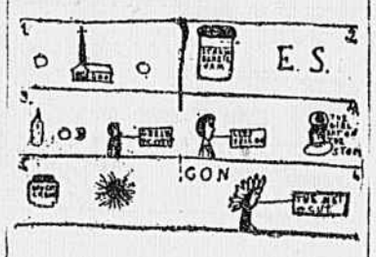
Answered by

JOHN B. WOODVILLE, JR.

Fayette, West Va.

Puzzle Department

What United States Rivers?



JEANNETTE FREEMAN.

Cotman, Va.

Names of Great Men.

What great men were called by these names?

1. "The Rail-Splitter."
2. "Marse Robert."
3. "The Great Pacificator."
4. "Rough and Ready."
5. "The Father of His Country."
6. "The Old Swamp Fox."
7. "Poor Richard."

Composed by REBECCA COOPER.

Petersburg, Va.

Conundrums.

1. Who was the first whistler, and what was his tune?
2. What word is it of five letters of which two being removed only one will remain?
3. Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation?
4. Why are your nose and chin always at variance?
5. What is that of which the common sort is the best?
7. What parts of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to dispose of?
8. What is the color of a grass plot covered with snow?
9. What is the worst thing out?
10. Why was George Washington like a piano?

EDNA KENT.

Kent's Store, Va.

Booklovers' Contest.

1. Who was the author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night"?
2. Birth, when and where?
3. What was the first scene?
4. Who were the hero and heroine?
5. What did the sexton answer to the girl's pleading?
6. How was the sexton's afflicted?
7. What time does the curfew ring.

ALICE WASHER.

3906 Williamsburg Avenue, City.

Names of States in Figures.

1, 12, 1, 2, 1, 13, 1.
22, 9, 15, 7, 9, 14, 2.
11, 15, 18, 20 8, 5, 1, 18, 15, 12, 9, 1, 4, 11.
19, 15, 21, 20, 8, 3, 1, 18, 15, 12, , 14, 19.
6, 12, 5, 18, 9, 4, 1.
20, 5, 24, 1, 19.
7, 5, 15, 18, 7, 9, 1.
23, 9, 19, 3, 18, 14, 12, 9, 14.
15, 18, 5, 7, 1, 14 1.
22, 5, 18, 13, 15, 14, 20.

HELEN ELIZABETH LEWIS.

538 Patton Street, Danville, Va.

ANSWERS.

Answer to February puzzle:

Copy of a silhouette of former President John Tyler, from a silhouette portrait made by Auguste Edowart, a French silhouette artist who visited the United States in 1841. This portrait has been presented to the White House in Washington, D. C., by Mrs. F. Nevil Jackson, of Sideup, Kent, England, a granddaughter of the ex-President.

AN OLD MEMBER.

Answers to "Jumbled English Poets," by Irene DuVal:

1. Shakespeare.
2. Milton.
3. Chaucer.
4. Bunyon.
5. Tennyson.
6. Wordsworth.
7. Burns.
8. Byron.
9. Calvert.
10. Pope.
11. Cowper.
12. Scott.

Answers to "States in Figures," by Pauline Baker:

1. South Dakota.
2. North Dakota.
3. Colorado.
4. Arizona.
5. California.
6. Wyoming.
7. Ohio.
8. Utah.
9. Montana.
10. Iowa.

JEANNETTE WALCOTT FREEMAN, Age, twelve.

Cotman, Va.

Answers to "What State," by C. G. Elder:

Colorado.

Answer to "A Dog Puzzle," by Helen Broadrup:

1. Bird dog.
2. Shepherd dog.
3. Bulldog.
4. Water Spaniel.

Answer to "Numerical Puzzle," by Pauline Briel:

9
12
29
—
50

Answer to "A Charade," by Irene DuVal:

Milton.

Answer to "State Puzzle," by Curtis G. Elder:

Colorado.

Answer to "Numerical Puzzle," by Pauline Briel:

12+29+9 will give the sum of 50.

Answer to "States in Figures," by Pauline Baker:

1. South Dakota.
2. North Dakota.
3. Colorado.
4. Arizona.
5. California.
6. Wyoming.
7. Ohio.
8. Utah.
9. Montana.
10. Iowa.

Sent by BLANCHE ANTHONY.

Ashland, Va., R. F. D. No. 4, Box 26.

MY VALENTINE.

"Oh Valentine!
My Valentine!
I send my heart,
And ask for thine.
Kneeling, I worship
At thy shrine!
Oh, trust me
Like a clinging vine.
Here is my heart,
Please send me thine.
And be for aye,
My Valentine!"

Composed by

WILLIE E. CHADWICK.

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

EVENING STAR.

'Twas noontide of summer,
And mild-time of nights;
And stars, in their orbits,
Shone pale thro' the light
Of the brighter, cold moon.
'Mid planets her slaves,
Herself in the Heavens,
Her beam on the waves.
I gazed awhile
On her cold smile;
Too cold—too cold for me;
There pass'd as a shroud,
A fleecy cloud,
And I turn'd away to thee,
Proud Evening Star,
In thy glory afar,
And dearer thy beam shall be,
For joy to my house
Is the proud part
Thou bearest in
Heaven at night,
And more I admire
Thy distant fire
Than that colder, lowly light."

Copied by

SARAH COOPER.

WADE H. VINCENT.

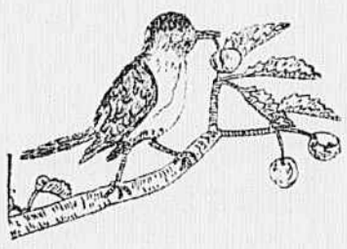
WILLIE E. CHADWICK.

MARY STAIR WEAKLEY.

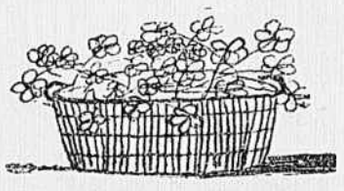
C. G. ELDER.

RUSSELL FERGUSON.

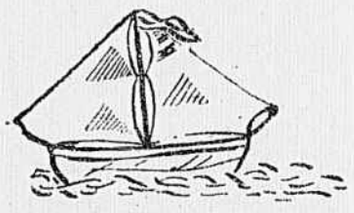
WILLIE E. CHADWICK.



MILDRED BAUERSFELD.



ALETHA HANCOCK.



THOMAS H. KEYS.

VERA WILLIAMSON.