WALTER POCKLINGTON.

BLANCHE ANTHONY.

E. J. SPADY.

CHRISTIAN SHELTON.

MARTHA WATSON.

UNSIGNED.

ROBERT MORRIS MELTON.

WILLIE ANN STAPLES.

Correspondence Column

ELIZABETH REID.

Dear Editor.—My lovely prize of a big book received. It is just dandy! How many of the members have read "The Lonely Queen?" That was the name of my prize. I did not finish reading it, however, for my lessons keep me quite busy. I am very fond of reading. Jack London and B. M. Bower are among my favorite writers. That reminds me, Editor, that the last chapter of "The Kid" has not appeared on the page. You asked the members to tell of the need for playgrounds in the cities. Well, I think it is absolutely necessary, as there are many poor little waifs that never see a bit of green grass all summer long. Isn't it dreadful to think of? If the members would read "The Old Hawthorne Tree," by Frances Hodgerson Burnett, they would then realize the necessity of keeping our surroundings beautiful and having somewhere that old and young could alike enjoy. Dear, beautiful old Hawthorne, I can still see its transformation in my mind. I know some of the members will hardly realize that there are people that never see a blade of grass or a flower or a tree, and the sky either for that matter, as the smoke from the great factories arises, and only a dirty gray is seen where the blue sky should be, but such are the surroundings of thousands of people in the great cities, and so I think that every city should have a playground for the children, and we would hear of far fewer deaths from heat and disease, and we would have a healthier population by far from what now exists. But to return to the page, I must compliment all the members on their splendid work. Edith Anderson and Lyra V. Ransom had especially fine drawings this week. Dorothy Golden, I think you will agree with me when I say that some of our boy members (only a few, however,) have little tact and less manners. My mother and my sister Bessie have both very ill and are now under the doctor's care. It's awful to be sick, and have to lie in bed these hot days. I know, for one whole summer Harry and I had chills and fever. I can taste the "dreadful concoctions" the doctor gave us yet. Yesterday four German battleships steamed into Hampton Roads, while our ships boomed out salute after salute. The town is full of German sailors, and next week they will be given a big banquet. Well, I must ring-off for this time. Your loving member,

WILLIE E. CHADWICK.

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

Hopes Page Carries Message.

Dear Editor.—I am sending two drawings, one representing Virginia's choice for the president, the other a rural scene, which I hope to see in an early issue of the T. D. I like the page, and hope that it carries a message to each member of the T. D. C. C. that gladdens their hearts. We live on a farm where everything looks fresh and cheerful. I have been reading "The Man of the Moors," by Halliwell Sutcliffe, an English writer. This story is quite good. With best wishes for all, I am, yours for

FRITZ SEWALL BEVERLY.

Freeling, Va.

Her Flock of Chickens.

Dear Editor.—I received my badge about two weeks ago. Many thanks for it. I should have written to you before to thank you, but I had school all last month, and my cousin is staying with me now. Mother has over 200 chickens, nearly 300 now. Some were hatched yesterday. Last summer mother gave me the money for the first ten chickens that were sold for taking care of them, so I say that she will have to give me the money for the first twenty this year. Your new member,

Waverly, Va. NINA L. HOPKINS.

On Decoration Day.

Dear Editor.—I want to thank you for putting my illustrated poem on the page. It was just fine. I mean it was reproduced fine, for I didn't mean it for a self-made compliment. Willy and I went to the cemetery on Decoration Day (the others couldn't go on account of mamma's illness); we had to call a doctor to-day) and we put some flowers on a friend's grave. A company of men from Fort Monroe were there, and soon the order was given to "fall in." They formed ranks in the vacant part of the cemetery, and before the graves, and the chaplain spoke. He thanked every one for coming, and said that every flower, however, small, was a token of our respect to those we would see no more in this life. He spoke of the long ranks of silent dead, of the members of the ill-fated Sixty-ninth, who lost their lives in time of peace and of the many others who gave theirs in time of war, of the wives and children left desolate, and last of all, of that starry banner that waved above us all. Next he offered a prayer. Then the company fired a salute of three volleys and a bugler sounded "taps," those sad notes that mark the close of a soldier's day—and life! The last order was given, and falling in line they left and boarded a car for the fort. The old men decorated their graves next, and after sounding a few notes on the bugle marched out. It was grand. I am readin ga book called "The Scottish Chiefs," and think it is splendid. Willie Fulcher, I don't know what to make of your letter. Do you mean to say that the Editor has made you a prize winner and you do not appreciate the fact? It's not the prize that counts, though, they are always prizes worth having. It is the fact that the Editor thinks your work among the best of the week's contributions and worthy of a prize. I should think you would not only feel content, but very grateful when your work appears on the page, as there are over 1,000 members. I hope you will read this so you will get the views of a member of long standing in the T. D. C. C. We went to the baseball game Saturday, but could not stay to the finish, much to our regret. It was the home team vs. the United States steamship Louisiana team. The home team had made some splendid home runs, and the score was 3 to 1 against the Sailors when we left. Every one was cheering the home team 6?, and Willy was among them; not me. I am for the sailor boys everytime, and next come the soldiers. "The army and navy forever." An old member,

HARRY E. CHADWICK.

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

P. S.—I have just returned from the home, where I saw the naval review in the Roads. It was a grand sight. The "Mayflower" steamed slowly up the line of warships, and as she got opposite each one there was a flash of fire and a loud roar as they fired the salute. At one time they were hid from view by the smoke. The German flagship and two of the German fleet were there, and from stem to stern they were strung with bunting. They have been saluting all day. H. E. C.

A Picture for the Page.

Dear Editor.—Inclosed is a picture for the page. I sent you a picture last week for the page, but don't suppose you received it. Well, we had our closing exercises at school yesterday, and I received a first honor card. My average for the year was 9?. There also awaited a pleasant surprise for me. I won the prize for the best composition on "The Cause and Prevention of Tuberculosis." Yesterday was also the High School's class day, and they had a very interesting program. I enjoyed the little book you sent me very much indeed. I hope you read it. Best wishes for the club. Your loving member,

LYRA VIRGINIA RANSON.

Masonic Home, Va.

Sends Poem.

Dear Editor.—I've been a constant reader of the T. D. C. C. page, so I thought I would send a poem, which I hope to see in print.

JOHN W. GIBSON.

Peakes Turnout, Va.

P. S.—Please find two poems and two letters. One letter and one poem for next Sunday, the other poem and letter for Sunday after next.

Not Blue, but Black.

Dear Editor.—Please do not think that I am using blue ink. It was once black ink, but there is not but a little in the bottle and it looks like blue ink, but I assure you that it is not. I took the county examination for seventh grade the 1st and 2d of May. I have not heard from it, and no one knows, because our superintendent has gone to hear the Allen trial, and no telling when it will ever end. Now, Editor and members, do not think that I belong to the 'Allen gang' because that I live near Hillsville, the seat of the tragedy, for I am as innocent as any of you, and please do not kick me out of your page, because I would not do you or any one else harm for money. I must close, wishing you all much success.

Willis, Va. ALMA KEMP.

Done Up by Early Summer Weather

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am afraid you have a very good-for-nothing old editor, for, as the darkies might say, "I am all done up" by the vagaries of early summer weather. So I am merely going to say to you "howdy-do" and tell you that I think your page is fine. I'll do better next week.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Curtis G. Elder, Brookneal, Va.
Harold L. Jobson, 40 North Lombardy Street, city.
Mary S. McDaniel, Westhampton, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche	Lumsden, Alice
Bowman, Wilbur	Lumsden, Gladys
Bryant, Jack	McDaniel, Mary S.
Broadrup, Helen	Mason, M. E.
Beverly, Fitz, S.	Melton, Robert M.
Craig, Jean F.	Proctor, Margaret
Chadwick, W. E.	Pockington, Walter
Chadwick, H. E.	Ranson, Lyra V.
Diggs, Myrtle	Richards, Ramon
Eggleston, E. C.	Reid, Elizabeth
Elder, Curtis	Staples, Willie Ann
Guggenheimer, F. S.	Sutton, Dix
Gibson, John W.	Sutton, Stephen
Howard, Mary	Shelton, Christian
Hall, Elizabeth	Spady, E. J.
Hall, William	Wallman, Elise
Hopkins, Nina L.	Wetzler, Paul J.
Jobson, Harold L.	Walther, Edna
Jones, Birde L.	Watson, Martha
Kemp, Alma	Walther, Annie
Lynch, Catherine T.	Walker, Lucy
Wright, Louise.	

FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

Flies and mosquitoes are very bad insects to have around the house.

Mosquitoes are always found about stagnant water. It is bad to leave empty tin cans lying around the house, for when it rains the water stands in the cans and draws mosquitoes. They are very harmful and cause malarial fever.

Flies are also very disagreeable insects. If everything is kepkt nkice and clean, they are not so apt to be around. Flies carry germs on their feet, and they walk on germs and then on the food, and this makes the food full of germs and very harmful. If sugar or anything sweet is split, it should be taken up right away, for it draws flies very quickly. It is very hard to kill a fly, for it has a thousand little eyes, so little that they look like two large ones, they can see all around them, and it is hard to kill them.

MARY S. McDANIEL.

Westhampton, Richmond.

MOSQUITOES.

Mosquitoes are small insects that carry the disease of malaria. There are two kinds of mosquitoes, the common and the malarial. This common mosquitoes are not dangerous. The mosquito bites a person that is effected with malaria and gets the poison in his tongue, he then bites a non-affected person and gives him the disease. Chills, fever and bad blood are caused by malaria. And therefore it is very important that the person with the disease should not be exposed to mosquitoes.

UNSIGNED.

THE ROBINS.

One day the sun was warm and bright
No cloud was in the sky,
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
It's time for you to fly."
And every little robin said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mother says, "Do this, or that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say "I'll try."

Selected by JOHN W. GIBSON.

Peakes Turnout, Va.

HOW I MADE A CAKE.

One fine morning seven or eight years ago, I decided to make a cake. Aunt Lulie was making one, so why shouldn't I?

Without waiting to put on hat or coat I rushed out to the back yard. First I found a convenient puddle where there was plenty of nice mud. I then began to make the most delicious (??) cake imaginable.

Suddenly a bright idea came to me. Aunt Luke was putting nuts in her cake, so I decided to do the same. I had no nuts, but green peaches chopped fine would be just the thing, so away I ran to ward the forbidden joys of the orchird. I had nearly reached it when I sad approaching me Sarah, one of the many little black pickaninnies that infested the plantation. Here was forbidden joy indeed, for, of course, I was never allowed to play with any of the little "darkies."

"Hie Miss Lizbett whar you gwine?" Sarah inquired.

I eagerly told her, and with a strict promise of secrecy, we continued our way to the orchard.

She obligingly lifter me to the first branch of a peach tree and I succeeded in getting one very small peach and a tumble (leaving my hair ribbon behind). Not at all daunted, I soon found myself in possession of three more peaches, but minus my sweater.

Tying the peaches in my handkerchief, we began our homeward route by a round-about-way in order to find some white sand, for sugar.

I showed Sarah my mudpuddle and suggested that we should begin. "Lor no, Miss Lizabett; you int got no whar to cook it on. I gwine to show you how to make a swell oven." Darting off she brought back an armful of bricks and we built an oven.

Then we brought some mud to the oven and began work. However, we found that we needed more water, but we had no way to carry it. Ever ready for the emergency, I slipped off one of my shoes in which to bring the water.

Soon the cake was ready and I am sure that never a "chef" viewed a choice production with more satisfaction than did we.

But who was that calling? Sarah fled, and I found myself facing "Mammy Greene" in all her wrath.

ELIZABETH C. EGGLESTON.
1603 Park Avenue.
Richmond.

THE STORY OF THREE LITTLE FISH.

Once upon a time there were three little fish in a brook, and they lived together very happily.

One day a fairy came to them and said, "Each of you may have one wish."

The oldest little fish said, "Oh! that I could be a little bird and fly far away among the clouds," and immediately he changed into a bird. But he flew too far for the first time. He came at last to a desert where he could get no water, but he was too tired to fly away, so he died because he could get no water.

The next little fish said, "If I only knew of every thing that would harm me, so that I could avoid them, I would be perfectly happy."

So the fairy told of everything that would harm him, but he worried himself to death trying to keep out of harm's ways.

The youngest little fish said, "I have everything that I want."

The fairy then said, "As you are such a good little fish you shall always be happy."

So, you see, this little fish fared the best of all.

ELIZABETH HALL.
King and Queen Courthouse, Va.

PLAYGROUNDS.

Playground are very nice for children, I think. Every afternoon you can go there and enjoy yourself playing on the different things. It will give you exercise and you will soon become strong. When you don't feel likek going anywhere else you can go there and after you get to playing you will feel better.

If the playground is shady, you can enpoy yourself more, but if it is sunny you can't enjoy yourself as much. Because you have to wait until the sun goes down.

Composed by EDNA WALTHER.

2221 Beverly Street.

FLIES.

Some people believe that flies are useful scanangers, but this is a great mistake, for they walk over all manner of unclean matter and fly into the house and spread germs on the food, dishes, milk vessels and everything they come in contact with.

Flies carry almost any kind of disease germs, so they should be screened away from sick persons. If they are not the whole community would be in danger of contracting the same disease through flies.

The only thing that can be done to avoid flies is by screening, fly-paper, by removing all matter that would attract them.

Old cans and everything that will catch water should be cleared away. But a far more easier way is to deprive the flies from breeding places.

The house-fly lays its eggs in unclean matter about stables, in a day or less this hatches into a small maggott, which in nine or ten days after the egg is laid changes into the adult fly.

Composed by ALMA KEMP.

Willis, Va.

"HOBNOBBING," OR DELIE, THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.

"Oh, mother, there's a new girl next door, and the girl's a . ." Fourteen-year-old Allan Russell found himself blushing like a girl, he hesitated, "And there's a girl, too," he finished slowly.

His mother smiled, "Take care, son," she said, "they are only subaltern people."

"But, oh, mother! You wont say that when you see her," he replied, diving into his desk. "Say," he began, pulling out a beautifully bound stamp book, "I'm getting to be too big for such a thing now," scornfully. "I'm going to give it to Delie."

"Why, you don't know her yet, do you?" asked his mother in genuine surprise.

"Well, yes, rather. We've been —, Well, I guess you'd call it 'hobnobbing,' mother, over the back fence. Just getting acquainted, you know, and oh, she's been everywhere, and knows everything, and she's collecting stamps. But she hasn't any like mine. You don't care, do you, mother?"

"Of course not, if you want to." Being an only child, Allan generally had his way. They were valuable, but what are a few stamps anyway. Mrs. Russell settled back on the comfortable sofa for a nap. "Allan is such an impossible child," she sighed, sleepily, as she dozed off.

How long she slept she did not know, but low, wild sobbing woke her. It sounded quite near, but it wasn't Allan. Who could it be? Raising her head noiselessly, she gazed wonderingly at the figure of a girl some eleven or twelve summers, kneeling before a big chair, her head and arms buried deep in the cushions. A cloud of short, midnight curls hid the face from view, but the simple, costly little frock looked elegant, and there was an air of refinement about the child, although the short sleeves displayed arms tanned almost to olive. Convulsive sobs shook the slender figure. Then spoke in a sobbing whisper, "Oh, mother, I miss you so much!" Everything was clear to Mrs. Russell now. The family next door was pitifully small, a widower and his child, and her mother soul went out to the little stranger. Rising noiselessly, she crept over to the kneeling child and went down beside her, the gold hair mingling with the black. It did not take them long to get acquainted. A few minutes later Mrs. Russell was sitting in the great chair with Delie (for it was Delie) by her, eating bon bons from a box Mrs. Russell had produced. "Isn't it queer," she said between bites, "that you always wanted a little girl, and I always wanted a mama. I don't remember my own mama, but you are just like her picture. Oh, I wish she was here.

The adoring blue eyes searched the piquant face of the child beside her. "But I'm here," she said, "and I'll be your fairy godmother, and you're to come over to see me, and we'll be just the best of friends; because, little girl," and here her voice was lowered to a sad whisper, "you remind me of a big, handsome boy that came into my life and then went out." Her eyes were dreamy, and Delie wanted to ask who the big boy was, but she knew it was something sad, so she squeezed her hand. "Just like my mama, she said simply."

Half an hour later, Allan coming in, found them still talking. "You here?" he cried delightedly. I've got a new stamp—a dandy one."

"Oh, ain't that jolly. What did you give for it?"

And Mrs. Russell slipped out, leaving the two children laughing wildly over the great bargain Allan had made.

(To Be Continued)

Composed by
WILLIE E. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

CURTIS ELDER.

THE DANGER OF THE HOUSE-FLY.

The house-fly is a very dangerous insect, and I think that every one should do their best to aid in the campaign against it.

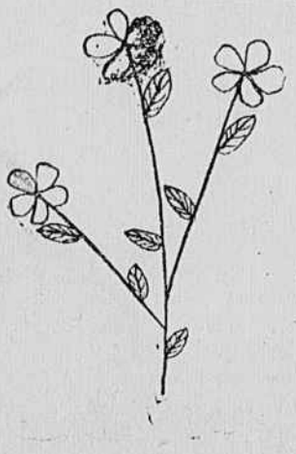
Some people leave dishes of milk or other food sitting around uncovered, and when flies fall in they pick them out and eat the food, which we all know is very unsanitary. Dishes of water in a room attract flies and screen doors should be kept closed and not open, as so many people seem to think.

Flies are great disease carriers, and a great many diseases, such as tuberculosis, typhoid and yellow fever, small-pox and scarlet fever may have their general origin traced back to the house-fly.

A common sight in summer is to see a baby or little child with its hands and face smeared with sticky candy, and hundreds of flies swarming about it. The next we know the child is down with typhoid, and the chances are, nine out of ten, that it will not live.

Such is the danger of the common and apparently insignificant house-fly, but it is our most deadly foe; and I hope that all who read this and other articles on our page dealing on the same subject, will do their best to overcome it.

Composed and illustrated by
HARRY E. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.



Puzzle Department

Bird Puzzle.

Here is the nest. Find the bird.

CURTIS G. ELDER.
Brookneal, Va.

Chronogram.

1. Historian, statesman, essayist, in all of great renown.
2. Writer of novels, known to all in country and in town.
3. A sage, an author weird and wild, who wrote of work and war.
4. His Christian name who found the the law that rules the falling star;
5. A dusky, mystic Eastern land, by Western masters ruled;
6. An island turbulent and poor, that cannot well be schooled.

The initials of these six names take,
And when this thing you've done,
You'll find the year in which were made,
England and Scotland one.

MARGARET E. MASON.
Winifrede, W. Va.

Cape Puzzle.

1. Name two capes in Virginia that are the names of two boys.
2. Name a cape in New Jersey that is the name of a girl and a month.
3. Name a cape in Florida that is the name of a very valuable fur.
4. Name a cape in South America that is the name of an instrument.

Eastville, Va. E. SPADY.

What Is the Combination?

Combine two letters so that when spoken they make a word:

1. A girl's name.
2. Vacant.
3. To rot.
4. A number.
5. A pepper.
6. An Indian tent or wigwam.

Sent by BLANCHE ANTHONY.
Ashland, Va., R. F. D. No. 4, Box 20.

A Charade.

My first is in not, and also in rot;
My second is in lift, but not in sift;
My third is in write and also in fight;
My fourth is in vale, but not in sale;
My fifth is in head and also in red;
My whole is in a girl's name.

ELIZABETH HALL.
King and Queen C. H., Va.

Jumbled Boys' Names.

1. Kanf.
2. Berrteh.
3. Milliaw.
4. Yenids.
5. Leup.
6. Renyh.

Answer to Margaret Pretlow's "Geography Puzzle":

1. Franklin.
2. White River.
3. Florence.
4. Columbus.
5. Flint.
6. Indian.
7. Columbia.
8. Iron River.
9. Eagle River.
10. Cape May.
11. Cape Henry.
12. Cape Charles.

ELIZABETH HALL.
King and Queen C. H., Va.

A Puzzle in Subtraction.

0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0

Take six disks, leaving an even number in each row, counting up, down or across.

HELEN BROADRUP.
Lorraine, Va.

Names of Boys in Figures.

6, 12, 13, 5, 18.
18, 21, 19, 19, 12, 5.
18, 1, 12, 16, 8.
26, 9, 12, 12. STEPHEN SUTTON.
Bainbridge St., South Richmond, Va.

Answer to puzzle by Sarah Cooper:

1. Tampa.
2. Key West.
3. Pensacola.
4. Burlington.
5. Dallas.
6. Omaha.

By DIX SUTTON.
Bainbridge St., South Richmond, Va.

FLIES.

Flies are very dangerous in spreading diseases. They light on things and then come and light on people's food, where they leave germs.

In dirty places they breed faster than in clean places. If things are kept clean there will not be so many flies and diseases.

The most dangerous diseases such as malaria fever and typhoid fever are spread by flies.

Many precautions have been taken to prevent the spread of flies, such as screens for windows and doors, traps to kill them in. All sick persons ought to be screened from flies to keep from spreading diseases.

MYRTLE DIGGS.
King and Queen Courthouse, Va.

THE STORM.

Once upon a time there was a storm, it was a big storm, in New Orleans.

The water was higher than the curbing, and the telephone and telegraph wires were all broken and on the ground.

The houses shook and rocked as in an earthquake. The trees blew down, the glass blew out the windows. It lasted from noon one day until daybreak the next morning.

I am a little boy five years old. I remember sitting at the window watching the storm, scared to death, as was mother, and my papa was not in the city, but he was at Baton-Rouge where the storm was even worse.

BY HAROLD L. JOBSON.
40 North Lombardy Street.

TAKING THE COW TO WATER.

One fine spring morning a little girl and boy went down to a brook to let the cow get a drink. They had a big shepherd dog with them.

The sow had a rope on her neck and the little boy was holding the rope in his hand. The dog had a part of the rope in his mouth.

CATHERINE TEMPLE LYNCH.
1322 West Main Street.

LITTLE THINGS.

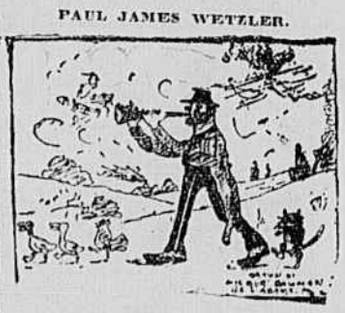
Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

And the moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.

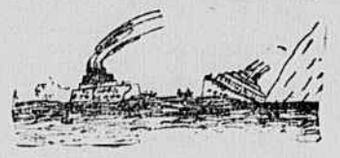
Little deeds if kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

Selected by JOHN W. GIBSON.
Peakes Turnout, Va.

PAUL JAMES WETZLER.



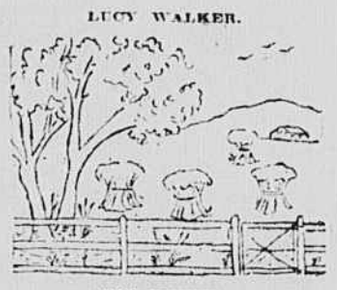
WILBUR BOWMAN.



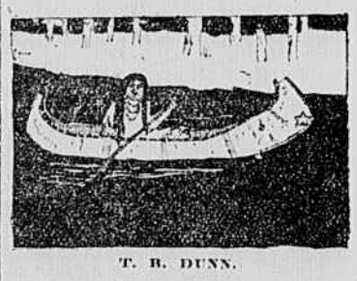
HAROLD L. JOBSON.

H. BROADRUP.

LUCY WALKER.



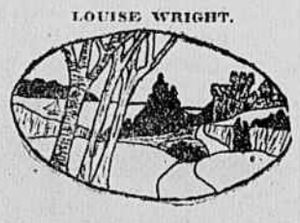
DIX SUTTON.



T. B. DUNN.

LYRA VIRGINIA RANSON.

LOUISE WRIGHT.



FITZ. S. BEVERLY.