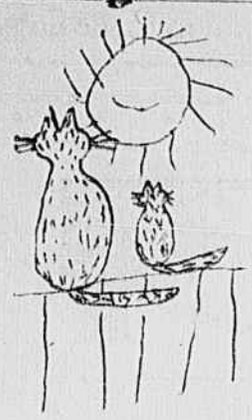


PENELOPE WEDDELL.

CURTIS G. ELDER.

JOSEPH LEO ANDREWS.

CLARENCE SPENCER.

DOROTHY NEWELL.

ALETHA HANCOCK.

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

MARGUERITE BROADRUP.

JOSEPH LEO ANDREWS.

Correspondence Column

Dear Editor.—The inclosed booklet will explain itself. I have just received a bunch from the publisher, and thought I would send you one before they were all gone. I prepared the manuscript about a year ago, but for some reason the publisher has been unable to get the publication out before this. There is not much to it, but I believe that there is sufficient information within the covers to start a beginner in philately in "the way he should go." I scan the T. D. C. C. page every Sunday, and occasionally see the work of some member that I knew through either correspondence or recognition resulting from a study of the work. I regret that I am unable to use my pen as I was wont. With kind personal regards and wishing the club all possible success, I remain one of your oldest members, JULIAN T. BABER.
The News, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—I am sending the second part of "Bessie Farrel's Cousin," and I do hope it gets in all right. I had to send it in three parts it was so long. I thought Hamilton Whyte's story was fine. Harry Phillips, I think I know the answer to your puzzle—President Lincoln. I had just a grand time Hallowe'en playing games and different things. I threw the apple peeling over my head and it made a distinct "C," but there I am letting out Hallowe'en secrets. Dear Editor, your letter was read and duly appreciated by an "old" member. I am never disappointed when my work does not appear, I know there was no room, then all must share alike and have a little in at a time; that's my way of looking at it, and I'm sure it's the other members, too. I surely would have liked to have seen the pictures at the fair; I know they were grand. I have been real sick; had nervous chills, and my writing is "fierce," which I hope you will excuse. Your old member.
WILLIE C. CHADWICK.

Dear Editor.—I thank you very much for the badge. I went to Buffalo Bill's circus last night. It certainly was good. I saw Japanese, American soldiers, cowboys, Russian cossacks, cowboy girls, Arabs, Chinese and Indians. I saw the man who represent Buffalo Bill. I would like to get some cards from some of the members. I certainly do think the Chadwicks are smart. There were some very good stories in last Sunday's paper. I was glad to see my story in print. I inclose a story called "A Boy's Difficulties and Success." It is original. I hope it will appear in the paper. Your member, REBECCA COOPER.
Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—Please forgive me for not writing sooner, but I have been so busy that I have had very little time to work for the page. I still read it every Sunday. Those were some fine illustrated stories in last Sunday's page. Inclosed you will find a picture drawn by myself, which I earnestly hope you will put in the paper Sunday. Please excuse this writing, and am hoping to send more work to the page in the future. I remain, yours respectfully,
J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR.

Dear Editor.—You must think that I have forgotten the club, but I have not. I haven't written to you since June, but I have read the T. D. C. C. page every Sunday. I spent most of the summer in Richmond. School started soon after I came home, so I have not found time to write. Walter has been sick, and had to stay at home most of this week. We had some lovely roses and chrysanthemus, but the frost killed them all. I am sending the answers to your puzzles, and I do hope they are right. I will close for this time and try to write again soon if I have time. Your little member,
Box 108, Buena Vista, Va. NORMA WINIFRED RISQUE.

Dear Editor.—I was very glad to see my letter and drawing in print. I am going to school every day; we have a basketball club, and we have a very nice time playing basketball. I have just finished J. Hamilton Whythe's delightful story, and I am sure that he was born an author. I am trying to answer your November puzzle, but do not know whether it is correct. I certainly would like to know some of the club members, and our editor, too. I would certainly like to win a medal and am going to try. I had a very pleasant auto ride yesterday, which I enjoyed very much. Well, I will say good-by, as I have to study my Latin. Your member,
Green Bay, Va. POLLY BERRY.

Dear Editor.—I have written to the club once before, but have never received a badge, so please send me one, and will you please print the rules again, as I have forgotten them. I am twelve years old and go to the public school. We have a fine teacher this year. I live in the country, about one and one-half miles from town. I hope all the children of the T. D. C. C. had a nice Hallowe'en. I must close now, with love for both you and the club members. MARGARET PROCTOR.
Drakes Branch, Va.

Dear Editor.—I read a lot about the T. D. C. C. and would like to join it. Will you please send me a membership badge? Your new friend.
PENELOPE WEDDELL ANDERSON.
Rio Vista, Va.

Dear Editor.—This week I am sending a sketch of the church across from my home. I hope you will think it good enough to print. We took a long walk up the beach yesterday, and had a fine time. We took twelve pictures, and while we were coming back we saw the sun set over the James River. It was beautiful. Your true member, EVELYN E. DYKE.
2813 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

Dear Editor.—Was very glad to receive my badge. I think the club is getting better and better every day. Inclosed you will find a drawing, which I hope will escape the trash basket. Wishing you all success. Yours truly, DOROTHY NEWELL.
South Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—I intended to write to you before, but have been unable, for I have been at home for the last few days and in bed, but I have been up and about today and I thought I ought to write to you, thanking you for the prize which you sent me, and I received about a week ago. I assure you I am delighted with it, and it will be a long while before I need a set of pencils again. I am pleased to see by the Children's Page that the State Fair exhibit did so well, and it will be quite a fine thing for them going all over the State. Wishing you and the club success, I remain your sick member,
WILLIAM LORD.

Dear Editor.—I send my answer to charade puzzle department, signed A. M. T. Answer, Hallowe'en. Hoping to win the prize, yours truly, JOSEPH R. PICKLEN.
1612 Prince Edward Street, Fredericksburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—I am sending answers to your puzzles to-day. We had an Indian show at the courthouse Friday night. Gay and I were in it. When there were two other plays—"The Obstinate Family" and "The Man and the Maid." I certainly did have a good time. Lots of people were there. I was sorry not to see anything from the Chadwick girls to-day. Emma Chadwick certainly draws beautifully. Will close now. Your devoted member,
BARBARA WINSTON LEWIS.
Hanover, Va.

Dear Editor.—I inclose a story, which I hope you will be able to publish. I have been taking much interest in the Children's Page, and I am now sending something. I wish you a merry Hallowe'en. I remain your member, ANNE GILLIAM.
18 Fillmore Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—I was so glad to see my letter in to-day's paper. I think drawing is the best thing a person can do. I cannot draw a thing except animals. I do not know what to write.
MARGUERITE BROADRUP.
Lorraine, Va.

Dear Editor.—I have been in this club for about five weeks and like it very much. I will write a story of the locket and chain. I enjoyed my holiday very much. I put on my brother's pants and his jacket and his cap. I had a fine time, and I hope you enjoyed it, too. It was 10 o'clock when I went to bed, but I usually go to bed at 8:30. I will not write any more. Your new member, EVA ROSENBERG.
502 North Second Street, Richmond.

Literary Puzzlements.

1. What great American writer died in November? On what date? When and where was he born? In which of his writings do you find these words: "My very dog has forgotten me?"

2. What great American writer was born November 3, 1791? Where was he born? When did he die? Where? What was his first poem? In which of his writings do you find the following lines:

"By an unfaltering step, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams?"

Original. By
EVELYN E. DYKE,
2813 Washington Avenue Newport News, Va.

Editorial And Literary Department

Do Not Write Stories or Letters on Both Sides of Paper.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am going to give you every inch of available space, and so I am merely saying to you howdy do, good-by, and telling you that if any of you send a story or letter written on both sides of the paper it cannot be published. So don't expect to see it in print. This from YOUR EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.
Miss Evelyn Dyke, 2813 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.
Harry Glass, 220 North Seventeenth Street, city.
Bruce Wilkins, Lawrenceville, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Andrews, Joseph L.	Hattorf, Alvin
Anderson, P. W.	Lord, William C.
Berry, Polly	Lewis, Barbara W.
Broadrup, M.	Marburg, E., Jr.
Baber, Julian T.	Newell, Dorothy
Childress, Marie	Overby, Minnie
Cox, Thomas	Oppenheimer, K. S.
Chadwick, Harry	Perdue, London
Chadwick, W. E.	Proctor, Margaret
Cooper, Rebecca	Risque, Norma W.
Davis, J. H., Jr.	Ranson, Lyra V.
Dyke, Evelyn E.	Rosenburg, Eva
Elder, Curtis G.	Spencer, Clarence
Ficklin, J. B.	Sutton, Edith
Gilliam, Mary A.	Tignor, Helen
Gilliam, Anne	Van Horn, G.
Glass, Harry	Wilkins, Bruce
Hawkins, Edward	Wells, Pansy
Hancock, Aletha	Whyte, I. H., Jr.

HOW FRED TAUGHT SCHOOL.

Fred Alston had attended college scarcely a year, when he was suddenly called home, for his father had failed in business. His one desire had been to complete his college education, and although his father had financially failed, he was determined to execute his wise desire. He lived in Centreville, a large manufacturing town; and on its outskirts were many small villages. He had heard that a teacher was wanted in Stone Hollow, one of these little villages, and being declared competent to teach he applied for the position.

The president acknowledged the young man's ability, and then remarked: "I am afraid, Mr. Alston, that the school will scarcely suit you. You are probably used to a different set of boys than those of Stone Hollow. The last teacher left on account of their rudeness."

"How long has the school been vacant?" Fred asked.

"Nearly two months," was the reply.

"I will keep it open," Fred determined. "When shall you want me to begin?"

"Why, just as soon as possible," the president replied, and he proceeded in giving Fred directions how he could reach the janitor, in order to have the school opened. After receiving these directions, Fred set out to find the place, and arrived in the neighborhood of the school in half an hour. He found the snow lying thick upon the ground, no attempt being made to clean the streets, the houses were low and dirty, and Fred himself was indeed a novel, apparently in the neighborhood. It was not long before a party of five or six rough looking boys who were standing on the corner caught sight of him.

"Oh, I say, John, look at the dude," remarked one.

"Ain't he a daisy, Will? I wonder where he came from?" another joined in.

"Say, Jim, let's snowball him."

Meanwhile Fred had crossed the street and addressed an old man, who was leaning over the fence of one of the dirty little houses. He found out that this man was the janitor, and so he gave him several orders about opening the school. He had recrossed the street, when suddenly and without warning, a shower of snowballs flew after him. He turned around and saw the boys, and obeying his first impulse, he ran up the street with great rapidity. These were some of the boys he was to teach, no doubt. He must show these wild fellows that he was not afraid of them, in school or out. He stopped running and gathered up a double handful of snow and began molding it into a ball. The boys were puzzled at this movement, but Fred took the advantage, and he threw a shower of snowballs. The cowards immediately fell back. He had at least won his first step.

(To be continued.)
Composed by
I. HAMILTON WHYTE,
211 West Clay Street.

THE LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

"I wish mamma would tum and det me; dont like auntie; don't like unkie; don't like Meurea. O, what s'all I do," sobbed Bertie Gordon, a little girl of four.

"Lets run away. I don't like the way they treat you. Mamma said for me to take care of you and so I shall," said Cyril, her six-year-old brother, with flashing eyes.

"Yes, let's do," she agreed.

"Let me cut off your curls and then auntie won't know you, she'll think we're Nelson and Betty Denton." Cyril cut off the long curls, and together they hurried out of the door.

They ran under the cover of bushes until they got out of sight of the house, and then as it was growing dark they ventured out to the road.

After walking about a half a mile, Bertie said, "Cyril, I is tired and told. Take me home."

"No, we won't go back. They will whip us and send us to bed. Come let us walk faster. I see a light. Let us run. That will keep us warm." They ran until they reached the light, which proved to be a cottage.

A covered cart stood before the door and the cold, tired children crept in and, covering up with some bags, they soon fell asleep. The owner came out and drove off without knowing what his cart contained.

The children's parents had gone to India and left the children in America with their only relatives. The people did not understand children and were very strict, often punishing them severely. Cyril was a handsome, high-spirited child, with thick, light curls and sparkling black eyes. Although he never complained he resented the ill-treatment and often wished for his parents and home. Bertie was delicate, little flower, like her mother. Her curls were golden and her eyes were blue. Cyril was brave and tried to make it easy for his sister, but at last it became unbearable and they determined to run away.

When the children awoke the cart had stopped before a country inn and the owner was inside. They crept out and went into the dining-room. Before a bright fire sat a handsome young couple. Cyril drew back and whispered, "Why that lady looks just like mamma." The lady turned around and seeing the children, she started involuntarily. She called them to her and said in a sweet voice, "What is your name, girlie?"

"Woberta Mawie Allison Gordon," she answered shyly. "And mine is John Arthur Cyril Gordon, Jr. You look just like my mamma and I believe you are," said Cyril, throwing his arms around her.

* * * * *

A telegram was sent to the uncle and aunt and the next day a large motor car took the happy four to the farm. After getting the children's possessions packed they bid good-bye to America and sailed for England and home.

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

BESSIE FARREL'S COUSIN.

Continued—Part II.)

If Bessie Farrel was prepared for a surprise that night she got it, for Gussie Bonnifour was more than a "great beauty," she was marvelously beautiful. Tall for her age, slim and graceful, with an abundance of dark curls that fell to her waist. She showed the Indian, and yet she was a French coquette. You could call her neither Indian nor French; she was distinctly both. Bessie became her fast friend at once, not that she really liker her cousin, but she stood in awe of her.

They were out driving when Joseph Payton and Manuel Standley came the next day, and although Mrs. Farrell cordially invited them in, they declined her invitation declaring they would rather wait for the girls on the sunny verander than in the parlor. They were just seated, when Mrs. Farrel, looking up, exclaimed, "Why here's Bessie now. Where can Gussie be? My, but the child looks tired out; more like she had been on a tramp in the country than for a ride."

"Gracious!" Bessie threw herself down in a tired heap on the steps, quite oblivious of the two young men behind the vines on the veranda. "I'll never go out any where again with that wild cat. She's just ruined my temper and corplexion," she burst out angrily.

"Bessie!" Mrs. Farrels shocked voice said reprovingly.

"I don't care. I'm as freckled as a turkey egg. She ought to wear a blanket and live on a reservation, and not go romping around with civilized people."

"Bessie, I never heard yau talk like this before. Where is your cousin now? Can't you come up and be introduced to Mr. Stanley, or perhaps you would like to change your frock first?" Oh, blessed mother instinct! Bessie made a dash for the rear of the house, saying something unintelligible about her dress as she fled.

The silence on the porch became oppressive, and Payton's "certainly is a quiet evening" made the silence still more felt. All things must ultimately end, and a girlish laugh, free and soft acted like electricity.

Mrs. Farrel started up. "Why, there's Gussie now," she said, and the two followed the direction of her eyes.

Stanley clutched Peyton's arm. "Look!" he exclaimed, "what a beautiful girl!" But Peyton did not need his admonition. His eyes were fastened on the slim, childish figure of the girl. Her midnight tresses were blown back from the oval face, and the dark eyes sparkled withethe excitement of the drive. She did not see Peyton and Stanley till she reached the veranda. Then Mrs. Farrel introduced them, and both young men took a great fancy to the assured little brunette scarcely out of knee dresses.

(To Be Continued.)
Composed by
WILLIE E. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldier's Home, Hampton, Va.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Mr. Barnes had a faithful dog, of whom he was very fond, whose name was Fido.

He was a small fellow, with shining black eyes, and he generally accompanied his master wherever he went. One day Mr. Barnes, who lived in a fine country home, was going through the woods to take some valuable notes and papers over to the bank in the town, twenty miles away. Fido was to go along, of course, and as he put the saddle bags, with their valuable notes and papers, on the fine gray horse, Mr. Barnes said to Fido, "We must look after those carefully, Fido. Do you understand?" And Fido wagged his tail as if to say, "Of course, I do."

It was a fine, clear summer day, but the sun was hot, and, traveling slowly, they were still some miles from the town when dinner time came. Mr. Barnes tied his horse, and sitting down in the shade of a large tree, ate the lunch he had brought with him, throwing scraps of bread and meat to the eager Fido. Then putting the saddle bags under his head for a pillow, he lay down and enjoyed a refreshing nap.

When he awoke, he found that he had slept longer than he should, and making his preparations, he started on his way. He had ridden for an hour, perhaps, when he noticed that Fido was no longer trotting at his side. Drawing rein, he looked back of his shoulder and saw the familiar little figure come tearing out of the woods. But what could have happened to the dog? He came circling round and round the horse, barking and yelping with excitement. Could the heat have driven Fido mad? Again and again he attempted to start, again and again Fido snapped at the horse, seeming to grow more excited and vicious all the while.

At last, felling sure that the dog must be mad, and fearing that his valuable horse would be bitten, Mr. Barnes regretfully drew a small revilver and fired. Fido gave one cry and ran back again into the woods. Mr. Barnes rode on for a mile, sadly enough, when he happened to touch his horse's side. He uttered an exclamation of dismay. The saddlebags were gone! Oh, he saw it all now. He had left them at his resting place, and Fido—faithful friend, had been trying to tell him. Turning his horse, he dashed back into the woods. There, sure enough, lay the saddlebags, all untouched. And there, his little, cold nose resting upon them, lay faithful Fido—dead.

POLLY BERRY.
Green Bay, Va.

"AN OLD FASHION HOUSE."

There is an old fashioned house ten or twelve miles from Jarretts that has been there for about 200 years. Mr. Bailey owned it for some time, but he sold it to Mr. Hale.

Mr. Hale has owned it for some time. It is a seven-story house. Up in the top story is a small room where the slaves were put when they disobeyed their master. Up in the top of one of the rooms in the third story is a large bell the masters used to ring when they wanted the slaves.

The yard is about two acres of land, with large trees in the front and back yard. Out in the front yard, under a large tree, a wheel is lying on the ground. In the summer the children have lots of fun cutting and eating watermelons. The old wheel has been lying under the tree for many years. I like to go out there in the summer and spend my vacation with my cousin. PANSY WELLS,
520 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

MY TRIP TO VIRGINIA BEACH AND CAPE HENRY.

It has been my pleasure to spend a week of my vacation at the seashore. We left Richmond by the C. & O. at 9 o'clock A. M. and reached the Arlington Hotel, Virginia Beach, at 1:30 P. M. Each day after eating dinner and resting a while, we went in bathing, which we all enjoyed so much. I wish our editor could have been with us, for I am sure she would have also enjoyed the fine sea breezes and the salt water. Sunday my father came down and spent the day with us. We ran up the boardwalk way to meet him, and such a happy time we had together, that I was so sorry when he left for Richmond. On Wednesday during our stay at the beach we went to Cape Henry to see the lighthouse and other points of interest. The superintendent of the lighthouse was very kind to us. He took us through and explained it all to us. This lighthouse is 157 feet high, can be seen at sea for eighteen miles, and is one of the finest on the Atlantic coast. The lens alone cost $15,000, and it took two years to build it. The view from the very top is simply grand. You can see where the steamers go up the bay to Baltimore and through Hampton Roads to Old Point and Newport News. Our party registered at the lighthouse and returned to Virginia Beach, after spending a most interesting morning.

I shall always remember my visit with pleasure and with many thanks to the superintendent. I could write more, but am afraid my story will be too long, so will end.

JEAN FRANCES CRAIG,
(Seven years old).
507 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

CUPID—EROS.

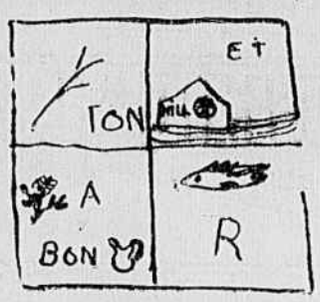
Cupid, the god of love, was the son of Venus. He was her constant companion, and, armed with a bow and arrows, he shot the darts of desire into the bosoms of both gods and men. This god was usually represented as a plump, rosy-cheeked boy, with light hair hanging on his shoulders. The god of love did not escape the influence of the passion with which it was his office to inspire. Enamored of a beautiful maid called Psyche, he sent a zephyr to convey her to a splendid home, where he became her husband, but never let her behold his form. Her sisters, who were jealous of her happiness, persuading her that he must be some odious monster, the imprudent Psyche took a lamp to gaze upon him as he slept. She let a drop of oil fall upon him. The god awoke, and flew away, leaving her in desapir. After undergoing a long persecution from Venus, who had also imprisoned Cupid, Psyche is found by her lover, who had made his escape. He interests Jupiter in her favor, and Venus is at length prevailed o nto lay asido her resentment.

The marriage of Cupid and Psyche is celebrated in the palace of Jupiter, and Psyche bears a son who is named Pleasure.

FLORENCE KUPER,
Lorraine, Va.

Puzzle Department

GREAT ARTISTS.



MARGUERITE BROADRUP.
MARGUERITE BROADRUP,
Lorraine, Va.

PRIZE ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(By Harry E. Chadwick.)

Its Name and Meaning.

Upon my breast a jewel gleams,
A golden emblem, pure and fine;
To tell its name and what it means
And make the jewel's symbol thine.
Answer: Topaz. Fidelity.

Samson's Puzzle.

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Judges xiv:14.

Answer: When Samson was going to Timnath he killed a young lion, but said nothing about it. On his way back he found a swarm of bees and honey in the lion, and he ate the honey, giving some to his mother and father, but did not tell them where he got it. At his wedding feast he put forth a riddle to the Philistines, saying: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth honey."

If they gave him the answer in seven days he would give them thirty sheets and thirty changes of garment; but if not they would give the same to him. For three days they could not find the answer, and on the seventh day they instructed Samson's wife (who was a Philistine also) to ask him for it. This she did and when he gave it to her, she, in return, gave it to them. Thus were the Philistines enabled to answer Samson's riddle.

The eater and the strong referred to were the lion. The sweetness was the honey which was left in the lion by the bees.

"She looked down to blush,
And she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips
And a tear in her eye."
From Sir Walter Scott's "Lochinvar."
Answered by Harry Chadwick, care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Its Name and Meaning?

Upon my breast a jewel gleams,
A golden emblem pure and fine;
Go tell its name and what it means,
And make the jewel's symbol thine.
Answer: Topaz. Its meaning is fidelity. NORMA RISQUE,
Buena Vista, Va.

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Answer: "The eater and the strong" referred to by Sampson was a young lion which he killed in the vineyards of Timnath.

"The sweetness was the honey Sampson found in the carcass of the lion when he was going to get his wife. It was put there by a swarm of bees. NORMA RISQUE.
Buena Vista, Va.

Answer of puzzle from Bible, by editor:

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

The eater and the strong was a lion that Sampson killed on his way to Timnath. The sweetness was some honey in the carcass of the lion, and the bees had put it there while he was at Timnath.

Answered by MARGARET PROCTOR,
Drakes Branch, Va.

Answer to "jewel puzzle":
Topaz. "Fidelity and friendship."

Answer to "Samson riddle":

Sampson was the eater, and the lion was the strong. Samson killed a lion with his hands and left it. Some time after, he went back and found that the bees had made a hive in the carcass and filled it with honey.

Answer to "Ballad" question:
Lockinvar.
BARBARA W. LEWIS,
Aged twelve years.

Answer to Samson's Puzzle.

1. The eater and the strong was a lion.
2. The sweetness was honey.
3. A swarm of bees had gone in the carcass of the lion and made honey.
Your member,
LANDON PERDUE,
Chester, Va.

From What Ballad?

From what ballad are the following lines taken:

"She looked down to blush,
And she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips
And a tear in her eye?"
THE EDITOR.

The above are lines four and five in the fifth stanza of Sir Walter Scott's poem, "Young Lochinvar."
MASTER EDWARD HAWKINS,
V. S. D. B., Staunton, Va.

What Did Befall Him?

You did so well with your first Bible puzzle that I am giving you a second, contained in the following directions sent by a Boston clergyman to his mother, when he desired to inform her of a domestic event of importance. He said:

"From sweet Isaiah's sacred song,
ninth chapter and verse six,
First thirteen words please take, and
then the following affix:
From Genesis, the thirty-fifth, verse
seventeen, no more,
Then add verse twenty-six out of
Kings, Book Second, chapter
four;
The last two verses, chapter first,
First Book of Samuel,
And you will learn, what on that day,
your loving son befell."

Now exercise your ingenuity and reproduce quotation by directions. The first correct answer received will win the prize. You will note that to-day's honors go to Harry Chadwick.

J. H. DAVIS, JR.

EVELYN E. DYKE.

CLARENCE SPENCER.

AMY H. PANNILL.

J. LEO ANDREWS.

BRUCE WILKINS.

KITTY VAUGHAN.

JOHN GRIFFITH ROBERTS.

LYRA RANSON.