Spain's Unsteady Throne

The RISING TIDE OF REPUBLICANISM IN ALFONSO'S KINGDOM....

MADRID, December 28.

"AFTER Canalejas, the Spanish Republic!" declared a well-known Spanish official to the writer some months ago. "Canalejas, strong man of the Spanish government, alone stands between the country and a revolution that will sweep King Alfonso from his throne." Such has been the general opinion among high army officers in this country for the past two years.

And now Canalejas, who was said to carry the monarchy on his strong back, is dead—shot by a sympathizer of the republic, the coming of which he delayed. Now throughout Spain, on every side is being asked the question: Will a new strong man arise to stem the rapidly rising tide of republicanism with ruthless hand or will the army discontents seize this opportunity of sending harmless King Alfonso, bag and baggage, after his fellow-king, Manuel, to grace pink teas and church bazars in some out-of-the-way English village?

The people in the street almost immediately after the shooting of the Premier made their way in a dangerous state of excitement to the house of Pablo Iglesias, leader of the Spanish Socialists and most militant of the men of the Extreme Left of the Cortes. Had they been able to reach the Deputy a second tragedy would have been added to the assassination of Canalejas. But a large force of police were rushed to the scene, the leaders of the people arrested and the rest dispersed.

It is significant that Iglesias, who is probably the most outspoken of the men who are plotting against King Alfonso, should have declared recently in a speech in the Cortes that "direct action" was necessary and excusable in certain cases. It is freely said in official circles here that this speech of Iglesias directly led to the murder of the late Prime Minister.

For a Bloodless Revolt.

On the other hand, so far at least as most of his open declarations go, Iglesias is hoping for a bloodless revolution. He professes to believe that so swift and overwhelming will be the revolt of the discontented Spanish Army that, as in the case of Portugal, scarcely a shot will be fired.

"We who are working for a Spanish Republic are striving to show the world that we are the equal in civilization of the people of, say, the United States," said Senor Iglesias to the writer in speaking of the coming revolution. "Therefore, we shall try by every means in our power to make the change from monarchy to representative government an almost bloodless one. We believe there is a great change working among the public and when the time arrives we shall depend upon this public opinion to banish the monarchy under which the people groan and suffer.

"It is, of course, impossible to say when the revolution will come," the Socialist leader continued. "It may come in six months; it may come in a couple of years. It all depends upon the actions of King Alfonso and his advisers. For instance, there would be an immediate outbreak if any attempt were made to bring back to power Senor Maure, Senor Canalejas' predecessor in office, under whom poor Ferrer was sent to his death. Then the dangerous discontent in the army would come to a head if an attempt were made to resume the war in North Africa or enter upon any fresh campaign of conquest.

"We who are working for the republic are seriously handicapped by lack of agreement. If we could combine all the shades of political opinion to be found among the parties of the Extreme Left—whose interests are almost identical—we would be near to the day of victory. But, unfortunately, our ranks are torn by dissensions and differences and we are easy prey for the more united parties.

Loyalty of the Army.

"But King Alfonso and his advisers realize the growing strength of the republican sentiment and are making desperate efforts to keep the army loyal. The revolution in Portugal taught them that the army was the pivotal factor in the situation, and since ex-King Manuel left Lisbon in a hurry a steady stream of favors have been heaped upon the men in uniform. Every opportunity of military show is taken by the King and he is always making complimentary speeches to his officers and men.

"Alfonso is not loved by the mass of the Spanish people. Millions of them, of course, live in the greatest poverty; yet the King lives in great state, is constantly traveling about in foreign countries and most of the time he does spend in Spain is given over to shooting, motoring or boar sticking. The common people are indifferent to the Queen; they neither like her nor dislike her; but they do view with concern the birth of so many royal children, who immediately become heavy burdens upon the already sadly overburdened Spanish exchequer."

The rather foolhardy actions of King Alfonso in needlessly exposing himself in the streets of Madrid, as when he followed on foot the body of Canalejas to the grave, are part of his plan to impress the army and the people with his personal bravery. Two years ago, when the country was seething with discontent, both the King and Queen rode in open carriages through the streets of Madrid without military escorts.

But aside from these acts, Alfonso takes no chances of being deposed a sudden military or civil coup. The tary precautions taken against a ...olutionary outbreak are extraordinarily complete. In and about Madrid are stationed the pick of the Spanish army, tens of thousands of men upon whom the King and his advisers believe they can depend absolutely. More than 12,000 loyal troops are quartered in the various barracks about the city, while in towns within easy reach by rail and road to Madrid are 5,000 more. Safety is made doubly sure against surprise by the quartering of the "Escolta Real," or royal escort, in barracks almost at the door of the royal palace. And if all this is not enough, Alfonso can depend, in the last stand, upon the magnificent "Alabarderos," or household bodyguard, every member of which is more than six feet in height and who would die to the last man for their king.

It is impossible to get away from the fact that there is a dangerous spirit of discontent in the Spanish army. And it is a discontent that does not hesitate to "demonstrate." Several times when visiting outlying barracks in the hopes of stimulating the loyalty of his troops Alfonso has been greeted with ringing cries of "Long Live the Republic" and "Death to the King." And, following the "tragic week" in Barcelona, when reservists were being called to the colors and dispatched to Africa, so threatening became the attitude of the troops and the people that, much against his wishes, Alfonso was bundled into a private closed motor car, and did not alight until he was within safe distance of the French frontier.

H.M. KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN AND H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGENIE OF BATTENBERG

Program of Republicans.

The Republicans have established a strong hold upon the officers and men of the infantry and the artillery. Unfortunately for the movement, however, these same men, up to two years ago, had an equally strong dislike of the Socialist party. This was due to the strong antimilitary attitude of that political organization during the war in North Africa. Since that time, however, recognizing their mistake, the Socialists have lost no opportunity of conciliating the army, and today they are rapidly gaining strength.

Much of the army's lack of loyalty is due to the national system of recruiting. Under the military laws of Spain one man in every five is supposed to serve with the colors. There has grown up a system by which the rich man pays for a substitute and never sees the inside of the barracks; but the poor youth, whose services are much more important to his family, has no means of escaping service once he is chosen.

The late Premier, while fully realizing the rapid increase in republican sentiment in this country, never dared take any active measures to muzzle the leaders or interfere with their work. Instead, although a man who believed in the efficacy of the "big stick," he confined his efforts to keeping the army loyal. Not long before he was shot he remarked to one of the republican plotters:

"You republicans have a right to think and say what you wish, and I for one would never think of disturbing you in that right. But you must remember that there are laws in this country and you must keep within them. For instance, any man who tampers with the loyalty of the Spanish Army will pay the utmost penalty. I will answer to the King with my life for the loyalty of the Spanish troops."

So complete are the plans of the republicans that they have already drawn up a provisional government for use when they have seen the backs of Alfonso and his court. It is an almost open secret that the intention is to appoint Senor Perez Galdos, foremost Spanish author, president; Senor Soreano, leader of the Radical party, chancellor of the exchequer; Senor Azcarate, republican leader, minister of foreign affairs, with high posts to others prominent in the present movement.

A. E. BOND.

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QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN AND HER THREE CHILDREN..

BRIGHT LETTERS FROM THE AMERICAN'S YOUNG FOLKS

After Midnight.

BY CAT EYES.

Softly the window opened and the man stepped in. The girl in the bed facing the window saw a young fellow in silk pajamas, with wide-open, starey eyes. She wondered how any burglar would dare come into a room where there was a night light, especially in his night clothes. Vaguely she noticed that the man felt rather than saw his movements, and then that the eyes were a trifle too starey. Could he be blind? How ridiculous for a blind man to be climbing into a second-story window after midnight and in his pajamas.

She was startled from her reverie by a subdued exclamation from the man. Evidently he had stubbed his foot or something because he unconsciously lifted it from the floor as though it pained him. Suddenly his eyes lost their starey look and blinked a few times. Then his hand went up to his head and he half whispered:

"Where am I?"

Immediately he noticed the girl, who had raised herself to a sitting posture and was gazing at him in the utmost astonishment. His eyes met hers and he felt a thrill go over him.

The eyes that looked at him so steadily lost their surprised light and softened amazingly.

"Oh!" murmured the girl bewilderedly.

"Oh!" answered the man estatically.

For a while they looked at each other so, and all thoughts of their surroundings escaped them. Presently the man seemed to recollect himself and spoke softly.

"I—I beg your pardon, I'm sure. You see—well, that is—oh, you know I was sleep-walking. I—I reckon I'd better be going."

"Everyone's—sleeping," she answered, extremely embarrassed, "and I think—you'd better go out—the way you came."

"Why, yes; of course. I'm—I'm sorry to have disturbed you."

"Oh, that's all right," she replied, mechanically. Unconsciously her hand had reached out for her negligee and she had thrown it over her shoulder and slipped her arms into it, with her eyes still fixed on his.

"It's—it's rather unconventional, but I couldn't help it. This is the first time I've had one of these attacks, and I don't understand how I came here. You see," he continued, desiring greatly to explain himself, "my name's Claude Crosby and I live in 916 Springhill avenue."

"Why, this is 912, and my name's Lydia Sylvester."

"Well, I'll be—I'll be—jiggered! Why, you're the girl that I was to be introduced to at Aunt Amye's tomorrow night! I reckon I'd better be going, though. This is so—er—so odd, you know."

He moved toward the window and started to climb out. Suddenly he turned and fairly ran to the girl, clasped her in his arms and kissed her. Then, before she could quite gather her scattered senses he was out on the porch roof, down on the ground and half way to his home. When she did realize what had happened she laughed a delighted little laugh, jumped out of bed, crossed over to the mirror and kissed her reflection right where he had kissed her.

* * * * * * * *

Of course they met each other the next evening, and—well, I reckon a person with the slightest bit of imagination might be able to guess the rest. CAT EYES.

One credit.

Dear Fellow Credit Hunters:

As you will readily see, I am writing this epistle on the sly—or it might be more appropriate to say, on the fly. It is certainly rough on an insect to be forced into hiding his splendid literary abilities. I don't like to boast about it, but, honestly, friends, I am some writer. That fellow Chance likes to show off his bum humor by telling you all the cute little stunts that I don't do. Why doesn't he tell you some of the sensible things that I can do. For instance, I wrote a bird of a manuscript labeled Ode to Swatted Flies. It was a masterpiece. No one could read it without a bucket and sponge. I implored Chance, in the name of good literature, to reproduce one small verse in one of his graveyard spasms—and what did he do? I repeat it, countrymen, what did he do? He read it, scratched his head, and then innocently asked me if it was to be baked 20 minutes in a slow oven or taken cold. Sarcasm, mind you, of the cheap variety. To show him up in his true light, I will hereby present to the readers one verse of this unsurpassed gem:

Ah, cold dawns the morn on the old, red barn,
And cold falls the rays on the door;
And still is the chill in the old homestead—
In the rear on the kitchen floor.
Dead lay the flies in the dim old room,
Where cold falls the rays on the door;
One hundred are piled in a heap by the broom,
In the rear on the kitchen floor!

There are 40 more verses, and each one increases in pathos. (Don't let Chance know this. He thinks there are only 35.) If the readers desire more of the above, let me know. Address all communications to me at the bottom of your letters in a postcript. If Chance gets wise and finds out that I am showing him up, it will be the end of my career. Best regards to Jackanapes, Stinger, Dog and dear Phi Kappa Epsilon, all of whom remembered me in my misery and inspired me into writing this spasm, by freighting me postcards several months ago. Your little insect, BUZZER.

Three credits.

Christmas Bells.

Up town the bells are ringing
A joyful Christmas tide,
And children's voices singing,
As on their way they ride,
Joyous Christmas carols, from every side.

Lights are burning bright;
Little hearts are bright and gay,
They know not sorrow or strife
On this happy Christmas day,
As joy and revel hold their sway.

Down town the bells are ringing
A very sad Christmas tide,
No children's voices singing
As they sit motherless by the fireside,
Naught but tears and heart-broken little sighs.

By a casket candles are burning,
As they kneel to say a prayer,
And little hearts are yearning
For mamma, who lies there,
Alas, they miss her sweet motherly care.

One credit. MYSTERIOUS HE.

The Spirit of That Day.

It's not the giving nor the taking of
presents large and small
Which makes the Christmas heart palpitate, because it soon will fall.
Unless we can give with pure hearts and with the best of will
Give not at all, just refrain, much rather my poor heart be still.

RAGGED ROBIN.

Wilful Maid's Greeting.

Dear Friends:

Though I have neglected the Page during the past year, I can never let Christmas go by without one short note; wishing you all "A Merry Christmas" and "A Bright and Prosperous New Year."

Sincerely, A WILFUL MAID.

Four credits.

Presto, Change!

"Still at Billson's lodging house, are you not?"

"No; at the Cholmondeley apartments."

"When did you move?"

"Didn't move. They just changed the name and put up the rent."—Boston Transcript.

LITTLE MILDRED'S SANTA CLAUS

By MYSTERIOUS HE.

It was Christmas Eve in the year of 19—, the snow was coming down in large, feathery flakes and the late shoppers were hurrying merrily to and from the large stores, bundle-laden and faces wreathed in mysterious smiles. But none of that hurrying throng had time to notice the thinly clad little sad-eyed girl who, with a bundle of papers under her arms, was gazing wistfully into a big window full of toys and pretty clothes. Neither did they hear her say in wistful tons, "Oh, I wish I had some money to buy Mama that pretty dress and nice warm coat."

"Paper sir, Evening Star?" the little girl cried as a ragged, unkempt-looking man stopped beside her to gaze into the window.

"No, my child, not this evening," answered the man, but continued to gaze, also wistfully, into the window.

As he stood there shivering with the cold one had a chance to observe him at close range. The clothes he wore appeared to have been custom made at one time, but although apparently clean, were now but little better than rags, and were a very poor shield against the biting winds and snow. His shoes were nearly worn from his feet. His face, although covered with several weeks' growth of unkempt beard, appeared to be that of a pleasant-faced gentleman, but his eyes had in them a sort of puzzled expression, the expression of one who has lost something and is vainly striving to regain it. A soft black hat, which was perched on the side of his head, disclosed the fact that his black curly hair was plentifully sprinkled with gray. This completed the description of Jack Ralston.

As Jack stands gazing into the window he listens to the wistful voice of the child, vainly wishing she had some money to buy her mama those clothes. A sad smile crosses his face and a tear rolls down his unkempt beard as he gazes sadly at a solitary half-dollar in his hand.

Suddenly there is a cry of "Stop thief! Stop thief!" a quick rush of feet, the cry of a child, and as Jack turned he saw the little girl who a moment before had been standing beside him lying on the icy pavement with her papers scattered everywhere. Jack stoops and quickly snatches the child up in his arms, as a pursuing policeman, followed by an excited crowd, rushes by. The child's head was bleeding and she seemed to be unconscious. Jack wipes the blood from her face, then, with a handful of snow, he revives her.

"Where do you live, little one, and what is your name?" asked Jack, when the child was able to talk.

"My name is Mildred Marston and I live on Pearl street, sir, answered the little girl, with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"There, there, little one. Dry your tears now and I'll take you home," said Jack comfortingly.

Carrying the child in his arms, Jack entered the dark hallway of a dingy-looking house on Pearl street. Still carrying the child he climbed a dark and creaking flight of stairs. On arrival at the second floor he was startled by the sound of a harsh, bullying voice berating some poor woman because she did not have any money for her rent. "You had better have your rent the day after Christmas, or out you go in the cold!" roared the bully. And the weak voice of a woman answered: "Please don't put me out. My little girl would freeze to death." "Well, let the brat freeze to——" That was as far as he got, for Jack had approached the door unheard. Quickly throwing it open he grasped the bully by the collar and gave him a good start down the steps, then he entered the room behind the child.

The scene that met Jack's gaze made his heart ache. A dingy-looking room with two chairs, a rickety table, in the corner a small stove that had seen better days but was now held together in places by pieces of wire, a mattress in another corner on the floor and scantily covered with a torn pair of old blankets, a small dresser and an old trunk completed the furnishings of the little room. On a chair near the table was seated a frail, weary-eyed looking little woman, and to her Mildred was clinging and telling her story of being knocked down.

"Yes, mama, and this gentleman carried me all the way home," Mildred concluded, pointing to Jack.

The little woman arose and, grasping Jack's hand and with tears in her eyes, she said:

"Oh, sir, how will I ever repay you for what you have done; how can I ever thank you enough! Sir, who am I indebted to for such kindness?"

"My name is Jack Ralston, Mrs. Marston, but I don't want any thanks. I can only thank God I was there to protect Mildred," Jack answered in an embarrassed voice. "And it's a shame such brutes as that landlord were ever put on earth to harrass poor struggling women and children," he finished with rising indignation.

"Yes, it is a shame, and the more I struggle and work the less I seem to have," answered the woman sadly.

"You seem to have had a rather hard time of it," said Jack.

"I have, indeed. Five years ago tonight my husband and a stranger left our home to do some shopping downtown. At that time we were living in Philadelphia. My husband had a large sum of money in his pocket, and I think he must have taken two bankbooks also, as I have never seen the books since, neither have I seen my husband nor the stranger; they seem to have been swallowed up by the earth. Since then I have struggled along and trusted in God to send him back to me, and now after five years' struggle we have no bread to eat, yet will hope on and trust in God," said the widow as she put her arms protectingly about Mildred's shoulders.

"Brave little woman, I hope the good God will send your husband back to you to make you and the child happy tomorrow," said Jack fervently as he pressed the half dollar into her hand. "And here is a little Christmas gift. Trust in God and a merry Christmas to you," he concluded as he passed through and closed the door.

Jack felt his way toward the dark stairway and had descended about half way when suddenly his feet flew from under him and he landed in an unconscious heap at the bottom.

The door of the widow's room opened and she came out in the hall and stood at the head of the stairs and listened, then called to Mildred to bring the light. The light disclosed Jack in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, and between herself and Mildred they managed to get him back into the room. The little woman then worked over him until he opened his eyes, but that puzzled look was no longer in them.

Jack lay there and closed his eyes again, listening to the voices of the widow and her child. He seemed to recall something of what had happened to him, for frequently he murmured softly: "Back home to Nellie." Then he seemed to remember everything and opening his eyes he called softly:

"Nellie, my dear wife, come here."

"Did you call, sir?" asked the widow, somewhat surprised.

"Nellie, Nellie, don't you know me?" asked Jack in a pleading voice as he held out his arms to her.

"Robert, Robert, my dear husband," sobbed the widow, as she was folded in her husband's arms. "What does this mean, Robert? Where have you been all these years?" she asked all in one breath.

"One question at a time, Nellie, please," said Jack, or Robert as we must call him now, as he sat down and placed Mildred on his lap.

"Do you remember the night I left our home with a stranger?"

"Yes."

"Well, we went down town and as we passed a vacant lot I suddenly received a blow on the back of the head and I knew no more until I just opened my eyes, and the only thing I can recall is what happened tonight to this little girl. How long have I been that way?"

"Five long weary years," she answered. "It is curious, Nellie, that I can recall only the incidents of tonight out of five years of my life," said he wistfully.

"Well, Robert, dear, I am thankful you can recall that much, for you know then what a struggle we have had and all I have is the silver half dollar you gave me," said the little woman with a wistful look at little Mildred.

"Nellie, do you remember the little black brass-bound box I used to have. What became of it?"

"I still have it, although I have been tempted many times to sell it when I was hungry," said Nellie, as she went to the trunk and took out a curious looking little black box, bound lengthwise and crosswise with narrow brass bands, and placed it beside Robert on the table.

"Thank heaven you didn't sell it," he replied. Opening the box, which appeared to be empty, he touched a brass nail, and the bottom flew up, disclosing a false bottom or secret compartment, which was filled with papers. Taking out the papers, he then plunged his hand in again, and this time it came out with two bank books and a bundle of brand-new ten dollar bills. "There are more in there yet, Nellie, my dear, but these will be enough for tonight."

"Oh Robert, dear, how often have I gone hungry with all that money in there, if I had only known," gasped Nellie, as her eyes opened in amazement.

"I am sorry, dear, you did not know it. Here take this $10 and get something to eat. I am hungry,too."

Nellie soon came back with her arms filled with good things to eat, and in a short while they were eating a supper fit for a king. After supper Mildred was put to bed, and Nellie and Robert went shopping, and came back happy and their arms filled with bundles.

Christmas morn Mildred was surprised and delighted to see that Santa Claus had been there while she slept and brought mama those pretty clothes she saw in the window, two big beautiful dolls and some nice new clothes for herself, lots of candies and nuts and fruit. Mildred kissed her mama and papa, then said:

"Daddy, ain't it strange Santa Claus brought mama and I just the things I was wishing for last night?"

"Come sit on daddy's knee and he will tell you a little story."

With Mildred on one knee and Nellie on the other, Robert said he would answer her question first, and then tell her the story of a little child who was born in a manger many, many years ago.

"Yes, Mildred, my dear, it is strange, as all the ways of God seem strange when we do not understand them. But let us three fervently thank God that he sent Santa Claus there to hear your wish," said Robert.

"Amen!" said Nellie, softly and happily, as she nestled her head on Robert's shoulder. MYSTERIOUS H.

One credit.

[The End.]

TO FAF

The time is drawing nigh, my Pageland pal,
The time when you and I, my Pageland pal,
Perform one last sad rite—
That my whole soul seems to blight—
'Tis the saying of good-by, my Pageland pal.

The words I know are few, my Pageland pal,
In which to say to you, my Pageland pal,
Just how it breaks my heart
That from us you must part.
With regret we say, "adieu, my Pageland pal."

You've been one of our throng, my Pageland pal,
Our feelings are quite strong, my Pageland pal,
So we each extend a hand,
And in manner American
Call out a brave "so long, my Pageland pal."

My English being narrow, my Pageland pal,
My pen I've had to harrow, my Pageland pal,
For a word to convey
Just what I want to say—
Let me whisper, "Sayronara," my Pageland pal.

Were I German born, why then, my Pageland pal,
The good-by which would wend, my Pageland pal,
Its way across the sea
To you, my chum, from me
Is that sweet "Auf Wiedersehen," my Pageland pal.

Or if of France I were, my Pageland pal,
With a little lisp and slur, my Pageland pal,
From my finger tips a kiss—
Like a truly Frenchy miss—
Smile an "au revoir, monsieur," my Pageland pal.

To say the least or most, my Pageland pal,
Of Spanish I can't boast, my Pageland pal,
But like a nina of that land,
It seems certain that I can
Breathe low an "adios," my Pageland pal.

Like the tolling of a bell, my Pageland pal,
For one we loved so well, my Pageland pal,
Sounds that word from every tongue,
As from our hearts it's wrung,
"Fare thee well, fare thee well," my Pageland pal.

My little rhyme is don, my Pageland pal.
Of faults there's many a one, my Pageland pal.
Now I say, "God bless you, boy."
Wishing you success and joy,
I'm Phi Kappa Epsilon, your Pageland pal.

Two credits.

Incongruous.

Farmer Jones and another Brown, being neighbors at home, explored New York together. They had wearied of sign reading, yet finally encountered one placard that spurred their blase attention.

"See here, Bill!" said Jones. "Thar's something wuth lookin' at!" He pointed and read: The Merriest Cabbyrat in Town. Visit Our Beefsteak Garret.

"Wall," remarked Brown, "that may be all right, 's fur as th' cabbyrat goes, but I'm dum'd 'f I'd ever eat beefsteak in a garret."

"Same here," responded Jones. "Th' kitchen's good enough fer me."—Judge.

The Very Idea!

"My typewriter needs some new ribbons."

"Very well, sir. Blonde or brunette?"—Princeton Tiger.

Two credits.

Let's Pull Together.

Dear Fellow-Pageites:

With the season of "Peace on earth, good will toward all men," at hand, I suppose it will seem most inappropriate to make a kick. But when one writes no more often than your Phi does, and as the space in which to say anything is limited, then she must say her say regardless of whether it is suited to the day or not. I want to put in a word for a full Page once a week of Young Folks' chatter. Most of us play small parts, I know, in the scheme of life, but that is insufficient reason that we be ignored wholly and entirely. It appears to me that we aren't getting our share of the Sunday American. I wrote the Editor about this and she said the fault lay with the Pageites—Phi included—that the Y. F. P. isn't published with any regularity. So come together, friends of old, write promptly and often, and save our Page from total extinction. I am almost certain that my life as an active Member will continue no more than a year longer, if that long, so I beg of Pagedom to rise from its lethargy. I have an idea that this neglect is due to the attempt to make quality instead of a quantity of contributors the Page's goal. This policy frightened the tots away. Many a one said, I am certain: "Those big boys and girls write such nice letters and stories that when the others who don't write any better than I do, quit, I'll have to stop writing, too, or my mistakes will be so noticeable." Isn't that about the case in a nutshell? I realize I have behaved unspeakably. My long, long delay in thanking those Pageites who sent me cards last summer isn't the result of unappreciated feelings. I did, and, do, value your thought of me, but off-Page happenings have kept me from telling each of you how I enjoyed the friendliness of your remembrances. Eight or nine months have sped swiftly by since I wrote a real newsy letter, but I hope to do better in the future. But to have any Y. F. P. at all it is necessary that we all do better, so I make my plea, and if this one doesn't accomplish all I want it to it will be followed by others. My request is for every boy and girl who once felt enthusiasm for the Y. F. P. to put their pens on paper and rebuild this Page of ours. Accept my wishes for a Merry, Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous 1913, both as one-time writers to the Young Folks' Page and as dwellers on this great, glorious, sunshiny world. Yours through Pageland and for Pageland. PHI KAPPA EPSILON.

Two credits.

To Help Crowd Page.

Dear Friends:

I suppose you all unite in the vote that Philip is a quitter. I guess that is what I am. While the Page was gasping for breath, swamped beneath a pile of cheap literature, above Philip kept severely away. He made several attempts at writing, it is true, but got no further than the weather and number of contributions on the Page of the week before, but no that the crisis is over and Pageland l a new lease on life back comes Phil do his share in crowding the Page.

The credit stunt is a good idea, bu I have not aspirations for the presid (doesn't that sound elegant) do not t that's my reason for waking up. Ther more than one cause of this comeb Christmas is drawing near (it will be p when this appears, but what's the diff ence) and so I have to be occupied wi some strenuous task to keep myself fro ransacking the upstairs cupboard, where mysterious packages of every size and shape imaginable have been installed one by one for the past few days. Oh, yes! Writing to the Page is a strenuous task nowadays. With feverish haste the Page enthusiast grabs The Sunday American, and ripping off the outside sheets containing the trifling news of a threatened universal war and an explosion of nitro glycerine where 66 men were killed (not to mention a few railroad wrecks, ship wrecks, revolutions, cyclones, massacres, etc.) pulls out the coveted Y. F. P., and gets from between clenched teeth: Odds bodakins! I am undid! Ann, the Alley Girl is three and a quarter credits to the good, and only three more issues before election day. Cusses! In a very short time the fight for credits will be so gruesome that the Roman gladiators in the Coliseum will look like a batch of amateur vaudevillians compared with it. No more Nancys or Treasure Hunters, but instead we will read such as this: Chronilogical Haptitisis of the Argumentative Powers of Bewebubelbub, and also, Chinese Idea of the Origin of Sabromatitional Conserberation. (Cannot be found in Webster's—obsolete.) If you try to translate these titles from English to United States this is where you are likely to bring up. "The horse had a flea in his ear and the chicken crossed the street." Of course, the writer uses the scientifical names to get credits and credit. If you knew what they meant he would get neither. Nobody knows what they mean. The writer takes care that you do not find out.

I would like to say much more, but perhaps, you, my dear reader, have had enough. But the Editor means business, and 500 words is the limit, so I will discontinue and continue later. Best wishes to all and a very Happy New Year.

Sincerely, PHILIP.

Two credits.

Joins as New Member.

I am going to ask you to admit me to the Page as a new Member. I wrote to the Page before, but after neglecting my duty for several weeks I was ashamed to write any more, so now I am coming back (if you will accept me) as a new Member. I will try to be a loyal Page Member this time, and to write interesting letters. I enjoyed Frank Lynn's letter (December 15) and also other letters and the stories. I am in hopes of some day writing a letter which will win at least one credit—of course, I would love to have three. Does the Editor think I will ever get them? Well, I will close for this time, hoping to be accepted and wishing all a M Christmas and a Happy New Year. Y truly, QUEEN KAPIOLAN

P. S.—I am also taking a new pen nam because I wish to start all over. My oth pen name was Jr. C. E. girl. Per some of you remember me, but I dou Good-by. QUEEN KAPIOLAN

1 Credit.

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