The Sketch, The Painting, The Ringing

They sketch Father Time, with a sickle in hand,
From the scene of the Old Year retreating;
They paint the New Monarch in infancy's grand,
With clepsydra his makeup completing.
Anon with the sketching and painting, this cry:
"Let us ring out the Old..... in the New!"
'Mid the paint and the echo the questions that I
Have extracted I pass on to you.

I. THE SICKLE.

Has the keen of its edge found a blunt in the hedge
That, to add to your progress, was hewn?
Or, with edge never dulled, and a year's life unculled,
Has the sickle left self but weed strewn?
Has your life some waste room wherein flowers might bloom
Had been one sickle's stroke a year's tithe?
And do tears moist an eye while you hear a good-by
As old Father Time leaves with his scythe?

II. THE CLEPSYDRA.

The flow of each grain than the hour glass' vein,
Does it ask (from the New Year Babe's hand):
"Are these grains time of day fitting fastly away,
'Til a year's but a glass filled with sand?"
Or is each grain a thought that in some life has wrought
That which makes for the life lived worth while?
Could I clepsydra be? Could such grains flow from me?
Can I greet Babe and hour-glass with smile?

III. THE RINGING OUT.

The bells, does their roll echo chime, echo toll?
The Old Year, a shaft or a grave?
Does it rear bastion-high deeds recorded gone by?
Does it bury the chances it gave?
The tone of the ring, does it soothe? does it sting?
Do you temper its clang with a shout
That would make you seem glad, when within you are sad,
While the Old Year is ringing out?

IV. THE RINGING IN.

Do you note 'mid the din of the year's ringing in,
That a harmony's left in your soul?
That the toll's now a chime playing sweetly the time
To a hymn that makes new things of old?
That the Old Year's adieu, and your greeting the New,
With the sickle, the hour-glass, the din,
Knew the touch of a tear that gave place to good cheer
When the New Year was ringing in?

Yes, they sketch Father Time with his sickle in hand;
And his leavetaking's sad; yet when meeting
The real of the sketch of the dear little wretch
Who supplants him, "good-by's" lost in greeting.
The questions revealed, which I trust have appealed
To the quick that results in fruit bringing;
Will help things appear that are hid, year by year,
In the sketching, and painting, and ringing.

HULLY GEE.

Has Been Sick.

Dearest Friends:

What a long time it seems since I have written to you all, but I have been quite sick for the past two weeks, and today (oh, blessed day!) is the first day I have been up. But don't think I never thought about you. I simply pored over all of the Pages, yesterday's especially (22).

Maxine, you are a peach. I would that there were many like you in the Page. Believe me, you're the goods (not meaning to use slang, but must because it expresses it so well). Just keep it up. Will you be one of my Page chums? Perhaps a distance is between us, but here's my hand for a hearty shake.

Where is Torchy? Don't think that because a good beginning means a bad end that a bad beginning makes a good end. I thought so once myself. Come Torchy, don't neglect us like this. We need your light (not meaning a pun). And Chauffeur, where are you? Please write to us soon.

Pleased to meet you, Woodell. I am going to M. I. myself, but I don't suppose we will meet, as you are a 1912-er, you said. Give my regards to the dear old building the next time you see it. I have a very dear friend who goes there. I wonder if—well, I was just going to say, I wonder if you know him.

Denmore, you surely are a credit to the Page. Your letters are always newsy, and The Treasure Hunters grows nicer (if possible) each time. Indeed, they taught me a very big lesson—loyalty. I can't say I write superfluously, but I do try.

June Bug, I hope another nice dandy letter of yours will reach us soon again, like the last one. You and that dear little Rosy Cheeks are, indeed, well matched. (I think that is a compliment to both.)

Mary Ware's bright, joyful and frank Christmas wish positively thrilled me. She is quite the "sun" of the Page. Christmas Scenes was awfully sweet. Author, my friend, continue the good work.

Please send us a letter soon, Ye Girl of the Blue Ridge Mountains. I am waiting for my answer (1) as to my forgiveness for the negligence of not answering your request to be my Page friend (Is it too late now, dear?), and (2) for calling you unloyal. It was only from my lips, not heart-meant. Good-by. Your loving yet SAUCY SISTER.

Likes Credit System.

Dear Friends and Readers:

This will be a short note in which I will fearlessly indulge in the much-reformed Page talk, which is a heroic feat, considering the credits at stake. While speaking of credits, I want to congratulate Gilbert and the Editor upon the success of the new system. It has undoubtedly increased the number of active writers and raised the quality of the contributions. When a Pageite becomes interested and imbued with the spirit of the contest, he will eliminate a great deal of the foolishness from his letters. Incidentally, he eliminates Page talk.

Now, I like to chat with the members, and therefore I recklessly plunge in and accept the consequences.

Maxine, alias somebody else, has donated two letters so far, and the aforesaid Maxine has a bright future before her if later contributions keep pace with those of the present. Your Christmas message was very pretty, my friend. Old Jackanapes gave Buzzer and I palpitation of the larynx by writing a holiday story—and a good one too. Nice work, old man; you are now in Buzzer's class.

Did you pipe his letter? Not half bad, was it?

And Denmore has taken the trail once more. By the way, Denny, you never accepted my challenge. Overlook it?

Phi Kappa Epsilon's message to Faf in last Sunday's issue was lovely, and we might all unite and place our names at the end of her verses.

'Tis needless to say, Faf, that I greatly appreciated your Christmas remembrance. If you have decided to discontinue your Page career forever, there is going to be one awful, big hole left in the family circle; a hole so large that six Chances, or Denmores, or Frank Lynns, or Phi Kappas, or even six Buzzers could never plug it up again. And that is plain talk from one who thinks a great deal of you.

Must now give the family cat its bath and then pound the bay.

Greeting to Woodell and Mysterious He, and better luck to Queen Kapiolani. (Why not Queen Kap. Saves ink.) My thanks to Ragged Robin and An Echo, of North Point. Yours sleepily,

Two credits. CHANCE.

Excitement Over Credits.

Dear Friends:

The King is dead! Long live the King! That is to say, I was the recipient of two credits on the Page of January 5. A good start for 1913, even though it might have been a little better. Chance is getting quite excited over the "credit contest," and even has a regular table with the number of credits for each Member. This list places Chance at the top, of course. But, not wishing to fill my letter with credit talk, I will change the subject.

The weather in Philadelphia is fine; in fact, it is grand! The snow before Christmas was a foot deep and the coasting was—was—er—well, anyhow, the coasting was good. Two nights after the snow the hill was like glass, due to the efforts of the Dirty Dozen, always willing to make good coasting, so as to get off with as many sleds as possible. As I have mentioned, the coasting commenced on the second night. Germantown is surely some place when it comes to hills. There are so many hills here that you think you are on a scenic railway. By sitting at a second-story window you can watch men repair the roof next door. Everybody in Germantown is crooked. Now, my dear reader, do not misunderstand me at this point. Do not misinterpret. I can vouch for the complete honesty of the inhabitants. If any one succeeds in finding a policeman in Germantown, asleep or awake, I will immediately forward a four-cent nickel by parcel post. Isn't that good proof?

Everybody in Germantown is more or less crooked. Some persons are affected by the down grades, others by the ups. Therefore, one is not surprised to see an old gentleman hopping down the street, giving one the impression that he is looking for money. Perhaps so—who knows? He stops every now and then to readjust his wig, settle his spectacles more firmly on his nose and take a long breath. Neither must you be surprised to see another gentleman, who has the appearance of one who is taking a course in physical culture; he has his body thrown back and his hat over his nose, so that it will ride on a level on the down grades. He braces himself at every step and swings his arms like a mechanical toy. You will always find that the shoes of this specimen are well down in the heels. From these different modes of locomotion employed by the people of our community I have derived a very original dance which I hope soon to place on the market. It is called the Germantown jump. It will be a rival of the turkey trot. When I left off the subject was coasting. Well, those boys worked like beavers on that hill, and when they were through, even automobilists gave it a glance, shrugged their shoulders and steered down to the next street, and after all the work, along came the rain next day and that finished the snow. And now the Dirty Dozen arise at sunrise, anxiously survey the sky, scan the morning papers and remark: "Gee, the sled business is on the bum dis year."

PHILIP.

Two credits.

Cheering Song.

Dear Friends and Readers:

Then let us smile when skies are gray,
And laugh at stormy weather,
And sing life's lonesome times away,
So worry and the dreariest day
Will find an end together.

Thus sang buzzer from the depths of the coal scuttle.

His poetical outburst was probably brought on by the moist and dreary aspect of the exterior scenery.

Anyway, it is a good song and conveys a good message. 'Tis easy to smile when skies are bright and sunshine floods the fields with light.

'Tis easy to laugh and work and wish the world well when the warm summer breezes blow softly against your cheeks and the new-mown hay scatters sweet perfumes over the meadows. (And mother has pie and ice-cream in the back shed.)

But hard it is to smile when the ground is hard and desolate; when streams are chilled and dreary; when trees are bare and lifeless; when skies are a sullen gray and sprinkling a light, damp rain.

And when you spread sunshine on the dreary day then the world is fortunate in possessing you.

Anyway, I have a fierce toothache and Buzzer still sings from the depths of the coal scuttle. Painfully, CHANCE.

Three credits.

[There are five credits to be given.—Editor.]

Stopping to Consider.

"Gather the roses while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And the same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying."

Dear friends, no doubt many of you have heard these words before, but have you ever stopped to take them into consideration? Have you ever thought about them, or pried into their depths, hoping to discover their meaning? No. I hardly dared to think otherwise, but they are lovely little words, and oh, they mean so much. "Gather the roses while ye may." I wonder how many of us gather in our roses while they are blooming and their cool, velvety petals are still wet with the dew. While they are fragrant, so we can bury our faces in the midst of them and inhale their sweetness. I suppose we all imagine that we gather in our roses, but how is it then that some of them are left behind to wither and die? Aye, so many of them. More than those that are gathered in. Can you guess? It is because we are in such haste to pluck them that the garden is left half filled. We do not see them though; we are blind to the tiny green arms stretched out to us. We are very poor gardeners, after all. Upon returning we scarcely ever find our arms full, and then when we see how in vain our efforts have been our hands drop to our sides dejectedly, spilling the few flowers we did manage to get, leaving them to die, too. Do you know each one of us Members has a garden that must be taken care of? In the early spring the girls in dainty pink bonnets and white aprons, and the boys in their new overalls, went joyously forth to hoe the ground and to plant their precious seeds. How diligent they were! How they worked and cared for the tender shoots that soon appeared. They were, indeed, happy. Fate, however, is a wicked person and one day she swept over the gardens fair and cruelly flung her poisonous spears among the merry little band, scattering them everywhere, while she floated away triumphantly. The girls and boys became lost and separated. They wandered to and fro for many a day, tired and hungry, yet they still pushed bravely onward. For were not the gardens calling to them? At last a few succeeded in finding their way back and at the sound of their footsteps the withering roses lifted up their heads and opened their parched mouths for water pleadingly. Now they are budding happily again, but—the other gardens? Where are their owners? Why have they not returned? Are their thoughts so much occupied with other pleasures? Oh, you would be loyal Members; are you going to stand by and watch your pretty flowers die? Are the scented gardens failing to charm you? How can you turn away from them? They need you. Come before it is too late. Slowly they are drooping and very soon you will be murmuring to yourself:

"This is where the roses grew,
Till the ground was all perfume,
And whenever zephyrs blew
Carpeted with crimson bloom,
Now the chill and scentless air
Sweeps the flower plots brown and bare!"

DOTTIE DIMPLE.

Two credits.

About Time.

Christmas has come and gone and now the first day of the new year is nearly spent. Yet it seems to me that Christmas was only yesterday. How time flies! 1912 seemed to be the shortest year I have ever experienced. Wonder if the years become shorter as we grow older. Real silly theory, isn't it? Suppose I feel this way because I have been so busy, for I know many people who are always complaining about the days being too long. But why does time pass so quickly for some people and drag for others, when it is really of the same length for all? Time is something that is unquestionably the same for rich and poor alike, yet some people's time is much more valuable than others. However, no one can buy it or have a monopoly of it.

Did you ever stop to consider what a wonderful thing time is? An article may be worth hundreds of dollars today and practically nothing tomorrow. Think of the number of lives that could be saved if time would stand perfectly still a moment and allow us to reach the switch and throw the train of events from the dangerous track before disasters occur.

Opportunities are always before us, but they pass us by very quickly if we are not alert. We should grasp them while they are here and while we are young for at this time of life they are more numerous than in later years. There will be no consolation in lamenting over what we would have done if we could live our lives over again. Today will never return and the mistakes you make will never be altered in the book of Father Time. You will make a very grave mistake if you do not write regularly to our Page and do not fail to remember that the opportunity of becoming president is open to all our members. Page politics is a thing of the past. You can win an honor by writing your best as often as possible. The chance is open to new and old members alike. Winning this honor will call for a little work, so get busy and make a resolution to write regularly. After you make this resolution keep it.

You will never regret the time you spend in writing to the Page. It can be of nothing but benefit to you. Who will be our next president? Time will tell. GILBERT.

Three credits.

Styles Have Changed.

Brethren:

About a year ago it was the proper thing to enclose in each letter a rhapsody apropos of the great improvement of each issue over its predecessor. But styles have changed. Now it seems to be the fashion to write an earnest plea for everyone to do their best so the Page may regain its lost prestige. Lost prestige? Huh! The Page is as good today as it ever was in spite of all the older Members say to the contrary.

'Tis true that many of the Members could well devote a little time to the Page instead of neglecting it altogether; but then consider the work of the Members who are active. Everyone is filled with a whole-hearted desire to improve the Page that amounts to a passion. They are toiling mightily to raise the sheet from the ashes of ignominity. What if it never was in ashes? Consider their spirit, brethren, not their sanity. They are striving with an enthusiasm seldom displayed in this blase world to elevate this Page to such a pinnacle that the works of one Will Shakespeare, late of England, will seem as the veriest drivel by comparison.

I would fain follow the prevailing custom and grasping my pen summons all Members, young and old, far and nigh, efficient and inefficient, to pour into this Page a very monsoon of prose, ballads, fiction, verse, satire, pathos, humor, letters, etc., etc. But, alas, I must remember that I am an iconoclast, a contrary fellow, indeed, and curb my philanthropic impulse. Oh, Kismet! Oh, Kismet! Why was it such. CCLINQE.

On Board a Pen-Mar Train.

The other morn when I left home I knew
not what to do;
So I boarded a trolley car (for Hillen I
was due);
I got off at that station, bought a ticket
for Pen-Mar,
And while the train was waiting I enjoyed a good cigar.

Nine-ten came rather quickly; sh! sh! then the train was gone,
And scarcely were we on our way when who should come along?
A gentleman, and that he was, with drinking cups to sell;
I informed him that I had one, he said: "O! very well."

We had not traveled very far, when, right in front of me
Two little Jewish children, known as Jakey und Chess-ee,
Wanted just a drink of water, alas! no cup they had,
But here happens this gentleman and makes their hearts feel glad.

Not only cups did he have, but magazines, quite a few:
There was the Popular, Munsey and the All Story, too;
Some folks looked at them, others laughed while some grunted a thought,
And, honestly, it was a shame that such a few were bought.

Seeing that the folks were not of the literary kind,
He dashed off rather quickly, a thought must have struck his mind,
For, in a moment he was back, with kisses and chocolate,
And, don't you know, at most every seat he had a date.

Talk about enjoyment! You should have seen him at his next;
"Oranges and Bananas!" and the people stretched their necks:
Although I could not help it, I tried to repress a smile,
But those people certainly kept me laughing for a while.

This fellow had other things for sale on his many rounds
From the time we left Baltimore until we reached the grounds,
And although some people's purchase amounted to but small,
This jolly good fellow had a kind word and smile for all.

Next year I hope to make again that dear trip to Pen-mar,
And happy will I be if that salesman is on my car:
But if Dame Fortune should have it, and he will not be there,
I will, at least, ne'er forget his smiles, his grateful care.

A RAGGED ROBIN.

Two credits.

Rubaiyat.

Awake! my friends, O hear you not the call
Which comes today in tones that rise and fall
In dirge-like music, telling tales of those
Unfaithful ones whose broken vows appall.

And overwhelm the heart with awful fears
Unknown before; unfelt through all the years
In which the Page has had so large a share
In educating young folk for careers.

Of service selfless, consecrated, free
From low ambitions, holding fast the key
To treasures locked in every human breast
Until on exhibition openly.

Exposed to light of day by Love's own hand?
Awake! Unclasp that noxious band
Of laziness, indifference and base
Ingratitude which chokes you. Take command.

Of Self, and as the new year's duties lie
Before you, seize the moments as they fly
On eagles' wings; make every minute glad
With work well done, with aspirations high.

And holy vitalized in daily life:
Although the world with strong temptations rife
Allures to highway dangerous and broad,
Destruction's road so fraught with care and strife.

For all who enter through the portals wide,
Heed not its voice; forevermore abide
Where purity and innocency twine
Their tendrils in and out on either side.

Of Life's true pathway. Yet I pray, Oh Friends,
Forget not while each one of you attends
To obligations faithfully, made glad
In knowing that on you so much depends.

Forget not that you owe the Young Folks Page
A portion of your talent, and so gage
The time your Father lends you as to pay
The debt you owe. Advice is cheap, but sage

And serious is this you must allow;
And yet 'tis fraught with gladness, which I vow
Inherent is in this and this alone.
Awake! Oh Friends, give heed! Awaken now!

—IMPUDENCE.

John Paul Jones.

Tell us a story, grandpa, dear—
A story of long ago:
Of Washington or Lafayette,
Of Jones or Rochambeau.

All right; just sit upon my knees
And listen close, and then
I'll tell you of the young Paul Jones,
The noblest of all brave men.

In the dark days of seventy-nine,
When near all hope was lost,
He sailed in the Bon Homme Richard
Along the English coast.

His prizes were rich and many;
The good ship was ever feared
By foes of brave George Washington,
So honored and revered.

For weeks he sailed the English seas,
Threatening coastwise ports,
Till he, one autumn afternoon,
Spied two English consorts.

Paul Jones engaged the Serapis,
While Captain Landais fled,
Leaving the valiant sailor there
Among the dying and dead.

The two ships clutched like living things,
While the moon shed silver light;
For hours cutlass, pike and gun
Kept up the ghastly fight.

Then Pearson, with his own right hand,
Tore down the British Lion,
And both ships sank into the deep
To stay there for all time

All honor to this brave young man;
Proclaim in loudest tones!
No eulogy to great for him—
The valiant John Paul Jones!

One credit. PHILIP.

A Message to All.

My Friends:

I feel that to devote a portion of the last night of the dying year to this communion with those whom, not having seen, I have yet long known and loved is to use it exceedingly well. I rejoice with you as I note the ready response that has lately been given to the call of the Page's need. It is good to be able once more to open The Sunday American with no fear of looking for the Young Folks' Page all in vain. It is a delightful thing to behold now and then a Page into which no extraneous matter has crept. And yet, friends, there is something missing, something which positively must appear, and that right speedily, or the Young Folks' Page as an institution is doomed indeed. My Friend Gilbert, in his letter of the 29th, wrote a few words containing an implication of the trouble; but it seems to me that before it can be overcome it must be set forth plainly, together with the cause and the remedy. This, at the present time, if our Editor will kindly suspend on my behalf the 500-word limit, I will endeavor to do. The very backbone of the Page has always been its loyal children. There has even been a number of young folks in their late teens or early twenties, who have done the most brilliant work, who have constituted the so-called "stars," but these all, with the exception now and then, like our most loyal Gilbert, have been falling stars. Like rockets they shot up into the Page firmament amid a blaze of glory, and like rockets, when all their power is spent, they fell to the earth and disappeared. The work of the children, those in their early teens and under, has not been so brilliant; it has abounded with crudities; it has consisted largely of expressions which some of the "stars" have tried to hold up to ridicule, but it has been nevertheless the very warp and woof of the Page.

The Y. F. P. has come very near to the pit of destruction in these last days, because it has ceased to be a children's page. Today, friends, we are reaping the legitimate harvest of that seed planted amid so much acclaim some months ago. The Y. F. P. must have the best to be had. We must have a Page of quality, rather than quantity. The policy of extending a hearty welcome to all, in vogue for so many years, has become a back number; it is not up to date; it must be succeeded by a "closed door policy." Such, friends, if you will be so kind as to recall to your consciousness the past, you must admit to be the gist of the seed which was scattered broadcast by a few "stars" week after week. One or two there were who saw the danger, though we were unable to be as active as we would have liked we stole the time to put in a few words of warning now and then. The good seed which a few of us tried to sow fell by the wayside; the good ground had all been given over to the tares. It gives me no pleasure, friends, to be able to say "I told you so." I am rejoicing because I believe that even now it is not too late to root out the tares and sow the good seed. I beseech you to make welcome the children. Make them feel that the Page is theirs; that their little contributions are appreciated. Perhaps they no longer read the Page. It is not strange if they do not. If so the task is a long one and difficult, but it is not impossible. It may even be necessary to change the name back to what it was years ago that the attention of the children may be attracted. Oh, Faf, Faf! Your arguments were weighty; they were clothed with persuasive words; they took the Page by storm; they produced for a little while a most brilliant Page, indeed. But now! Ah, now. It was easy to tear down. Do you intend to try to build up? You were victorious in that which was small. I charge you to gain the victory in that which is large. I address you thus, Friend Faf; not that I may draw you into another argument with me, for I have neither the time nor the heart for a debate with you. I but point to a Page from which the children have departed; a Page which on that account has been brought lower than at any time in its history, and say: "Behold your work; undo it if you can." There is so much more that I would like to write, but for this time, my friends, you have had an abundance of my

IMPUDENCE.

Three credits.

A Vision.

Members:

Let the bells ring forth! Let the cannon sound! Let wild huzzahs rend the air! Celinqe is gain in your midst! 'Tis, indeed, beloved, a holiday occasion. For Celinqe, most revered of all Pageites, converses once more with his children! Ai! Ai! Celinqe grows prophetic! He visions! Behold! Across, ever ascending, the cloudless opal sky of Pageland travel six stars. They rise—not spasmodically, as in the custom of stars that move, but steadily, swiftly, yet unwaveringly. To the westward and ever higher they rush. There is a sound of thunder—a quavering in the sky. Calm again settles. Three stars are still pursuing their course. Of the others naught is seen but a faint shower of falling, ever fading sparks. Still mount our three stars. They draw together. Theg grow brighter—brighter. Ai! High in the West appears a black speck. Straight it is driving for the three stars. Larger and larger it grows. It draws closer. It is a bird. A RAVEN! It has intercepted the stars. It dashes toward them! They meet! All grows black. The visioning is over. Ai! Ai! Ai! CCLINQE.

Two credits.

Answered the Call.

Dear Old Friends:

Perhaps if you think back several years back to the time when the Page was in its glory—you may faintly remember the name Billiken. Weeks, months, even years, have passed, and that name did not appear on the Page. Why? I do not know, I shall not even try to excuse him to you; but he did not write. Through the weeks when the Y. F. P. did not appear or did appear, covering only one-third to a half page, something whispered to him, "Write something; you can help a little to bring it back again." But he did not heed the voice; he paid no attention. At last, however, the voice became too loud and spoke to him pleadingly until he answered, and here before you he is, ready and willing to do all he can to lift the Page to its old place. Come, let all those old members listen to and answer my call, as I did to that little voice. Let us have joy and happiness once more tripping up and down every column. We don't want any more accounts of the King of Spain, whose throne is topply, or accounts of anything, and don't let's have them. Come, the bugle is being blown for rollcall.

Sincerely, BILLIKIN.

Four credits.

The Hero Came To The Rescue

Frank Carr arrived home about a half hour after the girls left. After greeting his sister as usual he spied the vase of flowers. "You've had some visitors, I see!" for he knew that these flowers were not from his mother's garden. "I bet I know who it was," he continued, "Rose Howarth!"

"A good guess, boy; but she had someone else with her." Then she told him of Lillian.

"Seems to me that those children look mightily alike; don't you think so?"

"Why, yes. Now that you mention it, that was what puzzled me then. Only one has blue eyes and the other brown."

"I have heard of total strangers being doubles. You can't attach anything to that," said the mother, gently.

"We're not, but they are strikingly alike even in their voice and actions."

Just then Jake, the stableman, came in and set the milk on the kitchen table.

"Boss," he said, "jus' look out yere a minute; all that timberland of Murray's is burning beautiful; you can see it from the yard."

Frank and his father went into the yard to see the destroying flames. "'Tis well said that 'fire and water make good servants, but not good masters.' The furious flames were now devouring the valuable trees of Murray's.

"Old man Murray is evidently knocked out about this. I wonder how it started, anyway?" Frank asked.

"Oh, just as bush fires usually do; the sun, maybe, striking chips of glass, or maybe some gipsy campers didn't smolder their fire enough and it caught the underbrush.

"Which way did the girls go home?" asked Frank, quickly.

"We told them to take the road. I hope they did," answered his father, thoughtfully.

"Oh, papa!" Genevieve caught his last words. "Oh, do you think they tried the short way through the wood?"

"Rose Howarth surely has too much sense to do such a thing."

"It is getting dark, too," said the girl, thoughtfully.

"I'll go, Jenny Wren," said Frank, using Rose's pet name for his sister. "I'll go, and ease your mind, to see if they are safe." With that he vanished toward the stables, and soon the sister saw him wave his hat toward her and race off for the timberland.

Then Genevieve's agonizing wait began. Would he come back safe? Would he find the girls? Or had they lost their way and strayed into that seething furnace? One thought buoyed her up: Rose was thoroughly acquainted with the woods, and Frank knew them still better. They would surely know of all the bypaths and cuts to take. In the meantime Frank proceeded into the dense woods, following the course of a small creek that flowed through. The water was quite low, for the passing summer had been one of drouth. Rose, he reasoned, would surely have the presence of mind to do the same—follow the way of the creek.

As he proceeded up the stream he put his fingers to his mouth and whistled shrilly. Again and again he repeated this, when suddenly he heard the same shrill whistle answer him. It could not be an echo, so he waited till it was repeated. There was only one girl in the valley that could whistle like that, and he had taught her. She was Rose. Then he shouted: "Ro-se! Ah, Ro-se!" using his hands like a megaphone.

"Here!" came back a clear answer. Hurrying his horse he soon came up to the two girls' horses tethered to a tree. Lillian was lying on the ground, and Rose was beside her, trying to help her rise.

"Oh, Frank!" she cried, her voice trembling. "Duke stumbled and threw Lillian off. She can't get up! Oh, I am so glad you came! What shall I do?"

"You'll have to come back with me, for it would be risky to go on through the woods." He got Lillian's horse, who, "himself escaping the nets of harm, flung the girl" like "Jenny McNeil," but not with a broken arm, a broken ankle. Lifting her in his strong arms he got her on the horse and mounted behind her. Rose followed close on behind.

On arriving at the house Aunt Sarah had a bed fixed on the couch in the living-room. Here they laid the injured girl. The kind, motherly lady bathed the swollen foot in hot vinegar water and gave her hot drinks to make her sleep. Rose flung herself on her knees beside Genevieve's chair and, burying her face in her lap, sobbed: "Oh, Genevieve; if she should be seriously hurt it would be all my fault! I did it! Oh, Jenny Wren, what can I do?"

"Hush, child; she is not badly hurt. She is sleeping nicely," Aunt Sarah said, coming into the room at that moment. "Frank has gone for the doctor, and will stop at your place and let them know you are safe."

"He has gone all that distance by the road?" queried Rose in surprise. "Oh, it won't take him long; he took Lightning, and that horse will go like the wind; he hasn't been out for a few days."

Although they tried to persuade her to sleep, Rose could not think of it, but sat on a stool by Genevieve, watching the clock and starting at every sound.

Have you ever watched the minutes tick by while you waited in agonizing suspense? If so, then you can sympathize with poor Rose.

MARY WARE.

One credit.

Dreams of Y. F. P. Members.

Dear Editor and Members:

As on the first day of January the New Year is ushered in amidst tooting of whistles and cracking of revolvers, your old friend and fellow convict Buck Nix, Jr., again arrives on the scene, as does Hair Breadth Harry, but not with whistles and guns. They merely usher me in with a kick or something as gentle. It seems rather strange, don't you know, when you stop to consider how some people enjoy kicking. Yes, even when they have their foot tied up with the gout they can kick, 'cause Chance told me he did it once. Gee, but I am glad to do this (I mean write, not kick), the doctor just allowed me out of bed this morning, after being tied up (or down, I don't which) for five days. Yep, had a dandy New Year lying in bed listening to the people outside shooting up money. Just can't see why they will do it, anyhow; it only gives you a headache sometimes a ride, and, finally, the justice says $51.45 collateral, or something like that; anyhow, I can put it down to one word that I know how to spell, and that is TROUBLE.

Sh-ss! Had a dream 'tother night; gather around whilst I tell you'uns. Now hold your nose and wipe your ears.

A PAGEITE'S DREAM.

It was the year of 1913 that had just been ushered in when I spied a large crowd on the corner of Howard and Lexington streets. As is natural to a countryman, I gazed at this bunch, and it seemed the more I looked the more I thought I recognized some of the Young Folks' Page Members. At last I condescended to cross the street and met Jam, who bid me welcome. There was quite a good bit of laughter and various noises, and therefore I just had to make myself known as time afforded.

A Military Maid of West Point was telling her sweetheart, a Soldier Boy, about her brother Adolf and the various naval wars of recent times between the foreign countries, finally winding up with long ago—the Battle of North Point. Along with this group is Saucy Sister, trying to convince Nina that Navy Blue and Denmore were friends of the Editor. It finally ended in a bum argument about the bunch. You know Frank Lynn had on a Kelly that did not suit War Eagle; so, to please Just Me, I threw it at Woodell, who kicked it to Hully Gee and said Her Pa's Son had a Peck of these kind. Gypsy Grenton told Betty that, come what may, she could not tolerate such a bunch, so she persuaded Jersey Lily and a Wilful Maid, who induced Raol, to see the latest fad, the pictures of Sappho.

Upon their arrival in the picture parlor they met Hully Gee, Jr., talking quite earnestly to Maynard, and the topic of their conversation was the Open Door Policy of Faf. The destination was reached when Jackanapes put the film on a bum, and got pinched, and then I found the mattress had given away and I was lying in the spring. Amen.

Of course, members, you know that the above cannot be helped, as only one doctor has examined my left ear, and cannot tell the disease as yet. It may be insanity of the ear, and it may not; it can't be told as yet. But, nevertheless, knowing I am daffy and the other brothers are daffy, you could not dwell on the subject; it is too sad. Boo-hoo!

We are having a sad time down our way these times; lost a pretty pet cat that died from indigestion. Yep, dear people, it caught a beautiful rat and had it pretty well cleaned up when it happened to choke. We could not find a cat specialist, so it croaked from rough on rats. Too bad.

Reckon you have had enough of this dope, so I'll bid you all good-by until further notice. Love from your ever ready fellow-murderer.

BUCK NIX, JR.

Two credits.

Missed Page.

Dearest Yo' All:

No paper today, so I can't see who's who and it hardly seems Sunday to me without the bright letters and stories from all of you dear folks. I want to thank you for the cards you sent me, especially those of Mary Ware and Faf. Mary, dear, the words on your's were so sweet and likewise suited you perfectly, I wonder if you can remember what they were, so as to appreciate them, too?

Faf, yours brought so much encouragement to me. It was so dear of you to say what you did. If, for a moment I thought it was flattery. Well, there, I'm afraid it would have made me angry. But something told me you really meant it, particularly as you are Critic.

The holidays gone, I am back at school once more, but oh the sweet memory of those bygone days, etc., not. They still linger with me to refresh me in the moments of hardest tasks. My chum, Jack (Jacquelina, you know) and I spent many happy hours together there. Friends, I wish you all knew her as I do. She is the dearest, sweetest, most sympathetic girl in the world—the outside world, not Pageland, for there are a good number here in the Page, I feel, who are, if possible, almost her type. She and I have been almost lifelong friends, at least ever since we started school together, that being eight years ago. (Now, please, I am quite a bit over 8, even if I did exaggerate at first). Her family live up in the country, and she comes down on the train every day to school, and so, of course, I see her every day. We were talking together one night, when she was visiting me, and I simply said, "I wonder, dearest Jack, where we will be two years from now." Next year (1914) we graduate together, and then! Then comes the dream of my life. I intend to go to M. I., which has been my highest reverie for a long, long time. But the only drawback is—Jack. She suddenly jumped up and clutched my hands in a trembling state. "Well, dear, (she calls me that at certain times) don't talk that way; you sort of frighten me!" she cried. "I hate to think of the future, it always worries me. Why can't you forget it, especially when we are together now and may be then?"

But of course I halted her. How could she treat the future like that? Air castles, ever since a wee child, have always delighted me, and especially now they do. Here Jack and I disagree, only. Perhaps she'll come around to my way of thinking soon. Best love to all.

Three credits. SAUCY SISTER.

Has Moved.

My Dear Friends:

But should I call you friends? I doubt very much if any of you would claim me as such, I have been so disloyal; but the trouble is this: I have left my home town and sought employment in a larger city. Of course, that meant a great deal to me in more ways than one. First was becoming used to my new surroundings and, second (oh, cruel fate), I couldn't find a news stand where they sold The American, and consequently I missed at least eight pages. But at last, one Sunday I walked home from church; I kept my eyes open for an American, and, oh, joy! I saw one, about halfway home. Now I walk home every Sunday. I just had to send a New Year's message to you all once again, and I hope I will be forgiven for my disloyalty, but I promise to do better now since I've gotten settled down and I can get the Page every Sunday.

But what do these credits mean that I see at the bottom of each letter? I don't understand—will some one explain?

I am sending my picture with this letter, if pictures are still allowed to be printed on the Page.

With very best wishes to one and all for a very happy and prosperous New Year, I am, your disloyal SNIP.

Three credits.

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