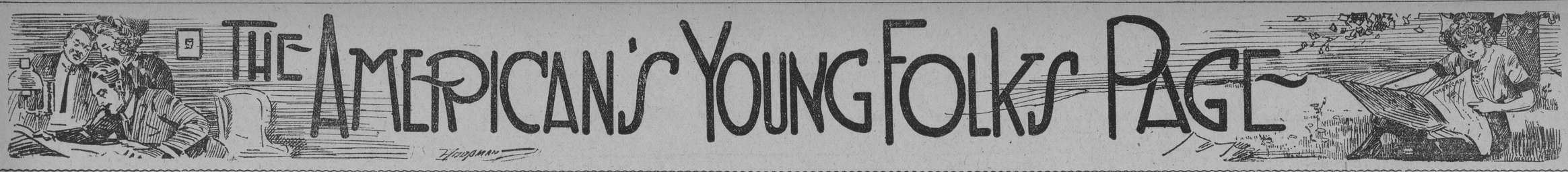

Exam Time

Dear Friends: Exam time is here once more, on its semiannual trip, so I suppose some of you have been and still are "boning." Well, as for me, I have been doing so much studying (?) all year that I only have to take a few exams, such as algebra, English, physics, and other such insignificant subjects. But so far I cannot say that I have been doing any great amount of "boning," for if I was I wouldn't be writing to the dear old Page. You see, today is Tuesday. Well, I don't have to take an exam tomorrow and the next day we are excused, while Friday I will get a high enough mark to pass me by by just signing my name on a piece of paper and handing it in. But my work of "craming" starts next week, when I prepare for the algebra exam. But what's the use of thinking of unpleasant things before its time? And besides, I didn't drop in to tell you about exams, as undoubtedly you know all about them yourselves.

"What is the matter with the Page?" Will somebody kindly tell me? Now, don't all speak at once for you might drown your voices. The only thing I can see that is the matter is that the Pages does not interest the members any more. But how can we make the Page interest the members? A number of suggestions have been made during the past few months, but after being torn apart and threshed out they were finally rejected, either by the editor or by the members. I have put on my thinking cap many times to try to think out a remedy, but had to give up always in despair, as the only thing I could dope out would be rejected by the editor with an emphatic "No." I am going to be bold enough to suggest it and to request the editor to think it over before rejecting it.

The constitution of a nation must be amended and laws passed by the government to agree with the changes of time. If this is not done the nation is bound to collapse. So it is is with the Page. The interest of the Members must be kept in different ways as the time passes by. From what I have read in regard to the Page many years ago the Members could do mostly as they pleased. Slowly but surely the Editors cut down the privileges, bowing, possibly, to the wishes of the majority of the Members or acting for the good of the Page. This, of course, kept the Members' interest. Since I have joined the Page nearly every privilege of the Members has been denied them, and "these measures were not expedient for the preservation of the Page." Do I blame the Editor for the present condition of the Page, as my words seem to imply? No, not at all. I blame those narrow-minded persons who know they can write, and write eloquently, and use their means of having the Page run the way they want it by making the Editor believe that they are voicing the thoughts of the Members. Is this to be carried on, Members? The answer lies with you. Yes or no? Are you to be denied the traditional privileges of writing "chatty" letters to the Page, the right to send in your pictures for publication, and many other of the few privileges left to you? And all for the sake of these few Members? Yes or no—which?

Send in your chatty letters. They are sure to be published on account of the 500-word rule. Send in you photo or pictures of places you have visited, together with a story. Send in arguments and petitions asking the Editor to regrant the old privileges, which are now necessary for the preservation of the Page. Do it now. Don't put it off until some other time. Ask for new privileges if you think you need them. But beware of those narrow-minded Members—those who have fought against all new suggestions for the government of the Page that would be for the Page's good and have looked to their own personal advantage all the time. You should know whom they are. The popular ones—the ones that had so many suggestions to make—those who made the suggestions with stiff arguments and seemed to take interest in the Page, until when the Page was run as they wished it at the loss of many Members, they stopped writing suddenly just when they were needed the most. Let them answer my charge if they are men or women enough to do so.

I fear I am running off my topic. The old privilege of sending picture post cards should be restored to the Members, but with several restrictions. The drop-letter puzzle, the picture puzzle, the word puzzle should all be restored. In fact, every privilege ever enjoyed by the Members should be regranted to them, together with several new ones. And now comes my suggestion. Mask balls, outings and such things have been proposed many times and each successive suggestion, although its predecessor was rejected, was received by the Members with great enthusiasm. The Page at those times was in its glory. Now the Page has but a few loyal Members keeping it together. If the Editor would grant the privilege of an outing this summer and allow only those Members to go on it who received a certain number of credits for effort, the Page would once more strike its old stride. That is my suggestion. In the foregoing letter I have tried to make you see things as I see them, and although the letter lacks unity, coherence and emphasis, in other words, everything that goes to make a good composition, I hope you will understand the jumble of words. Hoping to see letters from Aunt Polly, Young Glory, Hully Gee and other old Members in the next issue of the Page, I will close with love to Dottie Dimple, Nina, Military Maid, Naomi, Princess Yetive and all my other friends. NAVY BLUE.

Three credits.

[The Editor is willing to grant old privileges with the exception of the post-card exchange, but she cannot give her consent to an outing.]

Keeps Old Home.

Dear Pageites:

A new year has begun and with its beginning everyone has a chance to start all over again. That's what I am doing—starting all over again and a new Page career with the old name. I did intend to change my name, but I just could not, and you will all know me better by the old one. This morning, when I saw the Page, my heart sank to the very soles of my shoes, for there was only a half page of letters, but what was that name, Mysterious He! Quickly my fluttering heart went back to its proper place and began singing a happy little song. Oh, you cannot imagine how glad I was to see that name. Why, I have thought of him every time I have read the Page and wondered if he had entirely forgotten it, or, if like me, he read it still too lazy and unconcerned to write. Then a letter from Buzzer, one from Philip, a poem by Phi and a note from a Wilful Maid, it was great, even if we did have only a half page, surely it was proof that the old Members are waking up and are coming back to make it shine once more. Who is that making such a racket in Pageland? Why it is the Teddy R. of the Y. F. P. hunting credits. Let me congratulate you, Chance, my dear, old friend, for the number you have received. Oh, I hope, I hope you'll—no I can't say it, that would be showing partiality. I am so glad, though, that you are writing so often.

I think this year I had the very merriest holiday ever, and I hope that every one here had the same. I am rather late in wishing you a happy new year, but I do wish you one. Your old-time loyal Member, BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Two Credits.

The Star of Bethlehem.

All hail! Beautiful star,
Thou glorious herald of a great morning
That burst upon this sin-benighted world;
For thou didst scatter grief and bondage,
And brought great hope to men in darkness pining;
Thou bad'st them lift their heads
And look towards the hills,
For freedom cometh from afar,
All Hail! Beautiful star.

All hail! Beautiful star;
Thy light has left a track adown the ages
By which men have been guided on to God and Heaven;
Oh, still shine on,
And in thy golden splendor
Beam o'er the hearts of men the eternal peace.
No crush of worlds can mar;
Shine on! Shine on! Bright star.

ENGLISH LASSIE.

Two credits.

Catherine.

Her face is fair and her cheeks are pink,
Her nose is shaped just right;
And her dark-brown eyes are a great surprise
For one with hair so light.
Her brows are arched and her lashes long,
Her teeth resemble pearls,
Her hands are soft and as white as snow;
She's the dearest of darling girls.

Her height is ideal—she is not too tall
And neither too stout nor lean—
To tell the truth, I think she is
The prettiest girl I've seen.
She wears no rat beneath her hat
Under those locks of gold—
I would run a mile to win a smile
From this little miss, three years old.

GILBERT.

Three credits.

A Lucky Cousin.

Dear Friends: After all the preparation and excitement, Christmas is a thing of the past, unless you are doing your Christmas shopping early; then it is a thing of the future. I thank you, Little Colonel and Saucy Sister for your cards and must say you gave me an agreeable surprise, and believe me, Little Colonel, Santa Claus knew where I lived; he surely left me a load of "goodies." How different Christmas is when there are children in the home; for us who are "reasonably growed" Christmas is more of a religious sentiment. Our 5 o'clock service was so beautiful and put us in tune for a happy day. And, oh! the Noel; if there is a more beautiful hymn I want to hear it sung in the great arched edifice filled with the spicy odor of evergreen and the deep thrilling chords of the organ, the sweet sob and plaint of a violin. Oh, who can say that music is not the greatest of arts.

A cousin of mine and I came near having a "falling out" over that. I, of course, full of Christmas spirit, insisted Noel was a masterpiece of music, while she declared, loftily, that Traumerie was the piece. "Epecially," she added tantalizingly, "if you hear a famous singer sing it at mid-ocean, to a violin." She's been to Europe, and wants you to know it. A certain paper in her town offered a prize to the girl winning the highest number of votes in her district. Well, Betty worked and worked, night and day, and was well rewarded for her efforts by winning the prize—a tour of Europe. She, with three other girls, and a guide, sailed in June and returned in September. She is so lucky winning things, that rascal! She worked out a simple little puzzle once and won a dear little organ. I once worked out a puzzle in a magazine. The next month my name was announced as a prize-winner. That was three years ago. I have not yet received the prize, neither am I expecting it. I often work out prize puzzles now, but I save the stamps I usually wasted in sending them in. I never was lucky in getting anything for nothing, anyway.

Well, folksies, how are my Page friends? Well, I hope. What has become of Dolly Gray? Say, Dolly, we'll soon be in a year. It was about the third Sunday in February that our first letter came in print. Surely you remember that I came in with you. Won't you write a letter to the Page for that day? Please do.

I received a good many books for presents this year and just now am deeply interested in Mary Cary, so I shall resume my book and lay aside my pen. With love to all my dear Page friends.

MARY WARE.

Two credits.

Audrey Is Welcomed Back.

Dear Almost Forgotten Pageites:

Please don't fall out of your chairs when you see my name. I know you will be terribly surprised, but really I feel as though I just must write once again to the dear Page. I have seen very few issues of The American. I live so far out in the country and we do not subscribe to that paper, and I have had so very little time for "extras." But the condition of the once famous Page distresses me. It used to be so bright, cheery, happy and interesting—not that it isn't interesting now, for the stories, poems, etc., are really very good and worth a great deal of credit, but I mean the general characteristics and the trend of thoughts have changed. So few names are familiar—Phi Kappa Epsilon, Denmore, Military Maid of West Point, Navy Blue and Ragged Robin are a few that I knew in the day so quickly gone by. Patsy, my dearest Patsy, our little Southerner, is seen and heard no more in Pageland. I have heard from her personally at rare intervals within the last year. She is going to college now in Mississippi and is naturally busy, and I must plead the same excuse. I am in my last year at one of the best country high schools. Our course, especially the senior work, is twice as hard, twice as heavy and twice as long as it is in any of the city high schools. At present we are in the midst of pennants, plays and semifinal exams. By right I should be studying the assignment of four chapters of civics review for tomorrow. Don't you think I am good to sit down and use my very precious time in writing to the dear Page?

How long have you all enjoyed the skating and sledding? We had just two days of it out here. Skating has been fairly good, though, for several days. The day after Christmas I went down the little hill back of our house, through the unused chicken yard and big field with my younger brother guiding me on his Flexible Flyer. We had a great time for about an hour. I am seriously hoping that this cold spell will bring the snow and ice, but I hope it will not bring the winds. My room gets all the wind blowing, I do believe, and at nights you can just imagine how nice and warm it is there, especially when there is snow along with the wind.

We have quite a nice sized farm. About an acre and a half. The house is very nice, especially so for a country house; the grounds are fine when under cultivation—but we are practically novices at the art of farming, and as a result very little is done upon large or extensive lines. Besides, what could be done on a place of this size, anyway? The most we produced last year was about 10 bushels of cut-worms and potato bugs. I never saw so many worms in my life, and my brother always took particular delight in chasing me all around the house and through the field with the threat of putting this nice juicy one down my back, or calmly handing me a good-sized bug in my hand along with a nice apple. No more farm for me, although mother declares since I love the country so she will advertise for an old farmer down Georgia way to take me off her hands when she gets tired of me—a very unlikely state, for we are the best of chums. I think I had better stop before I get to going on another subject. Here I have been just chasing my pen along as fast as it could go, not thinking of your probably by this time wearied brains.

With love to all members, I am as ever. AUDREY.

Three credits.

CREDITS EARNED

The credit system went into effect on December 15 and the selection of officers according to credits will take place on the first Sundays in March, July and November. The new system has met with your approval and has helped to arouse some enthusiasm, but in order to make a more spirited contest the Editor will print the number of credits received by each member.

Chance, 13.	Mary Ware, 3.
Gilbert, 12.	Young Glory, 3.
Maxine, 7.	Buzzer, 3.
Phi Kappa Epsilon, 6.	Ragged Robin, 3.
Denmore, 6.	Snip, 3.
Jackanapes, 5.	Gypsie Brenton, 2.
Impudence, 5.	Triard, 2.
Frank Lynn, 5.	Peck, 2.
Clique, 5.	Hully Gee, 2.
Wilful Maid, 4.	Silent Jerry, 2.
Philip, 4.	Little Colonel, 2.
Saucy Sister, 4.	Mysterious He, 2.
Billiken, 4.	Dottie Dipple, 2.
Cat Eyes, 4.	Buck Nix, Jr., 2.
Ex-Graduate E. H. S., 4.	June Bug, 1.
Woodell, 4.	Papa's Girl, 1.
Naomi, 3.	Queen Kupiloni, 1.
Navy Blue, 3.	Brown Eyed Southerner, 1.

Page Needs Letters

My Friends:

Having recently dwelt at some length on the cause of dismay I feel that I am now called upon to write concerning the remedy. To get to the point at once, what the Page needs is letters, and plenty of them. I have no word to say against stories, rhymes, etc., I sometimes indulge in such myself, and the poor old Page would look smaller than ever if she did not have them, but these are side issues, the real vitality of the Y. F. P. has always been and shall always be in the letters. Now to get more letters we must procure more Members to write them. Either those who have seemingly forgotten the Page must be recalled, or, better still, a big lot of new young folk must be attracted to the Page. It is hardly necessary to say that the few who are now faithful must do the attracting. I believe, friends, that the only plan that will really work is that of trying our level best to make our letters more sympathetic and more personal. If the reader is to become a writer a perusal of the Page must make him feel that what has been written has not been written at him, that it has not been written as a bid for his admiration, but that it has been written to him, that it is a bid for his companionship. The strenuous efforts made to answer the call for literary merits by some of the Members has deprived the Page of that personal touch without which it must ever be uninteresting. The ridicule of special nominal Page friendship and the sending of regards to one's list of "Page friends" has borne fruit fair to look upon for a while, but soon proving itself to be rotten at the core. That particular custom never appealed to me; I have always felt that each and every Member of the Page by virtue of that fact was a special friend of mine, and when I head my letters (as I always do) "My Friends" I am assured in my mind that no Page Member has been omitted; but I am certain that there were many, especially among our younger Members, unto whom that time-honored custom made the Page more dear. And then—now 'fess up all you staid and serious ladies and gentlemen—the mere mention of one's pen name on the Page is always acceptable.

We need, just as of yore, to talk to each other, to mention each other by name, to whisper some of our best secrets into each other's ears, to compliment each other on the good things that we see in each other's letters. If we feel that members So and So's letter was "just grand," "simply fine," "well nigh perfect," then we ought not to hesitate a moment to say so. Should some sour-visaged pessimist tell us to try to keep down our exuberance we'll smile at him with a pitying smile and wish for him some happy experience such as would make even him hyperbolical. Another thing that calls loudly for a new policy or rather as with the above for an old policy rehabilitated, is the sparing welcome usually extended to those seeking for the first time a place in the Page. One must write a number of times, must make one's work noticeable and one's name more or less familiar before one is admitted into the inner circle. It is no wonder that so few venture more than one or two letters. I know that some are in the habit of placing at the end of their letters the words "A hearty welcome to" followed by a string of names, but what sort of a welcome is that? Whatever warmth of feeling there may be behind this kind of a welcome is successfully hidden by its perfunctory character. Some time ago one of the best members took to herself (I think it was a female member, though I couldn't swear to it) the task of extending the right hand of fellowship (figuratively speaking) to each applicant for admission to the Page. She rendered a delightful service so long as she kept it up, but she seems long since to have grown weary in her well doing. Friends, give the newcomers a hearty welcome. Remember their names and should they not appear on the Page after a reasonable time inquire after them. Perhaps some one will say, "Physician, heal thyself," but I'm not an active member just now—only an associate—I used to do something along this line and I expect to take it up again as soon as I get time. I would like to give some more advice, but that's enough for one time and then—Oh, you five-hundred-word limit! But, honestly now, my dear Editor, could I help it? And then the Page can stand it just now; if it were in a condition in which it couldn't I'd not be writing in these days at all. If you knew what it's costing me to take this time—but stop! This is an abundant sufficiency of mine.

IMPUDENCE.

P. S.—Thanks to Faf for his card of greeting.

3 Credits.

Mary and Her Lamb

ANXIOUS to ascertain beyond question whether there was ever a "Mary" who "had a little lamb," as the widely known nursery poem recites, Mrs. L. W. Owens, of Pueblo, Col., traveled to Massachusetts—a distance of more than 2,000 miles to make a thorough investigation, writes the Boston correspondent of the New York American.

She has done it. She has found that there was a real "Mary," and that she had a real lamb. The lamb went to school, too, one day, as the famous verses assert. The young poet, John Roulstone, who immortalized Mary and the lamb, took some poetic liberties with the facts, Mrs. Owens found, but the poem is correct in the main points. Here are the verses as they were written and handed to Mary, the owner of the lamb:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cried,
"Why Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher then replied.

The Mary of the poem was Mary Sawyer, and later Mary Sawyer Taylor. She lived at Sterling, Mass., and when she was 8 years old, 98 years ago, she owned the lamb.

Mary's lamb was a pet. She kept its fleece nice and clean, and sometimes tied a ribbon about its neck. One day she took the lamb to school. When she went to the platform to recite the lamb clattered after her. That made a laugh.

Mary then took the lamb outside and fastened it to a shed. She took the lamb home at the noon recess. John Roulstone, who was studying for the ministry with Rev. Samuel Capen, of Sterling, was on a visit to the school that day. The next day he rode up to the school and handed Mary the poem.

Mrs. Owens, who is president of the Loyal Boys' Club of the West, made the trip from her distant home for the sole purpose of delving into the past and getting the truth about the lamb episode. Mrs. Owens will write a book on the life and death of Mary and her lamb. In a talk about her investigations Mrs. Owens said:

"I came from Colorado purposely to learn if it were true that there existed a Mary and a little lamb, who followed her to school. I am satisfied beyond question.

"Years and years ago in the town of Sterling, near Worcester, lived Mary Sawyer, who lately became Mrs. Taylor, and, like her lamb, which was celebrated in verse by a clever young Harvard man of the times, John Roulstone, she also became noted.

"Mary Sawyer, at the time she came into possession of the lamb, was eight years old. That was in 1814. The lamb, I find, after interviewing old residents of Sterling, was born about March 1 of that year, and, therefore, was a spring lamb. The little thing lived until the next November, when it met an untimely and tragic end.

"I find that on Thanksgiving morning Mary was playing in the barnyard at her home. The lamb, which had before this become very fond of her and had created the incident of the school, was following her about, frolicking. Unfortunately for the lamb and also much to the sorrow of Mary, the little thing got within range of a cow, which proceeded to dissipate it.

"I have been led to believe that the cow became jealous of the affection which Mary showed for the lamb and seized the opportunity to dispose of it.

"The incident which John Roulstone made famous by verse as related to me by Mary's old schoolteacher, Rebekah Kimball, deviates in some ways from the verse.

"It is true that the lamb on the morning in question followed Mary and her brother, Nat, to school. They discovered it as they were crossing a stone wall, and at the suggestion of Nat the lamb was brought into the schoolhouse and hid in one of the desks, but it was discovered by the teacher and the woolly little animal was removed by Mary."

Clothes Are Tin-plated Now.

[From the New York American.]

Tin plating children's dresses, undergarments, kimonos, bedclothes and such other things made of flannelette and other inflammable cotton goods has been resorted to successfully by science as a means of preventing deaths by fire.

Flannelette is as warm as wool and extremely cheap. It is the "wool" of the poor, but dangerous because it burns so readily. Fireproofing it became necessary and an oxide of tin was obtained, so that such a cloth is actually tin plated.

One of the largest firms of flannelette manufacturers in Manchester asked Dr. William Henry Perkin, a famous chemist, to see if he could not discover a process whereby the goods might be made permanently fireproof. He undertook the problem, and after a long series of experiments solved it.

Just A Note.

Dear Friends:

Although the Page of today (December 22) is small, it has been the cause of my mustering enough courage to write again. I am very sorry to see the Page in its present condition, and wish that every one would take the earliest possible opportunity and write.

Concerning the Page rules, as far as I understand, they are very reasonable. I think any one can express their sentiments in 500 words, which I think are the limit.

Hully Gee is paying us a visit, and I like to be in his company as much as possible, owing to the fact that he has been out of our sight for nearly a year. I will not write much this time, but will take a hold on your patience with my correspondence with greater force in the near future.

I extend a hearty welcome to all newcomers and my best wishes to all. I hope every member will write, if their letter does not even contain the few words of mine of today. Sincerely yours,

HULLY GEE, JR.

Two credits.

Alone in Pageland.

Friends:

If I may thus address you, permit me to call you friends, even though there are at the present day in Pageland comparatively few left with whom I may confide. But from the fact that the "word" is so dear to me I would not make use of it, and I am alone in Pageland, so I am using it to make myself feel at least a little at home among you in order that I may bring before you this letter. Alone in Pageland! It sounds so desolate! Still it is so. Forsaken by all my former chums of four, three, two and even of the past year. Is it any wonder, therefore, that I can write nothing but verse? Alas! It is so. What use is it of me writing letters when we have no readers? You say we have? I do not think so. If we had readers surely then we would have writers. Is it not so? Come to us, F. A. F. and June Bug; lend but a willing hand and even though your letters are thrown away after having reached The American office, which is the main reason why so few Pageites are writing for the Page today, write until they do publish them, as it is only by striving that we will gain anything. I, too, have lost writings a-plenty, but, with Impudence, I, too, say:

"Pageland will never die."

The Credit System is one of the best, and is the most important step that could have been taken by the Page. All honor and praise to our Editor and Gilbert. I ask the Editor to kindly withhold any credits which my writings may merit, as I am not writing for credits and never will. My writings are for the Page and to help interest its Members—nothing more. Once upon a time I did aspire to office and I held office, but those days are gone.

With love and best wishes to the Editor and all those who were once my Page friends and F. A. F. and June Bug, allow me to remain, once again as of old, only

A RAGGED ROBIN.

Two credits.

Dancing Slippers Mixed.

[From the St. Louis Republic.]

When the favors were drawn at the leap year dance of the Holiday Club at the Illini Hotel, in Alton, New Year's Eve each of the 54 young women present was asked to deposit her right slipper in a basket.

The young men then drew them from the basket after they had been well stirred. After much difficulty the young men matched the slippers by trying them on and the dance started.

The trouble began in the morning, however, when it was discovered that pale, yellow, light blue and white all look alike under the dazzling lights of the ballroom.

Many of the young ladies found they had a pure white and a yellow or a light blue and a white or yellow slipper, and all day the maids and matrons of Alton were busy matching slippers.

Bringing Up Father

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By George McManus

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