THE AMERICAN'S YOUNG FOLKS PAGE

Future of Page Assured

Fellow Subscribers:

The future of the page is assured! Critic II. has returned! Bless your old heart, venerable old critic, we are delighted to have you with us again. We need something new to enliven the Page and you are the one to give us poor, struggling numskulls some suggestions. The first contest ever held, the one which saved the page from destruction years ago, was your idea, and this, coupled with your subsequent planning and encouragement, has had more to do with the interest taken in the Page by the other members than anything else. Your advice has been the cause of many a member's rise in Pageland. Your head has always been full of wonderful plans for the upbuilding of the Page. I am confident you will pass them along to us and that the page is yet to enjoy its greatest prosperity. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our half-page, and may you never leave us again. We need your leadership and are in a sad plight without it. With Impudence showing signal signs denoting the return of page-fever, Chance working overtime, Frank Lynn striking his old pace again, Ragged Robin, Mysterious He and Young Glory fully awakening and with Critic II. to drive us along in a way which has always been effectual, we cannot but succeed.

Gypsy Brenton, kindly give us some more of your interesting romance entitled "Nancy." Come on English Lassie and get in the swim. We love your sad, but always beautiful, letters and stories. Glad to find Mary Ware steadily on the job. Trust you came out O. K. in your examinations, Navy Blue. Many thanks for your post-cards, Saucy Sister and Faf. By the way, Faf, old man, why not reconsider your decision to retire from the Page? We need you. You have been a big factor in our land of letters, and I, for one, promise never to scold you, because that which you have done with the best of intentions has not turned out exactly as expected. We all have our faults, if we didn't have them we would all get five credits each time we write. Philip and Hully Gee, also Hully Gee, Jr., your contributions have been most interesting.

One of the most encouraging things to my mind is the fact that we are again receiving many applications for membership. A hearty welcome to Maxine, Queen Kupiloni, Dorothy, Uno Dontcha, Jack Sheppard and A Bookworm. A most hearty welcome to Audrey.

Glad to note that the credit system has met with approval. Chance, old friend, it looks like you are ahead in the race for the presidency, and here's wishing you all the luck in the world (except the bad luck). It is not half as bad a job as some suppose it to be. Cclinque, I am delighted to note that the Page is as good today as it ever was in your exalted opinions and that nothing has been the matter with it, anyway. The trouble evidently was a product of our vivid imaginations. Of course nothing serious could possibly all the page while you continue to honor it with a contribution once in a while.

Poor old Ragged Robin, "alone in Pageland." Don't say that again. Keep up your good work of reclamation and our dear Page will shine forth even more brilliantly than ever before. Some Sundays the Page has been entirely off the map, but I feel confident that these desolate days are now over. Robin, whatever you do, please don't call me a "blessing" again. It gives me painful indigestion, and as I have already had my appendix removed, it might be fatal next time. Dottie Dimple, I am glad you like the credit system and contest, but I do not entirely understand the latter part of the paragraph regarding it, for I do not know of the Page having failed to improve under the magic touch of a contest in the past. Contests, as I remember them, have always been a means of awakening latent interest and filling the Page with members' contributions. They have also caused the return of members who had lost interest and ceased to write.

Glad to note that you like my humble rhymes, Uno Dontcha. Somehow that name sounds familiar. Wow! I have exceeded the limit. Fine me, dear Editor, but forgive me this once and I will try to do better in the future. With kindest regards,

GILBERT.

Three credits.

From Rose de Lima.

Dear Friends in Pageland:

Just one more who has come to help, or rather offer my assistance, to rebuild that once great, mysterious kingdom, by name Pageland. No doubt you are all wondering who this seeming newcomer is. Just recall the memories of the past and see if among them you remember such a person as Rose de Lima. Surely some of my former Page friends, viz.: Ragged Robin, June Bug or Densmore will remember the name. Since last I had the pleasure of writing to you, my unknown friends, many things have occurred which caused me to employ my time other than enjoying a pleasure chat in Pageland. I obtained my first position as stenographer in September after my graduation in June. Then my father had his left leg broken and I spent most of my earnings helping nurse attend papa, so you see I have not been idle. Ragged Robin, you cannot imagine what pleasure I obtained by reading yours of the 2d, for it seems an age since I have seen a Page. Many thanks for your thoughtful remembrance in the form of a post card of some time past. Impudence, yours also of the 2d issue held my attention from beginning to end. You have put forth some solid advice which, if followed, I believe would, in the course of time, regain once more a Page for us much in contrast with that of ye days of the past. I suppose Donzella in the Burg does not find much time to spend in Pageland. She is working in Pittsburgh now, and her letters to me are few and far between, her plea is "Too Busy." Hark! what is this I see, a limit of 500 words. I can think of so much I would like to say that it would take more space than my limit. From the number of letters making thei rappearance on the Page it looks like the majority of us have proven disloyal. This credit system is quite novel, but I fear I would never be able to obtain many for I am so late in seeing of this new intedest, nevertheless, I hope soon to see Pageland overflowing with interesting letters. I suppose I have nearly overrun my 500 limit, so will curtail this letter, but will promise to be with you quite often in the near future.

Sincerely yours, ROSE DE LIMA.

P. S.—Kindest regards to Ragged Robin and the rest of my past friends, also Editor.

Four credits.

Johnnie.

My Friends:

It is a shame to impose on you in this manner, but really it cannot be helped. The following poetical gem is entitled

JOHNNIE.

(The trees will kindly rustle their leaves and the morning dew begin to lower. The cows can help out a bit by softly mooing and the babbling brook may greatly facilitate matters by making a noise. This having been accomplished, you will find yourself "all set" for the following):

John's father was only a farmer,
His brother a farmer, too,
But John was so smart and so brilliant
That nothing like farming would do
For this wonderful fellow to follow,
As he was so clever that we
Could never expect him to till the land,
Or attend the blossoming tree.

Now Johnnie was sent to the city
To gain a good schooling and to
Learn the ways that they run the Big
Business—
And his father said: "Wait till he's
through,
He'll show them the stuff he is made of,
He'll make you sit up and take note."
And his father worked harder than ever
To supply John with dough when he
wrote.

(A frost has blighted the early fruits, but John's education will not be affected by weather conditions. Hence):

His father continued to work and to
Live by the sweat of his brow;
But when'er he felt sad or despondent,
He thought of his son and dreamed
how
He would soon be amassing great riches,
He'd live in a fine house and own
Everything that he felt that he wanted—
He's the guy who would never be
shown.

(Ten Years Later.)

John's father no longer is able
To work as he did of yore,
But his brother was most enterprising;
He owns a first-class general store.
But Johnnie—our wise little hero,
Is with a large store in Bigtown,
And he drives a delivery wagon,
He scatters their business around.

Two credits. HARMLESS.

An Allegory

By PHILIP.

The Lover of Horses walks slowly up the hill with one of the faithful beasts on each side, and stops before the gate bearing the monogram Y. F. P. "Ah," he murmurs, as the Gatekeeper, with a nod of recognition, swings back the huge portals; "I see I am still welcome." As h eis about to enter he hears a voice behind him say, "Come, Philip, stay awhile here beneath the delightful shade of the Tree of Repose." He turns, but nothing is visible except a large spreading tree, with luxuriant green foliage, beneath which the Spring of Knowledge bubbles forth. Leaving his horses, he takes a long drink from the spring and settles himself comfortably in the cool shade. Dozing peacefully there, he espies a familiar character advancing. He has a good-humored countenance, which at the present time is wreathed in smiles beneath the heavy burden he bears on his back. "Heigho, Philip!" he calls cheerily. "It is a good enough load, but Buzzer insists that it should be a wee bit heavier, and even added three sacks on his own account. Go in and get your own supply." This jovial personage now passes through the gateway and makes his way to a small building marked "Chance's Storehouse," in which he deposits his 16 sacks. Returning, he says to the Lover of Horses, "You know, Philip, the hand who carries the greatest number of sacks today is made overseer of the farm."

Presently a scholarly-looking young man, with a very business-like, though pleasant appearance, approaches, bending under the weight of nine sacks similar to those which had formed Chance's burden. This young gentleman also grumbles about the lightness of his load, and mutters, as he stows them in "Gilbert's Storehouse," that "he'll get that scribbler of trash and nonsense yet, see if he doesn't."

Then comes a procession of young folks, laughing and chatting gaily, as they toil along under their burden of sacks. They are Phi Kappa Epsilon, Maxine, Impudence, Denmore and Jackanapes, the last named leading an ill-fed dog by a string of "daffydils." They all store away their precious sacks and pass back through the gateway; Philip, bidding a fond farewell to the horses, follows, to strive with the others, not merely for the coveted position of honor, but to fit themselves for the toil that is to come, when they shall carry their burdens to the storehouse of the future, and tread the pathway of progress day by day, winning the credits of success until they drop from the Page of Life forever. Five credits.

The Robin's Nest

[Edited by Ragged Robbin.]

Welcome, children, welcome,
To this dear B. A. Y. F. Page,
And do not wait
You may be late.
Thus miss the sunshine of your age.
Welcome, children, welcome.

Some photographs to adorn the Page would not look out of place.

Although the water-pipes are frozen, that is no reason why the ink should not flow.

Most folks know as well as I do, that the Page cannot have picnics, outings, etc., and that the Members are not allowed to wear Page pins. I wonder why some repeatedly bring before us the same old question?

Ah! dear friend of old, thou art back again. I was terribly worried and afraid you had deserted, even though I well knew it was against the will of my dearest associate, English Lassie. Do you not know, Lassie dear, that not only Robin, to whom your writings are so much, but likewise the whole Page, is just eagerly thirsting for a few of your travel letters? Come then, English Lassie, dear, and please your old true friend, Ragged Robin, and also help make the Y. F. P. interesting, as we want all the interesting articles we can possibly get.

Welcome back to this old tavern, Audrey, and I am glad to know you have a nice farm. I imagine your farm is quite beautiful.

"Never do today that which can be done tomorrow," is a proverb—one that many Pageites follow.

TO RED WING.

Dear Red Wing: What is the matter?
It seems an age since you have wrote;
Read the above Pageite's proverb,
Then pin us a sweet, little note.
In loving haste,

Three credits. RAGGED ROBIN.

Four New Members.

Dear Pageites: Do you realize that we have four new members? Four perfectly good, sound members. I am going to welcome each one separately so they'll be sure to feel at home and write lots. Dorothy, we are so glad you are interested in the Page, and if you feel like it just write yards of your experiences in the West. I am sure you will tell them in a delightful manner. Uno Dontcha, your name promised very much; no one but a humorous person would select such a queer name. I like the name and am sure I shall like you, so welcome! Jack Sheppard, you, too, are welcome, and don't fear, new members can write as much as they please when they start out as nicely as you did. And welcome, little Bookworm; be sure you do not let the long distance between New York and Baltimore hinder you from writing often.

Dear old friends, today's page is such a good one, with letters from all our dear old friends—Mysterious He, Chance, Military Maid and Dottie Dimple and others whom we love, it makes me feel so—well, I can't say what I mean, so you can just imagine it from the way you feel. Pageland is becoming a very charming place to visit, indeed. May this new era be long and prosperous. Do you all drink to the toast?

Chance, it is true, as you say, the Page is a help to one in outside affairs. We learn to write freely and feelingly. Where else could a young writer get such good practice as is offered him in Pageland? Surely I know of no other place. Then, too, the friendships which are established and the pleasure one derives from reading the letters. I have always enjoyed that, yes, enjoyed it for almost five years. You open your eyes and say: "Billiken has not been writing that long." No, Billiken has not, but I have.

Does it ever strike you that I write terribly seriously for a Billiken? It does me, but somehow during these catastrophes on the page I cannot be silly. But wait till we have a page every Sunday and all the stragglers catch up; then I'll try to live up to my name and make you smile as I ought to do, if I am a good

BILLIKEN.

Has a Cold.

Dear Friend:

Having waited for a Page today, was sorry not to find any. I would have written last week, but I was ill. I am all right now, though, with the exception of a cold. Oh, well, what is the difference? Kate will soon be home. Now perhaps you don't know what I mean. There was a certain Irish gentleman that my father knew. His wife always went to church and left him home to attend to the dinner. He would sit out on the porch and smoke while the dinner was burning. When his friends who passed told him that the dinner was burning he would say: "Oh, well, what's the difference? Kate will soon be home." Now for the Page of February 2. How could you say you were forgotten, when all the while there was one little girl who thought of you? I am very sorry if I have been disloyal. I will write more often, dear friend, if only to please you. Was glad to see a letter from Navy Blue, Black Eyes, Mary Ware and others. Welcome back, Audrey; hope you will stay this time. I enjoyed English Lassie's and Gilbert's poems. I must close now, with love to all, especially the Editor. I send my best love to all my Page friends and most of all, Ragged Robin. Yours lovingly,

JUNE BUG.

One credit.

Taffy.

In days of old, when Jam was bold
And Sant Illario held full sway;
A maid I know and you know, too,
Gave Taffy Swaps away.

If you'll be nice and pay the price
Which is a letter long and neat;
She'll write some more, if you would like
And make them very sweet.

The first one I will pass to Chance,
A friend of mine, dear;
Who writes such lovely letteretts
And fills our hearts with cheer.

Ragged Robin claims the next,
Whose idea unique
Has caused an interested ripple
On the Page this week.

Mysterious He, I'll not forget
But whisper low to him,
That depriving us of his charming self
Is really, truly sin.

This poetry is getting bad
I can't find words to rhyme;
So I'll wipe my pen, and blot this sheet
And write some more next time.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Two credits.

Winter in the Air

My dear Friends:

Without lies the country now clothed in its winter robe and warmly glowing beneath the last rays of the setting sun. The pine trees in the distance stand motionless under the gleaming mantle which has lain on them many weeks, and over which many more must pass before they weave shadowy boughs beneath the summer sun. The bleak wind just now whistles as if that day could never come, but try though it may it scarcely moves the snow, fast bound in the icy grasp of winter. Sleigh bells ring clearly out upon the air, and gradually grow fainter and fainter as the sledge disappears over the horizon, taking with it the last beam of the fading sun. A light flashes up in the distance from one of the snug little farmhouses, and another and still another appears until the tiny yellow flames remind one of many bright glow worms shining against the darkened sky. A round golden moon arises in stately splendor, and with her wand the Spirit of Darkness touches the fleecy clouds, which part and roll away, leaving the blinking stars to shine dimly through the mystic veil of night. Do you remember what jolly times we used to have in the winter when we were smaller? Such good old never-to-be-forgotten days. The memory of them will linger with us forever. I am afraid some of us were very naughty, though. Just think of all the snow battles we had together, and you remember the time you got angry and wouldn't play because somebody hit you in the eye. We called you a cry baby and for spite you threw a bucket of cold water on us, although it didn't hurt us a bit. And another time you received a sound spanking for knocking the minister on the back of his head with a hard snowball and causing him to slip on the frozen walk. But it really wasn't your fault, because you were waiting behind the gate for Billy Jones and you thought it was him. He should have stayed home on a day like that anyway. I remember one day when we were sleighriding down a steep hill I had the pleasure of upsetting a big fat man. How he scolded and threatened to spank me—after he had almost taken my breath away by falling on me, too. Horrid old thing! I vowed I would have vengeance, and my chance for revenge came in the summer. I managed to get over into his backyard one morning, and, full of wrath, I climbed his prize peach tree, tearing my new white dress as I did so; and there I sat for nearly two long hours until I had pulled every peach off. How he did rave when he found it out. Gracious, I didn't go out for a week, but pooh! I wasn't afraid. Don't you wish you could live the old days over? I would give anything to bring them back for an hour. But as it is, all I can do is to dream of them.

Your loving
DOTTIE DIMPLE.

Two credits.

Only Short Note.

Dear People:

It is impossible to write but a short note today, as I have to write a "comp" and study for tests for tomorrow. But still, that is not going to keep me from telling you all what a scrumptious Page we have today. It made my heart go pit-a-pat to think I belonged to it.

Phillip certainly does the Page a great justice, and there are so many who are following in his "feetsteps" (as I was wont to say in bygone days). Bookworm, here's a hearty welcome to join our Page. I was very delighted to hear news of "Little New York," as it recalls memories, and also because I have a very dear friend who—er—lives up there. Now, don't be excited, because it's only a cousin! Please go off and "speel" about "Lorna" some more. I am about to read it, so will be charmed to hear of her.

Also, a welcome to Uno, Doulcha, Dorothy and Jack Sheppard.

Maxine, many thanks for your handshake. I felt its warmth, and I'll try to live up to being worthy of you; and if it is true that "Confidence imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor," I guess I'll have some inspiration if I tell you all my troubles. Please say you'll listen. (Oh, dear, that last sounds so silly!) But you see I fool so feelish. No more now, Maxine, dear. Please write soon to us. Best wishes to all (Mary Ware included) and to the Editor. As ever, your

SAUCY SISTER.

Two credits.

Dead to Page.

Dear Everybody:

I who write this am dead—yes, dead to the Y. F. P., for some time at least. I suppose the Members, as well as the Editor, do think that I died, as I have not written for some time. But I am alive to the world, the wide, beautiful world in which we live and have our being. My thoughts, however, have always reverted to the Page. I have eagerly read, each Sunday, the letters of the Members, all helpful with suggestions. The call to service has beckoned me on, out of the busy everyday walk of life into the serene silence of writing—writing to unknown friends. The Page, I think, is awakening into a new era of history. New Members are seeking welcome; their letters appear each Sunday. I heartily extend my hand in welcome to all the new Members. Some of the older Members are writing again also. I myself have awakened to the fact that we must write, and write often, to show our loyalty to the Page. Now, Members, I reprimand myself by saying the foregoing statement. I know I have failed to keep my pledge of writing once a month or oftener, as the case may be. Now I have turned over a new leaf and will write, regardless of other things which may distract my mind. The winter days will soon be over and the springtime ought to inspire us with new ideals and a new love for writing. Now for a chat with my friends. Naomi, what has happened? You were always a faithful Member. Likewise Dolly Gray. Have you joined the fighting ranks and forsaken the ranks of our Page? Naomi, please write again. Remember, I am waiting to see your letter in print. Now, my friend of E. H. S., otherwise known as Junior of E. H. S., I know you are kept busy with studies, but write once in a while. Welcome to our midst, Dorothy, though far from your Western home, may you find loving friends here in the East. Likewise, I extend a hearty welcome to A Bookworm. Write and tell us more of your books. Will be glad to read your account of your life in the West, Dorothy. To Uno Dontcha and Jack Sheppard I also give you both a warm welcome. Write often. May your Page careers be of long standing. And now I must close. With love to my friends, old and new, I am as ever,

EX-GRADUATE OF E. H. S.

Two credits.

Dorothy Is Pleased.

Dearest Folkies:

Words fail to express my appreciation and surprise when I found my letter in print. I also want to thank you, Dear Editor, for your kind welcome. I will now tell you a little of my life and home in the West. Well, we settled on a large ranch in Bless, Okla. I guess you have all seen or heard of the famous 101 Ranch that was here in Baltimore, well we lived about 20 miles from them. On our ranch is situated a large log cabin in which we lived, and inside is a large, rather old-time fireplace, with which we did our cooking. We never ate such fancy foods as they do here in Baltimore, our chief eating was meats and cornbread. I was taught to saddle and ride a horse when young, and had many good times on horseback with my two girl chums, who lived on the next ranch. It is very hot out there in summer and very beautiful. We would go to town for shopping supplies, and oftimes some Indians would come along with us for company. They were very friendly to us, and gave me a few beautiful pieces of fancy beaded work, which I am very fond of. Sometimes we would have a race together, boys and girls, and see who could win. This was great fun, as we had a large crowd, including the boys on the ranch. Of course, life is rough out there, as most of the time is spent in the saddle. It is very cold in winter and plenty of snow. We would hold a dance party often in the winter time for pleasure and pastime. I like Baltimore, but do not expect to stay all the time here, but for a good while yet. Well, I guess I will end my letter as I do not want to occupy all your room, and will close with love to all the Members and the Editor. I am your own little new friend,

DOROTHY.

Three credits.

Just What We Needed.

Dear Friends of Pageland:

The letters of Impudence in the past two issues of our beloved Page were just what we all needed. They sounded the depths of my soul and stirred me deeply. What an incentive to try and do one's best, no matter how faulty that best may be! So here am I once more trying to tell you what Pageland means to me and my unabated love for it. But to go back to the letters of Impudence: As I read them they made me feel as if I were wanted in Pageland and that the youngest Member and tiniest letter should be loved and welcomed. I failed to see such sentences as "What's the matter with the star Members?" and "Pageites ought to be ashamed of the condition of the Page," and again, "Where is the boasted loyalty of the old Member?" because, you see, dear friends, it becomes very tiresome to read such preachments when most of us have had contributions sent in months before they appear and others that for some reason best known to our Editor, have never appeared at all. So I was glad that Impudence did not question our loyalty, but said just the right thing to bring us all together again. I assure you, dear Members, that no one missed the Page more than myself and none rejoiced more when the letters were printed again. So let us all rally round the banner of Pageland and write as we used to do. I've got lots to tell you of dear old London. Got to tell you of my visit to the crypt of old St. Paul's Cathedral and of how I lingered long among the tombs of the mighty dead, also of a lovely motorboat ride on the river Avon and lots of other things. But I must stop now for here comes Billy with softly measured tread telling me as plainly as he can that he is feeling very much neglected and if I don't stop writing he will curl up on my pad. You know Billy was the poor little kitty I picked up two years ago. Oh, you ought to see him now—big, lazy, spoiled, but much loved Billy! I believe he knows I'm writing about him the way he is watching my pen. There now, he wants to play—thinks I'm doing this to amuse him. Wait, Billy, till I send my sincerest love to every Pageite. I am, as ever, your loving

ENGLISH LASSIE.

Three credits.

A Grand Page.

Friends.

The Page of February 2, 1913, is just grand. So many old Members have returned. Welcome back dear Audrey. Please write often. Ragged Robin and Hully Gee, Jr., please write real long letters. If more of the old Members would come back, I think we could demand a whole Page once again. Does anyone remember when our old Members tried to get two Pages? Then, when they had to be satisfied with one, our old friends dropped off one by one, but they never dreamed that they were bringing, or at least helping, the Page to go to destruction. It now depends upon the few remaining Members to boost it up once more. Where is Dell, Snow Flake, Cupid's Dart, Billy Bounce, Drifting Leaves, War Eagle and a few more of those old Members? Even Aunt Polly hasn't written for a long time. Gilbert and Chance should be congratulated for keeping the Page up with their letters. Maxime is another booster. I remember when Phi Kappa Epsilon wrote a letter every week, also Denmore and Navy Blue, Mysterious Me, Buck Nix, Jr., Woodell and Wilful Maid. Why don't you try it again? Think that every time you write you are not only improving your handwriting, writing better letters, getting more and more interesting yourself, but also interested by others, and beside, you are making credits. Of course, you intend saying to me I ought to practice what I preach, but that is just what I'm going to do. Mary Ware, your letter is fine! Navy Blue, I feel for you, even though I can't reach you. I know what exams and isms are, and have had my share of them; more than I really care for at the present time. Impudence, I agree with you thoroughly by saying the Page needs more letters, and expect to write one every other day for several weeks. Well, friends, I shall close for once, but still remembering what I have said. Lovingly, from

LITTLE COLONEL.

Three credits.

Bringing Up Father

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By George McManus

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