Wikisource Pagelist Widget

Features

- No switching back and forth

  - Side by side preview of current page.

- Faster creation of pagelists.

  - Ability to "select and go" for most page number labels.

- Preview of the pagelist itself

  - You know exactly how the pagelist looks.

Before

Pages

After

Pages

Preview pagelist ☑ Use the new experimental visual mode to edit the pagelist.

Preview

Pagelist needed (to verify file is complete and correct before commencing proofreading) ⌄

Preview pagelist ☑ Use the new experimental visual mode to edit the pagelist.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39
40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78
79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91
92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104
105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117
118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130
131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143
144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156
157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169
170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182
183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195
196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208
209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221
222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234
235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247
248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260
261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273

Insert Changes

Scan number: 1

Page Number Type: Number

War and Peace

BY LEO TOLSTOY

Visual Mode

Setting page number from scan number 1 onwards

Page Number Type:

Number

Page numbering starts from:

—   +

Change page number for this page only

Update pagelist

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42
43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112
113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126
127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140
141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154
155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168
169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182
183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196
197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210
211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224

Insert Changes

Scan number: 45

Page Number Type: Number

```
<pagelist />
```

Preview pagelist

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42
43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112
113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126
127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140
141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154
155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168
169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182
183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196
197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210
211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224
225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238
239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252
253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266
267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280

Wikitext Mode

BOOK ONE   35

"You had better take care!" said the countess.

"Mamma! What sweets are we going to have?" Natásha again cried boldly, with saucy gaiety, confident that her prank would be taken in good part.

Sónya and fat little Pétya doubled up with laughter.

"You see! I *have* asked," whispered Natásha to her little brother and to Pierre, glancing at him again.

"Ices, but you won't get any," said Márya...

Natásha... Márya Dmítrievna.

"Márya Dmítrievna! What kind of ices? I don't like ice cream."

"Carrot ices."

"No! What kind, Márya Dmítrievna? What kind?" she almost screamed; "I want to know!"

Márya Dmítrievna and the countess burst out laughing, and all the guests joined in. Everyone laughed, not at Márya Dmítrievna's answer but at the incredible boldness and smartness of this little girl who had dared to treat Márya Dmítrievna in this fashion.

Natásha only desisted when she had been told that there would be pineapple ice. Before the ices, champagne was served round. The band again struck up, the count and countess kissed, and the guests, leaving their seats, went up to "congratulate" the countess, and reached across the table to clink glasses with the count, with the children, and with one another. Again the footmen rushed about, chairs scraped, and

"What shall we sing?" she said.

" 'The Brook,' " suggested Nicholas.

"Well, then, let's be quick. Borís, come here," said Natásha. "But where is Sónya?"

She looked round and seeing that her friend was not in the room ran to look for her.

Running into Sónya's room and not finding her there, Natásha ran to the nursery, but Sónya was not there either. Natásha concluded that she must be on the chest in the passage. The chest in the passage was the place of mourning for the younger generation in the Rostóv... there in fact was Sónya lying face downwards on Nurse's dirty feather bed on the top of the chest, crumpling her gauzy pink dress under her, hiding her face with her slender fingers, and sobbing so convulsively that her bare little shoulders shook. Natásha's face, which had been so radiantly happy all that saint's day, suddenly changed: her eyes became fixed, and then a shiver passed down her broad neck and the corners of her mouth drooped.

"Sónya! What is it? What is the matter? ... Oo ... Oo ... Oo ...!" And Natásha's large mouth widened, making her look quite ugly, and she began to wail like a baby without knowing why, except that Sónya was crying. Sónya tried to lift her head to answer but could not, and hid her face still deeper in the bed. Natásha wept, sitting on the blue-striped feather bed and hugging her friend. With an effort Sónya sat up and began wiping her eyes and explaining.

Setup

- Modify **MediaWiki:Proofreadpage index data config**

```
"Pages": {
    "type": "string/line",
    "size": 15,
    "default": "\u003Cpagelist /\u003E",
    "label": "Pages",
    "header": false,
    "help": "",
    "data": "pagelist"
},
```

Configuration

- Create **MediaWiki:Proofreadpage pagelist dropdown values.json**
  - Contains a array, each element of which is a suggestion
  - Each element needs to have two values, `label` and `data`.
  - Needs to have at least one element with the data value "`Number`".
  - You can add any number of elements that you want.

Live demo

https://en.wikisource.beta.wmflabs.org/w/index.php?title=Index:War_and_Peace.djvu&action=edit