

Ramsey Milholland

by Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

He seemed to wish to speak, to heave with speech that declined to be spoken and would not rouse up from his inwards. Finally he uttered words.

"I—well, I—"

"Oh, I know," she said. "A man—or a boy!—always hates to be intruding his own convictions upon other men, especially in a case like this, where he might be afraid of some idiot's thinking him unmanly. But Ramsey—" Suddenly she broke off and looked at him attentively; his discomfort had become so obvious that suspicion struck her. She spoke sharply. "Ramsey, you aren't dreaming of doing such a thing, are you?"

"What such a thing?"

"Fred hasn't influenced you, has he? You aren't planning to go with him, are you?"

"Where?"

"To join the Canadian aviation."

"No; I hadn't thought of doing it."

She sighed again, relieved. "I had a queer feeling about you just then—that you were thinking of doing some such thing. You looked so odd—and you're always so quiet, anybody might not really know what to think. But I'm not wrong about you, am I, Ramsey?"

They had come to the foot of the steps that led up to the entrance of her dormitory, and their walk was at an end. As they stopped and faced each other, she looked at him earnestly; but he did not meet the scrutiny, his eyelids fell.

"I'm not wrong, am I, Ramsey?"

"About what?" he murmured, uncomfortably.

"You are my friend, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right," she said. "That relieves me and makes me happier than I was just now, for of course if you're my friend you wouldn't let me make any mistake about you. I believe you, and now, just before I go in and we won't see much of each other for a week—if you still want me to go with you again next Sunday—"

"Yes—won't you, please?"

"Yes, if you like. But I want to tell you now that I count on you in all this, even though you don't talk much, as you say; I count on you more than I do on anybody else, and I trust you when you say you're my friend, and it makes me happy."

"And I think perhaps you're right about Fred Mitchell. Talk isn't everything, nobody knows that better than I, who talk so much; and I think that, instead of talking to Fred, a steady, quiet influence like yours would do more good than any amount of arguing. So I trust you, you see? And I'm sorry I had that queer doubt of you." She held out her hand. "Unless I happen to see you on the campus for a minute, in the meantime, it's good-bye until a week from today. So—well, so, good-bye until then!"

"Wait," said Ramsey.

"What is it?"

He made a great struggle. "I'm not influencing Fred not to go," he said. "I—don't want you to trust me to do anything like that."

"What?"

"I think it's all right for him to go, if he wants to," Ramsey said, miserably.

"You do? For him to go to fight?"

He swallowed. "Yes."

"Oh!" she cried, turned even redder than he, and ran up the stone steps. But before the storm doors closed upon her she looked down to where he stood, with his eyes still lowered, a lonely seeming figure, upon the pavement below. Her voice caught upon a sob as she spoke.

"If you feel like that, you might as well go and enlist, yourself," she said, bitterly. "I can't—I couldn't—speak to you again after this!"

CHAPTER XIV.

It was easy enough for him to evade Fred Mitchell's rallyings these days; the sprig's mood was truculent, not toward his roommate but toward congress, which was less in fiery haste than he to be definitely at war with Germany.

All through the university the change had come: athletics, in other years spotlighted at the center of the stage, languished suddenly, threatened with abandonment; students working for senior honors forgot them; everything was forgotten except that growing thunder in the soil.

Several weeks elapsed after Dora's bitter dismissal of Ramsey before she was mentioned between the comrades. Then, one evening, Fred asked, as he restlessly paced their study floor:

"Have you seen your pacifist friend lately?"

"No. Not exactly. Why?"

"Well, for my part, I think she ought to be locked up," Fred said, angrily.

"Have you heard what she did this afternoon?"

"No."

"It's all over college. She got up in the class in jurisprudence and made a speech. It's a big class, you know, over two hundred, under Dean Burney. He's a great lecturer, but he's a pacifist—the only one on the faculty—and a friend of Dora's. They say he encouraged her to make this break and led the subject around so she could do it, and then called on her for an opinion, as the highest-stand student in the class. She got up and claimed there wasn't any such thing as a legitimate cause for war, either legally or morally, and said it was a sign of weakness in a nation for it to believe that it did have a cause for war."

"Well, it was too much for that little, spunky Joe Stansbury, and he jumped up and argued with her. He made her admit all the Germans have done to us, the sea murders and the land murders, the blowing up of factories, the propaganda, the strikes, trying to turn the United States into a German settlement, trying to get Japan and Mexico to make war on us, and all the rest. He even made her admit there was proof they mean to conquer us when they get through with the others, and that they've set out to rule the world for their own benefit, and make whoever else they kindly allow to live, work for them."

"She said it might be true, but since nothing at all could be a right cause for war, then all this couldn't be a cause for war. Of course she had her regular pacifist 'logic' working; she said that since war is the worst thing there is, why, all other evils were



He Swallowed. "Yes."

lesser, and a lesser evil can't be a just cause for a greater. She got terribly excited, they say, but kept right on, anyway. She said war was murder and there couldn't be any other way to look at it; and she'd heard there was already talk in the university of students thinking about enlisting, and whoever did such a thing was virtually enlisting to return murder for murder. Then Joe Stansbury asked her if she meant that she'd feel toward any student that enlisted the way she would toward a murderer, and she said, yes, she'd have a horror of any student that enlisted.

"Well, that broke up the class; Joe turned from her to the platform and told old Burney that he was responsible for allowing such talk in his lecture room, and Joe said so far as he was concerned, he resigned from Burney's classes right there. That started it, and practically the whole class got up and walked out with Joe. They said Burney streaked off home, and Dora was left alone in there, with her head down on her desk—and I guess she certainly deserves it. A good many have already stopped speaking to her."

Ramsey fidgeted with a pen on the table by which he sat. "Well, I don't know," he said, slowly. "I don't know if they ought to do that exactly."

"Why oughtn't they?" Fred demanded, sharply.

"Well, it looks to me as if she was only fightin' for her principles. She

believes in 'em. The more it costs a person to stick to their principles, why, the more I believe the person must have something pretty fine about 'em likely."

"Yes!" said the hot-headed Fred. "That may be in ordinary times, but not when a person's principles are liable to betray their country! We won't stand that kind of principles, I tell you, and we oughtn't to. Dora Yocum's finding that out, all right. She had the biggest position of any girl in this place, or any boy either, up to the last few weeks, and there wasn't any student or hardly even a member of the faculty that had the influence or was more admired and looked up to. She had the whole show! But now, since she's just the same as called any student a murderer if he enlists to fight for his country and flag—well, now she hasn't got anything at all, and if she keeps on she'll have even less!"

He paused in his walking to and fro and came to a halt behind his friend's chair, looking down compassionately upon the back of Ramsey's motionless head. His tone changed. "I guess it isn't just the ticket—me to be talking this way to you, is it?" he said, with a trace of huskiness.

"Oh—it's all right," Ramsey murmured, not altering his position.

"I can't help blowing up," Fred went on. "I want to say, though, I know I'm not very considerate to blow up about her to you this way. I've been playing horse with you about her ever since freshman year, but—well, you must have understood, Ram, I never meant anything that would really bother you much, and I thought—well, I really thought it was a good thing, you—your—well, I mean about her, you know. I'm on, all right. I know it's pretty serious with you." He paused.

"It's—its kind of tough luck!" his friend contrived to say; and he began to pace the floor again.

"Oh—well—" he said.

"See here, ole stick-in-the-mud," Fred broke out abruptly. "After her saying what she did—well, it's none o' my business, but—but—"

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Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JULY 23

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 6:1-28.
GOLDEN TEXT—Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions.—Heb. 11:33.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Jer. 38; Dan. 3; Acts 12:1-19; 23:12-26; Heb. 11:32-40.
PRIMARY TOPIC—God Takes Care of Daniel.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Daniel in the Den of Lions.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Daniel's Heroic Faith.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Trials and Triumphs of Faith.

I. Daniel the Prime Minister of the Medo-Persian Empire (vv. 1-3).
Sterling worth brought him to the front and kept him there. The new king was keen to discern his worth and to give it recognition.

II. An Occasion Sought Against Daniel (vv. 4-9).
11. The reason for (v. 4). No doubt that which prompted this effort was their envy and jealousy. The presence of envy always shows inferiority. It is hard for the human heart to forgive those who excel.

2. Failure of (v. 4). Daniel's official record was blameless. They could not even find an error. Envy is still in the world. Those who excel in any line are sure to suffer in some way for their excellencies.

3. The wicked plot (vv. 5-9). They trumped up a charge on the ground of his foreign religion. They were not careful about their method, just so their end was attained. When surrounded by such hatred only the fear of God can save. Everyone needs that help daily. In spite of Daniel's loyalty the decree was signed by the king which would put him into the den of lions.

III. Daniel's Noble Confession (vv. 10-13).
Though Daniel knew that the wicked decree was signed he knelt before God as usual. Note the silence of heroism. Weak men bluster; strong men have little to say.

1. He continued his usual habit (v. 10). Regular habitual prayer is essential to right life. Habit has an important bearing upon life and especially upon our religious life. He knew that the civil law had absolutely nothing to do with his religion. God's law is first. When the laws of earth conflict with God's laws there is but one thing to do. Laws forbidding to read the Bible, to pray, or to meet to worship God, have no authority over men.

2. Daniel reported to the king (vv. 11-13). These wicked men watched to find out as to whether Daniel would pray before his God, and when they found that he continued his worship of the true God they went to the king and reported that Daniel disregarded his decree.

IV. The Foolish Decree Executed (vv. 14-17).
1. The king displeased with himself (v. 14). He labored till the going down of the sun to deliver Daniel. He was conscious that he had been entrapped.

2. The king helpless (v. 15). The proud ruler found that he was a slave.

3. Daniel cast into the den of lions (v. 16). The king's parting word to Daniel was a poor, feeble excuse for his guilty conscience.

4. The Double Seal (v. 17). This double act shows that one rascal will not trust another.

V. Daniel Delivered (vv. 18-23).
1. Note the contrast between the night spent in the lion's den and the one in the palace. In the palace there was no sleep, no mirth. Daniel's quiet life as a picture of the safety and peace which are the portion of those who trust God and do His will.

2. The king's question in the morning (v. 20).
3. Daniel's answer (v. 22). God's angel has done many wonderful works. The early Christians despised bonds, stripes and death.

4. Daniel delivered (v. 23). No manner of hurt was found because he believed in his God.

VI. The Doom of His Accusers (v. 24).
They were cast into the den of lions and before they even came to the bottom of the den their bones were broken in pieces. This is an example of retributive justice. Daniel's enemies go into the same trap which they prepared for him.

VII. Darius' Decree (vv. 25-27).
Men were to tremble and fear before Daniel's God. As to whether Darius had a change of heart we do not know.

VIII. Daniel's Prosperity (v. 28).
Daniel goes higher into the kingdom and continues in his place of honor even though dynasties change.

Events Like the Globe.
All the great events of this globe are like the globe itself, of which one-half is in the full daylight and the other half is plunged in obscurity.—Voltaire.

Discontentment.
After a spirit of discontentment, the next rarest thing in the world are diamonds and pearls.—Bunjer.

To Have a Friend.
The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

Compass on Crossing the Equator.
The compass needle does not turn around in passing from one hemisphere into the other. The north-seeking end of the compass needle has no greater significance or meaning in the southern hemisphere than the south-seeking end of the needle has in the northern hemisphere. The compass needle is a piece of magnetized steel. It has its own positive and negative poles, or north and south poles, just like the earth. The needle and its lines of force align themselves with the earth's lines of force. In the northern hemisphere the north magnetic pole exerts the dominating influence of the needle, so it points to that pole. The south end of the needle is disregarded. In the southern hemisphere the south magnetic pole exerts the dominating influence on the needle and it points to that pole, the north end of the needle in this case being disregarded. The needle does not reverse in going from one hemisphere to another. The south end of it becomes the guide in the southern hemisphere, as the north end is the guide in the northern hemisphere.

"Man is the only animal that blushes—and the only one that has occasion to blush."—Mark Twain.

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