

Ramsey Milholland

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Ramsey looked dogged. "I'm not goin' around always arguin' about everything when arguin' would just hurt people's feelings about something they're all excited about, and wouldn't do a bit o' good in the world—and you know yourself just talk hardly ever settles anything—so I don't—"

"Aha!" Fred cried. "I thought so! Now you listen to me—"

"I won't. I—"

But at this moment they were interrupted. Someone slyly opened a door, and a snowball deftly thrown from without caught Ramsey upon the back of the neck and head, where it flattened and displayed itself as an ornamental star. Shouting fiercely, both boys sprang up, ran to the door, were caught there in a barrage of snowballs, ducked through it in spite of all damage, charged upon a dozen beswept figures awaiting them and began a mad battle in the blizzard. Some of their opponents treacherously joined them and turned upon the ambushers.

In the dusk the merry conflict waned up and down the snow-covered lawn, and the combatants threw and threw, or surged back and forth, or clenched and toppled over into snowbanks, yet all coming to chant an extemporized battle-cry in chorus, even as they fought the most wildly.

"Who? Who? Who?" they chanted. "Who? Who? Who? Who says ain't goin' to be no war?"

CHAPTER XIII.

So everywhere over the country, that winter of 1916, there were light-hearted boys skylarking—at college, or on the farms; and in the towns the young machinists snowballed one another as they came from the shops; while on this Sunday of the "frat" snow fight probably several hundreds of thousands of youthful bachelors, between the two oceans, went walking, like Ramsey, each with a girl who could forget the weather. Yet boys of nineteen and in the twenties were not light-hearted all the time that winter and that spring and that summer. Most of them knew long, thoughtful moments, as Ramsey did, when they seemed to be thinking not of girls or work or play—nor of anything around them, but of some more vital matter or prospect. And at such times they were grave, but not ungentle.

For the long strain was on the country; underneath all its outward seeming of things going on as usual there shook a deep vibration, like the air trembling to vast organ pipes in diapasons too profound to reach the ear as sound; one felt, not heard, thunder in the ground under one's feet. The succession of diplomatic notes came to an end after the torpedoing of the Sussex; and at last the tricky ruling Germans in Berlin gave their word to murder no more, and people said, "This means peace for America, and all is well for us," but everybody knew in his heart that nothing was well for us, that there was no peace.

They said, "All is well," while that thunder in the ground never ceased—it grew deeper and heavier till all America shook with it and it became slowly audible as the voice of the old American soil, a soil wherein lay those who had defended it aforesaid, a soil that bred those who would defend it again, for it was theirs; and the meaning of it—Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness—was theirs, and theirs to defend. And they knew they would defend it, and that more than the glory of a Nation was at stake. The Freedom of Man was at stake. So, gradually, the sacred thunder reached the ears of the young men and gave them those deep moments that came to them whether they sat in the classroom or the counting-room, or walked with the plow, or stood to the machine, or behind the ribbon counter. Thus the thunder shook them and tried them and slowly came into their lives and changed everything for them.

Hate of the Germans was not bred; but a contempt for what Germany had shown in lieu of a national heart; a contempt as mighty and as profound as the resolve that the German way and the German will should not prevail in America, nor in any country of the world that would be free. And when the German kaiser laid his command upon America, that no American should take his ship upon the free seas, death being the penalty for any who disobeyed, then the German kaiser got his answer, not only to this new law he had made for us, but to many other thoughts of his. Yet the answer was for some time delayed.

There was a bitter Sunday, and its bitterness went everywhere, to every place in the whole world that held high and generous hearts. Its bitterness came to the special meeting in the "frat hall," where there were hearts, indeed, of that right sort, and one of them became vocal in its bitterness. This was the heart of Fred Mitchell, who was now an authority, being president of the Junior class, chairman of the Prom committee, and other things pleasant to be and to live for at his age.

"For me, brothers," he said, "I think I'd a great deal rather have been shot through the head than heard the news

from Washington today! I tell you, I've spent the meanest afternoon I ever did in my life, and I guess it's been pretty much the same with all of us. The worst of it is, it looks as though there isn't a thing in the world we can do. The country's been betrayed by a few blatherskites and boneheads that had the power to do it, and all we can do—we've just got to stand it. But there's some Americans that aren't just standing it, and I want to tell you a lot of 'em are men from the universities, just like us. They're over there right now; they haven't said much—they just packed up and went. They're flying for France and for England and for Canada; they're fighting under every flag on the right side of the western front; and they're driving ambulances at Verdun and ammunition trucks at the Somme. Well, there's going to be a lot more American boys on all these jobs mighty soon, on account of what those men did in congress today. If they won't give us a chance to do something under our own flag, then we'll have to go and do it under some other flag; and I want to tell you I'm one that's going to go! I'll stick it out in college up to Easter, and then if there's still no chance to go under the Stars and Stripes I'll maybe have to go under the flag my great-grandfather fought against in 1776, but, anyhow, I'll go!"

It was in speaking to Ramsey of this declaration that Dora said Fred was a "dangerous firebrand." They were taking another February walk, but the February was February, 1917; and the day was dry and sunny. "It's just about a year ago," she said.

"What is?" Ramsey asked.

"That first time we went walking. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, that day? Yes, I remember it was snowing."

"And so cold and blowy!" she added. "It seems a long time ago. I like walking with you, Ramsey. You're so quiet and solid—I've always felt I could talk



"I Never Liked Any Girl Enough to Go and Call on Her."

to you just anyhow I pleased, and you wouldn't mind. I'll miss these walks with you when we're out of college."

He chuckled. "That's funny!"

"Why?"

"Because we've only taken four besides this; two last year, and another week before last, and another last week. This is only the fifth."

"Good gracious! Is that all? It seemed to me we'd gone ever so often!" She laughed. "I'm afraid you won't think that seems much as if I'd liked going, but I really have. And, by the way, you've never called on me at all. Perhaps it's because I've forgotten to ask you."

"Oh, no," Ramsey said, and scuffed his shoes on the path, presently explaining rather huskily that he "never was much of a caller"; and he added, "or anything."

"Well, you must come if you ever care to," she said, with a big-sister graciousness. "The Dorm chaperon sits there, of course, but ours is a jolly one and you'd like her. You've probably met her—Mrs. Hustings?—when you've called on other girls at our old shop."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELICS OF THE AGES LONG PAST

England Has Three of the Most Remarkable That the Whole World Has to Offer.

A loaf of bread more than 600 years old, it is said, is to be found at Ambaston, in Derbyshire, England. It was included in a grant of land from the crown in the reign of King John, and has remained in the Soar family ever since.

Almost as great a curiosity as this is a house 1,100 years of age, and yet fit for habitation. This old dwelling, the oldest inhabited house in England, was built in the time of King Offa of Mercia. It is octagonal in shape, the walls of its lower story being of great

"No," said Ramsey. "I never was much of a —" He paused, fearing that he might be repeating himself, and too hastily amended his intention. "I never liked any girl enough to go and call on her."

"Ramsey Milholland!" she cried. "Why, when we were in school half the room used to be talking about how you and that pretty Milla—"

"No, no!" Ramsey protested, again too hurriedly. "I never called on her. We just went walking."

A moment later his color suddenly became fiery. "I don't mean—I mean —" he stammered. "It was walking, of course—I mean we did go out walking, but it wasn't walking like—like this." He concluded with a fit of coughing which seemed to rack him.

Dora threw back her head and laughed delightedly. "Don't you apologize!" she said. "I didn't when I said it seemed to me that we've gone walking so often, when in reality it's only four or five times altogether. I think I can explain, though: I think it came partly from a feeling I have that I can rely on you—that you're a good, solid, reliable sort of person. I remember from the time we were little children, you always had a sort of worried, honest look in school, and you used to make a dent in your forehead—you meant it for a frown—whenever I caught your eye. You hated me so honestly, and you were so honestly afraid I wouldn't see it!"

"Oh, yes—yes!" she laughed, then grew serious. "My feeling about you—that you were a person to be relied on, I mean—I think it began that evening in our freshman year, after the Lusitania, when I stopped you on the campus and you went with me, and I couldn't help crying, and you were so nice and quiet. I hardly realized then that it was the first time we'd ever really talked together—of course I did all the talking!—and yet we'd known each other so many years. I thought of it afterward. But what gave me such a different view of you, I'd always thought you were one of that truculent sort of boys, always just bursting for a fight; but you showed me you'd really never had a fight in your life and hated fighting, and that you sympathized with my feeling about war."

She stopped speaking to draw in her breath with a sharp sigh. "Ah, don't you remember what I've told you all along? How it keeps coming closer and closer—and now it's almost here! Isn't it unthinkable? And what can we do to stop it, we poor few who feel that we must stop it?"

"Well—" Ramsey began uncomfortably. "Of course I—"

"You can't do much," she said. "I know. None of us can. What can any little group do? There are so few of us among the undergraduates—and only one in the whole faculty. All the rest are for war. But we mustn't give up; we must never feel afterward that we left anything undone; we must fight to the last breath!"

"Fight?" he repeated wonderingly, then chuckled.

"Oh, as a figure of speech," she said, impatiently. "Our language is full of barbaric figures left over from the dark ages. But, oh, Ramsey!"—she touched his sleeve—"I've heard that Fred Mitchell is saying that he's going to Canada after Easter, to try to get into the Canadian aviation corps. If it's true, he's a dangerous firebrand, I think. Is it true?"

"I guess so. He's been talking that way, some."

"But why do you let him talk that way?" she cried. "He's your roommate; surely you have more influence with him than anybody else has. Couldn't you—"

He shook his head slowly, while upon his face the faintly indicated modelings of a grin hinted of an inner laughter at some surreptitious thought. "Well, you know, Fred says himself sometimes, I don't seem to be much of a talker exactly!"

"I know. But don't you see? That sort of thing is contagious. Others will think they ought to go if he does; he's popular and quite a leader. Can't you do anything with him?"

She waited for him to answer. "Can't you?" she insisted.

The grin had disappeared and Ramsey grew red again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POULTRY

NO BEST BREED OF POULTRY

Three Classes Recognized Are Egg Producers, Dual Purpose and Extremely Large Fowls.

What is the best breed of chickens? That question frequently is asked by persons who are thinking of taking a plunge in the poultry business.

But there is no "best breed," according to Harry Embleton, professor of poultry husbandry at Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical college.

"You can find good and poor layers, large and small birds in every breed," Embleton explains. "It is the strain more than the breed that is really the more important thing to consider."

"There are three recognized general classes of poultry," Embleton says. "The small birds or the so-called egg-producing class, the medium-sized bird or the so-called dual purpose class, and the extremely large or the meat class. There is no great distinction between the egg class or the dual so far as the egg production is concerned, for many of the medium meat breeds are good egg layers, and in the small-sized birds which are considered for egg laying only, there are oftentimes found individuals that will weigh from five to five and one-half pounds and these will make a fairly good meat bird."

"Now, in regard to the breed you would like to have, I have first to suggest that you decide upon whether you want eggs primarily or whether you want general-purpose breeds. When you have made this decision pick out the breed which you like best because this is the breed with which you will get the best results. After you have picked the breed that you like best buy your stock or eggs from a breeder whom you know has bred for the things that you desire. This may be egg production or it may be show purposes or it may be a combination. You will find many breeders that have bred for egg production, but their stock may not be worth very much for show purposes. You can find breeders which

have bred for show purposes and their stock, in turn, may not be worth very much for egg production. You can find a small per cent of breeders who have combined these two qualities and of course their stock would naturally be worth more because of having this combination.

"But just as a matter of caution—be sure you know the breeder from whom you are buying your stock and be sure that he has the strain of birds which have the qualities which you desire."



Purebred Barred Plymouth Rocks Raised by Alphonse Leppert, Irving Park, Chicago, Ill.

INDICATION OF LAYING HENS

Spread of Distance Apart of Pelvic Bones is Valuable Sign of Fowl's Condition.

As a hen stops laying there is a tendency for her to take on fat. This is noticeable in examining the pelvic bones, the two bones which can be felt as points on either side of the vent. When the hen is laying these bones become comparatively thin and flexible. When she is not laying they feel thicker and less flexible, due to the fat which has accumulated there.

The spread of distance apart of these pelvic bones is also a valuable indication of whether or not the hen is laying. When laying they are wider apart than when not laying.

Comparisons Sell Chevrolet

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Standard Instrument Board—speedometer, ammeter, oil pressure gauge, lighting and starting switch, and choke pull. Standard Type of Carburetor, with exhaust heater. Powerful, Valve-in-Head Motor—the same type as used in successful cars selling at much higher prices. Many Other Advantages which will be noticed on inspection, comparison and demonstration.

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POULTRY NOTES

Keep charcoal where the fowls have ready access to it at all times.

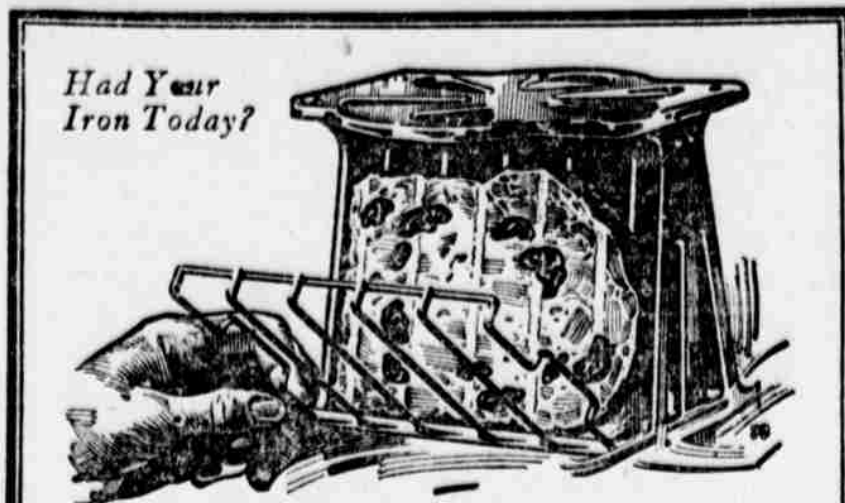
See that your poultry runs and coops are clean before the little chicks begin coming.

The goose is the great holiday bird and finds ready sale on the large city markets at that time.

Get a supply of the most-needed poultry remedies and keep them on hand for emergencies.

The sooner eggs are set after being laid the better. There is no such thing as setting them too soon for best results.

Keep grit and oyster shell before the fowls, also plenty of clean water, and make sure that the fowls are not bothered with mites or lice.



Had Your Iron Today?

Toast It—Delicious Raisin Bread

DO this some morning and surprise the family: Serve hot raisin toast at breakfast, made from full-fruited, luscious raisin bread. Let your husband try it with his coffee. Hear what he says.

Your grocer or bake shop can supply the proper bread. No need to bake at home.

Made with big, plump, tender, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins, and if you get the right kind there's a generous supply of these delicious fruit-meats in it.

Insist on this full-fruited bread and you'll have luscious toast.

Rich in energizing nutriment and iron—great food for business men.

Make most attractive bread pudding with left-over slices. There's real economy in bread like this.

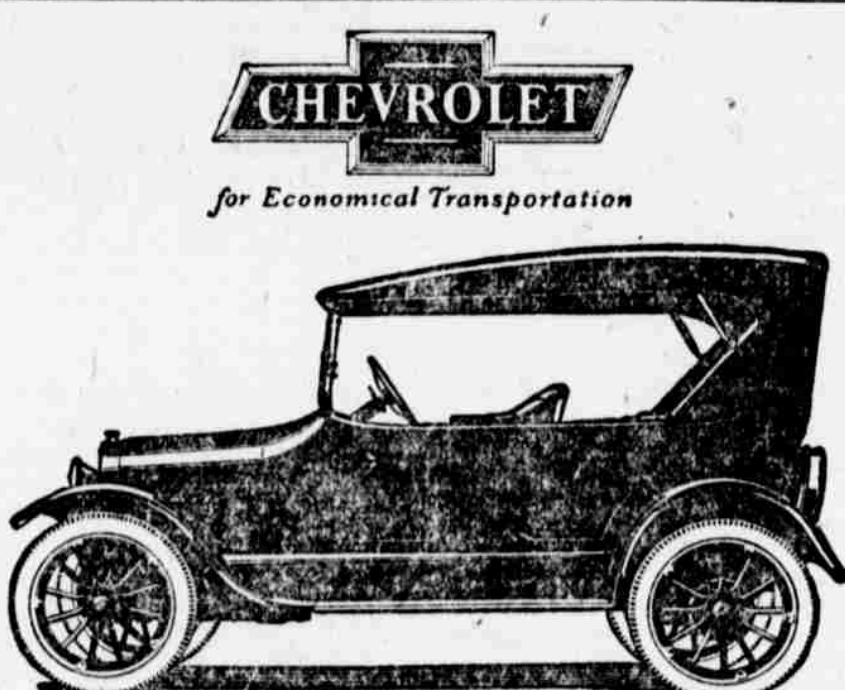
Try tomorrow morning. A real surprise. Telephone your dealer to send a loaf today.

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