

# 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 besweated figures awaiting them and began a mad battle in the billiard. 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 snow-banks, 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 says there 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—erred 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-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."

"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, no—no—"

"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 erping, 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.)

## 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 Scar 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

thickness. The upper part is of oak. At one time the house was fortified and known by the name of St. German's Gate. It stands close to the River Ver, and only a few yards from St. Albans abbey.

A marriage proposal 3,400 years of age is in existence in the British museum. It is the oldest marriage proposal of which there is any definite record. It consists of about ninety-eight lines of very fine cuneiform writing, and is on a small clay tablet made of Nile mud. It is a marriage proposal of a Pharaoh for the hand of the daughter of the king of Babylon. It was written about the year 1530 B. C.

## Wraps for Summer Trips; Knitted Accessories

THE least showy and conspicuous of our friends often proves to be the best friend in need, and so it is with coats and wraps. Now that the time for summer journeyings is here, ask the unexperienced globe-trotter, and she will tell you to begin your outfitting with a practical, roomy coat, made of a soft, warm material, in a neutral or dark color. Whether your path leads to the mountains or the sea, the tropics or the desert, take

en. The sweater has been multiplied to suit occasion, scarfs have been varied for the same reason, hats and bags to match them have joined the cheerful company of knitted accessories. These things, and others, are taken as a matter of course in the wardrobe while emphasis is placed on the kind of yarns employed and on style and color.

Knitted things, including dresses, are especially voguish for sportswear,



Practical Wraps for Summer Journeys.

a sturdy coat along, for you will have need of it.

One does not acquire a coat of this kind for a single journey or a single season, therefore eccentricities of style are not among its possessions. We may count on straight lines, youthful and mannish styles to be long-lived and not affected by passing whims of fashion, but entirely comfortable. Such a coat is shown at the right of the two pictured here. It is provided with capacious pockets, an ample collar and is loosely belted. Made of homespun, tweed, duvetyn and camel's-hair and similar coatings, it is the tourist's delight.

The coat at the left of the picture proclaims itself as of this season with its wide, capelike sleeves, but it is

but their usefulness does not begin or end there, unless we make "sportswear" a term of very wide application. Knitted garments, cleverly styled, appear almost everywhere. Many of them are products of wonderful looms and many of them are hand knitted—the latter having the usual prestige of handwork over machine work. Now that they are so fashionable it is well worth while to learn to knit. Women find it fascinating work, good for the nerves—and an important relief to the strain on their pocketbooks.

A novice might make a beginning in the gentle art of knitting by copying the pretty scarf of Iceland wool shown here at the right of the illustration. A fine zephyr, in any color desired, is used for it and the border of stripes



Slip-Over Sweater and Scarf.

in contrasting colors, may suit individual fancy.

The slip-over sweater at the left is machine-knitted and may be had in almost any color. It is a practical and youthful affair with a "V" neck, elbow sleeves, and fancy border banded with white. The collar and cuffs match the border and a narrow knitted belt, having no particular business, is there because it is there, to make a pretty finish. It buttons at each side after crossing at the front.

Just at the moment many slip-over sweaters are shown in gay colors with horizontal stripes in white, or white interwoven with the color, and manufacturers are featuring sweaters in white with horizontal stripes in Navy blue patterns. They are fine for sportswear. The tuxedo maintains its place for older people.

Striding along, keeping pace with the ever-increasing disposition to outdoorizing, many knitted things have been added to the belongings of wom-

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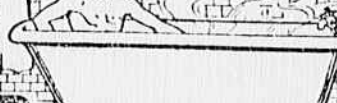
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