

Grandpa?"

"Oh, we knew they couldn't."

"I guess so." The little boy laugher

disdainfully, thinking his question sat-

isfactorily answered. "I guess those

ole Johnnies couldn't whipped a flea!

They didn't know how to fight any at

"Oh, yes, they did!"
"What?" The boy was astounded.

Weren't they all just reg'lar ole cow-

"No," said the grandfather. "They

"They were? Well, they ran away

"Sometimes they did, but most time.

they didn't. Sometimes they fough

like wildcats and sometimes we were

"But the Johnnies were bad men,

The boy's forehead, customarily va-

cant, showed some little vertical

shadows, produced by a struggle to

think, "Well, but-" he began slowly.

"Listen, Grandpa, listen here! You

said-you said you never got scared

"They did win pretty often," said

the grandfather. "They won a good

"I mean, you said you never got

"No, we were never afraid of that."

"Well, but if they were good men

and fought like wildcats, Grandpa,

and kep' winning battles and every-

thing, how could that be? How could

you help bein' scared they'd win the

The grandfather's feeble eyes twin-

kled brightly. "Why, we knew they

At this, the little vertical shadows

on Ramsey's forehead became more

pronounced, for he had succeeded in

thinking. "Well, they didn't know they

couldn't, did they?" he argued. "They

thought they were goin' to win, didn't

"Yes; I guess they did. But you

"Well, but-" Ramsey struggled.

'Listen! Listen here, Grandpa! Well.

anyway, if they never got scared we'd

win, and nobody got scared they'd win

But Ramsey found himself unable

"I see." And his grandfather laughed

again. "You mean: If the Johnnies

felt just as sure of winning the war

as we did and kept winning battles.

why shouldn't we ever have had any

doubts we were going to win? That's it, isn't it?"

"Well, I think it was mostly because

we were certain that we were right."

knew they were on the side of the

devil." But at this, the grandfather's

laugh was louder than it had been be

tore, and Ramsey looked hurt. "Well.

you can laugh if you want to!" he

objected in an aggrieved voice. "Any-

way, the Sunday school sup'intendent

told us when people knew they were on the devil's side they always—"

"I dare say, I dare say," the old man

interrupted, a little impatiently. "But

in this world mighty few people think

they're on the devil's side, Ramsey.

The South thought the devil was on our side, you see."

nore'n ever."

"Well, that kind o' mixes it all up

"Suppose you look at it this way: The South was fighting for what it

believed to be its right to be a coun

try by itself; but we were fighting for

Liberty and Union, now and forever

me and inseparable.' There's the rea-

son we had the certain knowledge that

we were going to win the war. How

Ramsey didn't think so. He had be-

un to feel bored by the conversation.

ind to undergo the oppression he us-

ially suffered in school. The earnest

old voice of the veteran was only a

"Boom-" The veterans had begun

to fire their cannon on the crest of the

ow hill, out at the cemetery; and from

a little way down the street came the

at-a-tat of a toy drum and sounds of

fife played execrably. A file of chil-

lren in cocked hats made of newspa-

pers came marching importantly up

the sidewalk under the maple shade

trees; and in advance, upon a veloci-

pede, rode a tin-sworded personage

shrieking incessant commands but not

concerning himself with whether or

not any military obedience was there-

by obtained. Here was a revivifying

effect upon young Ramsey; his slug-gard eyelids opened electrically; he

leaped to his feet and, abandoning his

plain and simple it is!"

ound in the boy's ears.

"I see," said Ramsey. "The Johnnies

scared they'd win the war."

the ole Johnnies were goin' to win."

whenever you began shootin' at 'en

all, did they, Grandpa?"

were pretty fine soldiers."

the ones that ran away."

weren't they, Grandpa?"

ards, Grandpa?"

didn't they?"

"No."

many battles."

couldn't, Ramsey."

see they were wrong."

-well, I don't see--"

"You don't see what?"

"I guess so, Grandpa."

to continue his concentration.

nothin' much," he murmured.

they?"

CHAPTER I.

When Johnnie comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men with cheers, the boys with

Hurran! Hurran:
The men with cheers, the boys with shouts.
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay, when Johnnie comes marching home again!

The old man and the little boy, his grandson, sat together in the shade of the big walnut tree in the front yard, watching the "Decoration Day Parade," as it passed up the long street; and when the last of the veterans was out of sight the grandfather murmured the words of the tune that came drifting back from the now distant band at the head of the procession. "Did you, Grandpa?" the boy asked.

"Did I what?" "Did you all feel gay when the army

"It didn't get home all at once, precisely," the grandfather explained. "When the war was over I suppose we felt relieved, more than anything else." "You didn't feel so gay when the war was, though, I guess!" the boy

ventured. "I guess we didn't." "Were you scared, Grandpa? Were you ever scared the Johnnies would

win?" We weren't ever afraid of "No. that."

"Well, weren't you ever scared your self, Grandpa? I mean when you were in a battle. "Oh, yes; I was." The old man

"Scared aplenty!" "I don't see why," the boy said promptly. "I wouldn't be scared in a battle."

"Wouldn't you?" "'Course not! Grandpa, why don't you march in the Decoration Day parade? Wouldn't they let you?"

"I'm not able to march any more Too short of breath and too shaky in the legs and too blind."

"I wouldn't care," said the boy. "I'd be in the parade anyway, if I was you.



"I Wouldn't Care," Said the Boy. "I'd Be in the Parade Anyway, if I Was

If I'd been in your place, Grandpa, and they'd let me be in that parade, I'd been right up by the band. Look, Grandpa! Watch me, Grandpa! This is the way I'd be, Grandpa."

He rose from the garden bench where they sat, and gave a complex imitation of what had most appealed to him as the grandeurs of the pro cession, his prancing legs simulating those of the horse of the grand mar shal, while his upper parts rendered the drums and bugles of the band, as well as the officers and privates of the militia company which had been a fea ture of the parade. The only thing he left out was the detachment of

"Putty-boom! Putty-boom! Putty boom-boom-boom!" he vociferated, as the drums-and then as the bugles "Ta, ta, ra, tara!" He addressed hi restive legs: "Whoa, there, you Whitey! Gee! Haw! Git up!" Ther waving an imaginary sword: lumn right! Farwud march! Halt Carry harms!" He "carried arms. "Show-dier harms!" He "shouldere arms," and returned to his seat.

"That'd be me, Grandpa. That's the way I'd do." And as the grandfather nodded, seeming to agree, a thought recently dismissed returned to the mind of the composite procession and he asked:

Well, why weren't you ever afraid the Johnnies would whip the Unions, Visit

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grandfather without preface or apology, sped across the lawn and out of the gate, charging headlong upon the commander of the company.

"You get off that 'locipede, Wesley Bender!' he bellowed. "You gimme that sword! What rights you got to go bein' captain o' my army, I'd like to know! Who got up this army, in the first place, I'd like to know! I did. myself, yesterd'y afternoon, and you get back in line or I won't let you b'long to it at all!"

The pretender succumbed; he instantly dismounted, being out-shouted and overawed. On foot he took his place in the ranks, while Ramsey became sternly vociferous. "In-tention, company! Farwud march! Col-lumn Right-showdler harms! Halt! Far-wud march. Carry harms-

The army went trudging away under the continuous but unheeded fire of orders, and presently disappeared round a corner, leaving the veteran chuckling feebly under his walnut tree and alone with the empty street. All trace of what he had said seemed to have been wiped from the grandson's mind; but memory has curious ways. Ramsey had understood not a fifth nor a tenth of his grandfather's talk, and I German teacher, and it was pleasant already he had "forgotten" all of ityet not only were there many, many tater life when without ascertainable cause, he would remember words and sentences spoken by the grandfather, though the listener, half-drowsily, had heard but the sound of an old, carnest voice-and even the veteran's meaning finally took on a greater definiteness till it became, in the grandson's thoughts. something clear and bright and beautiful that he knew without being just sure where or how he had learned it.

#### CHAPTER II

Ramsey Milholland sat miserably in chool, his conscious being consisting principally of a dull hate. Torpor was a little dispersed during a fifteenminute interval of "Music," when he and all the other pupils in the large room of the "Five B. Grade" sang 10 peatedly fractions of what they enun ciated as "The Star Span-guh-hulle Banner"; but afterward he relapsed into the low spirits and animosity nat ural to anybody during enforced confinement under instruction. No allevia tion was accomplished by an invader's temporary usurpation of the teacher's platform, a brisk and unsympathetically cheerful young woman mounting thereon to "teach German."

For a long time mathematics and German had been about equally repulsive to Ramsey, who found himself daily in the compulsory presence of both; but he was gradually coming to regard German with the greater horror, because, after months of patient mental resistance, he at last began to comprehend that the German language has sixteen special and particular ways of using the German article corresponding to that flexible bit of a word so easily managed in English—the. What in the world was the use of having sixteen ways of doing a thing that could just as well be done in one? If the Germans had contented themselves with insisting upon sixteen useless variations for lafrequent words, such as hippopotamas, for instance, Ramsey might have thought the affair unreasonable but not necessarily viclous-it would be easy enough to avoid talking about a hippopotamus if he ever had to go to Germany. But the fact that the Germans picked out a and the and many other little words in use all the time, and gave every one of them sixteen forms, and expected Ramsey Milholland to learn this dizzyuselessness down to the last

crotchety detail, with "When to employ Which" as a nausea to prepare for the final convulsion when one didn't use Which, because it was an "Exception" -there was a fashion of making easy

matters hard that was merely hellish. The teacher was strict but enthusiastic; she told the children, over and over, that the German was a heautiful language, and her face always had a glow when she said this. At such times the children looked patient; they supposed it must be so, because she was an adult and their teacher; and they believed her with the same manner of believing which those of them who went to Sunday school used there when the Sunday school teachers were pushed into explanation of various matters set forth in the Old Testament, or gave reckless descriptions of heaven. That is to say, the children did not challenge or deny; already they had been driven into babits of resignation and were passing out of the age when childhood is able to re-

lect adult nonsense Ramsey Milholland did not know whether the English language was beautiful or not; he never thought about it. Moreover, though his deeper inwards hated "German," he liked his to look at her when that glow came

upon her face. Sometimes, too, there were moments of relaxation in her class, when she would stop the lesson and tell the children about Germany: What a beautiful, good country if was, so trim and orderly, with such pleasant customs and all the people sensible, energetic and healthy. There was "Music" again in the German class, which was another alleviation; though it was the same old "Star Spangled Banner" over again. Ramsey was tired of the song and tired of "My Country 'Tis of Thee"; they were bores, but it was amusing to sing them in German. In German they sounded "sort o' funny," so he didn't mind this bit of the day's

Half an hour later there arrived his supreme trial of this particular morning. Arithmetic then being the order of business before the house, he was sent alone to the blackboard, supposedly to make lucid the proper reply to a fatal conundrum in decimals, and under the glare and focus of the whole room he breathed heavily and itched everywhere; his brain at once became sheer hash. He consumed as much time as possible in getting the terms of the problem stated in chalk; then, affecting to be critical of his own handiwork, erased what he had done and carefully wrote it again. After that he erased half of it, slowly retraced figures, and stepped back as if to see whether perspective improved their appearance. Again he lifted the

"Ramsey Milholland!" "Ma'am?"

"Put down that eraser!"

"Yes'm. I just thought-" Sharply bidden to get forward with his task, he explained in a feeble voice that he had first to tie a shoestring and stooped to do so, but was not permitted. Miss Ridgely tried to stimulate him with hints and suggestion; found him, so far as decimals went, mere protoplasm, and, wondering how so helpless a thing could live, summoned to the board little Dora Yocum, the star of the class, whereupon Ramsey moved toward his seat.

"Stand still, Ramsey! You stay right where you are and try to learn something from the way Dora does

The class giggled, and Ramsey stood, but learned nothing. His conspicuous ness was unendurable, because all of his schoolmates naturally found more entertainment in watching him than

n following the performatee of the capable Dora

Instructed to watch every figure chalked up by the mathematical wonder, his eyes, grown sodden, were unable to remove themselves from the part in her hair at the back of her head, where two little braids began their separate careers to end in a couple of blue-and-red-checked bits of rib bon, one upon each of her thin shoul der blades. His sensations clogged his intellect; he suffered from unsought notoriety, and hated Dora Yocum; most of all he hated her busy little shoulder blades.

He had to be "kept in" after school; and when he was allowed to go home he averted his eyes as he went by the house where Dora lived. She was out the yard, eating a doughnut, and he knew it; but he had passed the age when it is just as permissible to throw a rock at a girl as at a boy; and stiffing his normal inclinations, walked sturdily on, though he indulged himself so far as to engage in a murmured conversation with one of the familiar spirits dwellling somewhere within him. "Pfa!" said Ramsey to himself-or himself to Ramsey, since it is difficult to say which was which. "Pfa! 'Thinks she's smart, don't she?" Well, I guess she does, but she . "I hate her, don't you?" "You bet your life I hate her!"

"Teacher's Pet, that's what I call her!" . "Well, that's what I call her, don't 1?" "Well, I do; that's all she is, anyway-dirty ole Teacher's

#### CHAPTER III.

He had not forgiven her four years ater when he entered high school in her company, for somehow Ramsey managed to shovel his way through examinations and stayed with the class. He was unable to deny that she had become less awful lookin' than she used to be. At least, he was honest enough to make a partial retraction when his friend and classmate, Fred Mitchell, insisted that an amelioration of Dora's appearance

could be actually proven. "Well, I'll take it back. I don't claim she's every last bit as awful lookin' as she always has been," said Ramsey, toward the conclusion of the argument. "I'll say this for her, she's awful lookin', but she may not be as awful lookin' as she was. She don't come to school with the edge of some of her underclo'es showin' below her dress any more, about every other day, and her eyewinkers have got to stick in' out some, and she may not be so abbasalootly skinny, but she'll haf to wait a mighty long while before I want to look at her without gettin' sick !"

The implication that Miss Yocum cared to have Ramsey look at her. either with or without gettin' sick, was mere rhetoric, and recognized as such by the producer of it; she had never given the slightest evidence of any desire that his gaze be bent upon her. What truth lay underneath his flourish rested upon the fact that he could not look at her without some symptoms of the sort he had tersely sketched to his friend; and yet, so pungent is the fascination of self-inflicted misery, he did look at her, during periods of study, often for three or four minutes at a stretch. His expression at such times indeed resembled that of one who has dined unwisely; but Dora Yocum was always too eagerly busy to notice it. He was almost never in her eye, but she was continually in his; moreover, as the banner pupil she was with hourly froquency an exhibit before the whole

Ramsey found her worst of all when her turn came in "Declamation," on Friday afternoons. When she ascend ed the platform, bobbed a little preparatory bow and began, "Listen, my children, and you shall hear." Ram sey included Paul Revere and the Old North church and the whole Revolutionary war in his antipathy, since they somehow appeared to be the property of the Teacher's Pet. For Dora held this post in "Declamation" as well as in everything else; here, as elsewhere, the hateful child's prowess surpassed that of all others; and the teacher always entrusted her with the rendition of the "patriotic selections, Rumsey himself was in the same



" 'Most Pottent, Grave and Rev-'"

section of declaimers, and performed ghastly contrast. He gave a "selection from Shakespeare," assigned by the teacher; and he began this continuous misfortune by stumbling violently as he ascended the platform, which stimulated a general giggle already in being at the mere calling of his name. All of the class were bright with happy anticipation, for the miserable Ramsey seldom failed their

hopes, particularly in "Declamation." He faced them, his complexion wan, his expression both baleful and horrified; and he began in a loud, hurried voice, from which every hint of intelligence was excluded:

'Most pottent, grave and rev-" The teacher tapped sharply on her desk, and stopped him. "You've forgotten to bow," she said. "And don't say 'pottent.' The word is 'potent'." Ramsey flopped his head at the rear

wall of the room, and began again: "Most pottent potent grave and revenerd signers my very nobe and approved good masters that I have tan away this sole man's dutter it is mose true true I have marry dur the very headan frun tuv my fending hath this extent no more rude am I in speechin speech-rude am I in speech-in speech-in speech-in speech-"

He had stalled. Perhaps the fatal truth of that phrase, and some sense of its applicability to the occasion had interfered with the mechanism which he had set in operation to get rid of the "recitation" for him. At all events, the machine had to run off its job all at once, or it wouldn't run at all. He gulped audibly. "Rude rude rude am I-rude am I in speech-in speech-in speech. Rude am I in speech-

"Yes," the irritated teacher said, as Ramsey's failing voice continued husklly to insist upon this point. "I think you are!" And her nerves were a little soothed by the shout of laughter from the school-it was never difficult for teachers to be witty. "Go sit down, Ramsey, and do it after school."

His ears roaring, the unfortunate went to his seat and, among all the hilarlous faces, one stood out-Dora Yocum's. Her laughter was precocious; it was that of a confirmed superior, insufferably adult-she was laughing at him as a grown person laughs at a child. Conspicuously and unmistakably, there was something indulgent in amusement. He choked. He didn't care for George Washington, or Paul Revere, or the teacher, or the President of the United States, or Shakespeare, or any of 'em. They could all go to the dickens with Dora Yocum. They were all a lot of smartles anyway and he hated the whole

There was one, however, whom he somehow couldn't manage to hate, even though this one officially seemed to be as intimately associated with Dora Yocum and superiority as the others were. Ramsey couldn't hate Abraham Lincoln, even when Dora was chosen to deliver the "Gettysburg Address," on the twelfth of February. Lincoln had said "Government of the people, by the people, for the people," and that didn't mean government by the teacher and the Teacher's Pet and Paul Revere and Shakespeare and suchlike; it meant government by everybody, and therefore Ramsey had as much to do with it as anybody else had. Beyond a doubt, Dora and the teacher thought Lincoln belonged to them and their crowd of exclusives; they seemed to think they owned the whole United States; but Ramsey was sure they were mistaken about Abraham Lincoln.

He felt that it was just like this little Yocum snippet to assume such a thing, and it made him sicker than ever to look at her.

Then, one day, he noticed that her eye-winkers were stickin' out farther and farther.

His discovery irritated him the more. Next thing, this ole Teacher's Pet would do she'd get to thinkin' she was pretty! If that happened, well, nobody could stand her! The long lashes made her eyes shadowy, and it was a fact that her shoulder blades ceased to insist upon notoriety; you couldn't tell where they were at all, any more.

A contemptible thing happened. Wesley Bender was well known to be the most untitdy boy in the class, and had never shown any remorse for his reputation or made the slightest effort either to improve or to dispute it. He was content: it failed to lower his standing with his fellows or to impress them unfavorably. In fact, he was treated as one who has attained a slight distinction. It helped him to become better known, and boys liked to be seen with him. But one day, there was a rearrangement of the senting in the schoolroom: Wesley Bender was given a desk next in front of Dora Yocum's; and within a week the whole room knew that Wesley had begun voluntarily to wash his neckthe back of it, anyhow.

sions hostile, but pernaps ffits was more for one another's benefit than for Ramsey's; and several of them went so far out of their way to find even private opportunities for reproving him that an alert observer might have suspected them to have been less indignant than they seemed-but not Ramsey. He thought they all hated him, and said he was glad of it.

Dora was a non-partisan. The little prig was so diligent at her books she gave never the slightest sign of comprehending that there had been a fight about her. Having no real cognizance of Messrs. Bender and Milholland ex-