

"me." She bit her lip. "He was only pretending—I see that now!"

"I guess he must 'a' been," said Ramsey, with admirable simplicity. "He didn't talk about anything like that last night. He was as much for it as anybody."

"I've no doubt!"

Ramsey made bold to look at her out of the side of his eye, and as she was gazing tensely forward he continued his observation for some time. She was obviously controlling agitation, almost controlling tears, which seemed to threaten her very wide-open eyes; for those now fully grown and noticeable eye-winkers of hers were subject to fluctuations indicating such a threat. She looked "hurt," and Ramsey was touched. There was something



There Was Something Human About Her, Then, After All.

human about her, then, after all. And if he had put his feeling into words at the moment, he would have said that he guessed maybe he could stand this little girl, for a few minutes sometimes better than he'd always thought he could.

"Well," he said, "Colburn probably wouldn't want to hurt your feelings or anything. Colburn—"

"He? He didn't! I haven't the faintest personal interest in what he did."

"Oh!" said Ramsey. "Well, excuse me; I thought probably you were sore because he'd jellied you about this pacifist stuff, and then—"

"No!" she said, sharply. "I'm not thinking of his having agreed with me and fooling me about it. He just wanted to make a pleasant impression on a girl, and said anything he thought would please her. I don't care whether he does things like that or not. What I care about is that the principle didn't reach him and that he mocked it! I don't care about a petty treachery to me, personally, but I—"

Fraternal loyalty could not quite brook this. "Brother Colburn is a perfectly honorable man," said Ramsey, solemnly. "He is one of the most honorable men in this—"

"Of course!" she cried. "Oh, can't I make you understand that I'm not condemning him for a little flattery to me? I don't care two straws for his showing that I didn't influence him. He doesn't interest me, please understand."

Ramsey was altogether perplexed. "Well, I don't see what makes you go for him so hard, then."

"I don't."

"But you said he was treach—"

"I don't condemn him for it," she insisted, despairingly. "Don't you see the difference? I'm not condemning anybody; I'm only lamenting."

"What about?"

"About all of you that want war!"

"My golly!" Ramsey exclaimed. "You don't think those Dutchmen were right to drown babies and—"

"No! I think they were ghastly murderers! I think they were detestable and fiendish and monstrous and—"

"Well, then, my goodness! What do you want?"

"I don't want war!"

"You don't?"

"I want Christianity!" she cried. "I can't think of the Germans without hating them, and so today, when all the world is hating them, I keep myself from thinking of them as much as I can. Already half the world is full of war; you want to go to war to make things right, but it won't; it will only make more war!"

"Well, I—"

"Don't you see what you've done, you boys?" she said. "Don't you see what you've done with your absurd telegram? That started the rest; they thought they all had to send telegrams like that."

"Well, the faculty—"

"Even they mightn't have thought of it if it hadn't been for the first one. Vengeance is the most terrible thought; once you put it into people's minds that they ought to have it, it runs away with them."

"Well, it isn't mostly vengeance we're after, at all. There's a lot more to it than just getting even with—"

She did not heed him. "You're all blind! You don't see what you're doing; you don't even see what you've done to this peaceful place here. You've filled it full of thoughts of fury and killing and massacre—"

"Why, no," said Ramsey. "It was those Dutch did that to us; and, be-

sides, there's more to it than you—"

"No, there isn't," she interrupted. "It's just the old brutal spirit that nations inherit from the time they were only tribes; it's the tribe spirit, and an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It's those things and the love of fighting—men have always loved to fight. Civilization hasn't taken it out of them; men still have the brute in them that loves to fight!"

"I don't think so," said Ramsey. "Americans don't love to fight; I don't know about other countries, but we don't. Of course, here and there, there's some fellow that likes to hunt around for scraps, but I never saw more than three or four in my life that acted that way. Of course a football team often has a scrapper or two on it, but that's different."

"No," she said. "I think you all really love to fight."

Ramsey was roused to become argumentative. "I don't see where you get the idea. Colburn isn't that way, and back at school there wasn't a single boy that was anything like that."

"What!" She stopped, and turned suddenly to face him.

"What's the matter?" he said, stopping, too. Something he said had startled her, evidently.

"How can you say such a thing?" she cried. "You love to fight!"

"Me?"

"You do! You love fighting. You always have loved fighting."

He was dumfounded. "Why, I never had a fight in my life!"

She cried out in protest of such prevarication.

"Well, I never did," he insisted, mildly.

"Why, you had a fight about me!"

"No, I didn't."

"With Wesley Bender!"

Ramsey chuckled. "That wasn't a fight!"

"It wasn't?"

"Nothing like one. We were just guyin' him about—about gettin' slicked up, kind of, because he set in front of you; and he hit me with his book strap and I chased him off. Gracious, no; that wasn't a fight!"

"But you fought Linski only last fall."

Ramsey chuckled again. "That wasn't even as much like a fight as the one with Wesley. I just told this Linski I was goin' to give him a punch in the sn— I just told him to look out because I was goin' to hit him, and then I did it, and waited to see if he wanted to do anything about it, and he didn't. That's all there was to it, and it wasn't any more like fighting than—than feeding chickens is."

She laughed dolefully. "It seems to me rather more like it than that!"

"Well, it wasn't."

They had begun to walk on again, and Ramsey was aware that they had passed the "frat house," where his dinner was probably growing cold. He was aware of this, but not sharply or insistently. Curiously enough, he did not think about it. He had begun to find something pleasant in the odd interview, and in walking beside a girl, even though the girl was Dora Yocum.

He made no attempt to account to himself for anything so peculiar.

For a while they went slowly together, not speaking, and without destination, though Ramsey vaguely took it for granted that Dora was going somewhere. But she wasn't. They emerged from the part of the small town closely built about the university and came out upon a bit of parked land overlooking the river; and here Dora's steps slowed to an indeterminate halt near a bench beneath a maple tree.

"I think I'll stay here a while," she said; and as he made no response, she asked: "Hain't you better be going back to your 'frat house' for your dinner? I didn't mean for you to come out of your way with me; I only want-

ed to get an answer to my question. You'd better be running back."

"Well—"

He stood irresolute, not sure that he wanted his dinner just then. It would have amazed him to face the fact deliberately that perhaps he preferred



"I Don't Think People Have Very Much Appetite Today and Yesterday," She Said.

being with Dora Yocum to eating. However, he faced no such fact, nor any fact, but lingered.

"Well—" he said again.

"You'd better go."

"I guess I can get my dinner pretty near any time. I don't—" He had thought. "Did you—"

"Did I what?"

"Did you have your dinner before yet?"

"No."

"Well, aren't you—"

She shook her head. "I don't want any."

"Why not?"

"I don't think people have very much appetite today and yesterday," she said, with the hint of a sad laugh, "all over America."

"No; I guess that's so."

"It's too terrible!" she said. "I can't sit and eat when I think of the Lusitania—of all those poor, poor people strangling in the water—"

"No; I guess nobody can eat much, if they think about that."

"And of what it's going to bring, if we let it," she went on. "As if this killing weren't enough, we want to add our killing! Oh, that's the most terrible thing of all—the thing it makes within us! Don't you understand?"

She turned to him appealingly, and he felt queerer than ever. Dusk had fallen. Where they stood, under the young-leaved maple tree, there was but a faint lingering of afterglow, and in this mystery her face glimmered wan and sweet; so that Ramsey, just then, was like one who discovers an old pan, used in the kitchen, to be made of chased silver.

"Well, I don't feel much like dinner right now," he said. "We—we could sit here awhile on this bench, probably."

(To be continued)

Jury List

The following 17 women and 14 men have been drawn for jury duty: Ala B. Marshall, Knox Butte; Paul Horner, Mill City; Preston Ireland, Mill City; Mary Ann Clinton, Harrisburg; Florence Cheadle, Lebanon; Clara Eva Murphy, Holley; Mabel Barber, Tangent; Mary Jane Reynolds, Syracuse; Charles Bartu, Providence; Roy Weaver, Albany; Wayne Concer, LaCumb; Alta Brown, Fox Valley; Theodosia Harding, LaCumb; Addie B. Davidson, Lebanon; Warren Kean, Knox Butte; Mack Slate, Albany; Alma Somerville, Harrisburg; Frank M. Sherman, Crowfoot; George G. Hockensmith, Halsey; Ada George, Harrisburg; J. N. C. nnett, Lebanon; J. W. Evans, Halsey; Linnie B. Harbin, Waterloo; Louisiana M. Blevins, Tangent; Fannie Grubbe, Albany; Emma Crossan, Center; Gladys S. Holloway, Price; Georgie Ellis, Sweet Home; Ralph Crinise, Albany, and Lewis Crandall, Lebanon.

Shedd Shots

Nina Kump spent the week end at the W. Y. Shearer home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Elder have arrived in Los Angeles. They expect to be in California for several weeks.

Mrs. Jack Cornett is on the sick at this week.

Leonard Wilson, who has been sick for some time, is improving.

George H. Dannen has completed his bridge across the mill race.

Miss Nettie Whetstone of Prineville, state president of the Redekahs, and Mrs. Mildred McMahan, vice president, were at Shedd Saturday night, where the Shedd and Halsey members of the order held a joint meeting a d

the Halsey degree staff put on the work. There were thirty in the Halsey delegation. George Drinkwater and wife of Brownville were present and Albany was well represented.

At a meeting at the courthouse Monday to form a branch of the State Tax Reduction league W. Jones, speaker of the house in the last regular session of the legislature, derided the last special legislature as being one of the most extravagant in the history of the state, appropriating \$2,000,000 more than the previous regular session, when picnic were at top peak.

J. Tomasek of Albany has a Rhode Island red hen that laid an egg 8 inches in circumference, one way and 6½ the other. Come on with your egg stories.

Six bids were received for the \$125,000 of Linn county road bonds offered for sale Saturday, but none of them were up to par and all were rejected. Bids came from Portland, Spokane and Chicago.

Chairman Booth of the state highway commission promises that the east side Pacific highway (which goes thru Halsey) will be completed this year.

The Eustachian Tube. The Eustachian tube gets its name from an Italian physician to whom Pope Pius IV granted permission to dissect human bodies in the furtherance of anatomical knowledge. Original manuscripts of his works have just come to light.



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For further particulars ask agents

Southern Pacific Lines
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General Passenger Agent

Girls' Glee Club, Halsey High School

Concert
Rialto Hall, March 11, 1922

PROGRAM

Ebb and Flow.....Oliver King
O Lovely Night (Barcarolle).....Offenbach
Vocal Solo, Spring's a Lovable Lady, Dear
E. Keith Elliott.....Alberta Koontz
Greeting to Spring (The "Blue Danube Waltz")
.....Johan Strauss, Arr. by G. D. Wilson
Chit-Chat (Old English Song)....Arr. by Alfred Moffat
Piano Solo, Revel of the Wood Nymphs, Barbour
.....Louise Robnett
Reading, He Came to Pay, Parmenas Mix
.....Janet Boggs
Serenade.....Franz Schubert, Arr. by A. Monestal
Ma Curly-headed Babby.....G. A. Clutsum
Piano Duet, Waltz and Finale, Boehm
.....Louise and DeEtta Robnett
The King of Love My Shepherd Is
.....Ch. Gounod, Arr. by Frank Lynes
A Song of Liberty.....Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

1922 Says:

Here I am with a grip full of everything that goes to make up life. Some will make the most of it. They will be the Savers, and in return will reap Comfort, Happiness and Plenty. Others will waste me and eventually pay in Regret, Want, Misery.

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

Hardware

Oil Stoves Oil is cheaper than wood and an oil heater gives comfort in a bedroom on a cold morning.
Kitchen Ranges The housewife is as much entitled to modern equipment as the grain grower.
Mazda Lamps A good light will make your eyes last longer and give better service.
Granite and Aluminum Ware are kitchen pleasures.

Cross & White

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