

was talking with great animation; and she was a graceful thing, thus gesticulating in her long, slim fur coat with the white snow frosting her brown fur cap. Ramsey had his hands deep in his overcoat pockets and his manner was wholly that of an audience.

Fred murmured to himself, "What did you say to her? 'Nothin'. I started to, but—" Then he put on a burst of speed and passed them, sweeping off his hat with operative deference yet hurrying by as if fearful of being thought a killjoy if he lingered. He went to the "frat house," found no one downstairs, and established himself in a red leather chair to smoke and ruminate merrily by a great fire in the hall.

Half an hour later Ramsey entered, stamped off the snow, hung up his hat and coat, and sat himself down defiantly in the red leather chair on the other side of the fireplace.

"Well, go on," he said. "Commence!" "Not at all!" Fred returned, amiably. "Fine spring weather today. Lovely to see all the flowers and the birds as we go a-strolling by. The little bobolinks—"

"You look here! That's the only walk I ever took with her in my life. I mean by—by asking her and her saying she would and so forth. That other time just sort of happened, and you know it. Well, the weather wasn't just the best in the world, maybe, but she's an awful conscientious girl and once she makes an engagement—"

"Why, of course," Fred finished for him, "she'd be too plous to break it just on account of a mere little blizzard or anything. Wonder how the weather will be next Sunday?"

"I don't know and I don't care," said Ramsey. "You don't suppose I asked her to go again, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, you don't suppose I want her to think I'm a perfect fool, do you?"

Fred mused a moment or two, looking at the fire. "What was the lecture?" he asked, mildly.

"What lecture?"

"She seemed to me to be—" "That wasn't lecturing; she was just—"

"Just what?"

"Well, she thinks war for the United States is coming closer and closer—" "But it isn't."

"Well, she thinks so, anyhow," said Ramsey, "and she's all broken up about it. Of course she thinks we oughtn't to fight and she's trying to get everybody else she can to keep working against it. She isn't goin' home again next summer, she's goin' back to that settlement work in Chicago and work there among those people against our goin' to war; and here in college she wants to get everybody she can to talk against it, and—"

"What did you say?" Fred asked, and himself supplied the reply: "Nothin'. I started to, but—"

Ramsey got up. "Now look here! You know the 'frat' passed a rule that if we broke any more furniture in this house with our scrapperin' we'd both be fined the cost of repairs and five dollars apiece. Well, I can afford five dollars this month better than you can, and—"

"I take it back!" Fred interposed, hastily. "But you just listen to me; you look out—letting her think you're on her side like that."

"I don't—"

"You don't?"

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 of 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 blizzard. Some of their opponents treacherously joined them and turned upon the ambushers.

In the dusk the merry conflict waged 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 says there ain't goin' to be no war?"

(To be continued)

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This sale commences Saturday, March 18, and closes Friday, March 24, if the goods hold out that long.

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### Brownsville Briefs (Regular correspondence)

Andy Kirk was at Portland last week closing up a deal for the last bit of Portland property he had. It was a cash deal and Mr. Kirk feels pretty good that he could dispose of the property.

T. A. Powell and Guy Bramwell got together on a property trade the latter part of the week. Mr. Bramwell gets the Powell place of twenty-seven acres just south of the city limits, and Mr. Powell takes the Bramwell sixty-seven acres just east of Halsey. It was an even swap. Mr. and Mrs. Powell will move to Halsey and Mr. Bramwell will occupy his newly acquired property.

Mrs. Fred Hamill arrived Wednesday evening from East Cleveland, Ohio, to join Mr. Hamill, who came several weeks ago. They will make their home with Mrs. A. S. Hamill.

Andy Kirk expects to move to Harrisburg early next month, where he is arranging to open a second-hand store. There being no business of this description in Harrisburg, Mr. Kirk feels that it will be a good place for something of the kind. Mr. Kirk plans to purchase his second-hand goods in Portland, where he thinks he can buy a better grade at less price than locally.

Mr. Krug was here from Silverton last week, making some repairs and otherwise looking after his residence property immediately south of the Calapooia bridge.

In the early '80s a brickyard was operated on a portion of what is now the B. T. Kumlir place in east Brownsville, and "Bob" White, a well-known citizen, was one of two young fellows employed to off-bear the brick. While resting at the noon hour one day the boys each wrote his name and address on a newly-molded brick, wondering if they would ever again see them after they had gone thru the kiln and entered the marts of trade. A year ago the late John Gross remodeled the large Kirk house on Kirk avenue and in the process removed the original fireplace, when the brick with Mr. White's signature upon it was unearthed by B. W. Loucks and returned to the one whose trademark it bore.

The Bank of Brownsville is installing a burglar alarm system to provide better protection for itself and more security for its patrons. It is an expensive improvement but the officers of the bank feel that the security obtained will justify the outlay.

Mrs. Charles Stull, Seattle, was called to Brownsville the latter part of the week by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. A. S. Hamill.

If you have friends they should have your photograph.

**Clifford's Studio**  
333 W. First street, Albany.

### The Woodchuck (By G. R. Walker)

Old Mister Woodchuck went to bed  
And very wise is he,  
For long before the winter snows  
Fall on the ground, you see,  
This wise old codger is asleep  
And never blinks an eye  
Until the winter's frost is gone  
And spring is drawing nigh.

But just before the springtime comes,  
Or so the story goes,  
The woodchuck gives a lazy yawn  
Then sneezes; blows his nose.  
He opens up his sleepy eyes  
And rolls upon his bed  
And wonders how the weather looks,  
Then goes to see, 'tis said.

It is upon the second day  
And in the second month  
The chuck's supposed to waken up  
To do this funny stunt;  
So up he gets to stretch himself,  
And then to take a peep,  
And if the chuck his shadow sees  
For six weeks more he'll sleep.

But if the sky be overcast  
With clouds that stay all day,  
Then Mister Woodchuck's sleep is o'er,  
And he is out to stay;  
Now if this tale is really true,  
It always seemed to me,  
The woodchuck may be very wise  
But acts most foolishly.

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### Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Bert Clark and W. H. Kirk were in Albany Thursday.

F. M. Franklin lost his lawsuit with A. M. Tempton.

Damon Waters and wife of Brownsville have a baby boy.

F. M. Stone was in Albany Monday and stayed over night.

W. J. Lane came over from Brownsville Sunday in his auto.

Mary Jane McLane and Fannie Grubb of Albany are on the new grand jury list.

R. A. McCully, now in the real estate business in Eugene, was in Halsey Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Arnold of Shedd was given a surprise party Friday, which was her birthday.

Peter Bither of Brownsville, over 80 years old, has just had a cataract removed from his eye.

Homer Mornhinweg came home from Shedd Friday to have Dr. Barnum exercise his skill on him.

The "only oak tree in the vicinity" was cut down in Brownsville the other day and the annual rings showed it to be over 100 years old.

The Harrisburg high school athletic association profited about \$25 from the moving picture show, "Julius Caesar," furnished by the U. of O.

Mrs. Marcella Kirk, a nurse in Good Samaritan hospital, Portland, arrived here Sunday for a visit with her parents, J. J. Corcoran and wife.

Harrisburg levied a local tax of 14.4 mills and now as to reduce it to 10 mills on account of the legal limitation. Citizens who have already paid the 14.4 are entitled to a rebate.

Notwithstanding the fact that many people were too tired after the three weeks of revival meetings to attend, the high school glee club took in \$38.85 at the concert Saturday night.

Karl Bramwell, A. F. Robnett, Deputy Sheriff Lee Walton, J. W. Miller and Doug Taylor, all prominent Halsey residents, were Albany visitors when the Enterprise went to press last week.

P. A. Pehrsson believes in well-bred stock. He has ordered a lot of eggs of the famous Oregon breed, created by O. A. C., of which there are not a few but many hens that have laid 300 eggs in a year.

Pete Beebe, at the insane asylum, has made a "confession" that he killed the elder Painter when the latter drew a gun on him in a drunken brawl and then killed Painter's son to destroy his evidence. Peter's counsel and the county prosecutor both declare that his story is contradicted by known facts.

A few minutes after F. M. Sherman, a farmer near Lebanon, had left his wife and a neighbor with whom he was working on the foundation of his house, Saturday, a shot was heard, and it was found that he was dead with a gun by his side and a great gunshot hole in his breast. It is thought the weapon was accidentally discharged when Sherman picked it up to shoot rats.

For its agreement to carry on its work in accordance with the approved plans of those bodies a charter has been granted to the Waterloo Garden club signed by Secretary Wallace, secretary of the United States department of agriculture, J. A. Churchill, state school superintendent, Paul V. Maris, director of extension work at O. A. C., and H. C. Seymour, leader of state clubs.

A rumor traveled last Saturday, as rumors sometimes do, until a call of Dr. Marks at the Bramwell home grew into a report that J. C. Bramwell was down with such a severe case of influenza that nobody could be admitted to the house for fear of spreading the infection. Oblivious of it all Mr. Bramwell continued to carry the mail and walk the streets as usual and he denies that he is bedfast or near it.

A Brownsville dispatch of the 8th to the Oregonian says: Jesse R. Hinman, editor of the Brownsville Times and adjutant of the legion post here, has received a letter from Hanford MacNider, national commander, congratulating him on his work at Astoria against disloyalty and his work at Brownsville in furthering the cause of the community building here. When Mr. Hinman went to Minneapolis to the convention of legion men in that city he became personally acquainted with Mr. MacNider.

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