

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—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.

He seemed to wish to speak, to heave with speech that declined to be spoken and would not rouse up from his inwards. Finally he uttered words. "I—I—well, I—"

"Oh, I know," she said. "A man—or a boy!—always hates to be intruding his own convictions upon other men, especially in a case like this, where he might be afraid of some idiot's thinking him unmanlike. But Ramsey—" Suddenly she broke off and looked at him attentively; his discomfort had become so obvious that suspicion struck her. She spoke sharply. "Ramsey, you aren't dreaming of doing such a thing, are you?"

"What such a thing?" "Fred hasn't influenced you, has he? You aren't planning to go with him, are you?"

"Where?" "To join the Canadian aviation."

"No; I hadn't thought of doing it." She sighed again, relieved. "I had a queer feeling about you just then—that you were thinking of doing some such thing. You looked so odd—and you're always so quiet, anybody might not really know what to think. But I'm not wrong about you, am I, Ramsey?"

They had come to the foot of the steps that led up to the entrance of her dormitory, and their walk was at an end. As they stopped and faced each other, she looked at him earnestly; but he did not meet the scrutiny, his eyelids fell.

"I'm not wrong, am I, Ramsey?" "About what?" he murmured, uncomfortably.

"You are my friend, aren't you?" "Yes."

"Then it's all right," she said. "That relieves me and makes me happier than I was just now, for of course if you're my friend you wouldn't let me make any mistake about you. I believe you, and now, just before I go in and we won't see much of each other for a week—if you still want me to go with you again next Sunday—" "Yes—won't you, please?"

"Yes, if you like. But I want to tell you now that I count on you in all this, even though you don't talk much," as you say; I count on you more than I do on anybody else, and I trust you when you say you're my friend, and it makes me happy."

"And I think perhaps you're right about Fred Mitchell. Talk isn't everything, nobody knows that better than I, who talk so much! and I think that, instead of talking to Fred, a steady, quiet influence like yours would do more good than any amount of arguing. So I trust you, you see? And I'm sorry I had that queer doubt of you." She held out her hand. "Unless I happen to see you on the campus for a minute, in the meantime, it's good-bye until a week from today. So—well, so, good-bye until then!" "Wait," said Ramsey.

"What is it?"

He made a great struggle. "I'm not influencing Fred not to go," he said. "I—don't want you to trust me to do anything like that."

"What?" "I think it's all right for him to go, if he wants to," Ramsey said, miserably.

"You do? For him to go to fight?" He swallowed. "Yes." "Oh!" she cried, turned even redder than he, and ran up the stone steps. But before the storm doors closed upon her she looked down to where he stood, with his eyes still lowered, a lonely seeming figure, upon the pavement below. Her voice caught upon a sob as she spoke.

"If you feel like that, you might as well go and enlist, yourself," she said.



He Swallowed. "Yes."

bitterly. "I can't—I couldn't—speak to you again after this!"

(To be continued.)

School Essay (No Name)

The First Money I Ever Earned:

When we were living in Iowa, and I was about ten years old, my father was running a large farm. Every year he had a large amount of hay to stack in the field. To do this it was necessary to have stackers. (These were used to throw the hay from the ground to the top of the stack.) The stacker was run by a rope and pulleys and a horse. My father always hired some boy to drive the horse on the stacker rope.

This special fall I was hired to act as horse boy.

The day before stacking began my father promised me fifty cents a day for every day I worked. The days were almost hot enough to bake a man if he were out in the sun. Some days boy friends of mine would be out there where I was working and they would sit in the shade of the wagon. This would annoy me a great deal because I liked to sit in the shade as well as anyone. But I worked, every day that I could be used, for nine days. I had by that time earned four and one-half dollars, which seemed to me a large sum of money.

Everyone else that my father hired he had always paid when their work was done, so, of course, I expected my money the first evening after the job was done.

I had been keeping my "time" in a small book that I kept hid behind the big stack.

This evening after supper I got my little book and wanted to set it up, but father didn't have time. The next evening he didn't have any blank checks. I could never get enough nerve to ask him for the money again, and he wasn't honest enough to give it to me. Of course, it wasn't the money that I wanted but it was the thoughts of those hot days that I spent in the hay and never received anything for that made me feel imposed upon.

He made a great struggle. "I'm not influencing Fred not to go," he said. "I—don't want you to trust me to do anything like that."

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Jots and Tittles (Continued from page 1) Brownsville is to enjoy a Standard Oil station.

Miss Blanche Forster came home from Eugene for the week end.

Claude McKern, who has spent several weeks at Lebanon, came home Saturday.

Mrs. F. M. Tindle of Brownsville was a guest of Mrs. Mornhinweg last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stenard of Brownsville came home Sunday via Halsey from a visit to Portland.

Herman Brandt of Shedd dosed two cows with salts and both died, and he asked the O.A.C. experts examine a sample of the medicine

and see if the dealer had been mixing things.

The Pollyanna club of Brownsville skipped a meeting last week on account of flu.

Mrs. J. C. Standish has been ailing for several weeks. She is up and around, but far from well.

The semi-annual convention of the Linn-Benton counties Odd-fellows will be at Harrisburg April 8.

L. Sherman and Fannie Boley, both of Shedd and aged 64 and 63 respectively, were married Thursday.

The Shedd high school seniors have postponed their play until the last Thursday in March on account of the flu.

Andrew Brown and wife, Mrs. Bert Clark and daughter Georgina and Mrs. George Hayes were in Albany Saturday.

Since moving to his new location in Brownsville Guy Bramwell has become collector for the Mountain States Power company.

The Linn County Holstein Calf club is seeking more members to make this year's class as large as last year's hold-over class.

Charles Poole and wife have sold their residence in Lebanon, but the Criterion understands they intend to continue to reside in that city.

Dr. and Mrs. Shelton and daughter, Virginia, and Miss Cochran came over from Brownsville Sunday and called at the Wheeler home.

Mrs. Ringo's father, Mr. Kenady, at Cottage Grove, is reported recovering from the flu, which recently caused the death of Mrs. Kenady.

Nearly all of the children and teachers at the public school wore green ribbons Friday, and these declared that those who did not don the sign were green without it.

One of the biggest successes of 1921 was the Linn county co-operative wool and mohair pool. The members got substantially more for their product than outsiders did.

County Commissioner Thoms, who was near death with flu, is recovering.

Warren Perry and son Ora of Cottage Grove stopped off here Thursday afternoon of last week as they were on their return from a business trip to Salem. They were joined here by the Meadames Perry, who had been visiting with the elder lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. McNeil.

On St. Patrick's day F. M. French, the Albany jeweler, celebrated the 43d anniversary of his opening in business in Albany. The firm has changed locations but once in the intervening years, but his sons, John M. and Seth T., have grown up and become partners with him.

The Halsey Athletic club members who went to Junction City Friday night to play basket ball on skates stopped at Harrisburg on the way home to take in a masquerade ball.

Prof. English received word last week that two sisters of his mother were very low with the flu at Garfield, Wash. Since then the death of one of them has been announced.

Mrs. R. N. Blackburn, formerly of Brownsville, has been quite ill at her home in Corvallis. Mrs. Henry Blakely of the Calapooias metropolis, a sister, went down there Thursday, returning later in the week.

Miss Doris Coshow of Brownsville, who is now at the head of the primary department of the Sweet Home schools, was entertained one evening the first of the week at the Charles Poole home.—Lebanon Criterion.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Jackson of Halsey and granddaughter and Cecil Bilyeu were Albany visitors today. Mr. Jackson is a former sheriff of the county and a well informed man of public affairs.—Albany Democrat.

The members of the Christian church enjoyed a real treat Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Capps, singing evangelists of Louisville, Ky., were present and consented to sing. They were appreciated by all who heard them.

Charles Metzge, father of Mrs. E. B. McKinney, died last Thursday at his home in Benton county, seven miles from Albany, after an illness continuing since the death of his wife, about five years ago. He was 68 years old.

Two persons were baptized into

Tycer & Elmore will have New Spring Millinery at the Koontz Co. Store Friday, March 31 and Saturday, April 1

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