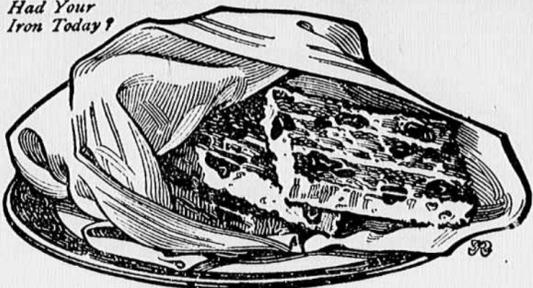


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Blue Package

Ramsey Milholland



Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

He seemed to wish to speak, to have with speech that declined to be spoken and would not rouse up from his inwards. Finally he uttered words. "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, bitterly. "I can't—I couldn't—speak to you again after this!"

CHAPTER XIV.

It was easy enough for him to evade Fred Mitchell's rallyings these days; the sprig's mood was truculent, not toward his roommate but toward congress, which was less in fiery haste than he to be definitely at war with Germany.

All through the university the change had come: athletics, in other years spotlighted at the center of the stage, languished suddenly, threatened with abandonment; students working for senior honors forgot them; everything was forgotten except that growing thunder in the soil.

Several weeks elapsed after Dora's bitter dismissal of Ramsey before she was mentioned between the comrades. Then, one evening, Fred asked, as he restlessly paced their study floor:

"Have you seen your pacifist friend lately?"

"No. Not exactly. Why?"

"Well, for my part, I think she ought to be locked up," Fred said, angrily. "Have you heard what she did this afternoon?"

"No."

"It's all over college. She got up in the class in jurisprudence and made a speech. It's a big class, you know, over two hundred, under Dean Burney. He's a great lecturer, but he's a pacifist—the only one on the faculty—and a friend of Dora's. They say he encouraged her to make this break and led the subject around so she could do it, and then called on her for an opinion, as the highest-stand student in the class. She got up and claimed there wasn't any such thing as a legitimate cause for war, either legally or morally, and said it was a sign of weakness in a nation for it to believe that it did have a cause for war.

"Well, it was too much for that little, spunky Joe Stansbury, and he jumped up and argued with her. He made her admit all the Germans have done to us, the sea murders and the land murders, the blowing up of factories, the propaganda, the strikes, trying to turn the United States into a German settlement, trying to get Japan and Mexico to make war on us, and all the rest. He even made her admit there was proof they mean to conquer us when they get through with the others, and that they've set out to rule the world for their own benefit, and make whoever else they kindly allow to live, work for them.

"She said it might be true, but since nothing at all could be a right cause for war, then all this couldn't be a cause for war. Of course she had her regular pacifist 'logie' working; she said that since war is the worst thing there is, why, all other evils were



He Swallowed. "Yes."

lesser, and a lesser evil can't be a just cause for a greater. She got terribly excited, they say, but kept right on, anyway. She said war was murder and there couldn't be any other way to look at it; and she'd heard there was already talk in the university of students thinking about enlisting, and whoever did such a thing was virtually enlisting to return murder for murder. Then Joe Stansbury asked her if she meant that she'd feel toward any student that enlisted the way she would toward a murderer, and she said, yes, she'd have a horror of any student that enlisted.

"Well, that broke up the class; Joe turned from her to the platform and told old Burney that he was responsible for allowing such talk in his lecture room, and Joe said so far as he was concerned, he resigned from Burney's classes right there. That started it, and practically the whole class got up and walked out with Joe. They said Burney streaked off home, and Dora was left alone in there, with her head down on her desk—and I guess she certainly deserves it. A good many have already stopped speaking to her."

Ramsey fidgeted with a pen on the table by which he sat. "Well, I don't know," he said, slowly. "I don't know if they ought to do that exactly."

"Why oughtn't they?" Fred demanded, sharply.

"Well, it looks to me as if she was only fightin' for her principles. She

Compass on Crossing the Equator.

The compass needle does not turn around in passing from one hemisphere into the other. The north-seeking end of the compass needle has no greater significance or meaning in the southern hemisphere than the south-seeking end of the needle has in the northern hemisphere. The compass needle is a piece of magnetized steel. It has its own positive and negative poles, or north and south poles, just like the earth. The needle and its lines of force align themselves with the earth's lines of force. In the northern hemisphere the north magnetic pole exerts the dominating influence of

believes in 'em. The more it costs a person to stick to their principles, why, the more I believe the person must have something pretty fine about 'em likely."

"Yes!" said the hot-headed Fred. "That may be in ordinary times, but not when a person's principles are liable to betray their country! We won't stand that kind of principles, I tell you, and we oughtn't to. Dora Yocum's finding that out, all right. She had the biggest position of any girl in this place, or any boy either, up to the last few weeks, and there wasn't any student or hardly even a member of the faculty that had the influence or was more admired and looked up to. She had the whole show! But now, since she's just the same as called any student a murderer if he enlists to fight for his country and flag—well, now she hasn't got anything at all, and if she keeps on she'll have even less!"

He paused in his walking to and fro and came to a halt behind his friend's chair, looking down compassionately upon the back of Ramsey's motionless head. His tone changed. "I guess it isn't just the ticket—to be talking this way to you, is it?" he said, with a trace of huskiness.

"Oh—it's all right," Ramsey murmured, not altering his position.

"I can't help blowing up," Fred went on. "I want to say, though, I know I'm not very considerate to blow up about her to you this way. I've been playing horse with you about her ever since freshman year, but—well, you must have understood, Ram, I never meant anything that would really bother you much, and I thought—well, I really thought it was a good thing, you—you—well, I mean about her, you know. I'm on, all right. I know it's pretty serious with you." He paused.

"It's—it's kind of tough luck!" his friend contrived to say; and he began to pace the floor again.

"Oh—well—he said.

"See here, ole stick-in-the-mud," Fred broke out abruptly. "After her saying what she did—well, it's none of my business, but—but—"

"Well, what?" Ramsey murmured. "I don't care what you say, if you want to say anything."

"Well, I got to say it," Fred half growled and half blurted. "After she said that—and she meant it—why, if I were in your place I'd be darned if I'd be seen out walking with her again."

"I'm not going to be," Ramsey said, quietly.

"By George!" And now Fred halted in front of him, both being huskily solemn. "I think I understand a little of what that means to you, old Ramsey; I think I do. I think I know something of what it costs you to make that resolution for your country's sake." Impulsively he extended his hand. "It's a pretty big thing for you to do. Will you shake hands?"

But Ramsey shook his head. "I didn't do it. I wouldn't ever have done anything just on account of her talk—that way. She shut the door on me—it was a good while ago."

"She did! What for?"

"Well, I'm not much of a talker, you know, Fred," said Ramsey, staring at the pen he played with. "I'm not much of anything, for that matter, probably, but I—well—I—"

"You what?"

"Well, I had to tell her I didn't feel about things the way she did. She'd thought I had, all along, I guess. Anyway, it made her hate me or something, I guess; and she called it all off, I expect there wasn't much to call off, so far as she was concerned, anyhow." He laughed feebly. "She told me I better go and enlist."

"Pleasant of her!" Fred muttered. "Especially as we know what she thinks enlisting means." He raised his voice cheerfully. "Well, that's settled; and, thank God, old Mr. Bernstorff's on his way to his sweet little vine-clad cottage home! They're getting guns on the ships, and the big show's liable to commence any day. We can hold our heads now, and we're going to see some great times, old Ramsey boy! It's hard on the home folks—Gosh! I don't like to think of that! And I guess it's going to be hard on a lot of boys that haven't understood what it's all about, and hard on some that their family affairs, and business, and so on, have got 'em tied up so it's hard to go—and of course there's plenty that just can't, and some that aren't husky enough—but the rest of us are going to have the big time in our lives. We got an awful lot to learn; it scares me to think of what I don't know about being any sort of a rear-rank private. Why, it's a regular profession, like practicing law, or selling for a drug house on the road."

"Golly! Do you remember how we talked about that, 'way back in freshman year, what we were going to do when we got out of college? You were going to be practicing law, for instance, and I—well, for instance, remember Colburn; he was going to be a doctor, and he did go to some medical school for one year. Now he's in the Red Cross, somewhere in Persia, Golly!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tombsone at Parents' Grave Seized for Debt

New York.—A tombstone on a plot in a cemetery can be seized and sold at auction to satisfy a debt for an unpaid balance on the stone, it was decided by Justice MacCrate in Queens Supreme court.

The makers of the monument, which was ordered by Joseph Brandl, said that their attorney is arranging to auction the stone.

The firm contracted with Brandl August 26, 1920, to put up a monument and four name posts on his lot in Calvary cemetery for \$1,250. Brandl paid \$475 and had the bodies of his father, mother and two sisters buried in the plot. Other installments were not met, and after trying vainly to find Brandl, the company brought suit.

BLACK HAND FORBIDS BOY VICTIM'S TOMB

Threaten to Kill Father of Giuseppe Varotta, Who Squealed on the Gang.

New York.—The fear of the Black Hand has never yet been lifted from the heart of Salvatore Varotta, although it has been almost a year since his five-year-old son, Giuseppe, was kidnaped and his body thrown into the Hudson river.

Frequently agents of the Black Hand come to the corner where Varotta struggles to make a living by selling vegetables and fruits from a pushcart, and tell him that the Black



"You'll Get Killed."

Hand still remembers that it was on his testimony that five men were arrested for the crime, and that one of them is now in the death-house at Sing Sing awaiting execution.

Varotta saved every penny possible for many months, enough to make a deposit on a monument for the grave of his son. This will bear a portrait of the boy and this inscription:

"Here lies the remains of Giuseppe Voretta, a five-year-old boy killed by the Black Hand. He was kidnaped by the Black Hand on May 24, 1921, and his body was found in the Hudson river, off Piermont, on June 11, 1921. Erected by his father."

"Nobody but me and my wife knew of the monument, we thought," said Varotta, "but the Black Hand found it out. A man came to my pushstand and said: 'You mustn't do that, Varotta. You'll get hurt, Varotta; you'll get killed.'"

"Then the man ran away before I could call the policeman, who stands near my pushcart all day."

AVIATOR ATTACKED BY EAGLE

King of Birds Breaks Neck Against Airplane Strut in Battle in Air.

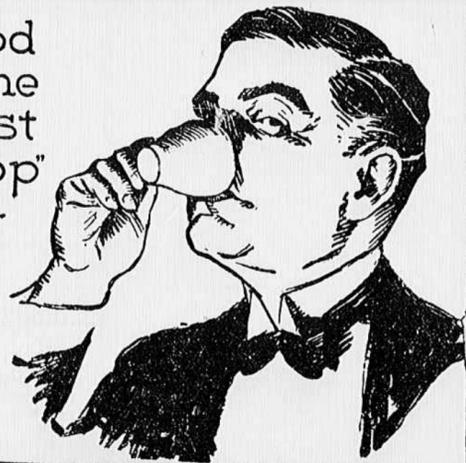
Quantico, Va.—A combat in the air between an eagle and a marine corps plane, in which the king of the air lost his life, took place near Quantico.

Lieut. R. O. Sanderson, flying near the flying field, saw a flock of birds and gave chase. An eagle which had been hovering high over the flock wheeled on his approach and at top speed flew directly toward him.

The bird struck one of the wire braces of the plane with such force as to break the brace and the eagle's neck. The bird then was caught in the braces of the plane. The eagle measured seven feet between the wing tips.

Struck by Lightning in Chair. Fort Wayne, Ind.—While sitting in a chair at his rooming house one afternoon Orville Callaway, age twenty-three, was struck by lightning. Ruth Hutson, a sister-in-law, was sitting on the arm of Callaway's chair and, although shocked, was not hurt seriously. Callaway was taken to a hospital. He will recover.

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