

Ramsey Milholland

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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THE BOY, FATHER OF THE MAN.

Here's another of those Booth Tarkington boy-and-girl stories that set everyone laughing and living over again the days of youth. This one is much like "Penrod" and "Seventeen" and "The Oracle." It's different, too, in that it centers Ramsey Milholland and Dora Yecum through school and college life to early maturity in the World War. So it's serious as well as funny, and it's one of Booth Tarkington's best of its kind. That's enough.

CHAPTER I.

When Johnnie comes marching home again.

"Hurray! Hurray! We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurray! Hurray! 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 got home?" "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?"

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

"Well, weren't you ever scared yourself, Grandpa? I mean when you were in a battle."

"Oh, yes; I was." The old man laughed. "Scared plenty!"

"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. 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 grandeur of the procession, his prancing legs simulating those of the horse of the grand marshal, 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 feature of the parade. The only thing he left out was the detachment of veterans.

"Putty-boom! Putty-boom! Putty-boom-boom-boom!" he vociferated, as the drums—and then as the bugles: "Ta, ta, ra, tara!" He addressed his restive legs: "Whoo, there, you Whitey! Gee! Haw! Git up!" Then, waving an imaginary sword: "Col-lum right! Far-wud march! Halt! Carry harms!" He "carried arms," "show-dier harms!" He "shouldered 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, Grandpa?"

"Oh, we knew they couldn't."

"I guess so." The little boy laughed disdainfully, thinking his question satisfactorily answered. "I guess those ole Johnnies couldn't whip a flea! They didn't know how to fight any at all, did they, Grandpa?"

"Oh, yes, they did!"

"What?" The boy was astounded. "Weren't they all just reg'lar ole cowards, Grandpa?"

"No," said the grandfather. "They were pretty fine soldiers."

"They were? Well, they ran away whenever you began shootin' at 'em, didn't they?"

"Sometimes they did, but most times they didn't. Sometimes they fought like wildcats—and sometimes we were the ones that ran away."

"But the Johnnies were bad men, weren't they, Grandpa?"

"No."

The boy's forehead, customarily vacant, 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 the ole Johnnies were goin' to win."

"That did win pretty often," said

the grandfather. "They won a good many battles."

"I mean, you said you never got scared they'd win the war."

"No, we were never afraid of that."

"Well, but if they were good men and fought like wildcats, Grandpa, and kep' winning battles and everything, how could that be? How could you help bein' scared they'd win the war?"

The grandfather's feeble eyes twinkled brightly. "Why, we knew they couldn't, Ramsey."

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 they?"

"Yes; I guess they did. But you see they were wrong."

"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—well, I don't see—"

"You don't see what?"

But Ramsey found himself unable to continue his concentration. "Oh, nothin' much," he murmured.

"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?"

"I guess so, Grandpa."

"Well, I think it was mostly because we were certain that we were right."

"I see," said Ramsey. "The Johnnies knew they were on the side of the

devil." But at this, the grandfather's laugh was louder than it had been before, and Ramsey looked hurt. "Well, you can laugh if you want to!" he objected in an aggrieved voice. "Anyway, the Sunday school superintendent 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."

"Well, that kind o' mixes it all up more'n ever."

"Suppose you look at it this way: The South was fighting for what it believed to be its right to be a country by itself; but we were fighting for Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. There's the reason we had the certain knowledge that we were going to win the war. How plain and simple it is!"

Ramsey didn't think so. He had begun to feel bored by the conversation, and to undergo the oppression he usually suffered in school. The earnest old voice of the veteran was only a sound in the boy's ears.

"Boom—" The veterans had begun to fire their cannon on the crest of the low hill, out at the cemetery; and from a little way down the street came the rat-a-tat of a toy drum and sounds of a life played execrably. A file of children in cocked hats made of newspapers came marching importantly up the sidewalk under the maple shade trees; and in advance, upon a velocipede, rode a th-sworded personage, shrieking incessant commands but not concerning himself with whether or not any military obedience was thereby obtained. Here was a revivifying effect upon young Ramsey; his saggard eyelids opened electrically; he leaped to his feet and, abandoning his 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 'lopede, Wesley Bander!" he bellowed. "You gimme that sword! What rights you got to be hein' 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, yester'dy 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! Far-wud march! Col-lum right! Right-showdier 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 already he had "forgotten" all of it—yet not only were there many, many times in the boy's later 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, earnest 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 school, his conscious being consisting principally of a dull ache. Torpor was a little dispersed during a fifteen-minute interval of "Music," when he and all the other pupils in the large room of the "Five B. Grade" sang repeatedly fractions of the song he enunciated as "The Star Span-guh-hulled Banner"; but afterward he relapsed into the low spirits and animosity natural to anybody during enforced confinement under instruction. No alleviation 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 infrequent words, such as hippopotamus, for instance, Ramsey might have thought the affair unreasonable but not necessarily vicious—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 dizzying uselessness 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 beautiful 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 habits of resignation and were passing out of the age when childhood is able to reject adult nonsense.

Ramsey Milholland did not know whether the English language was beautiful or not; he never thought about it. Moreover, though his deeper inwardly hated "German," he liked his German teacher, and it was pleasant to look at her when that glow came upon her face.

"You bet your life I hate her. 'Teacher's Pet,' that's what I call her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Limited Rule.

"Believe yourself happy and you are happy," says a writer. Unfortunately, that rule doesn't work when a man thinks he is wise, for then he is otherwise.

One humble cottage on earth is better than a dozen castles in the air.

The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

WILL WRITE POST'S HISTORY

Rupert Hughes, Author, Will Chronicle Happenings to Members of Robert Stowe Gill Body.

The history of one American Legion post will be written by no less a light than Rupert Hughes. With an eye to his versatile pen, members of the Robert Stowe Gill post of the Legion in New York, have made the author their historian. The membership of the post is made up entirely of members of the



Lamb's club—writers and actors for the most part.

"Long in time and short in importance" is the way Mr. Hughes describes his military career. As a matter of fact he was a fairly important soldier. He started as a private in the Seventh regiment in 1897. Ten years later he was offered a lieutenant colonelcy, which he did not accept. He served on the Mexican border as a captain, and only deafness kept him from service abroad during the World War. During the raising of troops in New York he served as adjutant general, where his deafness was an asset rather than a liability with the pacifists tooting their tin whistles, and then he became a captain in the Intelligence service, being just as intelligent when deaf as when sharp of hearing.

"I joined the Legion," Mr. Hughes wrote, "because I believe in its principles and I believe it to be one of the most important organizations in the country." Mr. Hughes has recently come into public notice for his stand against censorship.

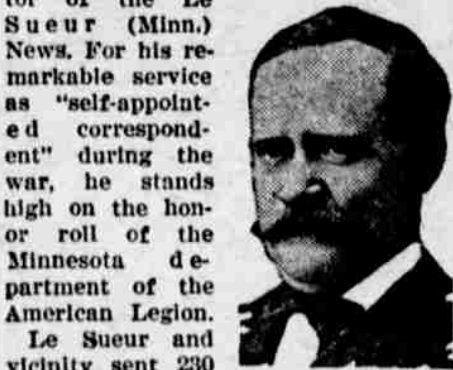
HIGH ON LEGION HONOR ROLL

Minnesota Newspaper Man Wrote 3,236 Personal Letters to "Home" Workers During World War.

One of the world's most enthusiastic letter writers is M. W. Grimes, editor of the Le Sueur (Minn.) News. For his remarkable service as "self-appointed correspondent" during the war, he stands high on the honor roll of the Minnesota department of the American Legion.

Le Sueur and vicinity sent 230 men and seven women to the colors. Editor Grimes sat down and wrote them 3,236 personal letters while they were away from home, an average of one letter a month for each fighter or nurse. In addition he mailed a copy of the hometown paper to each of them every week. The letters were not the "Dear-Jim-I-remain-yours-truly" variety; they contained the bits of "home gossip" and local color for which the doughboys were willing to give their last cigarette.

When the veterans returned, Editor Grimes assisted in the formation of a post of the American Legion and devoted an entire edition of the News to reproducing the pictures of every Le Sueur boy that had lost his life in the war.



AN EYE ON NEXT CONGRESS

Official Washington is Speculating on How Many Ex-Service Men Will Be Returned.

Official Washington is wondering how many ex-service men are to be returned to congress at the election next fall. Speculation is rife, with the bonus controversy at full tilt.

Veterans of the World war already have formidable strength in the house, 31 seats being occupied by former service men, according to a canvass by the American Legion. The senate has two veterans—Senator Newberry of Michigan, and Senator Elkins of West Virginia. Twenty-one states are represented by ex-service men in congress, New York leading with four, Massachusetts and Tennessee being second with three each.

Far-sighted persons have hazarded the opinion that when the votes are counted in November, it will be found that the number of ex-soldiers in the house has been materially increased.

Only Ex-Service Men Wanted. When Edward Hines, millionaire merchant of Chicago, wants help in his lumber yards, he sends to the American Legion. His employment officers have been instructed to hire only veterans of the war in the yards. Hines is the donor of a memorial hospital at Maywood, Ill.

Single Track. "When is your daughter thinking of getting married?" "Constantly." — American Legion Weekly.

LEGION MAN BUSY AVIATOR

Earl Vance, Miles City (Mont.) Ex-Soldier, Did Not Quit When the War Ended.

Before the war, Earl T. Vance was a stenographer. He could scarcely typewrite for 60 seconds without making a mistake, but when he got into aviation he managed to fly 1,000 hours without an accident.



Lemuel Bolles, national adjutant of the American Legion, was so impressed with this record that, after turning down dozens of offers to ride, he took his first flight with Vance while touring the country in Montana. Vance had returned from his airplane honeymoon, which he devised as a means of avoiding old shoes and rice, and which his bride thought was "too thrilling for words."

When Vance got out of the service, he found himself in Texas. Not being entirely decided on the best place to live, he stepped into a plane and started "north." When he arrived over Montana he looked down and thought the country looked good. So he landed, and he is in Miles City, where he runs an airplane company. Doctors, and even horse doctors, patronize his taxi service to make their long calls—Montana miles being among the longest in the world. Vance always makes it a point to fly to conventions of the American Legion.

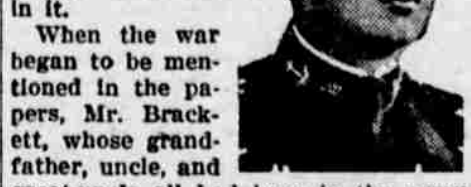
"SERVICE" FOR LEGION ALSO

Raymond Brackett, of Marblehead, Mass., "Delivered the Goods" During the World War.

When Raymond O. Brackett was running a hotel in Marblehead, Mass., he believed in giving his guests "service." When his patrons ordered up an oyster stew, they were sure to find plenty of oysters in it.

When the war began to be mentioned in the papers, Mr. Brackett, whose grandfather, uncle, and great-uncle all had been in the army in the Civil war, closed his desk, hung up his "be back later" sign, and joined the navy. The Germans having ordered up a war, Mr. Brackett, in his customary style, saw to it that they got "service." If war was what they wanted, he was willing to fill their order. On October 1, then a full-fledged lieutenant, he steamed out in his U. S. S. Lake View and filled the North sea full of mines that there was very little actual water left. It was on the Lake View that he witnessed the sinking of the German fleet at Scapa Flow.

When Lieutenant Brackett returned he took down his sign, opened his desk, and found a notice of his election as one of the national vice-commanders of the American Legion, in which capacity he is still giving "service."



USED FLAG FOR DUST CLOTH

Tampa Legion Man Causes Investigation When He Witnesses Desecration of Starry Banner.

A man stood wiping off his automobile. It was rapidly taking on a glorious luster—the sort of sheen that is spoken of in advertisements of furniture polish, but which is seldom seen. It was a lustre that brightened the very streets of Tampa, Fla., where the automobile stood. It threw back the rays of the sun and mirrored the figure of the tolling man.

Attracted by the light, a member of the American Legion post at Tampa drew near the scene, and finally made out that the man was wiping the car with a large American flag. The stars and stripes were being rubbed ingloriously from the radiator cap to the tall light and back again. It was such an unusual case that the Legion man had a special committee appointed.

After much deliberation, the committee reported that the offender was "simply ignorant." Steps were taken immediately to show the naive auto-wiper why he was using the wrong sort of dust cloth.

Carrying On With the American Legion

Baseball is in full swing with the American Legion in Buenos Aires now.

Twenty-two squares of Quincy, Mass., have been dedicated by the American Legion to as many war dead.

King Victor Emmanuel favors the plan of having 1,000 British and 1,000 American soldiers visit the Italian battle front next summer.

"Start them right" is the motto of the American Legion at Colome, N. D., which has taken over the instruction of the local troop of boy scouts.

Borrowing American Legion buttons to obtain sympathy in the courts has been a practice of prisoners in the Los Angeles county jail. The judge is "wise" now.



Mrs. Marita Tilger

Hastings, Nebr.—"During expectancy when I was nauseated, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription proved most beneficial to me. I took only one bottle but found it to have splendid tonic value. Am very glad, indeed, to recommend it."—Mrs. Marita Tilger, 213 Lexington St.

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An Aftermath.

"Hello, sir; remember me?" "Can't say I do, sir." "I met you at the club one day." "I'm a very poor hand at remembering faces." "Why, that was the day I tipped you off on the stock market." "So? Come to get myself together, your face does seem familiar!" "After which I borrowed \$10 from you." "Certainly. I remember you." "And you promised that when next we met you'd lend me another ten." "Pardon me, I was mistaken in the face!"—New York Sun.

Seeing is Believing.

Gertrude—"Well, anyway, Georges dresses like a gentleman." Clare—"Indeed! I never saw him dressing."

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