

Ramsey Milholland

by Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

"TEACHER'S PET."

Synopsis.—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is watching the "Decorations Day Parade" in the home town. The old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil war, endeavors to impress the youngster with the significance of the great conflict, and many years afterward the boy was to remember his words with startling vividness. In the schoolroom, a few years later, Ramsey is not distinguished for brilliancy. He hates German even more than arithmetic.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Sometimes, too, there were moments of relaxation in her class, when she would stop the lesson and tell the children about Germany: What a beautiful, good country it was, so trim and orderly, with such pleasant customs, and all the people sensible, energetic and healthy. There was "Muehl" again in the German class, which was another alleviation; though it was the same old "Star Spangled Banner" over again. Ramsey was tired of the song and tired of "My Country 'Tis of Thee"; they were bogus, but it was amusing to sing them in German. In German they sounded "sort of funny," so he didn't mind this bit of the day's work.

Half an hour later there arrived his supreme trial of this particular morning. Arithmetic then being the order of business before the house, he was sent alone to the blackboard, supposed to make lucid the proper reply to a fatal conundrum in decimals, and under the glare and focus of the whole room he breathed heavily and itched everywhere; his brain at once became sheer hash. He consumed as much time as possible in getting the terms of the problem stated in chalk; then, affecting to be critical of his own handwriting, erased what he had done and carefully wrote it again. After that he erased half of it, slowly re-traced figures, and stepped back as if to see whether perspective improved their appearance. Again he lifted the eraser.

"Ramsey Milholland!"

"Ma'am?"

"Put down that eraser!"

"Yes'm, I just thought—"

Sharply bidden to get forward with his task, he explained in a feeble voice that he had first to tie a shoelace and stooped to do so, but was not permitted. Miss Ridgely tried to stimulate him with hints and suggestion; found him, so far as decimals went, mere protoplasm, and, wondering how so helpless a thing could live, summoned to the board little Dora Yocum, the star of the class, whereupon Ramsey moved toward his seat.

"Stand still, Ramsey! You stay right where you are and try to learn something from the way Dora does it."

The class giggled, and Ramsey stood, but learned nothing. His conspicuousness was unendurable, because all of his schoolmates naturally found more entertainment in watching him than in following the performance of the capable Dora.

Instructed to watch every figure chalked up by the mathematical wonder, his eyes, grown sudden, were unable to remove themselves from the part in her hair at the back of her head, where two little braids began their separate careers to end in a couple of blue-and-red-checked bits of ribbon, one upon each of her thin shoulder blades. His sensations clogged his intellect; he suffered from unthought notoriety, and hated Dora Yocum; most of all he hated her busy little shoulder blades.

He had to be "kept in" after school; and when he was allowed to go home he averted his eyes as he went by the house where Dora lived. She was out in the yard, eating a doughnut, and he knew it; but he had passed the age when it is just as permissible to throw a rock at a girl as at a boy; and stifling his normal inclinations, he walked sturdily on, though he indulged himself so far as to engage in a murmured conversation with one of the familiar spirits dwelling somewhere within him. "Pfa!" said Ramsey to himself—or himself to Ramsey, since it is difficult to say which was which. "Pfa! Thinks she's smart, don't she? Well, I guess she does, but she ain't!"

"I hate her, don't you?"

"You bet your life I hate her!"

"Teacher's Pet, that's what I call her!"

"Well, that's what I call her, too, don't it?"

"Well, I do; that's all she is, anyway—dirty old Teacher's Pet!"



"Most potent, grave and rev—"

ed the platform, bobbed a little preparatory bow and began, "Listen, my children, and you shall hear." Ramsey included Paul Revere and the Old North church and the whole Revolutionary war in his antipathy, since they somehow appeared to be the property of the Teacher's Pet. For Dora held this post in "Declaration," as well as in everything else; here, as elsewhere, the hateful child's prowess surpassed that of all others; and the teacher always entrusted her with the rendition of the "patriotic selections."

Ramsey himself was in the same section of declaimers, and performed next—a ghastly contrast. He gave a "selection from Shakespeare," assigned by the teacher; and he began his continuous misfortune by stumbling violently as he ascended the platform, which stimulated a general giggle already in being at the mere calling of his name. All of the class were bright with happy anticipation, for the miserable Ramsey seldom failed their hopes, particularly in "Declaration."

He faced them, his complexion wan, his expression both baleful and horrified; and he began in a loud, hurried voice, from which every hint of intelligence was excluded:

"Most potent, grave and rev—"

The teacher tapped sharply on her desk, and stopped him. "You've forgotten to bow," she said. "And don't say 'potent.' The word is 'potent!'"

Ramsey flopped his head at the rear wall of the room, and began again:

"Most potent potent grave and reverend signers my very noble and approved good masters that I have tan away this sole man's dutter it is more true true I have marry dur the very headan from tuv my fending hath this extent no more rufe am I in speech—in speech—rufe am I in speech—in speech—in speech—in speech—"

He had stalled. Perhaps the fatal truth of that phrase, and some sense of its applicability to the occasion had interfered with the mechanism which he had set in operation to get rid of the "recitation" for him. At all events, the machine had to run off its job all at once, or it wouldn't run at all. He gulped audibly. "Rufe rufe am I—rufe am I in speech—in speech—in speech. Rufe am I in speech—"

"Yes," the irritated teacher said, as Ramsey's falling voice continued huskily to insist upon this point. "I think you are!" And her nerves were a little soothed by the shout of laughter from the school—it was never difficult for teachers to be witty. "Go sit down, Ramsey, and do it after school."

His ears roaring, the unfortunate went to his seat and, among all the hilarious faces, one stood out—Dora Yocum's. Her laughter was precocious; it was that of a confirmed superior, insufferably adult—she was laughing at him as a grown person laughs at a child. Conspicuously and unmistakably, there was something indulgent in her amusement. He choked. He didn't care for George Washington, or Paul Revere, or the teacher, or the President of the United States, or Shakespeare, or any of 'em. They could all go to the dickens with Dora Yocum. They were all a lot of smarties anyway and he hated the whole stew of 'em!

There was one, however, whom he somehow couldn't manage to hate, even though this one officially seemed to be as intimately associated with Dora Yocum and superiority as the others were. Ramsey couldn't hate Abraham Lincoln, even when Dora was chosen to deliver the "Gettysburg Address," on the twelfth of February. Lincoln had said "Government of the people, by the people, for the people," and that didn't mean government by the teacher and the Teacher's Pet and Paul Revere and Shakespeare and suchlike; it meant government by everybody, and therefore Ramsey had as much to do with it as anybody else had. Beyond a doubt, Dora and the teacher thought Lincoln belonged to them and their crowd of exclusives; they seemed to think they owned the whole United States; but Ramsey was sure they were mistaken about Abraham Lincoln.

He felt that it was just like this little Yocum snipplet to assume such a thing, and it made him sicker than ever to look at her.

Then, one day, he noticed that her eye-winkers were stickin' out further and farther.

His discovery irritated him the more. Next thing, this ole Teacher's Pet would do she'd get to thinkin' she was pretty! If that happened, well, nobody could stand her! The long lashes made her eyes shadowy, and it was a fact that her shoulder blades ceased to insist upon notoriety; you couldn't tell where they were at all, any more.

A contemptible thing happened. Wesley Bender was well known to be the most untidy boy in the class, and had never shown any remorse for his reputation or made the slightest effort either to improve or to dispute it. He was content: it failed to lower his standing with his fellows or to impress them unfavorably. In fact, he was treated as one who has attained a slight distinction. It helped him to become better known, and boys liked to be seen with him. But one day, there was a rearrangement of the seating in the schoolroom: Wesley Bender was given a desk next in front of Dora Yocum's; and within a week the whole room knew that Wesley had begun voluntarily to wash his neck—the back of it, anyhow.

This was at the bottom of the fight between Ramsey Milholland and Wesley Bender, and the diplomatic exchanges immediately preceding hostilities were charmingly frank and un-hypocritical, although quite as mixed-up and off-the-issue as if they had been prepared by professional foreign office men. Ramsey and Fred Mitchell and four other boys waylaid young Bender on the street after school, intending jocosities rather than violence, but the victim proved sensitive. "You take your ole hands off o' me!" he said fiercely, as they began to push him about among them.

"Ole dirty Wes!" they hoarsely belted and squawed, in their changing voices. "Washes his ears!" . . . "Washes his neck!" . . . Dora Yocum told his mama to turn the hose on him!

Wesley broke from them and backed away, swinging his strapped books in a dangerous circle. "You keep off!" he warned them. "I got as much right to my personal appearance as anybody!"

This richly fed their humor, and they rioted round him, keeping outside the swinging books at the end of the strap. "Personal appearance!" . . . "You! Ole dirty Wes, he's got personal appearance!" . . . "Who went and bought it for you, Wes?" . . . "Nobody bought it for him. Dora Yocum took and give him one!"

"You leave ladies' names alone!" cried the chivalrous Wesley. "You ought to know better, on the public street, you—pups!"

"Just gimme one chance to show that girl what she really is!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We're Looking Too.

Girl—Have you hair nets?

Clerk—Yes, ma'am.

Girl—Invisible?

Clerk—Yes, ma'am.

Girl—Let's me see one.—Life.

An ounce of gold could be drawn into a wire 50 miles long.

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"Most potent, grave and rev—"

The AMERICAN LEGION

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

GUIDES BIG HOSPITAL PLAN

William Pierce, Minnesota Legion Commander, Keeps Vow Made While Caring for Wounded.

A silent vow made four years ago by a soldier at a French debarcation point will soon be realized by the erection, at Rochester, Minn., of a great memorial hospital.



William J. Pierce, now commander of the American Legion in Minnesota's first district, did not have the opportunity of risking his life in his country's defense. He was stationed at a French port, and it was his duty to meet and receive the Red Cross trains from the front, bearing the maimed bodies of American soldiers. The sufferings of those bleeding, crippled men left an indelible mark on his mind. He vowed that he would never forget them and that he would never cease to labor for their welfare.

An American Legion memorial hospital, whose doors will be perpetually open to any ex-service man from any part of the nation, is now under way, with William J. Pierce guiding the project. The \$500,000 needed to erect two 100-bed wards and to establish a Mayo clinic will be raised largely by the showing of patriotic motion pictures throughout Minnesota, under the auspices of Legion posts.

IS STRONG FOR LEGION MEN

Mayor of Youngstown, O., May Call on the Ex-Soldiers to Clean Up Town.

George L. Oles, the eccentric mayor of Youngstown, O., who was elected last fall on probably the most unique platform ever presented by a successful candidate, is meeting with more success in governing his city than some predicted. Beneath his odd ideas and his sensational manner of presenting them to the public, Mayor Oles seems to possess the fundamental American ideals that make for good government.

He is making a rather thorough job of the business of cleaning up Youngstown. "If I have to go to call on the American Legion to turn out and back up the police force," he said, "I'll get this cleansing job done, and done right."

Oles places a great deal of confidence in the ex-soldiers. He employs them in the departments of the city government and says that their work is satisfactory. "The boys seem to have lost that restless feeling and are, if anything, more anxious to perform their full duty than men who never served," he asserts.

PICTURES OF THE WORLD WAR

Fifty Photographers on Job, but Views of Hardest Fighting Do Not Tell the Story.

During the Civil war photography was a new art. Only one man was on the job—Brady. If Brady happened to be around when a battle was fought the battle would be photographed—otherwise not. But photography during the recent war was no such hit-and-miss proposition. How the World War was caught on negatives is told in an article in a recent number of the American Legion Weekly.

CARRYING ON WITH THE AMERICAN LEGION

Applications for the Ohio state bonus were handed through posts of the American Legion. The posts aided needy soldiers in getting prompt payments.

Five thousand acres of land in Herkimer county, N. Y., will be reforested by the American Legion, as a living memorial to men who served in the war.

One ex-colonel is now a buck. Edmund S. Sayer, formerly lieutenant colonel with the One Hundred and Tenth field artillery, has enlisted as a private in the marine corps.

To help jobless ex-soldiers, a Legion post commander at Charleston, W. Va., took over the construction of eight apartments, the work to be done from start to finish by former service men.

Feed the Needy Day and Night. On day and night shifts, Legionnaires hand out one thousand "coffees and doughnuts" to jobless ex-soldiers, from St. Marks-in-the-Bowery, New York city. Cold, hungry, and forlorn, the men line up to wait their turn for the hot drink and the good old "fried-cake."

Women of the Legion Auxiliary have charge of the relief work during the day.

LEADS LEGION IN MICHIGAN

Paul Martin, Newspaper Man, State Commander, Son of Former Governor of Kansas.

Another newspaper man has risen high in American Legion affairs—Paul A. Martin, commander of the Legion in Michigan and editor of a paper in Battle Creek. Newspaper men now rank next to lawyers and doctors in the ranks of those who hold posts of responsibility in the Legion.



Martin comes of fighting stock. His father, the late ex-governor John A. Martin of Kansas, commanded the Eighth Kansas regiment as colonel, in the eventful service seen by that outfit as part of the army of the Cumberland. Martin also comes naturally by his journalistic ability, the colonel having been a militant free-soil editor in the days of the slavery controversy.

Thus equipped by heredity, Martin is carrying on in his territory. He has been in the thick of battle from the start, having organized the Legion post at Battle Creek at the close of the war. In addition to being a fighter and an editor, Martin is an engineer. He served with the Three Hundred and Fourteenth engineers through the St. Mihiel and the Argonne regions, the Armistice finding him on the banks of the Meuse at Stenay, the crossing of which had been forced that night.

BONDY, GOOD LEGION 'KICKER'

New York Grievance Officer Has Settled Many Claims With Veterans' Bureau.

The divine right to kick is a prerogative of the American citizen. The U. S. soldier used to kick when he didn't like something—a trait which distinguished him from the stolid, satisfied Prussian, and which made him a good fighter.

Joseph Bondy, as grievance officer of the American Legion and war risk officer for Onondaga county, N. Y., hears thousands of kicks every year and passes them on with added zest to the proper authorities. He has settled "thousands and thousands" of claims with the veterans' bureau and proved a great friend to every doughboy with an ax to have ground.

Besides being a high kicker, Bondy is a skillful recruiter. New York has the largest Legion membership of any state in the Union—due in a measure to Bondy's intensive efforts. He has assisted in the formation of 57 posts, and has spoken upwards of 200 times in 142 different cities and towns in the state.

LEGION SEEKING LOST BOY

Widowed Mother Calls on the Organization to Aid in Finding Her Young Son.

The "lost and found" department of the American Legion usually has to work overtime. Every year the Legion has hundreds of calls to find some long-lost person, or to identify some wandering unfortunate who, through mental war disability, has forgotten who and what he is.

A new kind of appeal, from a widowed mother, has resulted in a call to every Legion state adjutant throughout the country to aid in the search for Walter H. Weyrauch, fourteen years old, who disappeared from his home in New York city last September.

The boy weighs about 125 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. Information as to his whereabouts should be communicated to the headquarters of the Legion at Indianapolis.



Carrying On With the American Legion

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Miserable With Backache?

Why put up with that nagging backache? You can't be happy when every day brings morning lameness, sharp, shooting pains and that all-worn-out feeling. The best way to get well is to find the cause of your trouble and correct it. Likely, a cold or a chill has slowed up your kidneys and that is why you have backaches, stabbing pains, headaches and dizziness. Just take things easier and help your weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. W. A. Strain, Creighton, Neb., says: "I was feeling miserable and worn out and ambition left me. My back felt as though it were ready to give way. I didn't get my proper rest and was all tired out. This was caused by my kidneys. After using two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Increase Your Weight to Normal by Taking

TANLAC
The World's Greatest Tonic

Radio--Everyone Wants This In Their Home

There have been some startling improvements. They are now being manufactured. New catalogs are now ready. This catalog sells for 50 cents; it is a complete instruction book. Send 50 cents and it will be mailed to you at once. Do not order your stock until improved devices are ready—our stock order is now in factory.

Mid-West ELECTRIC CO.

Omaha, Nebr. Des Moines, Iowa

Her Credit.

"That's Jinks, the famous million; alre, over there on the left. He's a wife-made man."

"But I understand that his money came from oil on his farm."

"Ah, yes—but it was his wife who had finally consented to live on the farm."—Kansas City Star.

MOTHER! OPEN

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Your little one will love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" even if constipated, bilious, irritable, feverish, or full of cold. A teaspoonful never fails to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the sour bile, and undigested food out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

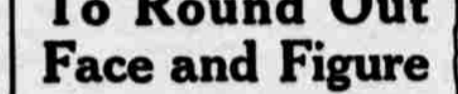
Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

Don't be afraid to ask questions. That's the only way you can find out a good many things.

Aunt Ada's Axioms: Order means peace for the home, sanity for the mind, and security for the state.

Take Yeast Vitamon Tablets To Round Out Face and Figure

With Firm Flesh



It is hollow-cheeked, hollow-skinned, sunken-chested and generally weak or run down and want to round out your face and figure to pleasing and normal proportions you will find this simple test well worth trying: First weigh yourself and measure yourself. Next take Mastin's VITAMON—two tablets with every meal. Then weigh and measure yourself again each week and continue taking Mastin's VITAMON regularly until you are satisfied with your gain in weight and energy. Mastin's VITAMON tablets contain a highly concentrated yeast-vitamin as well as the two other still more important vitamins (Fat Soluble A and Water Soluble C) together with organic iron and real lime salts. They will not upset the stomach or cause gas, but on the contrary are a great aid to digestion, to overcome constipation and as a general conditioner of the whole system. Pimples, boils and skin eruptions seem to vanish like magic under its purifying influence, the complexion becomes fresh and beautiful, the cheeks rosy instead of pale, the lips red instead of colorless, the eyes bright instead of dull. So rapid and amazing are the results that thousands of people everywhere are now taking to them as a quick way to put on weight and increase energy. Be sure to remember the name Mastin's VITAMON—the original and genuine yeast-vitamin tablet—there is nothing else like it so do not accept imitations or substitutes. You can get Mastin's VITAMON at any druggist.