

# Ramsey Milholland

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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## OUT WALKING.

**Synopsis.**—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is watching the "Decoration 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, Ramsey is not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his pronounced dislikes are arithmetic, "Recitations" and German. In sharp contrast to Ramsey's backwardness is the precocity of little Dora Yocum, a young lady whom in his bitterness he denominates "Teacher's Pet." In high school, where he and Dora are classmates, Ramsey continues to feel that the girl delights to manifest her superiority, and the vindictiveness he generates becomes alarming, culminating in the resolution that some day he will "show" her. At a class picnic Ramsey is captured and baggage by Milla Rust, the class beauty, and endures the agonies of his first love.

## CHAPTER V.

The next morning Ramsey came into his father's room while Mr. Milholland was shaving, an hour before church time, and it became apparent that the son had something on his mind, though for a while he said nothing.

"Did you want anything, Ramsey?"

"Well—"

"Didn't want to borrow my razors?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Milholland chuckled. "I hardly supposed so seriously! Shaving is a great nuisance and the longer you keep away from it the better. And when you do, you let my razors alone, young feller!"

"Yes, sir." (Mr. Milholland's razors were safe. Ramsey had already achieved one of his own, but he practiced the art in secret.)

"What is it you really want, Ramsey?"

"I guess I don't want anything."

"Money?"

"No, sir. You gay' me some Friday."

Mr. Milholland turned from his mirror and looked over the edge of a towel at his son. In the boy's eyes there was such a dumb agony of interrogation that the father was a little startled.

"Why, what is it, Ramsey? Have you—?" He paused, frowning and wondering. "You haven't been getting into some mess you want to tell me about, have you?"

"No, sir."

His tone was meek, but a mute distress lurked within it, bringing to the father's mind disturbing suspicions, and foreshadowings of indignation and of pity. "See here, Ramsey," he said, "if there's anything you want to ask me, or to tell me, you'd better out with it and get it over. Now, what is it?"

"Well—it isn't anything."

"Are you sure?"

Ramsey's eyes fell before the severe and piercing gaze of his father. "Yes, sir."

Mr. Milholland shook his head doubtfully; then, as his son walked slowly out of the room, he turned to completely

his toilet in a somewhat uneasy frame of mind. Ramsey had undoubtedly wanted to say something to him and the boy's expression had shown that the matter in question was serious, distressing, and, it might be, critical.

In fact it was—Ramsey. Having begun within only the last few hours to regard haberdashery as of vital importance, and believing his father to be possessed of the experience and authority lacking in himself, Ramsey had come to get him to settle a question which had been upsetting him badly, in his own room, since breakfast. What he wanted to know was: Whether it was right to wear an extra handker-

chief showing out of the coat breast-pocket or not, and, if it was right—ought the handkerchief to have a colored border or to be plain white? But he had never before brought any such perplexities to his father, and found himself too diffident to set them forth.

However, when he left the house a few minutes later, he boldly showed an inch of purple border above the pocket; then, as he saw himself about to encounter several old lady pedestrians, he blushed and thrust the handkerchief down into deep concealment. Having gone a block farther, he pulled it up again; and so continued to operate this badge of fashion, or unfashion, throughout the morning, and suffered a great deal thereby.

Meantime, his father, rather relieved that Ramsey had not told his secret, whatever it was, dismissed the episode from his mind and joined Mrs. Milholland at the front door, ready for church.

"Where's Ramsey?" he asked.

"He's gone ahead," she answered, buttoning her gloves as they went along. "I heard the door quite a little while ago. Perhaps he went over to walk down with Charlotte and Vance. Did you notice how neat he looks this morning?"

"Why, no, I didn't; not particularly. Does he?"

"I never saw anything like it before," said Mrs. Milholland. "He only has three neckties, but I saw him several times in each of them. He must have kept changing and changing. I wonder—"

"I'm glad he's begun to take a little care of his appearance at last. I'll have to take a look at him and give him a word of praise. I suppose he'll be in the pew when we get there."

But Ramsey wasn't in the pew; and Charlotte, his sister, and her husband, who were there, said they hadn't seen anything of him. It was not until the members of his family were on their way home after the services that they caught a glimpse of him.

They were passing a church a little distance from their own; here the congregation was just emerging to the open, and among the seats through descending the broad stone steps appeared an accompanied Ramsey—and a red, red Ramsey he was when he beheld his father and mother and sister and brother-in-law staring up at him from the pavement below. They were kind enough not to come to an absolute halt, but passed slowly on, so that he was just able to avoid parading up the street in front of them.

In hushed whispers, Mrs. Milholland chided her husband for an exclamation he had uttered. "John! On Sunday! You ought to be ashamed."

"I couldn't help it," he exclaimed. "Who on earth is his clinging vine? Why, she's got lavender tops on her shoes and—"

"Don't look round!" she warned him sharply. "Don't—"

"Well, what's he doing at a Baptist church? What's he fidgeting at his handkerchief about? Why can't he walk like people? Does he think it's obligatory to walk home from church anchored arm-in-arm like Swedes on a Sunday Out? Who is this cow-eyed fat girl that's got him, anyhow?"

"Hush! Don't look round again, John."

"Never fear!" said her husband, having disobeyed. "They've turned off; they're crossing over to Bullard street. Who is it?"

"I think her name's Rust," Mrs. Milholland informed him. "I don't know what her father does. She's one of the girls in his class at school. It would be pleasanter if he'd taken a fancy to someone whose family belongs to our own circle."

"Taken a fancy!" he echoed, hooting. "Why, he's terrible! He looked like a red-gilled goldfish that's flopped itself out of the bowl. Why, he—"

"I say I wish if he felt that he had to take girls anywhere," said Mrs. Milholland, with the primmest air of speaking to the point—"if this sort of thing must begin, I wish he might have selected some nice girl among the daughters of our own friends, like Dora Yocum, for instance."

Upon the spot she began to undergo the mortifications of a mother who has expected her son, just out of infancy, to look about him with the eye of a critical matron of forty-five. Moreover, she was indiscreet enough to express her views to Ramsey, a week later, producing thus a scene of useless great fury and no little sound.

"I do think it's in very poor taste to see so much of any one girl, Ramsey," she said, and, not heeding his protest that he only walked home from school with Milla, "about every other day," and that it didn't seem any crime to him just to go to church with her a couple of times, Mrs. Milholland went on: "But if you think you really must be dangling around somebody quite this much—though what in the world you find to talk about with this funny little Milla Rust your poor father says he really cannot see—and of course it seems very queer to us now when your mind ought to be entirely on your studies, and especially with such an absurd looking little thing—"

"No, you must listen, Ramsey, and let me speak now. What I meant was

that we shouldn't be quite so much distressed by your being seen with a girl who dressed in better taste and seemed to have some notion of refinement, though of course it's only natural she wouldn't, with a father who is just a sort of ward politician, I understand, and a mother we don't know, and of course shouldn't care to. But, oh, Ramsey! If you had to make yourself so conspicuous why couldn't you be a little bit more fastidious? Your father wouldn't have minded nearly so much if it had been a self-respecting, intellectual girl. We both say that if you must be so ridiculous at your age as to persist in seeing more of one girl than another, why, oh, why, don't you go and see some really nice girl like Dora Yocum?"

Ramsey was already dangerously distended, as an effect of the earlier part of her discourse, and the word "fastidious" almost exploded him; but upon this climax, "Dora Yocum," he blew up with a shattering report and, leaving fragments of incoherence ricocheting behind him, fled shuddering from the house.

For the rest of the school term he walked home with Milla every afternoon and on Sundays appeared to have



Evening After Evening They Walked and Walked and Walked.

become a resolute Baptist. It was supposed (by the interested members of the high-school class) that Ramsey and Milla were "engaged." Ramsey sometimes rather supposed they were himself, and the dim idea gave him a sensation partly pleasant, but mostly apprehensive; he was afraid.

He was afraid that the day was coming when he ought to kiss her.

## CHAPTER VI

Vacation, in spite of increased leisure, may bring inconvenience to people in Ramsey's strange but not uncommon condition. At home his constant air was that of a badgered captive platonically silent under injustice; and he found it difficult to reply calmly when asked where he was going—an inquiry addressed to him, he asserted, every time he touched his cap, even to hang it up!

The amount of evening walking he did must also have been a trial to his nerves, on account of fatigue, though the ground covered was not vast. Milla's mother and father were friendly people, but saw no reason to "move out of house and home," as Mr. Rust said, when Milla had "callers"; and on account of the intimate plan of their small dwelling a visitor's only alternative to spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Rust as well as with Milla, was to invite her to "go out walking."

Evening after evening they walked and walked and walked, usually in company—at perhaps the distance of half a block—with Albert Paxton and Sadie Clews, though Ramsey now and then felt disgraced by having fallen into this class; for sometimes it was apparent that Albert casually had his arm about Sadie's waist. This allured Ramsey somewhat, but terrified him more. He didn't know how such matters were managed.

Usually the quartet had no destination; they just went "out walking" until ten o'clock, when both girls had to be home—and the boys did, too, but never admitted it. On Friday evenings there was a "public open-air concert" by a brass band in a small park, and the four were always there.

Ramsey kisses Milla and fate steps in to separate them and "everything's all over."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On That Condition Only. Local Paper—"Unusually large, handsomely furnished room, with bath accommodating three." We should want the faucet end of the tub.—Boston Transcript.

# THE AMERICAN LEGION

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

## OHLINGER A VALUABLE MAN

Former Intelligence Officer Frustrated Many Anti-American Activities During War.

The name of Gustavus Ohlinger might have meant something to the knaiser during the war, and it did. The German societies that were rampant during the period knew well Captain Gustavus Ohlinger of the Intelligence department of the United States. He broke up their meetings and many of these societies and their activities ceased to operate by reason of his learning so much of their propaganda and plottings.

His home is in Toledo, O., where the American Legion has as its commander this same Gustavus Ohlinger. The Legion convention was in full blast in his home city when a wealthy Toledoan burst in and announced that he would pay the entire expense of the ex-service men's gathering if they would drop their bonus stand. What Ohlinger told him was never learned from a five-foot shelf, but it was good enough to cause a hurried exit on the part of the Toledo business man. That's why the Legionnaires like him. Kid gloves might be alright to use sometimes, but Ohlinger doesn't draw them on when he tackles Legion problems.

Born of German parentage in China, a close friend of the late Theodore Roosevelt, world traveler and famed as having ridden a bicycle across South Africa are a few of the things that show why "Gus" stands ace high with the Legion men and also why he must be reckoned with by any group whose Americanism is questionable.

## LEGION PAPER'S BOSS SCRIBE

Philip Stapp, Formerly Editor of Overseas Publication, at Head of Hoosier Publication.

It is said that every town and village in Indiana boasts at least one author whose writings have won some degree of fame in the literary world. Reared in this atmosphere so favorable to scribblers, it was inevitable that Hoosier members of the American Legion should desire some medium of expression for their Legion ideas.

The result was the establishment of the Hoosier Legionnaire, which recently started publication with a circulation of 32,000.

Philip B. Stapp of Greensburg, formerly editor of the Hour Glass, overseas publication of the "Sauntering Seventh" division, is editor of the Indiana publication. A delegate to the Paris caucus of the Legion, Stapp was appointed a member of the first national publicity committee of the Legion. During his 26 months of service in the war, Stapp rose from "buck private" to a commissioned officer in the field artillery.

The newspaper is sent to all Indiana Legionnaires every week.

## MANY "OUT OF COMMISSION"

Nearly Dozen Destroyers Which Wore Coveted Gold Stars on Stacks, Are Doomed.

A typewriter has at last defeated nearly a dozen of the destroyers which for four years zigzagged through the North sea and in the submarine zone of the Atlantic and gained notable victories over German submarines. The coveted gold stars, worn on the stacks, where all might see and know that a German sub had met death, were awarded the Parker, O'Brien, Cummings, Porter, Davis and many others which have been ordered "out of commission" by the Navy department.

"Out of commission" means nothing more or less than that the fast growing navy junk pile grows higher. Never again, probably, will these greyhounds of the deep circle around a fleet of transports, suddenly dive off to one side, sweep back again, drop a depth bomb, and then watch the oil come to surface that shows another German submarine has gone down to visit Davy Jones.

The thrills of the deeds of these "star" destroyers are a bit overshadowed by the news that the Shaw is slated for the scrap heap, too. She was escorting the huge British transport Aquitania when the rudder jammed and the giant ship ran her down. The Jacob Jones also brings back sad memories. She is named for the first ill-fated torpedo boat of that name which was sunk while battling in the subma-

## WHY SOUSA JOINED LEGION

The Noted Bandmaster Says He Thinks It Is a Rattling Good Organization.

"I joined the Legion because I had a right to, being in the navy, and I did so because I think it is a rattling good organization," says John Phillip Sousa, bandmaster extraordinary and leader of the mammoth naval band at the Great Lakes naval training station during the war.

The Legion and its activities are being spread into all parts of the world by the band leader's men. Thirty-two of the master musicians who make up the Sousa organization are ex-service men, and nearly all are affiliated with the Legion. They come from every part of the country and saw service in every branch of this country's military organization during the war.

When Sousa took hold of the Great Lakes band it was a group of sailors, whose right to play under him could have come only with their enlisting with the crowd that "took 'em over." What he did with this group of musical talent became known the country over. What they learned under Sousa couldn't have been learned anywhere else, and the finer points of the musician's art are being shown to the hundreds of Legion posts whose personnel is made up of one or more of the gobs who made up the largest service band of the many brought into being during the war.

## NAME DESTROYER FOR FRUIT

Highest Honors Paid One of Pershing's Men Who Went to Death in War.

It is seldom that one of Uncle Sam's sea fighters is named for an enlisted man of the navy or marine corps. This has been done in the case of Corp. John Pruitt, one of Pershing's hundreds of heroes, who died from wounds while fighting Germans. Honors had been heaped on Corporal Pruitt before he met death, but the naming of a destroyer for him didn't take place until long afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pruitt of Phoenix, Ariz., have just received from the Italian government a citation, and the Italian war cross, Croce di Guerre, in recognition of their son's valor nearly four years ago. The citation told of young Pruitt's single-handed battle against two machine gun crews, capturing both, killing two of the enemy and taking 40 prisoners.

Under age and therefore ineligible for the first draft, Pruitt volunteered for service with the marines less than three weeks after war was declared. He was in France in January, 1918, and served as a "Devil Dog" until his death. His body was brought back to this country and buried with all the honors that are a hero's, in the National cemetery at Arlington.

## LEGION HAS CEMETERY PLOT

Racine (Wis.) Organization Will See That No Ex-Service Man Sleeps in Potter's Field.

The American Legion at Racine, Wis., has taken over a part of one of the city's cemeteries and will hold it in order that no one of the ex-service men who did his share in the army or navy during the World war need sleep in a potter's field. When the Legion's work on its acquired plot is complete, Racine will have a miniature Arlington. The plot is circular and will be fittingly arranged in order that it may look as much as possible like the national cemetery in Virginia.

The Legion men have authorized the expenditure of \$5,833.50 for the land. A steel mast, from which will fly the Stars and Stripes is one of the first things the organization will buy. Already Racine's 55 ex-service men are buried in two of its cemeteries. An effort is to be made to have as many of these as possible transferred to the new plot. Room for the burial of more than 300 veterans is being allowed for.

The next session of the Wisconsin legislature will be asked to raise the amount which the state allows for the burial of a war veteran. At present this amount is but \$50, but it is hoped that this will be increased to \$75 or \$100.

## Carrying On With the American Legion

It rained \$500 for the Legion in Toronto recently. Insurance was taken out against more than 10-100 of an inch on a celebration day. The precipitation was 14-100.

Bronze doors will lead into the \$250,000 memorial hall to be erected at Central, Wash., in honor of the four American Legion men who were killed by I. W. W. members in that city.

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Cure Collar Sore while you work the horse. Ask your dealer, or send us \$1.25 for sample, postpaid. HARRISON BROS., CO., Mrs. Lincoln, Neb.

## How Was She to Know?

A woman who does not play cards had been invited, through courtesy, to an "afternoon." She fluttered from bridge table to bridge table, chatting pleasantly with the players, until she came to one group where two partners had just completed a game and series.

"Rubber!" cried one of the partners triumphantly.

And the woman who does not play cards left in a huff.

## Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

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The Reason. "Was his bankruptcy due to a lack of brains?" "Yes—a lack and a lass." Wayside Tales.

For your daughter's sake, use Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. She will then have that dainty, well-groomed appearance that girls admire.—Advertisement.

## No Danger.

"My roommate tells me I talk in my sleep." "What of it? You're not married."—Judge.

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