

Ramsey Milholland

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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DORA YOCUM.

Synopsis.—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is watching the "Decorated 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 afterward, Ramsey is not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his pronounced diables 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 bag and baggage by Milla Rust, the class beauty, and endures the agonies of his first love. Ramsey's parents object to Milla and wish he'd taken up with Dora Yocum. Ramsey kisses Milla. Then Milla suddenly leaves town.

CHAPTER VII

He never saw her again. She sent him a "picture postal" from Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, which his father disengaged from the family mail, one morning at breakfast, and considerately handed to him without audible comment. Upon it was written, "Oh, you Ramsey!" This was the last of Milla.

Just before school opened, in the autumn, Sadie Clews made some revelations. "Milla did like you," said Sadie. "After that time you jumped in the creek to save her she liked you better than any boy in town, and I guess if it wasn't for her cousin Milt up in Chicago she would of liked you the best anywhere. I guess she did, anyway, because she hadn't seen him for about a year then."

"Well, that afternoon she went away I was over there and took in everything that was goin' on, only she made me promise on my word of honor I wouldn't even tell Albert. They didn't get any wire from the uncle about the touring car; it was her cousin Milt that jumped on the train and came down and used it all up for Milla to go on the trip, and everything. You see, Ramsey, she was turned back a couple of times in school before she came in our class and I don't know how old she is and she don't look old yet, but I'm pretty sure she's at least eighteen, and she might be over. I didn't think such a great deal of this Milt's looks myself, but he's anyway twenty-one years old, and got a good position, and all their family seem to think he's just fine! It wasn't his father that took in the touring car on the debt, like she said she was writing you; it was Milt himself. He started out in business when he was only thirteen years old, and this trip he was gettin' up for his father and mother and Milla was the first vacation he ever took. Well, of course she wouldn't like my tellin' you, but I can't see the harm of it, now everything's all over."

"All—all over? You mean Milla's going to be—to be married?"

"She already is," said Sadie. "They got married at her Aunt Jess and Uncle Purv's house, up in Chicago, last Thursday. Yes, sir; that quiet little Milla's a regular old married woman by this time, I expect, Ramsey!"

When he got over the shock, which was not until the next day, one predominant feeling remained: It was a gloomy pride—a pride in his proven maturity. He was old enough, it appeared, to have been the same thing as engaged to a person who was now a Married Woman. His manner thenceforth showed an added trace of seriousness and self-consideration.

Having recovered his equipoise and something more, he entirely forgot that moment of humble admiration he had felt for Dora Yocum on the day of his fustest prostration. When he saw her sitting in the classroom, smiling brightly up at the teacher, the morning of the school's opening in the autumn, all his humility had long since vanished and she appeared to him not otherwise than as the scholar whose complete proficiency had always been so irksome to him.

"Look at her!" he muttered to himself. "Same ole Teacher's Pet!"

Now and then, as the days and seasons passed, and Dora's serene propretude continued, never checked or even there stirred within him some remembrance of the old determination to "show" her; and he would conjure up a daydream of Dora in loud laughter, while he led the laughter of the spectators. But gradually his feeling about her came to be merely a dull oppression. He was tired of having to look at her (as he stated it) and he thanked the Lord that the time wouldn't be so long now until he'd be out of that ole school, and then all he'd have to do he'd just take care never to walk by her house. It was easy enough to use some other street when he had to go down town.

"The good ole class of Nineteen-

Fourteen is about gone," he said to Fred Mitchell, who was still his most intimate friend when they reached the senior year. "Yes, sir; it's held together a good many years, Fred, but after June it'll be busted plum up, and I hope nobody starts a move to have any reunions. There's a good many members of the ole class that I can stand and there's some I can't, but there's one I just won't! If we ever did call a reunion, that ole Yocum girl would start in right away and run the whole shebang, and that's where I'd resign! You know, Fred, the thing I think is the one biggest benefit of graduating from this ole school? It's never seein' Dora Yocum again."

This was again his theme as he sat by the same friend's side, in the rear row of the class at Commencement, listening to the delivery of the Valedictory. "Thinks she's just so-blime, don't she?" he whispered morosely. "She wouldn't trade with the President of the United States right now. Never mind! Just about a half-an-hour more and that's the last of you, ole girl! Yes, sir, Fred; one thing we can feel pretty good over: this is where we get through with Dora Yocum!"

Ramsey and Fred had arranged to room together at Greenfield, the seat of the state university, and they made the short journey in company the following September. They arrived hilariously, anticipating pleasurable excitements in the way of "fraternity" pledgings and initiations, encounters with sophomores, class meetings, and elections; and, also, they were not absolutely without interest in the matter of Girls, for the state university was co-educational, and it was but natural to expect in so broad a field, all new to them, a possible vision of something rather thrilling. They whispered cheerfully of all these things during the process of matriculation, and signed the registrar's book on a fresh page; but when Fred had written his



"What on Earth's the Matter, Ramsey?"

name under Ramsey's and blotted it, he took the liberty of turning over the leaf to examine some of the autographs of their future classmates, written on the other side. Then he uttered an exclamation, more droll than dolorous, though it affected to be wholly the latter; for the shock to Fred was by no means so painful as it was to his friend.

Ramsey leaned forward and read the name indicated by Fred's forefinger.

DORA YOCUM.

... When they got back to their pleasant quarters at Mrs. Meigs', facing the campus, Ramsey was still unable to talk of anything except the lamentable discovery; nor were his companion's burlesquing efforts to console him of great avail, though Fred did become serious enough to point out that a university was different from a high school.

"It's not like havin' to use one big room as a headquarters, you know, Ramsey. Everything's all split up, and she might happen not be in a single one of your classes."

"You don't know my luck!" the afflicted boy protested. "I wish I'd gone to Harvard, the way my father wanted me to. Why, this is just the worst nuisance I ever struck! You'll see! She'll be in everything there is, just the way she was back home."

He appeared to be corroborated by the events of the next day, when they attended the first meeting to organize the new class. The masculine element predominated, but Dora Yocum was elected vice president. "You see?" Ramsey said. "Didn't I tell you? You see what happens?"

But after that she ceased for a time to intrude upon his life, and he admitted that his harassment was less grave than he had anticipated. There were about five hundred students in the freshman class; he seldom saw her, and when he did it was not more than

a distant glimpse of her on one of the campus paths, her thoughtful head bent over a book as she hurried to a classroom. This was bearable; and in the flattering agitations of being sought, and even hunted, by several "fraternities" simultaneously desirous of his becoming a sworn Brother, he almost forgot her. After a hazardous month the roommates fell into the arms of the last "frat" to seek them, and having undergone an evening of outrage which concluded with touching rhetoric and an oath taken at midnight, they proudly wore jeweled symbols on their breasts and were free to turn part of their attention to other affairs, especially the affairs of the Eleven.

However, they were instructed by the older brethren of their Order, whose duty it was to assist in the proper maneuvering of their young careers, that, although support of the 'varsity teams was important, they must neglect neither the spiritual nor the intellectual by-products of undergraduate doings. Therefore they became members of the college Y. M. C. A. and of the "Lumen Society."

According to the charter which it had granted itself, the "Lumen Society" was an "Organization of male and female students"—so "advanced" was this university—"for the development of the powers of debate and oratory, intellectual and sociological progress, and the discussion of all matters relating to philosophy, metaphysics, literature, art, and current events." A statement so formidable was not without a hushing effect upon Messrs. Milholland and Mitchell; they went to their first "Lumen" meeting in a state of fear and came away little reassured.

"I couldn't get up there," Ramsey declared, "I couldn't stand up there before all that crowd and make a speech, or debate in a debate, to save my soul and gizzard! Why, I'd just keel right over and haf to be carried out."

"Well, the way I understand it," said Fred, "we can't get out of it. The seniors in the 'frat' said we had to join, and they said we couldn't resign, either, after we had joined. They said we just had to go through it, and after a while we'd get used to it and not mind it so much."

"I will!" Ramsey insisted. "I couldn't any more stand up there on my feet and get to spoutin' about sociology and the radical metempsychosis of the metempsychic bazoom that I could fly a flyin' machine. Why, I—"

"Oh, that wasn't anything," Fred interrupted. "The only one that talked like that, he was that Blenkins; he's a tutor, or something, and really a member of the faculty. Most o' the others just kind of blab-blahed around, and what any of 'em tried to get off their chests hardly amounted to terribly much."

"I don't care. I couldn't do it at all!"

"Well, the way it looks to me," Fred observed, "we simply got to! From what they tell me, the freshmen got to do more than anybody. Every other Friday night, it's all freshmen and nothin' else. You get a postal card on Monday morning in your mail, and it says 'Assignment' on it and—and—then it's got written underneath what you haf to do the next Friday night—oration or debate, or maybe just read from some ole book or something. I guess we got to stand up there and try, anyway."

"All right," said Ramsey. "If they want me to commit suicide they can send me one o' their ole 'Assignments.' I won't need to commit suicide, though, I guess. All I'll do, I'll just fall over in a fit, and stay in it."

And, in truth, when he received his first "Assignment," one Monday morning, a month later, he seemed in a fair way to fulfill his prophecy. The attention of his roommate, who sat at a window of their study, was attracted by sounds of strangulation. "What on earth's the matter, Ramsey?"

"Look! Look at this!"

Fred took the card and examined it with an amazement gradually merging into a pleasure altogether too perceptible:

ASSIGNMENT
Twelve-Minute Debate, Class of 1918, Subject, Resolved: That Germany is both legally and morally justified in her invasion of Belgium.

(Debaters are notified that each will be held strictly to the following schedule: Affirmative, 4 min., first. Negative, 4 min., first. Affirm., 2 min., second. Neg., 2 min., second.)
Affirmative, R. MILHOLLAND, '18
Negative, D. YOCUM, '18.

The "Lumen Society" debate, R. Milholland vs. D. Yocum.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Phi Beta Kappa Founded in 1776. The Phi Beta Kappa college fraternity is the oldest of the Greek letter societies. It was founded at William and Mary college, Virginia, in 1776.

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ALL THESE PROVOKE SMILE

Various Kinds of Ladies Who Excite the Risibleities of Writer in Humorous Publication.

Ladies make me laugh—ladies who dress like Kewpie dolls; ladies who are always arranging slumming parties; ladies who arrive at the theater during the middle of the first act and practically stop the performance; ladies who tell fortunes; ladies who spend twelve hours a day in restaurants; ladies who organize welfare leagues and are forever talking about them; ladies who know all about relativity; ladies who embroider their bridge playing with telephone calls, gossip and risque stories; ladies who are habitually one hour and twenty minutes late for all appointments; ladies who are shocked at anything they don't understand; ladies from Columbus, O., who, having spent nine months in Paris, completely forget their native tongue; ladies who have never been understood; ladies who don't know when a romance ends; ladies who are continually dwelling on the fact that they are ladies.—From Life.

Hog Pedigrees to Have Monument.

A monument is to be erected to commemorate the beginning of the practice of writing pedigrees for hogs. The first such pedigrees, oldest records show, were written in 1875 for Poland China hogs on the farm owned in Blue Ball, Ohio, by W. C. Hankinson. Part of the necessary funds for the monument has been raised by the Ohio State Poland China Breeders' association, and the Hankinson estate, which still owns the farm, has consented to the erection of the monument on the property. The monument is to be dedicated in August.

Would Be Unfortunate.

Vicar—All sinners, Mary, will be washed whiter than snow.
Old Beggar Woman—Not them as truly repents, I 'ope, sir.—Boston Transcript.

Best feature of the admiration of the people for art is that they don't pick flaws in the technique.

Gent of the Old School.

Gypsies apparently do not take much stock in the newer feminist theories. A swarthy nomad and his gaily-dressed wife came into a cigar store on Cadillac square. He bought some good cigars for himself and a package of pipe tobacco for her. She remonstrated with him in gypsy language about something, turned her back to him and started for the door. His face clouded with anger, he raised his large foot and administered a lusty kick that was forceful enough to send her through the swinging doors. She made no protest and they walked away together.—Detroit News.

One of the First.

The auto salesman, after a great deal of hesitancy, had agreed to take the old car in part payment for the new.

"What is the number of the motor?" he asked.

The owner poked his head down on the bonnet a moment and then bobbed up again. "Eighteen sixty-three," he answered.

"I asked," said the salesman, "the number of the motor, not the date of manufacture."—New York Sun.

Could Do Her Part.

"Alice," said the mistress, reprovingly, "this is absolutely the worst pie I ever tried to eat. You told me that you could make as good pies as any cook in the city."

The new kitchen girl placed her arms akimbo and faced her mistress with defiance.

"So I can, mum," she said. "So I can. But all the holidays I ever wurrked for mixed the pies thimselves before I baked 'em, mum."

Regular Customer.

An actor, desiring to insure his life, gave as a reference the name of a clergyman, upon whom accordingly called a representative of the company.

"My dear sir," protested the minister, "my acquaintance with the gentleman is a very slight one."

"That's funny," exclaimed the agent, "because he told me he visited your church regularly."

"He does," was the dry reply. "He always gets me to marry him!"

HAD SPEECH WITH GOVERNOR

Certainly Short, but the Incident Gladdened the Heart of This Indiana Small Boy.

When Governor McCray and others boarded an interurban to visit the new reformatory site at Pendleton they found the car already well filled. The governor sat down by a small boy from Fortville and a moment later asked him to exchange seats with another member of the party so that they could continue a conversation. Shortly afterward, the lad's seatmate disclosed to the boy that it was the governor he had accommodated.

The incident made an impression and when the boy reached home he boasted to his father that he had seen the governor and had spoken to him. "Is that so?" said his dad, skeptically, "and what did the governor say to you?"

"Oh," he said, "would you just as soon sit in that seat over there so?" —Indianapolis News.

Stop Hiccoughs.

"There is, I believe, only one specific for hiccoughs," says an eminent physician, "and that is a small dose of vinegar, sweetened with as much sugar as it will absorb. I have used this remedy when the annoyance has passed almost into the dangerous stage, and never knew a case which one dose would not relieve and two cure."

Salesmanship.

The irate shopper was returning an unsatisfactory purchase.

"You told me those were fast colors," she complained, "and the very first time they were washed they ran."

"Maybe you didn't use stationary tubs," suggested the sweet young thing behind the counter.

Just So.

"Husband and wife in a bridge game usually make a poor score." "Yes, and they rake up so many old scores."

Like money, people borrow courtesy and never pay it back.



The Thrifty Citizen Who Caught the Plugged Nickel

MR. BROWN had swallowed his lunch and had paid his bill. Cautiously he counted his change. "Here!" he said, sharply, "Take back this plugged nickel and give me a good one!"

Mr. Brown walked proudly out. They couldn't fool old Brown.

But old Brown had fooled himself.

Brown's day was heavy and dull. He lacked "pep." There was a mid-afternoon drowsy spell when he needed to be awake—the direct and natural result of heavy, starchy breakfasts and lunches, taken on faith and without question as to value—just because the food looked and tasted like food.

Thousands of shrewd business men who count their change, take their food for granted.

That's what builds up the sanitarium business, and puts the tired "all-done" feeling into the mid-afternoon of a business day.

Grape-Nuts is a scientific food whose delicious, appetizing flavor and crispness are an introduction to well-balanced nourishment—a nourishment easily and quickly assimilated, so that body, brain and nerves are well fed and kept free of the stored up poisons left by so many ill-selected foods.

Served with cream or good milk, Grape-Nuts is a complete food, always ready, always a delight to the taste—and always a safe selection for the man who thinks his stomach is entitled to some of the same protection he gives to his pocket.

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