

Ramsey Milholland

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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RAMSEY

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 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 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 denominated "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. She marries. Ramsey enters the state university and there in Dora Yocum again. Ramsey meets Dora in a World War debate and is ingloriously vanquished. Ramsey gives Linski "a peach of a punch on the snoot"—Why?

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Well, I'm glad you gave that Linski a fine little punch, Brother Milholland," he said at the door. "It won't do you any harm in the 'frat,' or with the Lumen, either. And don't be discouraged about your debating. You'll learn. Anybody might have got rattled by having to argue against as clever and good-looking a girl as that!"

The roommates gave each other a look of serious puzzlement as the door closed. "Well, Brother Colburn is a mighty nice fellow," Fred said. "He's kind of funny, though."

Ramsey assented, and then, as the two prepared for bed, they entered in to a further discussion of their senior friend. They liked him "all right," they said, but he certainly must be kind of queer, and they couldn't just see how he had "ever managed to get where he was" in the "frat" and the Lumen and the university.

Ramsey passed the slightly disfigured Linski on the campus next day without betraying any embarrassment or making a sign of recognition. Fred Mitchell told his roommate, chuckling, that Linski had sworn to "get" him, and, not knowing Fred's affiliations, had made him the confidant of his oath. Fred had given his blessing, he said, upon the enterprise, and advised Linski to use a brick. "He'll hit you on the head with it," said the light-hearted Fred, falling back upon this old joke. "Then you can catch it as it bounces off and throw it back at him."

However, Linski proved to be merely an episode, not only so far as Ramsey was concerned but in the Lumen and in the university as well. His suspension from the Lumen was for a year, and so cruel a punishment it proved for this born debater that he noisily declared he would found a debating society himself, and had a poster printed and distributed announcing the first meeting of "The Free Speech and Masses' Rights Council." Several town loafers attended the meeting, but the only person connected with the university who came was an oriental student, a Chinese youth of almost intrusive amiability. Linski made a fiery address, the townsmen loudly applauding his advocacy of an embargo on munitions and the distribution of everybody's "property," but the Chinaman, accustomed to see students so madly in earnest only when they were burlesquing, took the whole affair to be intended humor, and tittered politely without cessation—except at such times as he thought it proper to appear quite wrung with laughter. Then he would rock himself, clasp his mouth with both hands and splutter through his fingers. Linski accused him of being in the pay of "capital."

Next day the orator was unable to show himself upon the campus without causing demonstrations; whenever he was seen a file of quickly gathering students marched behind him chanting repeatedly and defiantly in chorus: "Down with Wall Street! Hoch der Kaiser! Who loves Linski? Who, who, who? Hoo Lun! Who loves Linski? Who, who, who? Hoo Lun!" Linski was disgusted, resigned from the university, and disappeared.

"Well, here it isn't mid-year Exams yet, and the good old class of Nineteen-Eighteen's already lost a member," said Fred Mitchell. "I guess we can bear the break-up!"

"I guess so," Ramsey assented. "That Linski might just as well stayed here, though."

"Why?"

"He couldn't do any harm here. He'll probably get more people to listen to him in cities where there's so many

don't know anything, comin' in all the time."

"Oh, well," said Fred. "What do we care what happens to Chicago? Come on, let's behave real wild, and go on over to the 'Teria and get us a couple of egg sandwiches and sassprilly."

Ramsey was willing. After the strain of the "mid-year Exams" in February, the chums lived a free-hearted life. They had settled into the ways of their world; they had grown used to it, and it had grown used to them; there was no longer any ignominy in being a freshman. They romped upon the campus and sometimes rioted harmlessly about the streets of the town. In the evenings they visited their fellows and brethren and were visited in turn; horseplay prevailed, but collegiate gossip had its turn, and sometimes they looked so far ahead as to talk vaguely of their plans for professions or business—though to a freshman this concerned an almost unthinkable distant prospect. "I guess I'll go in with my father, in the wholesale drug business," said Fred. "My married brother already is in the firm, and I suppose they'll give me a show—send me out on the road a year or two first, maybe, to try me. Then I'm going to marry some little cutie and settle down. What you goin' to do, Ramsey? Go to law school, and then come back and go in your father's office?"

"I don't know. Guess so." It was always Fred who did most of the talking; Ramsey was quiet. Fred told the "frat seniors" that Ramsey was "developing a whole lot these days," and he told Ramsey himself that he could see a "big change" in



"Who Loves Linski? Who, Who, Who? Hoo Lun!"

him, adding that the improvement was probably due to Ramsey's having passed through "terrible trials like that debate."

Ramsey kept to their rooms more than his comrade did, one reason for this domesticity being that he "had to study longer than Fred did, to keep up," and another reason may have been a greater shyness than Fred possessed—if, indeed, Fred possessed any shyness at all. For Fred was a cheery spirit difficult to abash, and by the coming of spring knew all of the best-looking girl students in the place—knew them well enough, it appeared, to speak of them not merely by their first names but by abbreviations of these. He had become fashion's sprig, a "fusser" and butterfly, and he approached his roommate for shunning the ladies.

"Well, the truth is, Fred," said Ramsey one day, responding darkly—"well, you see the truth is, Fred, I've had a—*I've had an experience!*"

So, only, did he refer to Milla. Fred said no more; and it was comprehended between them that the past need never be definitely referred to again, but that it stood between Ramsey and any entertainment to be obtained of the gentler but less trust-worthy sex. And when other brethren of the "frat" would have pressed Ramsey to join them in various frivolous enterprises concerning "co-eds," or to be shared by "co-eds," Fred thought it better to explain to them privately (all being sacred among brethren) how Ramsey's life, so far as girls went, had been toyed with by one now a Married Woman.

This created a great deal of respect for Ramsey. It became understood everywhere that he was a woman-hater.

CHAPTER IX.

That early spring of 1915 the two boys and their friends and brethren talked more of the war than they had in the autumn, though the subject was not at all an absorbing one; for the trenches of Flanders and France were still of the immense, remote distance. By no stretch of imagination could these wet trenches be thought greatly to concern the "frat," the Lumen, or

ters were the doings of the "Track Team," now training in the "Gym" and on the Varsity field, and, more vital still, the prospects of the Nine. But in May there came a shock which changed things for a time.

The Lusitania brought to every American a revelation of what had lain so deep in his own heart that often he had not realized it was there. When the Germans hid in the sea and sent down the great merchant ship, with American babies and their mothers, and gallantly dying American gentlemen, there came a change even to girls and boys and professors, until then so preoccupied with their own little aloof world thousands of miles from the murder.

Fred Mitchell, ever volatile and generous, was one of those who went quite wild. No orator, he nevertheless made a frantic speech at the week's "frat meetings," cursing the Germans in the simple old English words that their performance had demonstrated to be applicable, and going on to demand that the fraternity prepare for its share in the action of the country. "I don't care how insignificant we few fellows here tonight may seem," he cried; "we can do our little, and if everybody in this country's ready to do their own little, why, that'll be plenty! Brothers, don't you realize that all over the United States tonight the people are feeling just the way we are here? Millions and millions and millions of them! Wherever there's an American he'll with us—and you bet your bottom dollar there are just a few more Americans in this country of ours than there are big-mouthed lobsters like that fellow Linski! I tell you, if congress only gives the word, there could be an army of five million men in this country tomorrow, and those dirty baby-killin' dachshunds would hear a word or two from your Uncle Samuel! Brothers, I demand that something be done right here and now, and by us! I move we telegraph the secretary of war tonight and offer him a regiment from this university to go over and help hang their d—n kaiser."

The motion was hotly seconded and instantly carried. Then followed a much flustered discussion of the form and phrasing of the proposed telegram, but, after everything seemed to have been settled, some one ascertained by telephone that the telegraph company would not accept messages containing words customarily defined as profane; so the telegram had to be rewritten. This led to further amendment, and it was finally decided to address the senators from that state, instead of the secretary of war, and thus in a somewhat modified form the message was finally dispatched.

Next day, news of what the "frat" had done made a great stir in the university. Other "frats" sent telegrams, so did the "Barbarians," haters of the "frats" but joining them in this; while a small band of "German-American" students found it their duty to go before the faculty and report these "breaches of neutrality." They protested heavily, demanding the expulsion of the "breachers" as disloyal citizens, therefore unfit students, but suffered a disappointment, for the faculty itself had been sending telegrams of similar spirit, addressing not only the senators and congressmen of the state, but the President of the United States. Flabbergasted, the "German-Americans" retired; they were confused and disgusted by this higher-up outbreak of unneutrality—it overwhelmed them that citizens of the United States should not remain neutral in the dispute between the United States and Germany. All day the campus was in ferment.

At twilight, Ramsey was walking meditatively on his way to dinner at the "frat house," across the campus from his apartment at Mrs. Meigs'. Everything was quiet now, both town and gown; the students were at their dinners and so were the burghers. Ramsey was late, but did not quicken his thoughtful steps, which were those of one lost in reverie. He had forgotten that springtime was all about him and, with his head down, walked unregarding of the new gayeties flung forth upon the air by great clusters of flowering shrubs, just come into white blossom and lavender.

He was unconscious that somebody behind him, going the same way, came hastening to overtake him and called his name, "Ramsey! Ramsey Milholland!" Not until he had been called three times did he realize that he was being hailed—and in a girl's voice! By that time the girl herself was beside him, and Ramsey halted, quite taken aback. The girl was Dora Yocum.

She was pale, a little breathless, and her eyes were bright and severe. "I want to speak to you," she said, quickly. "I want to ask you about something. Mr. Colburn and Fred Mitchell are the only people I know in your 'frat' except you, and I haven't seen either of them today, or I'd have asked one of them."

Dora tries to impress Ramsey with her pacifist views.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BEST SEED PEAS ARE PROFITABLE

Introduction of Undesirable Product Might Ruin Entire Output of Factory.

ALASKA VARIETY VERY RISKY

All Plants Must Ripen Uniformly and All Pods Must Be in Usable Condition at One Time—Other Canning Crops.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Mixed or impure stock, under modern methods of harvesting and handling the pea crop for canning may result in the introduction of undesirable seed which may ruin the entire output of a canning factory, says the United States Department of Agriculture. The canner should buy direct from the seed-growing seedsmen rather than from a jobber. Particularly in the case of smooth Alaska peas, which furnish 55 per cent of the canned peas on the market, there is risk taken if a canner buys seed the history of which cannot be traced. The canner is in a much safer position if he buys only from seed growers who control their own stocks.

Must Be Productive.

To be a good canning pea, a variety must, first of all, be productive; all plants must ripen uniformly; all pods on individual plants must be in usable condition at one time—that is, none must be too ripe or too immature; the peas must remain green after processing. The introduction of the viner, which eliminates hand-picking of the pods, has had a decided influence on the varieties of peas used for canning.

The return on a planting of peas for seed is far less than that on either corn or tomatoes, two other important canning crops, and the utmost care is necessary throughout the growth of the seed crop to discover and weed out undesirable types of volunteer plants or those due to warehouse mixture, so as to keep the stock uniform. The seedsmen sows about three bushels of peas per acre, getting a return of 15 bushels. Three of these



View of Pea Field in Blossom.

must be kept for stock seed, leaving 12 bushels to sell. The eastern grower for the canning plants four or five bushels to the acre, so that the average seedsmen's acre of peas supplies about three acres for the canner.

An acre of corn yielding 40 bushels would provide seed for 100 acres of canning crops, and an acre of tomatoes yielding 100 pounds of seed would plant 1,000 acres in canned crops. With this small relative return per acre, the seedsmen must take every precaution to maintain the purity of his stock, or he may run the risk of very heavy losses if he loses his reputation for good seed. It is safest for the seed-growing seedsmen not to purchase seed, especially of the Alaska variety, in which impurities cannot be detected in the samples, unless he controls the original stock.

A new farmers' bulletin, No. 1253, "Seed Peas for the Canner," by D. N. Shoemaker, horticulturist, has been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, and may be obtained upon application to the department at Washington, D. C.

PUT TREES ON WASTE SPOTS

Conditions Demand That All Land Should Produce Something—Trees Are Favored.

Modern conditions demand that all the wastes and leaks be eliminated, and this means that all the land should produce something. It is not always possible to make every portion of the farm area yield annual crops, but in such cases one may wisely and profitably try trees. If one-twentieth of each farm tract were set aside for forestry, in time there would be timber to spare.

A great many cliffs and hillsides along our many rivers and streams are fit for little else, and hill land that is very stony may be planted to post-timber trees with much profit. Black locust and catalpa are the most profitable for posts, the locust being given the preference on account of its manner of growth being smoother and the quality of timber the very best.

TURKEYS YIELD GOOD PROFIT IN OKLAHOMA

Woman Substitutes Purebreds for Scrub Stock.

Despite Heavy Losses to Flock, Due to Conditions That Might Not Occur Elsewhere, Return of \$1,525 Is Made.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A return of \$1,525 from turkeys in two seasons was obtained by an Oklahoma woman in spite of heavy losses in her flock, due to conditions that might not occur elsewhere. The Greer county extension agent convinced her that it would pay to follow the advice of the United States Department of Agriculture and substitute purebreds for her scrub stock. He also gave her information on the management of her flock.

She started with 10 hens and 1 tom of the Mammoth Bronze variety. From these she raised 122 young tur-



Rounding Up the Turkeys at Feeding Time.

keys, but lost 50 of them in a sudden hail storm. The rest she sold as breeders, advertising them in a farm journal. They netted her \$900, or an average of \$12.50 each.

This year she started with the same number of breeders and obtained 145 young poults. Unfortunately one of the farm hogs was fond of turkey, and destroyed all but 51 of the flock before the depredations were traced to him. At about \$12 apiece, however, the remaining 51 brought \$625.

Other instances of successful turkey raising reported by the extension agent of Greer county show a total profit of \$2,418.90 on the sale of 210 turkeys and 12 dozen eggs out of 226 turkeys in different flocks.

GET BETTER SIRE EMBLEMS

Oldham County, Kentucky, Live Stock Owners Given 46 Certificates in One Day.

In one day recently the United States Department of Agriculture issued 46 emblems of recognition to live stock owners in Oldham county, Ky., who are now using purebred sires exclusively for all classes of live stock kept.

This county has eradicated scrub sires from about half of the territory in the county, according to a report received from Wayland Rhoads, extension specialist of the Kentucky Agricultural college.

Wayne county, Ky., likewise is active in replacing scrub sires with good purebreds. The department recently issued "better-sires" emblems to 44 Wayne county stock owners. Bull sales are being held by local breeders in both counties to bring about a wider distribution of good purebred bulls.

INITIAL SEASON OF CLOVER

It May Be Pastured From Middle to Close, but Not Too Close—Cure Hay in Shock.

The growth produced the first season by sweet clover is similar in quality to alfalfa. It may be pastured from the middle of the season to the close, but should not be pastured so close as to injure the plants. The growth the second season is much coarser and if used for hay should be cut before it reaches a height of 30 inches. A high stubble should be left as the second growth starts from buds on the cut-over stems. If cut too close to the ground, no second growth will be produced. The hay should be cured in the windrow or shock to prevent the loss of leaves and too rapid curing.

SHEEP DESTROY MANY WEEDS

Animals Devour Noxious Plants in Pastures, Grain Fields and Clear Fence Rows.

Sheep eat more weeds than any other class of live stock, except goats. Sheep will eat ninety per cent of all troublesome weeds. They will destroy weeds in pastures, in grain fields and corn fields after harvesting, and clear the fence rows. However, sheep are not such scavengers that they can thrive on refuse and weeds alone. In order to get sheep to eat leaves on shrubs, the tenderer grasses must be scarce. Goats are better adapted to clearing brush land than are sheep. Some farmers consider sheep necessary just as a means of controlling weeds.

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges, that dull throbbing backache, may be warning of serious kidney weakness. Serious if neglected, for it might easily lead to Gravel, Dropsy or Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, a tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. 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. C. Strader, Humboldt, Neb., says: "My back was so lame I could hardly bend. I often had sharp, cutting pains in the small of my back. Mornings my legs tremored me the most. I had dizzy spells with dark specks before my eyes and headache. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they gave me relief."

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"Let's send a few dentists to congress."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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