

Ramsey Milholland

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"All right then," Fred settled himself upon the window seat with a pipe, and proceeded, "There's something about her, when she stands there, she stands so straight and knows just what she's up to, and everything, why, there's something about her makes the cold chills go down your spine—I mean my spine, not yours particularly! You sit down—I mean anybody's spine, doggone it!" And as Ramsey increased the manifestations of his suspicions, lifting a tennis racket over the prostrate figure, "Oh, murder," Fred said, resignedly. "All right, we'll change the subject. That fat little Werder cutie made out a pretty good case for Germany, didn't she?"

Ramsey disposed himself in an easy chair with his feet upon the table, and presently chuckled. "You remember the time I had the fuss with Wesley Bender, back in the ole school days?"

"Yep."

"All the flubdub this Werder girl got off tonight puts me in mind of the way I talked that day. I can remember it as well as anything! Wesley kept yelpin' that whoever mentioned a lady's name in a public place was a pup, and of course I didn't want to hit him for that; a boy's got a reg'lar instinct for tryin' to make out he's on the right side in a scrap, and he'll always try to do something, or say something, or he'll get the other boy to say something, to make it look as if the other boy was in the wrong and began the trouble. So I told poor ole Wes that my father spoke my mother's name in a public place whenever he wanted to, and I dared him to say my father was a pup. And all so on. A boy startin' up a scrap, why, half the time he'll drag in his father and mother if there's any chance to do it. He'll fix up some way so he can say, 'Well, that's just the same as if you called my father and mother a fool,' or something like that. Then, afterward, he can claim he was scrappin' because he had to defend his father and mother, and of course he'll more than half believe it himself."

"Well, you take a government—it's only just some men, the way I see it, and if they're goin' to start some big trouble like this war, why, of course they'll play just about that same old boy trick, because it's instinct to do it, just the same for a man as it is for a boy—or else the principle's just the same, or something. Well, anyhow, if you want to know who started a scrap and worked it up, you got to forget all the talk there is about it, and all what each side says, and just look at two things: Who was fixed for it first, or thought they were, and who hit first? When you get the answer to those two questions everything's settled about this being 'attacked' business. As near as I can make out, this war began with Germany and Austria's startin' to wipe out two little countries; Austria began shootin' up Serbia, and Germany began shootin' up Belgium. I don't need to notice any more than that, myself—all the girls in the country can debate their heads off, they can't change what happened and they can't excuse it, either."

He was silent, appearing to feel that he had concluded conclusively, and the young gentleman on the window seat, after staring at him for several moments of genuine thoughtfulness, was gracious enough to observe, "Well, old Ram, you may be a little slow in class, but when you think things out with yourself you do show signs of something pretty near like real horse-sense sometimes. Why don't you ever say anything like that to—to some of your pacifist friends?"

"What do you mean? Who do you talkin' about? Whose 'pacifist friends'?"

"See, here!" Fred exclaimed, as Ramsey seemed about to rise. "You keep sitting just where you are, and don't look at me out of the side of your eye like that—pretendin' you're a bad horse. I'm really serious now, and you listen to me. I don't think argy-fing and debating like that little Fraulein Werder's does much harm. She's a right nifty young polypody, by the way, though you didn't notice, of course."

"Why didn't I?" Ramsey demanded, sharply. "Why didn't I notice?"

"Oh, nothing. But, as I was saying, I don't think that sort of talk does much harm; everybody knows it goes on among the pro-Germans, and it's all hot air, anyhow. But I think Linski's sort of talk does do harm, prob'ly among people that don't know much; and, what's more, I think Dora Yocum's does some, too. Well, you hit Linski in the snoot, so what are you—sit still! My lord! You don't think I'm askin' you to go and hit Dora, do you? I mean: Aren't you ever goin' to talk to her about it and tell her what's what?"

"Oh, you go to bed!"

"No, I'm in earnest," Fred urged. "Honestly, aren't you ever goin' to?"

"How could I do anything like that?" Ramsey demanded explosively. "I never see her—to speak to, that is. I prob'ly won't happen to have another talk with her, or anything, all the time we're in college."

"No," Fred admitted, "I suppose not. Of course, if you did, then you would give her quite a talking to, just the way you did the other time, wouldn't you?" But upon that, another resumption of physical violence put an end to the conversation.

CHAPTER XII.

Throughout the term Ramsey's calculation of probabilities against the happening of another interview with Dora seemed to be well founded, but at the beginning of the second "semester" he found her to be a fellow member of a class in biology. More than that, this class had every week a two-hour session in the botanical laboratory, where the structure of plants was studied under microscopic dissection. The students worked in pairs, a special family of plants being assigned to each couple; and the instructor selected the couples with an eye to combinations of the quick with the slow. D. Yocum and R. Milholland (the latter in a strange state of mind and complexion) were given two chairs, but only one desk and one microscope. Their conversation was strictly botanical.

Thenceforth it became the most pressing care of Ramsey's life to prevent his roommate from learning that there was any conversation at all, even botanical. Fortunately, Fred was not taking the biological courses, though he appeared to be taking the sentimental ones with an astonishing thoroughness, and sometimes, to Fred's hilarious delight, Ramsey attempted to turn the tables and rally him upon whatever last affair seemed to be engaging his fancy. The old Victorian and pre-Victorian blague word "petticoat" had been revived in Fred's vocabulary, and in others, as "skirt." The lightsome sprig was hourly to be



They Were Dora Yocum and Ramsey Milholland.

seen, even when university rulings forbade, dilly-dallying giddily along the campus paths or the town sidewalks with some new and pretty skirt. And when Ramsey tried to fluster him about such a matter Fred would profess his ardent love for the new lady in shouts and impromptu song. Nothing could be done to him, and Ramsey, utterly unable to defend his own sensibilities in like manner, had always to retire in bafflement. Sometimes he would ponder upon the question thus suggested: Why couldn't he do this sort of thing, since Fred could? But he never discovered a satisfying answer.

Ramsey's watchfulness was so careful (lest he make some impulsive admission in regard to the botanical laboratory, for instance) that Mr. Mitchell's curiosity gradually became almost quiescent but there arrived a day in February when it was piqued into the liveliest activity. It was Sunday, and Fred, dressing with a fastidiousness ever his daily habit, noticed that Ramsey was exhibiting an unusual perplexity about neckties.

"Keep the black one on," Fred said, volunteering a suggestion, as Ramsey muttered fiercely at a mirror. "It's in better taste for church, anyhow. You're going to church, aren't you?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"No. I've got a luncheon engagement."

"Well, you could go to church first, couldn't you? You better; you've got a lot of church absences against you."

"Then one more won't hurt. No church in mine this morning, thanks! G'by, ole Sox; see you at the 'frat house' for dinner."

He went forth, whistling syncopations, and began a brisk trudge into the open country. There was a professor's daughter who also was not going to church that morning and she lived a little more than three miles beyond the outskirts of the town. Unfortunately, as the weather was threatening, all others of her family abandoned the idea of church that day, and Fred found her before a cozy fire, but

surrounded by parents, little brothers and big sisters. The professor was talkative; Fred's mind might have been greatly improved, but with a window in range he preferred a melancholy contemplation of the snow, which had begun to fall in quantity. The professor talked until luncheon, throughout luncheon, and was well under way to fill the whole afternoon with talk, when Fred, repenting all the errors of his life, got up to go.

Heartily urged to remain, for there was now something just under a blizzard developing, he said no, he had a great deal of "curriculum work" to get done before tomorrow, and passed from the sound of the professor's hospitable voice and into the storm. He had a tedious struggle against the wind and thickening snow, but finally came in sight of the town, not long before dark. Here the road led down into a depression, and, lifting his head as he began the slight ascent on the other side, Fred was aware of two figures outlined upon the low ridge before him. They were dimmed by the driving snow and their backs were toward him, but he recognized them with perfect assurance. They were Dora Yocum and Ramsey Milholland.

They were walking so slowly that their advance was almost imperceptible, but it could be seen that Dora was talking with great animation; and she was a graceful thing, thus gesticulating, in her long, slim fur coat with the white snow frosting her brown fur cap. Ramsey had his hands deep in his overcoat pockets and his manner was wholly that of an audience.

Fred murmured to himself, "What did you say to her? 'Nothin'. I started to, but—' Then he put on a burst of speed and passed them, sweeping off his hat with operative deference, yet hurrying by as if fearful of being thought a killjoy if he lingered. He went to the "frat house," found no one downstairs, and established himself in a red leather chair to smoke and ruminate merrily by a great fire in the hall.

Half an hour later Ramsey entered, stamped off the snow, hung up his hat and coat, and sat himself down defiantly in the red leather chair on the other side of the fireplace.

"Well, go on," he said. "Commence!"

"Not at all!" Fred returned, amiably. "Fine spring weather today. Lovely to see all the flowers and the birds as we go a-strolling by. The little bobolinks—"

"You look here! That's the only walk I ever took with her in my life. I mean by—by asking her and her saying she would and so forth. That other time just sort of happened, and you know it. Well, the weather wasn't just the best in the world, maybe, but she's an awful conscientious girl and once she makes an engagement—"

"Why, of course," Fred finished for him, "she'd be too plucky to break it just on account of a mere little blizzard or anything. Wonder how the weather will be next Sunday?"

"I don't know and I don't care," said Ramsey. "You don't suppose I asked her to go again, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, you don't suppose I want her to think I'm a perfect fool, do you?"

Fred mused a moment or two, looking at the fire. "What was the lecture?" he asked, mildly.

"What lecture?"

"She seemed to me to be—"

"That wasn't lecturing; she was just—"

"Just what?"

"Well, she thinks war for the United States is coming closer and closer—"

"But it isn't."

"Well, she thinks so, anyhow," said Ramsey, "and she's all broken up about it. Of course she thinks we oughtn't to fight and she's trying to get everybody else she can to keep working against it. She isn't goin' home again next summer, she's goin' back to that settlement work in Chicago and work there among those people against our goin' to war; and here in college she wants to get everybody she can to talk against it, and—"

"What did you say?" Fred asked, and himself supplied the reply: "Nothin'. I started to, but—"

Ramsey got up. "Now look here! You know the 'frat' passed a rule that if we broke any more furniture in this house with our scrappin' we'd both be fined the cost of repairs and five dollars apiece. Well, I can afford five dollars this month better than you can, and—"

"I take it back!" Fred interposed, hastily. "But you just listen to me; you look out—letting her think you're on her side like that."

"I don't—"

"You don't?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Do Not Reach for the Moon.

Psychological science apparently has exploded the good old notion that "babies will reach for the moon." Dr. John B. Watson states in the Scientific Monthly that when actually put to the test they will watch attentively anything they see moving, no matter what its distance, but that they will not reach for it until it is within 20 inches of them.

HAND-KNIT SPORTS SUIT; BRIGHTEN SOMBER CLOTHES

EVEN though she knows she will be badly beaten, the very worst player in the country is more than likely to trek joyously toward the golf links, when she is clad in a suit like that one illustrated here. There are few of its kind and it is fit for a princess, for this sports suit is knitted by hand and is a beautiful blue and grey leather mixture, featuring a border design in these two colors. The picture tells its story quite completely—in this case the short and

A distress signal, sent in the direction of ribbons, to be used as trimmings or worn as accessories, will call them in, to save the day. Authoritative names in the apparel world have used them as they would folds for trimming dresses and in other ways, by way of adding enlivening color where it is needed. And handsome accessories are made of ribbons.

A plain frock of black or dark crepe may be relegated to the class of commonplace things or, at best, escape



BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF HAND-KNIT SUIT

simple annals of the rich are presented by a straight plain skirt, long enough for good style and short enough for freedom, and a plain, long-sleeved, close-fitting sweater with "V" shaped neck opening. It belongs in the youthful slip-over class and has a narrow knitted belt that goes twice around the waist and fastens with a small button at the left side. The rolled collar, high at the back, has the same border as that which edges the cuffs.

Hand knitted suits have few rivals, since they are of necessity expensive, on account of the time required for knitting them. Machine knitting has been so perfected that manufactured garments rival those made by hand in beauty, but handwork gives opportunity for individual taste and distinctive design. Most women with a preference for hand work, content themselves with handsome sweaters

notice, unless it contrives some clever touch of color. This may be added by trim but large and pretentious rosettes of narrow plaited ribbon, set at the waistline or in other places on a dark frock. Dresses with floating panels have vivid ribbons set in rows across the panels, entirely covering them, and huge cuffs, made in the same way, finish the sleeves. Or short pennants of ribbon are placed in the manner of fringe on the edges of panels and sleeves. Bands of bright ribbon adorn sport and morning frocks and narrow ribbons are used as bindings on afternoon frocks.

In accessories one may reckon with sashes and girdles of both wide and narrow ribbons, and with scarfs and vests like those illustrated. Brilliant vests, which become substitutes for the blouse, intrigue the eye and make a quiet suit distinctive; and gay scarfs redeem dark coats and sweaters from



RIBBONS BRIGHTEN SOMBER CLOTHES

to be worn with fabric skirts, and there are beautiful "out-dooring" silks in peculiar weaves, that spend their days in the company of such sweaters. The white canvas shoes and ribbed stockings that find themselves in the company of so many sports suits, are unassailable, but one might question the appropriateness of the hat pictured here. For sports wear a fine but much simpler hat, with a protecting brim, would be above suspicion of criticism and exactly in keeping with the suit.

If one happens to have chosen quiet, tame colors, or somber things for wear in this colorful summer, there is one thing that can be done about it.

For evening dresses the usefulness of ribbons is extended in every direction; they are made into long fringes, into flowers for the girle and corsage and used in any pretty and ingenious way one may fancy.

Julia Bottomley

NOTE FROM PARIS.

Renee's straight, beltless wraps have large capelle sleeves or are sleeveless. Tricotine for daytime and crepe for evening are the leading fabrics.

DYSPEPSIA IS NOW THING OF THE PAST

St. Louis Citizen Eats Anything on the Table and Has Gained Several Pounds in Weight—Gives Tanlac Full Credit.

"The other medicines I tried before didn't even budge my troubles, but three bottles of Tanlac have fixed me up in fine shape," said H. Mohr, well-known citizen living at 112 S. Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.

"Two years ago my stomach went wrong and my appetite failed me. Gas formed from what little I would eat and pressed on my heart until it palpitated so I could hardly breathe. I wasn't able to do regular work, because of pains in the back, bad headaches and dizzy spells.

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Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Shocking?

"There will have to be some new rules made here or else I shall give notice," said the girl in the telephone office to the chief clerk.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, some of the things said over the wire are not fit for me to hear."

"Oh, that's all right," was the flippancy answer. "You can't expect to work round electricity and not get shocked."

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Ball Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers.—Advertisement.

Jury-Lady.

Mrs. Main Street (meeting Mrs. New Street in the drug store)—I hear you're going to be on the jury?

Mrs. New Street (trying to disguise her pride)—Yes, and there's only twenty-three people drawn altogether.

Mrs. Main Street—is it the grand jury?

Mrs. New Street (emphatically)—Why, of course. I wouldn't be on that other kind of jury.—Chicago Journal.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Advertisement.

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