

Ramsey Milholland

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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HIS FIRST LOVE.

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 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 denigrates "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, to his embarrassment, appears to attract the favorable attention of Miss Milla Rust, a young lady of about his own age and the acknowledged belle of the class.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"I don't see it," he murmured huskily, afraid that she might remove her hand. "I can't see any fish, Milla."

She leaned farther out over the bank. "Why, there, goosie!" she whispered. "Right there."

"I can't see it."

She leaned still further, bending down to point. "Why, right there—"

At this moment she removed her hand from his shoulder, though unwillingly. She clutched at him, in fact, but without avail. She had been too amiable.

A loud shriek was uttered by throats abler to vocalize, just then, than Milla's, for in her great surprise she said nothing whatever—the shriek came from the other girls as Milla left the crest of the overhanging bank and almost horizontally disappeared into the brown water. There was a tumultuous splash, and then of Milla Rust and her well-known beauty there was nothing visible in the superficial world, nor upon the surface of that creek. The vanishment was total.

"Save her!"

Several girls afterward admitted having used this expression, and little Miss Floy Williams, the youngest and smallest member of the class, was unable to deny that she had said, "Oh, God!" Nothing could have been more natural, and the matter need not have been brought before her with such insistence and frequency, during the two remaining years of her undergraduate career.

Ramsey was one of those who heard this exclamation, later so famous, and perhaps it was what roused him to heroism. He dived from the bank, headlong, and the strange thought in his mind was "I guess this'll show Dora Yocum!" He should have been thinking of Milla, of course, at such a time, particularly after the little enchantment just laid upon him by Milla's touch and Milla's curls; and he knew well enough that Miss Yocum was not among the spectators. She was half a mile away, as it happened, gathering "botanical specimens" with one of the teachers—which was her idea of what to do at a picnic!

Ramsey struck the water hard, and in the same instant struck something else harder. Wesley Bender's bundle of books had given him no such shock as he received now, and if the creek bottom had not been of mud, just there, the top of his young head might have declined the strain. Half stunned, choking, spluttering, he somehow floundered to his feet; and when he could get his eyes a little cleared of water he found himself wavering face to face with a blurred vision of Milla Rust. She had risen up out of the pool and stood knee deep, like a lovely drowned figure in a fountain.

Upon the bank above them, Willis Parker was jumping up and down, gesticulating and shouting fiercely. "Now I guess you're satisfied our fishin' is spottin'! Why'n't you listen me? I told you it wasn't more'n three foot deep! I and Heinle waded all over this creek gettin' our bait. You're a pretty sight!"

Of Milla he spoke unwittingly the literal truth. Even with her hair thus wild and sodden, Milla rose from immersion blushing and prettier than ever; and she was prettier of all when she stretched out her hand helplessly to Ramsey and he led her up out of the waters. They had plenty of assistance to scramble to the top of the bank, and there Milla was surrounded and borne away with a great racketing and tumult. Ramsey sat upon the grass in the sun, rubbed his head, and experimented with his neck to see if it would "work." The sunshine was strong and hot; in half an hour he and his clothes were dry—or at least "dry enough," as he said, and except for some soreness of head and neck, and the general crumpledness of his apparel, he seemed to be in all ways much as usual, when shouts and whistlings summoned all the party to luncheon at the rendezvous. The change that made him different was invisible.

Yet something must have been seen, for everyone appeared to take it for

granted that he was to sit next to Milla at the pastoral meal. She herself understood it, evidently, for she drew in her puckered skirts and without any words made a place for him beside her as he driftedly approached her, affecting to whistle and keeping his eyes on the foliage overhead. He still looked upward, even in the act of sitting down.

"Squirrel or something," he said feebly, as if in explanation.

"Where?" Milla asked.

"Up there on a branch." He accepted a plate from her (she had provided herself with an extra one), but he did not look at it or at her. He continued to keep his eyes aloft, because he imagined that all of the class were looking at him and Milla, and he felt unable to meet such publicity.

It was to him as if the whole United States had been scandalized to attention by this act of his in going to sit beside Milla; he gazed upward so long that his eye-balls became sensitive under the strain. He began to blink. "I can't make out whether it's a squirrel or just some leaves that kind of got fixed like one," he said. "I can't make out yet which it is, but I guess when there's a breeze, if it's a squirrel he'll probably hop around some then, if he's alive or anything."

It had begun to seem that his eyes must remain fixed in that upward stare forever; he wanted to bring them down, but could not face the glare of the world. But finally the brightness of the sky between the leaves settled matters for him; he sneezed, wept, and



She Had Risen Up Out of the Pool and Stood Knee Deep, Like a Lovely Drowned Figure in a Fountain.

for a little moment again faced his fellowmen. No one was looking at him; everybody except Milla had other things to do.

Having sneezed involuntarily, he added a spell of coughing for which there was no necessity. "I guess I must be wrong," he muttered thickly.

"What about, Ramsey?"

"About it's been a squirrel." With infinite timidity he turned his head and encountered a gaze so soft, so halting, that it disconcerted him, and he dropped a "drumstick" of fried chicken, well dotted with ants, from his plate. Scarlet he picked it up, but did not eat it. For the first time in his life he felt that eating fried chicken held in the fingers was not to be thought of. He replaced the "drumstick" upon his plate and allowed it to remain there untouched, in spite of a great hunger for it.

Having looked down, he now found difficulty in looking up, but gazed steadily at his plate, and into this limited circle of vision came Milla's delicate and rosy fingers, bearing a gift. "There," she said in a motherly little voice. "It's a tomato mayonnaise sandwich and I made it myself. I want you to eat it, Ramsey."

His own fingers approached tremulously as he accepted the thick sandwich from her and conveyed it to his mouth. A moment later his soul filled with horror, for a spurt of mayonnaise dressing had caused a catastrophe the scene of which occupied no inconsiderable area of his right cheek, which was the cheek toward Milla. He groped wretchedly for his handkerchief but could not find it; he had lost it. Sudden death would have been relief; he was sure that after such grotesquerie Milla could never bear to have anything more to do with him; he was ruined.

In his anguish he felt a paper napkin pressed gently into his hand; a soft voice said in his ear, "Wipe it off with this, Ramsey. Nobody's noticing."

So this incredibly charitable creature was still able to be his friend, even after seeing him mayonnaised! Humbly marveling, he did as she told him, but avoided all further risks. He ate nothing more.

He sighed his first sigh of inexpressible relief, had a chill or so along the spine, and at intervals his brow was bedewed.

Within his averted eyes there dwelt not the Milla Rust who sat beside him, but an iridescent, fragile creature who had become an angel.

He spent the rest of the day dawdling helplessly about her; wherever she went he was near, as near as possible, but of no deliberate volition of his own. Something seemed to tie him to her, and Milla was nothing loth. He seldom looked at her directly, or for longer than an instant, and more rarely still did he speak to her except as a reply. What few remarks he ventured upon his own initiative nearly all concerned the landscape, which he commended repeatedly in a weak voice, as "kind of pretty," though once he said he guessed there might be bugs in the bark of a log on which they sat and he became so immediately personal as to declare that if the bugs had to get on anybody he'd rather they got on him than on Milla. She said that was "just perfectly lovely" of him, asked where he got his sweet nature, and in other ways encouraged him to continue the revelation, but Ramsey was unable to get forward with it, though he opened and closed his mouth a great many times in the effort to do so.

At five o'clock everybody was summoned again to the rendezvous for a ceremony preliminary to departure; the class found itself in a large circle, standing, and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Ordinarily, on such an open-air and out-of-school occasion, Ramsey would have joined the chorus uproariously with the utmost blattancy of which his vocal apparatus was capable; and most of the other boys expressed their humor by drowning out the serious efforts of the girls; but he sang feebly, not much more than humming through his teeth. Standing beside Milla, he was incapable of his former inelegancies and his voice was in a semi-paralyzed condition, like the rest of him.

Opposite him, across the circle, Dora Yocum stood a little in advance of those near her, for of course she led the singing. Her clear and earnest voice was distinguishable from all others, and though she did not glance toward Ramsey he had a queer feeling that she was assuming more superiority than ever, and that she was leily scornful of him and Milla. The old resentment rose—he'd "show" that girl yet, some day!

When the song was over, cheers were given for the class, "the good ole class of Nineteen Fourteen," the school, the teachers, and for the picnic, thus officially concluded; and then the picnickers, carrying their baskets and faded wild flowers and other souvenirs and burdens, moved toward the big "express wagons" which were to take them back into the town. Ramsey got his guitar case, and turned to Milla.

"Well—g-by."

"Why, no," said Milla. "Anyway, not yet. You can go back in the same wagon with me. It's going to stop at the school and let us all out there, and then you could walk home with me if you felt like it."

"Well—well, I'd be perfectly willing," Ramsey said. "Only I heard we all had to go back in whatever wagon we came out in, and I didn't come in the same one with you, so—"

Milla laughed and leaned toward him a little. "I already 'tended to that," she said confidentially. "I asked Johnnie Fiske, that came out in my wagon, to go back in yours, so that makes room for you."

"Well—then I guess I could do it." He moved toward the wagon with her. "I expect it don't make much difference one way or the other."

"And you can carry my basket if you want to," she said, adding solicitously, "unless it's too heavy when you already got your guitar case to carry, Ramsey."

This thoughtfulness of hers almost overcame him; she seemed divine.

"I—I'll be glad to carry the basket, too," he faltered. "It—it don't weigh anything much."

"Well, let's hurry, so's we can get places together."

Then, as she maneuvered him through the little crowd about the wagon, with a soft push this way and a gentle pull that, and hurried him up the improvised steps and found a place where there was room for them both to sit, Ramsey had another breathless sensation heretofore unknown to him. He found himself taken under a dove-like protectorship; a wonderful, inexpressible being seemed to have become his proprietor.

"Isn't this just perfectly lovely?" she said cooily, close to his ear.

He swallowed, but found no words, for he had no thoughts; he was only an incoherent tumult. This was his first love.

"Isn't it, Ramsey?" she urged. The coo voice had just the hint of a reproach. "Don't you think it's just perfectly lovely, Ramsey?"

"Yes'm."

The acquaintance progresses, Ramsey and Milla openly "keeping company."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. P. A. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR APRIL 30

ISAIAH'S SUMMONS AND RESPONSE.

LESSON TEXT.—Isa. 6:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Here am I; send me.—Isa. 6:8.

REFERENCE MATERIAL.—Gen. 12:1-4; Ex. 3:1-4:17; Josh. 1:1-9; Jer. 1:10; Matt. 10:5-20.

PRIMARY TOPIC.—God Calls Isaiah to Help Him.

JUNIOR TOPIC.—A Young Man Who Was Ready.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC.—Our Response to the Call for Service.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC.—The Service to Which God Calls Us.

I. Isaiah's Vision of Glory (vv. 1-4).
So definite was this vision that the prophet remembered the very time of its occurrence. It meant so much to him that he could ever look back to it as a day when his ministry took on a new meaning.

1. He Saw the Lord on His Throne (v. 1). Though the death of Uzziah left Judah's throne empty it was made clear to the prophet that the throne of God was occupied. The Lord was high and lifted up, showing that He is above all kingdoms. This was a peculiar preparation of Isaiah for his work. The one who has really seen God can never be the same again; life has a fuller meaning ever afterward.

2. He Saw the Seraphims Above (vv. 2, 3). Just who these beings are we do not know. The word signifies "fiery," "burning." They were glorious beings whose business was to wait upon the Lord, to go on errands for Him. They had six wings—two for flight; two to cover their face, showing reverence; and two to cover their feet, showing humility. These three pairs show that reverence and humility are of equal value before God, with activity. The song of the seraphims shows that they saw holiness as God's supreme attribute. The thrice "holy" perhaps refers to the Trinity. The first choir sang, "Holy, holy, holy," and the second choir responded to this by saying, "The whole earth is full of His glory."

3. The Manifestation of Majesty (v. 4). "The posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke." The smoke, no doubt, signified God's wrath against man's sinfulness (see Psalms 18:3; 74:1).

II. Isaiah's Conviction of Sin (v. 6).
The vision of God brought the prophet to see himself. It is only in the light of God's holiness that we see our unholiness. When Peter got a glimpse of who Christ was he begged Him to depart from him, saying, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord" (Luke 5:8). The prophet not only realized that he was a sinner, but that the nation was a nation of sinners. What the world needs today above all things is a vision of God.

III. Isaiah's Cleansing From Sin (vv. 6, 7).
The taking of the coal from the altar shows that it was connected with sacrifice. The fire that consumed the sacrifice was holy fire. When a sinner gets a vision of God in Christ, the Holy Spirit applies the merits of Christ's shed blood and cleanses from all sin.

IV. Isaiah's Call (v. 8).

Immediately following his cleansing came the call. Men must be cleansed from sin before they shall be called to God's service. Though God has many angelic beings who willingly go on errands for Him, yet He has errands upon which only cleansed human beings can go. The only ones who can really declare the gospel of God's grace are those who have experienced His saving power. God is asking this same question of men and women. Isaiah readily responded to his call by dedicating himself to the task. He said, "Here am I; send me."

V. Isaiah's Commission (vv. 9-13).

1. The Sending (vv. 9, 10). He had a most discouraging task before him. He is assured that the people will hear his message, but he will be unmoved by it. They will even increase in blindness—they will neither be converted nor healed. Such a hopeless task would only be undertaken by one who had a vision of God.

2. The Encouragement (vv. 11-13). Facing this discouraging outlook the prophet raised the inquiry, "Lord, how long?" The Lord in His reply assured him that it would not last forever. The land would be desolate, the cities without inhabitants, and the houses without occupants; but as the oak retains its vital substance even long after it has been cut down, so from Judah shall a remnant be saved. The holy seed is the substance which shall constitute the basis of the kingdom which shall come when David's son shall be king.

Must Look to Jesus.

If I want to repent, if I want to change my mind and get more and more determined to be good, I must look at Jesus Christ, I must notice how perfectly faultless, perfectly loving, perfectly patient, perfectly ready to spend Himself in the service of others, He is.—The Bishop of London.

The Deceitful Tongue.

For the rich men thereof are full of violence, and the inhabitants thereof have spoken lies, and their tongue is deceitful in their mouth.—Micah 6:12.

Child Training at Home

DEALING WITH THE ANGRY CHILD

By JENNIE S. CLOUGH

OF THE many problems which confront a mother, one of the hardest is that of meeting in the wisest way the undesirable traits that appear in children. In dealing with these problems there are two great helps. First, a sense of humor. If a child comes down to breakfast sullen and bad-tempered, make some little joke. It helps to clarify the atmosphere. I don't mean laugh at the child (that only adds fuel to the fire), but do some amusing thing, or tell a funny story and you will make the clouds vanish like magic. Parents who appreciate fun and who are the real companions of their little ones have the happiest and most affectionate children. But most important of all is grace. Grace is that lovely, loving spirit which, no matter how trying the children are, cannot be disturbed. We cannot have this of ourselves; it is the gift of God. He says, "My grace is sufficient for thee," so, when the children are noisy and naughty and our nerves seem just about in pieces, let us say this over and over mentally and we shall be surprised at the peace and quietness which ourselves that will follow.

Try to Quiet Bad Temper.

Granted that we have sympathy and poise ourselves, we are in a fit condition to help our children to overcome their faults. Often children are cross and naughty because they are over-tired, over-excited or hungry. We must be sure that their naughtiness does not come from some physical reason that we can help. If a child is in a bad temper the first thing to do is to quiet him. How? By being very quiet ourselves, but very firm, letting him see our strength and poise and then trying to find out what has stirred him. By our talking it over with him and letting him pour it out, his nerves will be freed and he will have an outlet for his passion. If he seems uncontrollable, and it is impossible to

STRENGTH AND COURAGE FOR NEW EFFORT.

Elizabeth Harrison, president emerita of the National Kindergarten and Elementary college, has said:

"In my early years in the work, I saw the development in the children over whom I had charge. I saw, again and again, how in the little community of equals the shy child learns self-assertion, the selfish child learns to share with others, the timid child learns courage, the too self-assertive child learns accuracy, the untruthful child learns accuracy; I saw how the attainment of success in the many little activities of the kindergarten brings strength and courage for new effort, and the community life develops service and sympathy."

talk with him, put him by himself until he is more calm. While he is in a temper be careful not to leave him where he can break or destroy anything. Often his outburst is like a thunder storm; the thunder and lightning are tremendous while they last, but are soon over. Then, get him interested and busy about something.

The Sullen Child Problem.

A much harder type of child to deal with, and one that tries our patience more, is the sullen child. He makes no outlet for himself like the angry child who vents his temper in screams and passionate talk. His bad temper works all on the inside. He broods over the trouble, distorting and enlarging it by dwelling upon it. He usually refuses comfort or sympathy and seems to enjoy shutting himself away from everyone. He is usually a sensitive child—shy, lacking confidence in himself, inclined to dwell upon himself too much. What can we do with such a child? He won't talk the trouble out, like the high-tempered child, and it is unwise to put him by himself as you would the high-tempered child. Give him something to be busy about just as soon as possible. Work is even more necessary for him than for any other type of child, for we must get him out of himself. If possible, have him work where he will have the companionship of his brothers and sisters, or perhaps he can help you in what you are doing. Work is a blessing for most persons, but for none more than for the child who is inclined to live his little life inside of himself.

SHOULD SEEK SAFEGUARDS

In this day of vicious influences it is imperative that parents seek out every agency which tends to safeguard and develop their children's moral and spiritual nature. The influences of the street and the "gang" must be counteracted, and the home and the Sunday school must work together toward this end. No matter what your child's later life may be, a strong character foundation will be his greatest asset, which you may help him to strengthen by encouraging him to take advantage of the wholesome, uplifting influence of the Sunday school.

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It Was Embarrassing.

A handsome and wealthy young man from the East, visiting in the small town where my aunt lived as a girl, seemed interested in her and she was doing her best to outshine the other girls of the town.

With her hair done up in curlers and her stylish instep length skirt draped carefully to one side, she lay resting in the outdoor hammock one quiet summer day. Suddenly startled by the creaking of the gate and the unexpected appearance of the city lad, she overturned the hammock, which became wrapped about her knees and held her long legs straight up in the air. The young man, gallantly enough, rushed to her rescue; but she never saw him again.—Chicago Tribune.

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

Kill Cooking Odors.

A gift much appreciated by a housewife living in a small apartment where cooking odors are hard to conquer is an atomizer and a bottle of the best lavender water. After airing the rooms thoroughly spray once or twice with the lavender, which is not only refreshing and clean, but a real tonic for tired nerves.

To deflate one's vanity, look at one's photograph taken twenty-five years ago.



Mrs. Jessie Buckley

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