

Ramsey Milholland



by Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER X.

Ramsey kept very few things from Fred Mitchell, and usually his confidences were immediate upon the occasion of them; but allowed several weeks to elapse before sketching for his roommate the outlines of this adventure.

"One thing that was kind of funny about it, Fred," he said, "I didn't know what to call her."

Mr. Mitchell, stretched upon the window seat in their "study," and looking out over the town street below and the campus beyond the street, had already thought it tactful to ambush his profound amusement by turning upon his side, so that his face was toward the window and away from his companion. "What did you want to call her?" he inquired in a serious voice. "Names?"

"No. You know what I mean. I mean I had to keep calling her 'you'; and that gets kind of freaky when you're talkin' to anybody a good while like that. When she'd be lookin' away from me, for instance, or down at the river, or somewhere, and I'd want to start sayin' something to her, you know, why, I wouldn't know how to get started exactly, without callin' her something. A person doesn't want to be always startin' off with 'See here' or things like that."

"I don't see why you let it trouble you," said Fred. "From how you've always talked about her, you had a perfectly handy way to start off with anything you wanted to say to her."

"What with?"

"Why didn't you just say, 'Oh, you Teacher's Pet!' That would—"

"Get out! What I mean is, she called me 'Ramsey' without any bother; it seems funny I got stumped every time I started to say 'Dora.' Some way I couldn't land it, and it certainly would 'a' sounded crazy to call her 'Miss Yocum' after sittin' in the same room with her every day from the baby class clear on up through the end of high school. That would 'a' made me out an idiot!"

"What did you call her?" Fred asked.

"Just nothin' at all. I started to call her something or other a hundred times, I guess, and then I'd balk. I'd get all ready, and kind of make a sort of a sound, and then I'd have to quit."

"She may have thought you had a cold," said Fred, still keeping his back turned.

"I expect maybe she did—though I don't know; most the time she didn't seem to notice me much, kind of."

"She didn't?"

"No. She was too upset, I guess, by what she was thinkin' about."

"But if it hadn't been for that," Fred suggested, "you mean she'd have certainly paid more attention to who was sitting on the bench with her?"

"Get out! You know how it was. Everybody those few days thought we were goin' to have war, and she was just sure of it, and it upset her. Of course most people were a lot more upset by what those Dutchmen did to the Lusitania than by the idea of war; and she seemed to feel as broken up as anybody could be about the Lusitania, but what got her the worst was the notion of her country wantin' to fight, she said. She really was upset, too, Fred; there wasn't no puttin' on about it. I guess that old girl certainly must have a good deal of feeling, because, doggone, after we'd been sittin' there a while if she didn't have to get out her handkerchief! She kept her face turned away from me—just the same as you're doin' now to keep from laughin'—but honestly, she cried like somebody at a funeral. I felt like the darndest fool!"

"I'm not laughing," said Fred, but he did not prove it by turning so that his face could be seen. "What did she say?"

"Oh, she didn't say such an awful lot. She said one kind of funny thing though: she said she was sorry she couldn't quite control herself, but if anybody had to see her cry she minded it less because it was an old schoolmate. What struck me so kind of funny about that is—why, it looks as if she never knew the way I always hated her so."

"Yes," said Fred. "It wasn't flattering!"

"Well, sir, it isn't kind of," Ramsey agreed, musingly. "It certainly isn't when you look at it that way."

"What did you say when she said that?" Fred asked.

"Nothin'. I started to, but I sort of balked again. Well, we kept on sitting there, and afterwards she began to talk again and got kind of excited about how no war could do anything or anybody any good, and all war was wicked, no matter what it was about, and nothin' could be good that was founded on fear and hate, and every war that ever was fought was always founded on fear and hate. She said the Germans wanted to fight us

ought to go to meet them and tell them we wouldn't fight."

"What did you say?"

"Nothin'. I kind of started to—but what's the use? She's got that in her head. Besides, how are you goin' to argue about a thing with a person that's crying about it? I tell you, Fred, I guess we got to admit, after all, that old girl certainly must have a lot of heart about her, anyway. There may not be much fun to her—though of course I wouldn't know hardly any way to tell about that—but there couldn't be hardly any doubt she's got a lot of feeling. Well, and then she went on and said old men made wars, but didn't fight; they left the fighting to the boys, and the suffering to the boys' mothers."

"Yes!" Fred exclaimed, and upon that he turned, free of mirth for the moment. "That's the woman of it, I guess. Send the old men to do the fighting! For the matter of that, I guess my father'd about a thousand times rather go himself than see me and my brothers go; but Father's so fat he can't stoop! You got to be able to stoop to dig a trench, I guess! Well, suppose we sent our old men up against those Dutchmen; the Dutchmen would just kill the old men, and then come after the boys anyway, and the boys wouldn't be ready, and they'd get killed, too; and then there wouldn't be anybody but the Dutchmen left, and that'd be one fine world, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Ramsey. "Course I thought of that."

"Did you tell her?"

"No."

"What did you say?"

"Nothin'. I couldn't get started anyway, but, besides, what was the use? But she didn't want the old men to go; she didn't want anybody to go."

"What did she want the country to do?" Fred asked, impatiently.

"Just what it has been doin', I suppose. Just let things simmer down,



"No, I Started To, but—Shut Up!"

and poke along, and let them do what they like to us."

"I guess so," said Fred. "Then, afterwards, when they got some free time on their hands, they'll come over and make it really interesting for us, because they know we won't do anything but talk. Yes, I guess the way things are settling down ought to suit Dora. There isn't goin' to be any war."

"She was pretty sure there was, though," Ramsey said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, of course she was then. We all thought so those few days."

"No. She said she thought it probably wouldn't come right away, but now it was almost sure to come sometime. She said our telegrams and all the talk and so much feeling and everything showed her that the war thought that was always in people somewhere had been stirred up so it would go on and on. She said she knew from the way she felt herself about the Lusitania that a feeling like that in her would never be absolutely wiped out as long as she lived. But she said her other feeling about the horribleness of war taught her to keep the first feeling from breaking out; but with other people it wouldn't; and even if war didn't break out right then, it would always be ready to, all over the country, and sometime it would, though she was goin' to do her share to fight it, herself, as long as she could stand. She asked me wouldn't I be one of the ones to help her."

He paused, and after a moment Fred asked, "Well? What did you say to that?"

"Nothin'. I started to, but—"

Again Fred thought it tactful to turn and look out the window, while

the agitation of his shoulders betrayed him.

"Go on and laugh! Well, so we stayed there quite a while, but before we left she got kind of more like everyday, you know, the way people do. It was half-past nine when we walked back to town, and I was commencing to feel kind of hungry, so I asked her if she wasn't, and she sort of laughed and seemed to be ashamed of it, as if it was a disgrace or something, but she said she guessed she was; so I left her by that hedge of lilacs near the observatory and went on over to the Teria and the fruit store, and got some stuffed eggs and olives and half-dozen peanut butter sandwiches and a box of strawberries—kind of girl-food, you know—and went on back there, and we ate the stuff up. So then she said she was afraid she'd taken me away from my dinner and made me a lot of trouble, and so on, and she was sorry, and she told me good-night—"

"What did you say then?"

"Noth— Oh, shut up! So then she skipped out to her Dorm, and I came on home."

"When did you see her next, Ramsey?"

"I haven't seen her next," said Ramsey. "I haven't seen her at all—not to speak to. I saw her on Main street twice since then, but both times she was with some other girls, and they were across the street, and I couldn't tell if she was lookin' at me—I kind of thought not—I thought it might look sort of nutty to bow to her if she wasn't, so I didn't."

"And you didn't tell her you wouldn't be one of the ones to help her with her pacifism and anti-war stuff and all that?"

"No. I started to, but—Shut up!"

Fred sat up, giggling. "So she thinks you will help her. You didn't say anything at all, and she must think that means she converted you. Why didn't you speak up?"

"Well, I wouldn't argue with her," said Ramsey. Then, after a silence, he seemed to be in need of sympathetic comprehension. "It was kind of funny though, wasn't it?" he said, appealingly.

"What was?"

"The whole business."

"What whole bus—"

"Oh, get out! Her stoppin' me, and me goin' pokin' along with her, and her—well, her crying and everything, and me being around with her while she felt so upset, I mean, it seems—well, it does seem all kind of funny to me."

"Why does it?" Fred inquired, preserving his gravity. "Why should it seem funny to you?"

"I don't mean funny like something's funny you laugh at," Ramsey explained laboriously. "I mean funny like something that's out of the way, and you wonder how it ever happened to happen. I mean it seems funny I'd ever be sittin' there on a bench with that old girl I never spoke to in my life or had anything to do with, and talkin' about the United States goin' to war. What we were talkin' about, why, that seems just as funny as the rest of it. Lookin' back to our class picnic, for instance, second year of high school, that day I jumped in the creek after— Well, you know, it was when I started makin' a fool of myself over a girl. Thank goodness, I got that out of my system; it makes me just sick to look back on those days and think of the fool things I did, and all I thought about that girl. Why, she— Well, I've got old enough to see now she was just about as ordinary a girl as there ever was, and if I saw her now I wouldn't even think she was pretty; I'd prob'ly think she was sort of loud-lookin'. Well, what's passed is past, and it isn't either here nor there. What I started to say was this: that the way it begins to look to me, it looks as if nobody can tell in this life a darn thing about what's goin' to happen, and the things that do happen are the very ones you'd swear were the last that could, I mean—you look back to that day of the picnic—my! but I was a rube then—well, I mean you look back to that day, and what do you suppose I'd have thought then if somebody'd told me the time would ever come when I'd be 'way off here at college sittin' on a bench with Dora Yocum—with Dora Yocum, in the first place—and her crying, and both of us talking about the United States goin' to war with Germany! Don't it seem pretty funny to you, Fred, too?"

"But as near as I can make out," Fred said, "that isn't what happened."

"Why isn't it?"

"You say 'and both of us talking' and so on. As near as I can make out, you didn't say anything at all."

"Well, I didn't—much," Ramsey admitted, and returned to his point with almost pathetic persistence. "But doesn't it seem kind of funny to you, Fred?"

"Well, I don't know."

"It does to me," Ramsey insisted. "It certainly does to me."

"Yes," said Fred cruelly. "I've noticed you said so, but it don't look any funnier than you do when you say it."

Suddenly he sent forth a startling shout. "Wow! You're as red as a blushing beet!"

"I am not!"

"Yare!" shouted Fred. "Wow! The ole woman-hater's get the flushes. Oh, look at the pretty posy!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Safety First.

Johnny, only three years old, was being entertained with some music on the phonograph. He was told by his aunt that he would soon hear a bear growl. Johnny looked very much frightened, and then whispered: "Oh, Aunt, don't open dose doors on de Wicktoia or bear might tun out."

—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

The American Legion

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

REGARD FOR HEROES' WISHES

Judge Neterer of Seattle Holds Request of Soldier Killed in War Demands First Consideration.

Is the last wish of a soldier dying on the field of battle more to be respected than legal forms decked out with sealing wax? The American Legion thinks it is. Recent cases before the courts have brought the question to the front. According to Federal Judge Neterer of Seattle, the wish of a soldier killed in battle is higher law than any departmental regulation. According to this decision Agnes Claffy, sixteen-year old niece of Clarence Swank, is awarded the residue of Swank's estate, amounting to \$9,000. Swank was killed in France. Departmental red tape cluttered up the case on account of the death of Swank's mother, the original beneficiary. In handing down his decision Judge Neterer cited precedents extending back to the days of Caesar and the legionnaires of ancient Rome.

The latest case is that of Miss Elenore R. Knapp of New York, whose claim to the estate of Ernest Charlton Mason of the One Hundred and Sixth United States Infantry has been contested by Mason's uncle. In a muddy dugout before a general advance against the Germans, Mason told his buddy, Oscar Westgate, the story of his engagement, and added that he now felt that in this advance he was slated to "go West." "If I don't come through this," he said, as they started over the top, "I want Elenore to have all my estate."

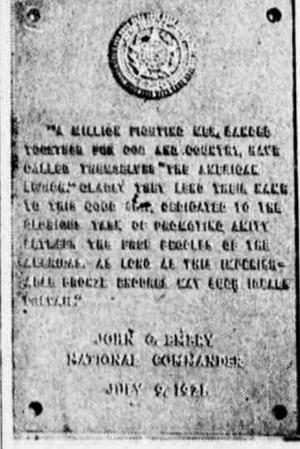
Mason, among others, was cut off and captured by the Germans. They were taken to the same prison camp. For ten days, a bunkie testified, Mason lay ill on the ground with influenza. Then he was taken away in an ambulance and his death reported. Eventually a death certificate was issued by the United States government. But the attorneys for Mason's uncle contested the case to the extent of arguing that the "proof of death" was unsatisfactory.

The justice of the soldier's latest will has been upheld in startling fashion by the highest courts of England recently. An English major of infantry died alone in his lodgings in London directly after the armistice. He left no legal will. Across the front of a photograph of his fiancée he had hastily scrawled: "All to her." The case was brought before the highest tribunal of England and the "will" stood.

TABLET GRACES LEGION SHIP

Bronze Piece in Main Dining Saloon Engraved With Dedication by National Commander.

The steamship "American Legion" of the Munson lines, sailing between New York and Buenos Aires with an American Legion crew, now bears in its main dining saloon a bronze tablet



"American Legion" Steamship Tablet.

engraved with a dedication signed by the national commander of the Legion.

The formal presentation of the tablet was made in the presence of the New York and New Jersey officials of the Legion and two hundred guests.

Send Diseased Poultry to France.

The Germans are inoculating with cholera the fowls they are delivering the French under the reparations agreements, according to French biologists. It was noticed that the poultry sent in from Germany soon died. Prompt inquiries on the dead fowls disclosed the cholera germ. The Paris Matin, one of the greatest French newspapers, calls for a government investigation.

Pending.

"Well, want to marry my daughter, I suppose?" snapped the grouchy millionaire as he gawwared at the timid youth. Adjusting his glasses he added: "By the way, aren't you one of my daughter's former suitors?"

"No-no sir," faltered the cheerless one, "but I expect I soon will be."—American Legion Weekly.

READY FOR THE CAKE-EATERS

Alton Roberts, Chairman of Legion Committee for Reception of Guests, Lands Choice Recipe.

The man who made a "cake-eater" of Marshal Foch during the marshal's tour of America has fallen for the habit himself. Alton T. Roberts of Marquette, Mich., chairman of the American Legion committee for the reception of distinguished guests, had the pastry cooks of North and South Carolina shadowed for two months to get the recipe for a certain angel food cake that was handed aboard the Foch train.



Since Mr. Roberts finished with the recent trip of Marshal Joffre across the continent the recipe has been found. Mr. Roberts is now ready for the eminent guests of the Legion at the New Orleans convention next October.

TO THE RESCUE OF THE FLAG

Disgruntled Hotel Owner Makes Apology to Legion for Flying Emblem Upside-down.

Before 2,000 people in the public square a hotel man of St. Augustine, Fla., hoisted the American flag, saluted it and made a public apology to the local post of the American Legion for flying the flag upside-down, as a protest against the pitching of a carnival company tent near his hotel.

In Littleton, Colo., two steeple jacks from the local Legion post climbed the dome of the court house and rescued



Hoisting the Stars and Stripes.

a tattered and weather-stained national flag. The post had protested against such treatment of the flag. The county commissioners had replied, "If you want that flag replaced hire a couple of steeple jacks yourselves."

RETURNS TO THE FOOTLIGHTS

David Gardiner, Former Doughboy, After Months in Hospital, Resumes Theatrical Work.

From matinee darling to doughboy in the trenches is a long step. From government hospital to Broadway vaudeville is a step fully as long. David Gardiner of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Infantry achieved them both.

A veteran of Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne, Gardiner was wounded and gassed in service. He has spent 16 months in hospital as a result. On the morning of his release he signed for a membership in the American Legion and for a theatrical engagement in New York.

Carrying On With the American Legion

Since President Harding's order of May 10, 1921, over 600 ex-soldiers have been commissioned as United States postmasters.

The Montana state board of education has voted to erect memorials to student soldiers who lost their lives in the World war, each memorial to cost \$15,000.

The service flag is still flying, only this time merchants are using it to let the public know how many ex-service men are employed in their establishments.

Commander Hanford MacNider of the Legion received invitations to the number of 700 from all over the country for his appearance on Memorial day. He accepted the invitation of St. Paul, Minn.

COULD NOT HIT A LICK FOR MONTHS

Petersburg Resident Says She Had About Lost Hope of Getting Better—Now Well and Happy.

"Tanlac has been such a blessing to me I can't help singing its praises," said Mrs. T. J. Archer, highly esteemed resident of 1147 Shepard St., Petersburg, Va.

"I had indigestion so bad I couldn't eat a thing without being in misery for hours, and the pain around my heart caused by the gas seemed all I could stand. I constantly had headaches and awful spells of dizziness. Then to make matters worse rheumatism in my arms, shoulders and knees almost drove me to distraction, and for three months I couldn't do a stroke of work."

"I had just about decided it was no use to take any more medicine when my husband brought me a bottle of Tanlac. Now I never have a touch of indigestion. Headaches and dizzy spells are a thing of the past, and rheumatism has left me entirely. I never have known a medicine to equal Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists. At a man's party you are sure to find dill pickles and cheese somewhere in the program. All things are difficult before they are easy.

Help That Aching Back!

Is your back giving out? Are you tortured with backache and stabbing pains? Does any exertion leave you all played out? Feel you just can't keep going? Likely your kidneys are to blame. Overwork, strains, hurry and worry tend to weaken the kidneys. Backache is often the first warning. Headaches and dizziness may come, too, and annoying bladder irregularities. Help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy recommended by thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

N. I. Cooper, retired farmer, 311 W. 7th St., Lexington, Neb., says: "I had an attack of lumbarago that was so severe I could hardly get up or down. This attack may come, too, and annoying bladder irregularities. Help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills and a few days' use cured me."

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