

Rainey Milholland



by Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

And, jumping down from the window seat, he began to dance round his much perturbed comrade, bellowing. Ramsey bore with him for a moment, then sprang upon him; they wrestled vigorously, broke a chair and went to the floor with a crash that gave the chandelier in Mrs. Meigs' parlor, below, an attack of jingles.

"You let me up!" Fred gasped. "You take your solemn oath to shut up? You goin' to swear it?" "All right. I give my solemn oath," said Fred; and they rose, arranging their tousled attire.

"Well," said Fred, "when you goin' to call on her?" "You look here!" Ramsey approached him dangerously. "You just gave me your sol—"

"I beg!" Fred cried, retreating. "I mean, aside from all that, why, I just thought maybe after such an evening you'd feel as a gentleman you ought to go and ask after her health."

"Now, see here—"

"No, I mean it; you ought to," Fred insisted, earnestly, and as his roommate glared at him with complete suspicion, he added, in explanation, "You ought to go next Callers' Night, and send in your card, and say you felt you ought to ask if she'd suffered any from the night air. Even if you couldn't manage to say that, you ought to start to say it, anyhow, because you— Keep off o' me! I'm only tryin' to do you a good turn, ain't I?"

"You save your good turns for yourself," Ramsey growled, still advancing upon him.

But the insidious Mitchell, evading him, fled to the other end of the room, picked up his cap and changed his manner. "Come on, ole bag o' beans, let's be on our way to the 'frat house'; it's time. We'll call this all off."

"You better!" Ramsey warned him; and they trotted out together.

own agility could not save him from Ramsey, and so found it wiser to contain an effervescence which sometimes threatened to burst him. Ramsey as a victim was a continuous temptation, he was so good-natured and yet so furious.

After Commencement, when the roommates had gone home, Mr. Mitchell's caution extended over the long sunny months of summer vacation; he broke it but once and then in well-advised safety, for the occasion was semi-public. The two were out for a stroll on a July Sunday afternoon; and up and down the street young couples lolled along, young families and baby carriages straggled to and from the houses of older relatives, and the rest of the world of that growing city was rocking and fanning itself on its front veranda.

"Here's a right pretty place, isn't it, Ramsey, don't you think?" Fred remarked innocently, as they were passing a lawn of short-clipped, bright green grass before a genial-looking house, fresh in white paint and cool in green-and-white awnings. A broad veranda, well populated just now, crossed the front of the house; fine trees helped the awnings to give comfort against the sun; and Fred's remark was warranted. Nevertheless, he fell under the suspicion of his companion, who had begun to evince some nervousness before Fred spoke.

"What place you mean?" "The Yocum place," said Mr. Mitchell. "I hear the old gentleman's mighty prosperous these days. They keep things up to the mark, don't they, Ramsey?"

"I don't know whether they do or whether they don't," Ramsey returned shortly.

Fred appeared to muse regretfully. "It looks kind of empty now, though," he said, "with only Mr. and Mrs. Yocum and their married daughters, and eight or nine children on the front porch!"

"You wait till I get you where they can't see us!" Ramsey warned him fiercely.

"You can't do it!" said Fred, manifesting triumph. "We'll both stop right here in plain sight of the whole Yocum family connection till you promise not to touch me."

And he halted, leaning back implacably against the Yocum's iron fence. Ramsey was scandalized.

"You let me up!" Fred commanded thickly, his voice muffled by the pile of flannels, sweaters, underwear and raincoats, wherein his head was being forced to burrow. "You let me up, damn you! I didn't say anything." And upon his release he complained that the attack was unprovoked. "I didn't say anything on earth to even hint you might want to go out and see if anybody in particular had got back to college yet. I didn't even mention the name of Dora Yo— Keep off o' me! My goodness, but you are sensitive!"

As a matter of fact, neither of them saw Dora until the first meeting of the Lumen, whither they went as sophomores to take their pleasure in the agony of freshmen debaters. Ramsey was now able to attend the Lumen, not with complacency but at least without shuddering over the recollection of his own spectacular first appearance there. He had made subsequent appearances, far from brilliant, yet not disgraceful, and as a spectator, at least, he usually felt rather at his ease in the place. It cannot be asserted, however, that he appeared entirely at his ease this evening after he had read the "Programme" chalked upon the large easel blackboard beside the chairman's desk.

Three "Freshman Debates" were announced and a "Sophomore Oration," this last being followed by the name, "D. Yocum, '18." Ramsey made immediate and conspicuous efforts to avoid sitting next to his roommate, but was not so adroit as to be successful. However, Fred was merciful; the fluctuations of his friend's complexion were an inspiration more to pity than to badinage.

The three debates all concerned the "Causes of the War in Europe," and honors appeared to rest with a small and stout, stolidly "pro-German" girl



"Well, What I Say is: Dora Yocum, as an Orator, is Just an Actual Perfect Wonder. Got Any Objections?"

debater, who had brought with her and translated at slight abso-lute proofs (so she called them), printed in German, that Germany had been attacked by Belgium at the low instigation of the envious English. Everybody knew it wasn't true; but she made an impression and established herself as a debater, especially as her opponent was quite confounded by her introduction of printed matter.

When the debates and the verdicts were concluded, the orator appeared, and Fred's compassion extended itself so far that he even refrained from looking inquisitively at the boy in the seat next to his; but he made one side of a wager, mentally—that if Ramsey had consented to be thoroughly confidential just then, he would have confessed to feeling kind o' funny.

Dora was charmingly dressed, and she was pale; but those notable eye-lashes of hers were all the more notable against her pallor. And as she spoke with fire, it was natural that her color should come back quite flamingly and that her eyes should flash in shelter of the lashes. "The Christian Spirit and Internationalism" was her subject, yet she showed no meek sample of a Christian Spirit herself when she came to attacking war-makers generally, as well as all those "half-developed tribesmen" and "victims of herd instinct" who believed that war might ever be justified under any circumstances of atrocity. She was eloquent truly, and a picture of grace and girlish dignity, even when she was most vigorous. Nothing could have been more militant than her denunciation of militancy.

"She's an actual wonder," Fred said, when the two had got back to Mrs. Meigs' afterward. "Don't you look at me like that; I'm talkin' about her as a public character, and there's nothin' personal about it. You let me alone."

Ramsey was not clear as to his duty. "Well—"

The AMERICAN LEGION

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

SWAM MEUSE UNDER FIRE

Sergt. M. Waldo Hatler of Joplin, Mo., Wears Medals for World War Bravery.

In the fighting in France Sergt. M. Waldo Hatler of Joplin, Mo., swam the Meuse river under fire after a comrade had perished in the attempt, landed within the German lines and explored their positions thoroughly and swam back across the river with information of great value to the American command. For this he has received the croce di guerra of Italy, the equivalent of the French croix de guerre.

Hatler met Gen. Armando Diaz, commander in chief of the Italian armies in the World war, at the third national convention of the American Legion in Kansas City. After this meeting the Italian decoration was presented at a special ceremony in Joplin. The Missourian also wears the American Medal of Honor and the French croix de guerre.

V. P. OF FORTY AND EIGHT

C. E. Cronkite of Los Angeles is Second in Command of Legion Roughhouse Club.

"Sous Chef de Chemin de Fer Nationale des 40 Hommes et Huit Chevaux." This means in English, "National Assistant Railway Station Agent of the 40 Men and Eight Horses." But in A. E. F. parlance it stands for vice president of the Forty and Eight, the Legion's Roughhouse club, named after the



little French boxcars built to carry "40 men or eight horses."

This imposing title is borne by C. E. Cronkite of Los Angeles, Cal., formerly first lieutenant in the Three Hundred and Twenty-second field signal battalion.

"QUEEN OF THE CANAL ZONE"

Miss Viola Bissell Wins Contest Sponsored by American Legion Department of Panama.

The "Queen of the Canal Zone" has been chosen through an election sponsored by the American Legion, department of Panama. The contest was won by Miss Viola Bissell with 1,307,800 votes. According to her enthusiastic "subjects" she is of the true American type, tall, blonde and athletic. The Panamanians declare her famous smile would win in any contest over any of the beauties of America or Europe.

Slightly Deficient.

Here's one that has leaked out of an O. T. C. after a couple of years or so:

A young man, a good soldier, but sadly lacking in book-learning, was up for a commission. He staggered through part of the examination to the increasing bedevilment of the officers in charge, but when it came to geographical questions his ignorance was limitless. Finally one of the officers, after listening to a piece of astounding misinformation, jumped to his feet and thundered:

"My saluted aunt's black cat! Here you are—say you want to defend our country—and, by the whiskers of a ring-toed monkey, you don't even know where it is!"—American Legion Weekly.

Middle West National Cemetery.

On the prairies of the Platte river in Nebraska is located the only national cemetery in the Middle West—that of Fort McPherson. Here under the cottonwoods and evergreens of the plains lie the dead of the American wars of the west. Recently 15 of the World war dead from France have been buried there by Fort McPherson post of the American Legion. On 361 of the earlier grave markers is the single word, "Unknown."

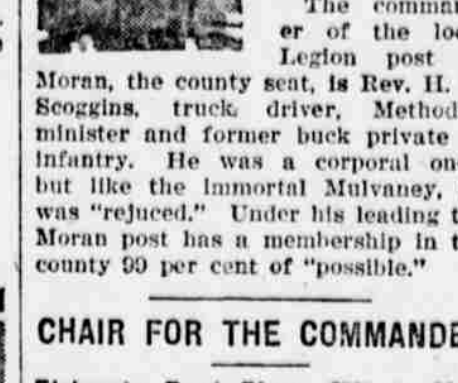
"We Aim to Please."

Convict No. 711—I hear Bill the Mugg is out again and that he's the most popular hold-up guy in Chicago.

MINISTER IS POST LEADER

Rev. H. G. Scoggins, Former Buck Private, Heads Strong American Legion Organization.

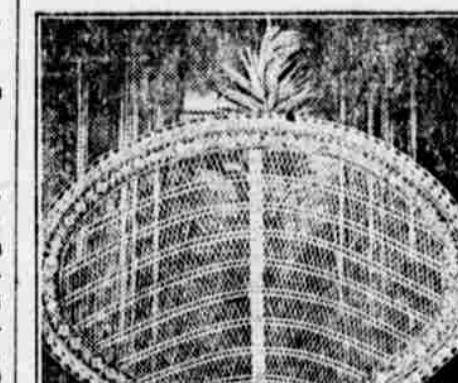
A Texas county somewhat larger than the state of Rhode Island has been discovered which contributed no commissioned officer to the World war, not even a "shavetail." The highest ranking ex-soldier in the county is a former sergeant of ordinance.



CHAIR FOR THE COMMANDER

Elaborate Reed Piece, Gift to MacNider, From the Department of the Philippines.

A chair of woven reeds, that will sustain the weight of half a dozen men now ornaments the office of Commander Hanford MacNider of the American Legion, as a gift from the Department of the Philippines. It is modeled on the throne of a Moro chieftain.



Bamboo Chair in Natural Colors.

carefully chosen reeds were selected in the course of the tropical summer for their varying shades. These were assembled at Manila and woven into a great chair without nails, pegs or paint. The workmanship is elaborate and Oriental in design.

Defends the Negro.

His appointment of a negro boy to Annapolis naval academy is defended by Representative Martin Anson of New York as a matter of justice to the large colored population of his district, and "in recognition of the valor and patriotism of the 500,000 colored boys in the United States service in the World war." The appointee, Emile Treville Holley, is a freshman in the College of the City of New York. Harvard university makes no discrimination against negroes, and there are several all-negro posts in the American Legion.

Carrying On With the American Legion

Hundreds of the small craft that were used to sweep the North sea clear of mines during the war are to be put on the scrap pile, a navy order states.

Ten dollars a month for each month's service, with 25 per cent additional for overseas service, is to be paid World war veterans of Maryland by the state.

The veterans of the "battle of Washington" during the World war are being rapidly scattered. The latest order transfers 198 officers out of the capital city.

Reorganization of war-time draft boards to assist the Legion in finding jobs for service men has been proposed by Dr. John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton university.

In a house-to-house canvass of Indiana cities, Hoosier Legionnaires interviewed 130,000 former service men and women and listed 1,500 cases involving disability, compensation and lost Liberty bonds.

William Strother, Houston, Tex., World war veteran sojourning in A. E. F. scenes in Paris, France, wants to climb Eiffel tower, a feat never yet accomplished, for the benefit of a French veterans' organization.

The Legion's campaign for jobless soldiers was aided materially by a Detroit (Mich.) court judge who, finding all jury panels exhausted, directed that unemployed ex-soldiers be obtained for jury service at \$4 a day.

GAINS 8 POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS' TIME

Dyspepsia Entirely Overcome and She Eats, Sleeps and Feels Better Than in Years, Says Boston Resident.

"I have actually gained eight pounds in two weeks' time and am now eating better, sleeping better and feeling better than I have in three or four years," said Mrs. Celesta Fell, 32 Prince street, Boston, Mass., recently, in telling of the great benefits she has derived from the use of Tanlac.

"My stomach was in such a bad fix before I took Tanlac that I did not dare eat much of anything, for if I did I would have so much pain and distress from indigestion that I felt like I was going to die. I was so run down and weak from lack of nourishment that I could not do my housework."

"I was so nervous I couldn't keep still during the day nor sleep at night. I can see now if it had not been for Tanlac I would have had to give up entirely. I am now feeling strong and healthy and all the credit belongs to Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Boy Scouts Adopt Tree.

A prime juniper, growing near the Masonic home, Elizabeth, Pa., is at least eighty years old, and now measures 48 inches in diameter, and is 24 inches high. The limbs lying on the ground do not take root. The tree has been given a place in the Hall of Fame of the American Forestry association of Washington, D. C. The boy scouts of Elizabeth have adopted this remarkable tree and erected a fence around it. The nomination for the Hall of Fame was made by Judge George B. Orady of the superior court of Pennsylvania.

Speedy War Car Tested.

A light-armored car, capable of traveling at a high speed and at the same time firing 4,800 rounds of ammunition a minute, is being experimented with by the British.

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Woman Relied Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Emporia, Kansas.—"I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines years ago when I was a girl. For several years I had severe pains at menstrual periods, making me very weak and interfering with my regular duties. I tried several remedies without obtaining relief. I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by my friends and it restored me to normal health. I often have occasion and do recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends who have troubles similar to my own. You may use these facts as a testimonial."

EVA ALDRIDGE, 218 Union St., Emporia, Kansas.



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When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant. Try it today.

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