SHERIFF'S SALE.

Hartwig Moss Insurance Co., Inc., vs. Onvil Lumber Co., Inc.

No. 3505.

Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, Parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a writ of fieri facies issued out of the honorable aforesaid Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, and to me directed, bearing date the 27th day of January, 1922, I have seized and will offer for sale to the last and highest bidder, at the principal front door of the courthouse in the Town of Covington, Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, between legal hours for judicial sales, on

Saturday, March 4, 1922,

the following described prperty, to-wit:

Three 8-wheel wagons.

Terms of Sale—Cash, with benefit of appraisement.

WALTER GALATAS,
f18-3t Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

F. J. Heintz vs. Frank Tillison.

No. 3553.

Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, Parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a writ of seizure and sale bearing date February 8th, 1922, issued out of the honorable aforesaid Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, and to me directed, I have seized and will offer for sale to the last and highest bidder, at the principal front door of the courthouse in the Town of Covington, Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, between legal hours for judicial sales, on

Saturday, March 25, 1922,

the following described property, to-wit:

Eight (8) acres of land, or lot No. 9 in tp 8 s, r 13 east, and described as follows: Beginning at a post 8 chains west of the southeast corner of the ne qr of the nw qr of section 25, thence north 10 chains to a post, thence south 10 chains to a post, thence east 8 chains to the post of departure. Being the same property acquired by act of partition recorded in C. O. B., folio ..., of the records of St. Tammany parish, La.

Terms of Sale—Cash, without appraisement.

WALTER GALATAS,
f18-6t Sheriff.

Rub-My-Tism, antiseptic and pain killer, for infected sores, tetter, sprains, neuralgia, rheumatism.—Adv. n26-15t

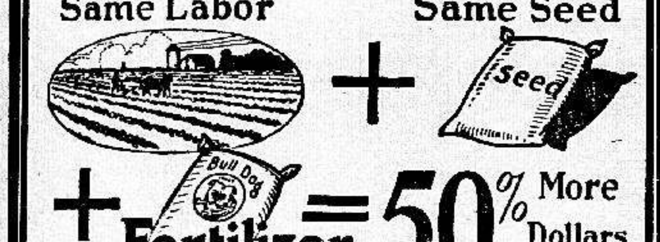
The undersigned forbid all hunting, trapping or trespassing on their lands. Anyone caught doing so will be punished to the full extent of the law.

QUEEN & CRESCENT LUB.

Everybody goes to the Covington Restaurant for coffee.—Adv.

666 is a prescription for Colds, Fever and LaGrippe. It's the most speedy remedy we know. Adv. n26-15t

Same Labor + Same Seed



+ Fertilizer = 50% More Dollars

Increase your yield. Make more money. Put fertilizer on your fields, and you will have two or three times more dollars at the end of the year than you invested in your crop. You have got to spend just as much on seed. You have got to work just as hard. You have got to pay just as big a rent. If you can spend a few dollars for fertilizer and make double the crop, isn't it good business? Other farmers are using Bull Dog Brand Fertilizer and are making more money. Use it in 1922.

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American Cotton Oil Company
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USE Bull Dog Brand Fertilizer

BECAUSE you carry a policy of insurance does not always mean that you are insured. You must read your policy carefully and ascertain that the company which issued the policy is a solvent one. Few people do this, and that is why we try as far as is humanly possible to write your policy carefully, and in first class companies.

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REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS
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Prices on application.
Laundry called for and delivered.

Have You Ever Given This a Thought?
That all the beautiful things in the world are seen by you through your eyes.
You will spend $18.00 for a pair of shoes to fit your feet, and you will balk at paying half that price for a pair of glasses that properly fits your eyes and relieves yous troubles.
ARE YOU ACTING FAIR TO YOURSELF?
COVINGTON OPTICAL PARLOR
Boston Street, Next to Patecek's

Ramsey Milholland

by

Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—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.

CHAPTER II.—In the schoolroom, a few years afterward, Ramsey was not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his two pronounced dislikes were arithmetic and "Recitations." In sharp contrast to Ramsey's backwardness is the precocity of little Dora Yocum, a young lady whom in his bitterness he denominates "Teacher's Pet."

CHAPTER III.—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 would "show" her.

CHAPTER IV.—At a class picnic Ramsey, to his intense surprise, 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. Milla has the misfortune to fall into a creek while talking with Ramsey, and that youth promptly plunges to the rescue. The water is only some three feet deep, but Milla's gratitude for his heroic act is embarrassing. He is in fact taken captive by the fair one, to his great consternation.

CHAPTER V.—The acquaintance ripens, Ramsey and Milla openly "keeping company," while the former's parents wonder. His mother indeed goes so far as to express some disapproval of his choice, even hinting that Dora Yocum would be a more suitable companion, a suggestion which the youth receives with horror.

CHAPTER VI.—At this period our hero gets the thrill of his "first kiss," Milla being a very willing partner in the act. Her flippancy over the matter disconcerts Ramsey immensely, but shortly afterward the girl departs for a visit to Chicago. She leaves an endearing missive for Ramsey, which adds to his feeling of melancholy.

CHAPTER VII

He never saw her again. She sent him a "picture postal" from Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, which his father disengaged from the family mail, one morning at breakfast, and considerately handed to him without audible comment. Upon it was written, "Oh, you Ramsey!" This was the last of Milla.

Just before school opened, in the autumn, Sadie Clews made some revelations. "Milla did like you," said Sadie. "After that time you jumped in the creek to save her she liked you better than any boy in town, and I guess if it wasn't for her counsin Milt up in Chicago she would of liked you the best anywhere. I guess she did, anyway, because she hadn't seen him for about a year then.

"Well, that afternoon she went away I was over there and took in everything that was goin' on only she made me promise on my word of honor I wouldn't even tell Albert. They didn't get any wire from the uncle about the touring car; it was her cousin Milt that jumped on the train and came down and fixed it all up for Milla to go on the trip, and everything. You see, Ramsey, she was turned back a couple of times in school before she came in our class and I don't know how old she is and she don't look old yet, but I'm pretty sure she's at least eighteen, and she might be over. I didn't think such a great deal of this Milt's looks myself, but he's anyway twenty-one years old, and got a good position, and all their family seem to think he's just fine! It wasn't his father that took in the touring car on the debt, like she said she was writing you; it was Milt himself. He started out in business when he was only thirteen years old, and this trip he was gettin' up for his father and mother and Milla was the first vacation he ever took. Well, of course she wouldn't like my tellin' you, but I can't see the harm of it, now everything's all over."

"All—all over? You mean Milla's going to be—to be married?"

"She already is," said Sadie. "They got married at her Aunt Jess and Uncle Purv's house, up in Chicago, last Thursday. Yes, sir; that quiet, little Milla's a regular old married woman by this time, I expect, Ramsey!"

When he got over the shock, which was not until the next day, one predominating feeling remained: It was a gloomy pride—a pride in his proven maturity. He was old enough, it appeared, to have been the same thing as engaged to a person who was now a Married Woman. His manner thenceforth showed an added trace of seriousness and self-consideration.

Having recovered his equipoise and something more, he entirely forgot that moment of humble admiration he had felt for Dora Yocum on the day of his flattest prostration. When he saw her sitting in the classroom, smiling brightly up at the teacher, the morning of the school's opening in the autumn, all his humility had long since vanished and she appeared to him not otherwise than as the scholar whose complete proficiency had always been so irksome to him.

"Look at her!" he muttered to himself. "Same ole Teacher's Pet!"

Now and then, as the days and seasons passed, and Dora's serene progress continued, never checked or even flawed, there stirred within him some lingerings of the old determination to "show" her; and he would conjure up a day-dream of Dora in loud lamentation, while he led the laughter of the spectators. But gradually his feeling about her came to be merely a dull oppression. He was tired of having to look at her (as he stated it) and he thanked the Lord that the time wouldn't be so long now until he'd be out of that ole school, and then all he'd have to do he'd just take care never to walk by her house. It was easy enough to use some other street when he had to go down town.

"The good ole class of Nineteen-Fourteen is about gone," he said to Fred Mitchell, who was still his most intimate friend when they reached the senior year. "Yes, sir; it's held together a good many years, Fred, but after June it'll be busted plum up, and I hope nobody starts a move to have any reunions. There's a good many members of the ole class that I can stand and there's some I can't, but there's one I just won't! If we ever did call a reunion, that ole Yocum girl would start in right away and run the whole shebang, and that's where I'd resign! You know, Fred, the thing I think is the one biggest benefit of graduating from this ole school? It's never seein' Dora Yocum again."

This was again his theme as he sat by the same friend's side, in the rear row of the class at Commencement, listening to the delivery of the Valedictory. "Thinks she's just sooblime, don't she!" he whispered morosely. "She wouldn't trade with the President of the United States right now. Never mind! Just about a half-an-hour more and that's the last o' you, ole girl! Yes, sir, Fred; one thing we can feel pretty good over: this is where we get through with Dora Yocum!"

Ramsey and Fred had arranged to room together at Greenfield, the seat of the state university, and they made the short journey in company the following September. They arrived hilarious, anticipating pleasurable excitements in the way of "fraternity" pledgings and initiations, encounters with sophomores, class meetings, and elections; and, also, they were not absolutely without interest in the matter of Girls, for the state university was co-educational, and it was but natural to expect in so broad a field, all new to them, a possible vision of something rather thrilling. They whispered cheerfully of all these things during the process of matriculation, and signed the registrar's book on a fresh page; but when Fred had written his name under Ramsey's and blotted it, he took the liberty of turning over the leaf to examine some of the autographs of their future classmates, written on the other side. Then he uttered an exclamation, more droll than dolorous, though it affected to be wholly the latter; for the shock to Fred was by no means so painful as it was to his friend.

Ramsey leaned forward and read the name indicated by Fred's forefinger.

DORA YOCUM.

. . . When they got back to their pleasant quarters at Mrs. Meigs', facing the campus, Ramsey was still unable to talk of anything except the lamentable discovery; nor were his companion's burlesquing efforts to console him of great [illegible] (though Fred did become serious enough to point out that a university was different from a high school.

"It's not like havin' to use one big room as a headquarters, you know, Ramsey. Everything's all split up, and she might happen not be in a single one of your classes."

"You don't know my luck!" the afflicted boy protested. "I wish I'd gone to Harvard, the way my father wanted me to. Why, this is just the worst nuisance I ever struck! You'll see! She'll be in everything there is, just the way she was back home."

He appeared to be corroborated by the events of the next day, when they attended the first meeting to organize the new class. The masculine element predominated, but Dora Yocum was elected vice president. "You see?" Ramsey said. "Didn't I tell you? You see what happens?"

But after that she ceased for a time to intrude upon his life, and he admitted that his harassment was less grave than he had anticipated. There were about five hundred students in the freshman class; he seldom saw her, and when he did it was not more than a distant glimpse of her on one of the campus paths, her thoughtful head bent over a book as she hurried to a classroom. This was bearable; and in the flattering agitations of being sought, and even hunted, by several "fraternities" simultaneously desirous of his becoming a sworn Brother, he almost forgot her. After a hazardous month the roommates fell into the arms of the last "frat" to seek them, and having undergone an evening of outrage which concluded with touching rhetoric and an oath taken at midnight, they proudly wore jeweled symbols on their breasts and were free to turn part of their attention to other affairs, especially the affairs of the Eleven.

However, they were instructed by the older brethren of their Order, whose duty it was to assist in the proper maneuvering of their young careers, that, although support of the 'varsity teams was important, they must neglect neither the spiritual nor the intellectual by-products of undergraduate doings. Therefore they became members of the college Y. M. C. A. and of the "Lumen Society."

According to the charter which it had granted itself, the "Lumen Society" was an "Organization of male and female students"—so "advanced" was this university—"for the development of the powers of debate and oratory, intellectual and sociological progress, and the discussion of all matters relating to philosophy, metaphysics, literature, art, and current events." A statement so formidable was not without a hushing effect upon Messrs. Milholland and Mitchell; they went to their first "Lumen" meeting in a state of fear and came away little reassured.

"I couldn't get up there," Ramsey declared, "I couldn't stand up there before all that crowd and make a speech, or debate in a debate, to save my soul and gizzard! Why, I'd just keel right over and haf to be carried out."

"Well, the way I understand it," said Fred, "we can't get out of it. The seniors in the 'frat' said we had to join, and they said we couldn't resign, either, after we had joined. They said we just had to go through it, and after a while we'd get used to it and not mind it so much."

"I will!" Ramsey insisted. "I couldn't any more stand up there on my feet and get to spoutin' about sociology and the radical metempsychorus of the mettyphysical bazoozum than I could fly a flyin' machine. Why, I——"

"Oh, that wasn't anything," Fred interrupted. "The only one that talked like that, he was that Blickens; he's a tutor, or something, and really a member of the faculty. Most o' the

"What on Earth's the Matter, Ramsey?"

others just kind of blah-blahhed around, and what any of 'em tried to get off their chests hardly amounted to terribly much."

"I don't care. I couldn't do it at all!"

"Well, the way it looks to me," Fred observed, "we simply got to! From what they tell me, the freshmen got to do more than anybody. Every other Friday night, it's all freshmen and nothin' else. You get a postal card on Monday morning in your mail, and it says 'Assignment' on it and—and—then it's got written underneath what you haf to do the next Friday night—oration or debate, or maybe just read from some old book or something. I guess we got to stand up there and try, anyway."

"All right," said Ramsey. "If they want me to commit suicide they can send me one o' their ole 'Assignments.' I won't need to commit suicide, though, I guess. All I'll do, I'll just fall over in a fit, and stay in it."

And, in truth, when he received his first "Assignment," one Monday morning, a month later, he seemed in a fair way to fulfill his prophecy. The attention of his roommate, who sat at a window of their study, was attracted by sounds of strangulation. "What on earth's the matter, Ramsey?"

"Look! Look at this!"

Fred took the card and examined it with an amazement gradually merging into a pleasure altogether too perceptible:

ASSIGNMENT

Twelve-Minute Debate, Class of 1918.

Subject, Resolved: That Germany is both legally and morally justified in her invasion of Belgium.

(Debaters are notified that each will be held strictly to the following schedule: Affirmative, 4 min., first. Negative, 4 min., first. Affirm., 2 min., second. Neg., 2 min., second.)

Affirmative, R. MILHOLLAND, '18
Negative, D. YOCUM, '18.

Concluding his reading, which was oral, the volatile Mitchell made use of his voice in a manner of heathenish boisterousness, and presently reclined upon a lounge to laugh the better. His stricken comrade, meanwhile, recovered so far as to pace the floor. "I'm goin' to pack up and light out for home!" he declared over and over. And even oftener he read and reread the card to make sure of the actuality of that fatal coincidence, "D. Yocum, '18."

"If I could do it," he vociferated, "if I could stand up there and debate one o' their darn ole debates in the first place—if I had the gall to even try it, why, my gosh! you don't suppose I'm goin' to get up there and argue with that girl, do you? That's a hot way to get an education: stand up there and argue with a girl before a couple o' hundred people! My gosh!"

"You got to!" his prostrate companion cackled, weakly. "You can't get out of it. You're a goner, ole Buddy!"

"I'll be sick, I'll be sick as a dog! I'll be sick as the sickest dog that ever——"

"No use, ole man. The frat seniors'll be on the job. They'll know whether you're sick or not, and they'll have you there, right on the spot to the minute!"

The prediction was accurate. The too fatherly "frat seniors" did all that Fred said they would, and more. For the honor of the "frat," they coached the desperate Ramsey in the technic of Lumen debate, told him many more things to say than could be said in six minutes, and produced him, despairing, ghastly and bedewed, in the large hall of the Lumen society at eight o'clock on Friday evening.

Four other "twelve-minute debates" preceded his and the sound of these, in Ramsey's ears, was the sound of Gabriel practising on his horn in the early morning of Judgment day. The members of the society sat, three rows deep, along the walls of the room, leaving a clear oblong of green carpet in the center, where were two small desks, twenty feet apart, the rostrums of the debaters. Upon a platform at the head of the room sat dreadful seniors, the officers of the society, and, upon benches near the platform, the debaters of the evening were aligned. One of the fraternal seniors sat with sweltering Ramsey; and the latter, as his time relentlessly came nearer, made a last miserable squirm.

"Look here, Brother Colburn, I got to get out o' here."

"No, you don't, young fellow."

"Yes, I do!" Ramsey whispered, passionately. "Honest, I do. Honest, Brother Colburn, I got to get a drink of water. I got to!"

"No. You can't."

"Honest, Colburn, I got——"

"Hush!"

Ramsey cast his dilating eyes along the rows of faces. Most of them were but as blurs, swimming, yet he was aware (he thought) of a formidable and horrible impassive scrutiny of himself, a glare seeming to pierce through him to the back of the belt round his waist, so that he began to have fearful doubts about that belt, about every fastening and adjustment of his garments, about the expression of his countenance, and many other things jumbling together in his consciousness. Over and over he whispered gaspingly to himself the opening words of the sentence with which a senior had advised him to begin his argument. And as the moment of supreme agony drew close, this whispering became continuous: "In making my first apearance before this honor'ble membership I feel constrained to say in making my first appearance before this honor'ble membership I feel constrained to say in making my first appearance before this honor'ble mem—"

. . . It had come. The chairman announced the subject of the fourth freshman twelve-minute debate; and Dora Yocum, hitherto unperceived by Ramsey, rose and went forward to one of the small desks in the open space, where she stood composedly, a slim, pretty figure in white. Members in Ramsey's neighborhood were aware of a brief and hushed commotion, and a fierce whisper, "You can't! You get up there!" And the blanched Ramsey came forth and placed himself at the other desk.

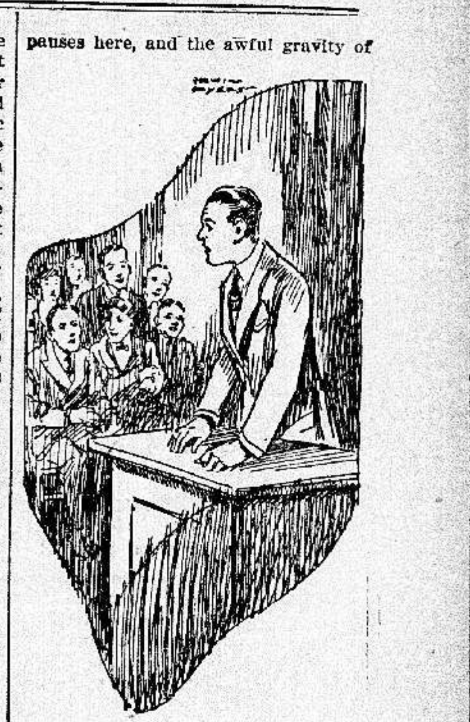
He stood before the silent populace of that morgue, and it seemed to him that his features had forgotten that he was supposed to be their owner and in control of them; he felt that they were slipping all over his face, regardless of his wishes. His head, as a whole, was subject to an agitation not before known by him; it desired to move rustily in eccentric ways of its own devising; his legs alternately limbered and straightened under no direction but their own; and his hands clutched each other fiercely behind his back; he was not one cohesive person, evidently, but an assembled collection of parts which had relapsed each into its own individuality. In spite of them, he somehow contrived the semblance of a bow toward the chairman and the semblance of another toward Dora, of whom he was but hazily conscious. Then he opened his mouth and, not knowing how he had started his voice going, heard it as if from a distance.

"In making my first appearance before this honor'ble membership I feel restrained to say—" He stopped short, and thenceforward shook visibly. After a long pause, he managed to repeat his opening, stopped again, swallowed many times, produced a handkerchief and wiped his face, an act of necessity—then had an inspiration.

"The subject assigned to me," he said, "is resolved that Germany is mor'ly and legally justified in Belgians—Belgiums! This subject was assigned to me to be the subject of this debate." He interrupted himself to gasp piteously, found breathing difficult, but faltered on again: "This subject is the subject. It is the subject that was assigned to me on a postal card." Then, for a moment or so, he had a miraculous spurt of confidence, and continued, rather rapidly: "I feel constrained to say that the country of Belgian—Belgium, I mean—this country has been constrained by the—invaded I mean—invaded by the Imperial German Impire and my subject in this debate is whether it ought to or not, my being the infernative, affirmative I mean—that I got to prove that Germany is mor'ly and legally justified. I wish to state that—"

He paused again, lengthily, then struggled on. "I have been requested to state that the German Imp—Empire—that it certainly isn't right for those Dutch—Germans, I mean—they haven't got any more business in Belgium than I have myself, but I—I feel constrained to say that I had to accept whatever side of this debate I got on the postal card, and so I am constrained to take the side of the Dutch. I mean the Germans. The Dutch are sometimes called—I mean the Germans are sometimes called the Dutch in this country, but they aren't Dutch, though sometimes called Dutch in this country. Well, and so—so, well, the war began last August or about then, anyway, and the German army invaded the Belgian army. After they got there, the invasion began. First, they came around there and then they commenced invading. Well, what I feel constrained—"

He came to the longest of all his pauses here, and the awful gravity of



He Came to the Longest of All His Pauses Here, and the Awful Gravity of the Audience Almost Suffocated Him.

the audience almost suffocated him. "Well," he concluded, "it don't look right to me."

"Four minutes!" the chairman announced, for Ramsey's pauses had worn away a great deal more of this terrible interval than had his eloquence. "Opening statement for the negative: Miss D. Yocum. Four minutes."

As Dora began to speak, Ramsey experienced a little relief, but only a little—about the same amount of relief as that felt by a bridegroom when it is the bride's turn to "respond," not really relief at all, but merely the slight relaxation of a continuing strain. The audience now looked at Ramsey no more than people look at a bridegroom, but he failed to perceive any substantial mitigation of his frightful conspicuousness. He had not the remotest idea of what he had said in setting forth his case for Germany, and he knew that it was his duty to listen closely to Dora, in order to be able to refute her argument when his two-minute closing speech fell due; but he was conscious of little more than his own condition. His legs had now gone wild beyond all devilry, and he had to keep shifting his weight from one to the other in order even to hope that their frenzy might escape general attention.

He realized that Dora was speaking rapidly and confidently, and that somewhere in his ill-assembled parts lurked a familiar bit of him that objected to her even more than usual; but she had used half of her time, at least, before he was able to gather any coherent meaning from what she was saying. Even then he caught only a fragment, here and there, and for the rest—so far as Ramsey was concerned—she might as well have been reciting the Swedish alphabet.

In spite of the rather startling feebleness of her opponent's statement, Dora went at her task as earnestly as if it were to confute some monster of casuistry. "Thus, having demonstrated that all war is wrong," she said, approaching her conclusion, "it is scarcely necessary to point out that whatever the actual circumstances of the invasion, and whatever the status of the case in international law, or by reason of treaty, or the German oath to respect the neutrality of Belgium, which of course was grossly and dishonorably violated—all this, I say, ladies and gentlemen of the Lumen society, all this is beside the point of morals. Since, as I have shown, all war is wrong, the case may be simplified as follows: All war is morally wrong. Quod erat demonstrandum. Germany invaded Belgium. Invasion is war. Germany, therefore, did moral wrong. Upon the legal side, as I began by pointing out, Germany confessed in the reichstag the violation of law. Therefore, Germany was justified in the invasion neither morally nor legally; but was both morally and legally wrong and evil. Ladies and gentlemen of the Lumen society, I await the refutation of my opponent!"

Her opponent appeared to be having enough trouble with his legs, without taking any added cares upon himself in the way of refutations. But the marvelous Dora had calculated the length of her statement with such nicety that the chairman announced "Four minutes," almost upon the instant of her final syllable; and all faces turned once more to the upholder of the affirmative. "Refutation and conclusion by the affirmative," said the chairman. "Mr. R. Milholland. Two minutes."

Therewith, Ramsey coughed as long as he could cough, and when he felt that no more should be done in this way, he wiped his face—again an act of necessity—and quaverlngly began:

"Gentlemen and ladies, or ladies and gentlemen, in making the refutation of my opponent, I feel that—I feel that hardly anything more ought to be said."

He paused, looked helplessly at his uncontrollable legs, and resumed: "I am supposed to make the reputa—the refutation of my opponent, and I feel that I ought to say quite a deal more. In the first place, I feel that the invasion has taken place. I am supposed—anyhow I got a postal card that I am supposed to be here tonight. Well, in talking over this matter with a couple of seniors, they told me I was supposed to claim this invasion was mor'ly and legally all right. Well—" Here, by some chance, the recollection of a word of Dora's flickered into his chaotic mind, and he had a brighter moment. "My opponent said she proved all war is wrong—or something like that, anyhow. She said she proved it was wrong to fight, no matter what. Well, if she wasn't a girl, anybody that wanted to get her to fight could

(Continued on page 4)