



Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company.

# Ramsey Milholland

by Booth Tarkington  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

## SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is watching the "Decorated Day" parade in the town square. The old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil War, endeavors to impress the younger and to recall the significance of the great conflict, and his boy's words with starting 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 recitation of history. In contrast to Ramsey's backwardness is the precocity of little Dora Yocum, a young girl whom in his bitterness he denigrates as "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 attention of Miss Milholland, a young girl of about his own age and the acknowledged belle of the class. Milholland has the misfortune to fall into a trap while talking with Ramsey, and that youth promptly engages to rescue her. The water is only some three feet deep, but Milholland'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 Milholland "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," which being a very willing partner in the act, her fiancé Ramsey over the matter shortly afterward the girl, receding for a visit to Chicago. She leaves an endearing message for Ramsey, which adds to his feeling of melancholy.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Shortly after Milholland's departure, her friend, Sadie Clews, informs Ramsey that his inamorata has been married to her cousin and is not coming back, so that little romance is ended. Within a few months Ramsey and his closest friend, Fred Mitchell, go to the University of Chicago, the chief feeling being one of relief that he has got away from the defeated Dora. To his horror he finds she is also a student at the university, and that she has joined a debating society. Ramsey is chosen as Dora's opponent in a debate dealing with the matter of Germany's right to invade Belgium. Dora being assigned the negative side of the argument. Partly on account of his feelings toward Dora, and his natural nervousness, he makes a miserable showing and Dora carries off the honors. A brash youngster named Linski objects to the showing made by Ramsey and becomes personal in his remarks. The matter ends with Ramsey, in the university vernacular, giving Linski a "peach of a punch on the snout."

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Dora appears to have made a decided hit with her fellow students, to Ramsey's supreme wonderment. A rumor of his "affair" with the little Milholland spreads and he gets the reputation of a man of experience and a "woman hater."

**CHAPTER IX.**—The story comes to the spring of 1918 and the sinking of the Lusitania. The university is stirred to its depths. Faculty and student societies alike wire the government offering their services in the war which they believe to be inevitable. Dora, holding the belief that all war is wrong, sees with horror the spirit of the students, which is an intense desire to call Germany to account. Dora seeks Ramsey and endeavors to impress him with her pacifist views.

**CHAPTER X.**—Miss Yocum's appeal somewhat disconcerts Ramsey, especially as the girl seems to place some real value on his opinions, and his feelings toward her are somewhat vague.

**CHAPTER XI.**—After the vacation period, Dora makes an impressive speech before the debating society, denouncing every form of militarism as wrong. She is decidedly in the minority, but makes a brave fight to stem the tide of feeling which she perceives is sweeping the country toward war.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Not altogether to Fred Mitchell's surprise, Ramsey and Dora continue to meet, though Ramsey insists their talk is academic and nothing else. The feeling that the United States must take part in the war grows in the university.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Mitchell, a leader among the students, becomes bitter in his condemnation of the attitude of congress toward participation in the conflict in Europe, announcing his intention of seeking service under some other flag rather than continue to do nothing. Dora accuses him to Ramsey of being a "fire-brand," and the latter is forced to admit he thinks his friend is right. The ingenuit girl declares their acquaintanceship ended.

"Oh, I know," she said. "A man—or a boy—always hates to be intruding his own convictions upon other men, especially in a case like this, where he might be afraid of some idiot's thinking him unmanly. But Ramsey—" Suddenly she broke off and looked at him attentively; his discomfort had become so obvious that suspicion struck her. She spoke sharply. "Ramsey, you aren't dreaming of doing such a thing, are you?"

"What such a thing?"

"Fred hasn't influenced you, has he? You aren't planning to go with him, are you?"

"Where?"

"To join the Canadian aviation."

"No, I hadn't thought of doing it." She sighed again, relieved. "I had a queer feeling about you just then—that you were thinking of doing some such thing. You looked so odd—and you're really so quiet, anybody might not really know what to think. But I'm not wrong about you, am I, Ramsey?"

They had come to the foot of the steps that led up to the entrance of



He Swallowed. "Yes."

bitterly. "I can't—I couldn't—speak to you again after this!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

It was easy enough for him to evade Fred Mitchell's ralyings these days; the sprig's mood was truculent, not toward his roommate but toward congress, which was less in fiery haste than he to be definitely at war with Germany.

All through the university the change had come; athletics, in other years spotlighted at the center of the stage, languished suddenly, threatened with abandonment; students working for senior honors forgot them; everything was forgotten except that growing thunder in the soil.

Several weeks elapsed after Dora's bitter dismissal of Ramsey before she was mentioned between the comrades. Then, one evening, Fred asked, as he restlessly paced their study floor:

"Have you seen your pacifist friend lately?"

"No. Not exactly. Why?"

"Well, for my part, I think she ought to be locked up," Fred said, angrily. "Have you heard what she did this afternoon?"

"No."

"It's all over college. She got up in

the class in jurisprudence and made a speech. It's a big class, you know, over two hundred, under Dean Burney. He's a great lecturer, but he's a pacifist—the only one on the faculty—and a friend of Dora's. They say he encouraged her to make this break and led the subject around so she could do it, and then called on her for an opinion, as the highest-stand student in the class. She got up and claimed there wasn't any such thing as a legitimate cause for war, either legally or morally, and said it was a sign of weakness in a nation for it to believe that it did have a cause for war.

"Well, it was too much for that little, spunky Joe Stansbury, and he jumped up and argued with her. He made her admit all the Germans have done to us, the sea murders and the land murders, the blowing up of factories, the propaganda, the strikes, trying to turn the United States into a German settlement, trying to get Japan and Mexico to make war on us, and all the rest. He even made her admit there was proof they mean to conquer us when they get through with the others, and that they've set out to rule the world for their own benefit, and make whoever else they kindly allow to live, work for them.

"She said it might be true, but since nothing at all could be a right cause for war, then all this couldn't be a cause for war. Of course she had her regular pacifist 'logic' working; she said that since war is the worst thing there is, why, all other evils were lesser, and a lesser evil can't be a just cause for a greater. She got terribly excited, they say, but kept right on, anyway. She said war was murder and there couldn't be any other way to look at it; and she'd heard there was already talk in the university of students thinking about enlisting, and whoever did such a thing was virtually enlisting to return murder for murder. Then Joe Stansbury asked her if she meant that she'd feel toward any student that enlisted the way she would toward a murderer, and she said, yes, she'd have a horror of any student that enlisted.

"Well, that broke up the class; Joe turned from her to the platform and told old Burney that he was responsible for allowing such talk in his lecture room, and Joe said so far as he was concerned, he resigned from Burney's classes right there. That started it, and practically the whole class got up and walked out with Joe. They said Burney stroked off home, and Dora was left alone in there, with her head down on her desk—and I guess she certainly deserves it. A good many have already stopped speaking to her."

Ramsey fidgeted with a pen on the table by which he sat. "Well, I don't know," he said, slowly. "I don't know if they ought to do that exactly."

"Why oughtn't they?" Fred demanded, sharply.

"Well, it looks to me as if she was only fightin' for her principles. She believes in 'em. The more it costs a person to stick to their principles, why, the more I believe the person must have something pretty fine about 'em likely."

"Yes," said the hot-headed Fred. "That may be in ordinary times, but not when a person's principles are liable to betray their country! We won't stand that kind of principles, I tell you, and we oughtn't to. Dora Yocum's floundering that out, all right. She had the biggest position of any girl in this place, or any boy either, up to this few weeks, and there wasn't any student or hardly even a member of the faculty that had the influence or was more admired and looked up to. She had the whole show! But now, since she's just the same as enlisted any student a murderer if he enlists to fight for his country and flag—well, now she hasn't got anything at all, and if she keeps on she'll have even less."

He paused in his walking to and fro and came to a halt behind his friend's chair, looking down compassionately upon the back of Ramsey's motionless head. His tone changed. "I guess it isn't just the ticket—me to be talking this way to you, is it?" he said, with a trace of huskiness.

"Oh—it's all right," Ramsey murmured, not altering his position.

"I can't help blowing up," Fred went on. "I want to say, though, I know I'm not very considerate to blow up about her to you this way. I've been playing horse with you about her ever since freshman year, but—well, you must have understood, Ram, I never meant anything that would really bother you much, and I thought—well, I really thought it was a good thing, you—you—well, I mean about her, you know. I'm on, all right, I know it's pretty serious with you." He paused.

"It's—it's kind of tough luck" his friend contrived to say; and he began to pace the floor again.

"Oh—well—" he said.

"See here, ole stick-in-the-mud," Fred broke out abruptly. "After her saying what she did— Well, it's none of my business, but—but—"

"Well, what?" Ramsey murmured.

"I don't care what you say, if you want to say anything."

"Well, I got to say it," Fred half growled and half blurted. "After she said that—and she meant it—why, if I were in your place I'd be darned if I'd be seen out walking with her again."

"I'm not going to be," Ramsey said, quietly.

"By George!" And now Fred halted in front of him, both being huskily solemn. "I think I understand a little of what that means to you, old Ramsey; I think I do. I think I know something of what it costs you to make that resolution for your country's sake." Impulsively he extended his hand, "It's a pretty big thing, for

you to do. Will you shake hands?"

But Ramsey shook his head. "I didn't do it. I wouldn't ever have done anything just on account of her talk—that way. She shut the door on me—it was a good while ago."

"She did! What for?"

"Well, I'm not much of a talker, you know, Fred," said Ramsey, starting at the pun he played with. "I'm not much of anything, for that matter, probably, but I—well—I—"

"You what?"

"Well, I had to tell her I didn't feel about things the way she did. She'd thought I had, all along, I guess. Anyway, it made her hate me or something, I guess; and she called it all off, so far as she was concerned, anyhow." He laughed feebly. "She told me I better go and enlist."

"Pleasant of her!" Fred muttered.

"Especially as we know what she thinks enlisting means." He raised his voice cheerfully. "Well, that's settled; and, thank God, old Mr. Bernstorff's on his way to his sweet little vine-clad cottage home! They're getting guns on the ships, and the big show's liable to commence any day. We can hold up our heads now, and we're going to see some great times, old Ramsey boy! It's hard on the home folks—Gosh! I don't like to think of that! And I guess it's going to be hard on a lot of boys that haven't understood what it's all about, and hard on some that their family affairs, and business, and so on, have got 'em tied up so it's hard to go—and of course there's plenty that just can't, and some that aren't husky enough—but the rest of us are going to have the big time in our lives. We got an awful lot to learn; it scares me to think of what I don't know about being any sort of a rear-rank private. Why, it's a regular profession, like practicing law, or selling for a drug house on the road."

"Golly! Do you remember how we talked about that, 'way back in freshman year, what we were going to do when we got out of college? You were going to be practicing law, for instance, and I—well, for instance, remember Colburn; he was going to be a doctor, and he did go to some medical school for one year. Now he's in the Red Cross, somewhere in Persia. Golly!"

He paused, then chattered briskly on. "Well, there's one good old boy was with our class for a while, back in freshman year; I bet we won't see him in any good old army! Old rough-neck Linski that you put the knob on his nose for. Tommie Hopper says he saw him last summer in Chicago soap-boxin', yellin' his head off cussin' every government under the sun, but mostly ours and the allies', you bet, and going to run the earth by revolution and representatives of unskilled labor immigrants, nobody that can read or write allowed to vote, except Linski. Tommie Hopper says he knows all about Linski; he never did a day's work in his life—too busy trying to get the workmen stirred up against the people that exploit 'em! Tommie says he had a big crowd to hear him, though, and took up quite a little money for a 'cause' or something. Well, let him holler! I guess we can attend to him when we get back over yonder. By George, old Ram, I'm gettin' kind of floppy in the gills!" He administered a resounding slap to his comrade's shoulder. "It certainly looks as if our big days were walking toward us!"

He was right. The portentous days came on apace, and each one brought a new and greater portent. The faces of men lost a driven look besetting them in the days of bated breath waiting, and instead of that heavy apprehension one saw the look men's faces must have worn in 1776 and 1801, and the history of the old days grew clearer in the new. The President went to the congress, and the true indictment he made there reached scolding Potsdam with an unspoken prophecy somewhat chilling even to Potsdam, one guesses—and then through an April night went almost quietly the steady word; we were at war with Germany.

The bugles sounded across the continent; drums and fifes played up and down the city streets and in town and village squares and through the countryside. Faintly in all ears there was a multitudinous noise like distant, hoarse cheering . . . and a sound like that was what Dora Yocum heard, one night, as she sat lonely in her room. The bugles and fifes and drums had been heard about the streets of the college town, that day, and she thought she must die of them, they cut her so, and now to be haunted by imaginary cheering—

She started. Was it imaginary?

(To be continued)

WITHOUT STREET ADDRESS  
YOUR MAIL IS DELAYED  
AT OFFICE OF DELIVERY

The Dead Letter Office has been in existence ever since Ben Franklin started our postal service. Even then people addressed mail to Mr. Ezekiel Southers, "Atlantic Coast," and expected Ben to know just where Zeka lived.

Perhaps they had Zeka's address in letters up in the garret, maybe a chest full of 'em, but then it was easier to let Ben hunt Zeka. Today people are addressing letters to John Smith, New York, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill., thinking Uncle Sam can locate him, which is just as incomplete as was Zeka's address of yore. The Postoffice Department asks you to put the number and street in the address. It helps you.

## DELAYED HONORS FOR RICHARDSON

COMMANDER OF AMERICAN FORCE IN NORTH RUSSIA FINALLY IS GIVEN HIS MEDAL.

## PERFORMED DIFFICULT TASK

Secretary of War Weeks Takes Occasion Also to Allude to This Officer's Remarkably Valuable Engineering Work in Alaska.

By EDWARD B. CLARK

Washington.—In the office of the secretary of war a day or two ago, Col. Wilds P. Richardson, who held the rank of brigadier general during the great war, and who was the commander of the American troops at Murmansk and Archangel, North Russia, toward the end of the year 1918 and in the subsequent fighting between the allies and the Bolsheviki, was decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal of the United States.

In presenting the medal Secretary of War Weeks not only dwelt upon the services of the recipient in North Russia, but spoke of the commanding work which he had done in Alaska during twenty years' service there when he was engaged for almost all the time in the work of constructing roads and trails. Colonel Richardson has been an officer of the infantry during his entire army career of forty-three years, but like all West Pointers he is a trained engineer and it was his engineering ability which brought high commendation while he was in Alaska.

The writer of this was present at the ceremony of decorating Colonel Richardson, for the two were classmates at West Point. I make no excuse for telling something of the services of this great soldier of the American army, nor do I make any excuse for writing him the distinguished Service Medal which he deserved for his high work in North Russia.

The War department does not do all things quickly. There are some officers to whom it is still the intention to give decorations which they won for services, but yet who do not know the hour, or the day, or even the month when they will be conferred.

## Subordinate Decorated First.

It is rather curious to note that while Colonel Richardson was recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal as soon as his work in North Russia was completed, it was not conferred upon him until after another medal of the same kind had been given to one of his subordinates upon the recommendation of Colonel Richardson, the subordinate having done fine work, but of course having done it under the direction of his commanding officer. This sort of thing has happened in the service on one or two occasions, but the authorities are trying to prevent the repetition of such happenings which in their nature are grotesque.

Some day the military story of what our soldiers did in the Archangel sector will be given to the world. There were international complications and there are still perhaps some international reasons why the military history of the American expedition should not be told until a little later, but the people can be assured that when the whole story of this expedition is given to the public, it will be one of the most interesting chapters of the World's war.

## Difficult Work Well Done.

The citation which accompanied the Distinguished Service Medal which was given Colonel Richardson declared that the decoration was conferred for exceptional meritorious and distinguished service as commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces in North Russia. Then there was added a statement to the effect that in his skillful handling of many difficult situations Richardson had performed a signal service for his government.

In that part of the citation which speaks of the skillful handling of many difficult situations perhaps it is to be found one reason why as yet the intimate history of the troubles in North Russia, which brought about allied intervention, and the subsequent appearance of United States troops in the northern field, has not been given to the public.

The Americans not only handled difficult situations skillfully in North Russia, but they did considerable fighting. General Pershing assigned Richardson to the work in North Russia, not only because of his known ability as an army officer, but because he was accustomed to the ways of the northern peoples. It may seem a bit curious to some persons, but the twenty years' experience of this American soldier in Alaska was of extraordinary value to him when he entered the field in North Russia and did his work, which was a combination of fighting, construction and conciliation.

The American soldiers of the Archangel expedition probably will be given a special ribbon for that service. They suffered many hardships of various kinds and they fought just as well as American troops fought elsewhere, and it should be remembered that this in large part was after the signing of the armistice in November, 1918.

## Congress Misled by Propaganda.

Members of congress apparently do not know all that is going on in this country of ours. Just now they are being importuned to

enact legislation which will wipe out most of the means of defense which the country has against future possible aggression by an alien enemy, or against insurrection or an attempt to communize this country from within.

Now it must not be understood that the kind of petition which congressmen receive is expressed in words which would lead them to know what the real object of the petitioners is. The plea is simply for "high patriotic and peace endeavor." Hundreds of thousands of Americans are being deceived today in this matter of so-called disarmament endeavor. There is in Washington an organization which represents thirty-five or forty associations and which is doing what it can to "Chinafy" the United States. It has propagandists at work throughout the country as well as in Washington.

Congress seems to believe that because the number of organizations which are at work in this matter is so great, they represent the majority of the people of the United States, and congress, always timid, perhaps is willing to yield for the sake of votes.

## Lette From Radical Leader.

Here is a photostat copy of a letter written by one of the leaders of this movement. Of course a letter of this kind is not sent to members of congress. I have the address and the name of the writer. The letter follows:

"My dear—"

"I have your note of Feb. 15th asking my opinion of Ida Tarbell's article backing the use of Poison Gas. Between the silence of despair at such a position on the part of a woman and a length discussion answering Miss Tarbell point by point, there remains little to be said. I am a radical. I believe war rests on our present economic basities. I believe that the competitive system means commercial and industrial war inevitably leading to bloody war. Until we have established co-operation in the making and distributing of the world's production which includes both the necessities and luxuries used by man, we shall have intensive activity on the part of nation against nation to gain trade centers and spheres of influence until finally the struggle is carried to the military activity. I have no confidence in anything short of revolution, peaceful by all means, if possible, bloody, if necessary, in every land, resulting in the establishment of the communistic idea in some form, to do away with war. When production is for use alone and not for profits; when the earth belongs to all men rather than a few men, there will be no bone of contention resulting in bloody contests. Until then war is inevitable and as nothing stands still is bound to change in its manner of being waged. One might as well talk of beautifying hell as civilizing warfare. If poison gas were abolished somehow; more devilish would be discovered.

## Would Follow Russian Example.

"The pathetic part of Ida Tarbell's attitude as expressed in the article is not so much her advocacy of poison gas on scientific grounds as it is that as well trained a mind as hers should not be more interested in the science that underlies the uprooting of the causes of war rather than in the science that promotes this or that weapon of warfare. Women should stop short of nothing but the full abolition of war. They give life at the greatest cost. And this life can only be preserved by the greatest wisdom which is to see on what foundations war rests; pull the support from under it and go about the building of the new world as Russia is painfully trying to do. War and economics are so bound together that they cannot be considered apart. And Ida Tarbell is supposed to be an economist or a spoliator or an investigator along these lines. Why then does she not let the use or abolition of this or that method of warfare be the concern of the shallow-minded mob who always confuse cause and effect, rather than stand with the philosophers and wise few who would kill the Monster with all her litter by destroying the force that gave War Birth.

"Very truly yours,

It will be noticed that this "intellectual lady" wants a revolution, bloody if necessary, and that she believes that we must "go about the building of the new world as Russia is painfully trying to do."

It is men and women of this type who today, concealing the Red revolution nature of their real intentions, are endeavoring to influence congressmen to cut the navy of the United States down to the point of uselessness in time of danger and virtually to wipe out the army.

## Deserved That Doughnut.

Junior's mother "was baking doughnuts, and he had been given all that was good for him. Upon asking for another it was denied him and he reluctantly went out to play. In a little while the man from the grocery came with a sack of flour on his shoulder. Junior following him into the house and saw his mother give him a nice big doughnut. He said nothing, but went out to play again. In a few minutes he rapped on the door and was invited to come in, whereupon he opened the door and said, 'Hello, I am the grocery man, and here is your groceries, now where is my doughnut?'"

## Quite the Reverse.

"A man isn't so apt to blab about his age as a woman, but he evens up the score when telling about his salary," remarks an exchange. True, but he rarely understates his salary as a woman does her age.—Boston Transcript.