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# Ramsey Milholland

## By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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### OUT WALKING.

Synopsis.—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is visiting the "Decorations Day Parade" in the home town. The old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil War, endeavors to impress the youngster with the significance of the great conflict, and many years afterward the boy was to remember his words with startling vividness. In the schoolroom, a few years afterward, Ramsey is not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his pronounced dislikes are arithmetic, "Recitations" and German. In sharp contrast to Ramsey's backwardness is the precocity of little Dora Yocum, a young lady whom in his bitterness he denominates "Teacher's Pet." In high school, where he and Dora are classmates, Ramsey continues to feel that the girl delights to manifest her superiority, and the vindictiveness he generates becomes alarming, culminating in the resolution that some day he will "show" her. At a class picnic Ramsey is captured and bearded by Milla Rust, the class beauty, and endures the agonies of his first love.

### CHAPTER V.

The next morning Ramsey came into his father's room while Mr. Milholland was shaving, an hour before church time, and it became apparent that the son had something on his mind, though for a while he said nothing.

"Did you want anything, Ramsey?"

"Well—"

"Didn't want to borrow my razors?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Milholland chuckled. "I hardly supposed so seriously! Shaving is a great nuisance and the longer you keep away from it the better. And when you do, you let my razors alone, young feller!"

"Yes, sir." (Mr. Milholland's razors were safe. Ramsey had already achieved one of his own, but he practiced the art in secret.)

"What is it you really want, Ramsey?"

"I guess I don't want anything."

"Money?"

"No, sir. You gay' me some Friday."

Mr. Milholland turned from his mirror and looked over the edge of a towel at his son. In the boy's eyes there was such a dumb agony of interrogation that the father was a little startled.

"Why, what is it, Ramsey? Have you—?" He paused, frowning and wondering. "You haven't been getting into some mess you want to tell me about, have you?"

"No, sir."

His tone was meek, but a mute distress lurked within it, bringing to the father's mind disturbing suspicions, and foreshadowings of indignation and of pity. "See here, Ramsey," he said, "if there's anything you want to ask me, or to tell me, you'd better out with it and get it over. Now, what is it?"

"Well—it isn't anything."

"Are you sure?"

Ramsey's eyes fell before the severe and piercing gaze of his father. "Yes, sir."

Mr. Milholland shook his head doubtfully; then, as his son walked slowly out of the room, he turned to complete



"And When You Do, You Let My Razors Alone, Young Feller!"

his toilet in a somewhat uneasy frame of mind. Ramsey had undoubtedly wanted to say something to him and the boy's expression had shown that the matter in question was serious, distressing, and, it might be, critical.

In fact it was—to Ramsey. Having begun within only the last few hours to regard haberdashery as of vital importance, and believing his father to be possessed of the experience and authority lacking in himself, Ramsey had come to get him to settle a question which had been upsetting him badly, in his own room, since breakfast. What he wanted to know was: Whether it was right to wear an extra handker-

chief showing out of the coat breast-pocket or not, and, if it was right—ought the handkerchief to have a colored border or to be plain white? But he had never before brought any such perplexities to his father, and found himself too diffident to set them forth.

However, when he left the house a few minutes later, he boldly showed an inch of purple border above the pocket; then, as he saw himself about to encounter several old lady pedestrians, he blushed and thrust the handkerchief down into deep concealment. Having gone a block farther, he pulled it up again; and so continued to operate this badge of fashion, or unfashion, throughout the morning; and suffered a great deal thereby.

Meantime, his father, rather relieved that Ramsey had not told his secret, whatever it was, dismissed the episode from his mind and joined Mrs. Milholland at the front door, ready for church.

"Where's Ramsey?" he asked.

"He's gone ahead," she answered, buttoning her gloves as they went along. "I heard the door quite a little while ago. Perhaps he went over to walk down with Charlotte and Vance. Did you notice how neat he looks this morning?"

"Why, no, I didn't; not particularly. Does he?"

"I never saw anything like it before," said Mrs. Milholland. "He only has three neckties, but I saw him several times in each of them. He must have kept changing and changing. I wonder—"

"I'm glad he's begun to take a little care of his appearance at last. I'll have to take a look at him and give him a word of praise. I suppose he'll be in the pew when we get there."

But Ramsey wasn't in the pew; and Charlotte, his sister, and her husband, who were there, said they hadn't seen anything of him. It was not until the members of his family were on their way home after the services that they caught a glimpse of him.

They were passing a church a little distance from their own; here the congregation was just emerging to the open, and among the sedate throng descending the broad stone steps appeared an accompanied Ramsey—and a red, red Ramsey he was when he beheld his father and mother and sister and brother-in-law staring up at him from the pavement below. They were kind enough not to come to an absolute halt, but passed slowly on, so that he was just able to avoid parading up the street in front of them.

In hoarse whispers, Mrs. Milholland chided her husband for an exclamation he had uttered. "John! On Sunday! You ought to be ashamed."

"I couldn't help it," he exclaimed. "Who on earth is his clinging vine? Why, she's got lavender tops on her shoes and—"

"Don't look round!" she warned him sharply. "Don't—"

"Well, what's he doing at a Baptist church? What's he fidgeting at his handkerchief about? Why can't he walk like people? Does he think it's obligatory to walk home from church anchored arm-in-arm like Swedes on a Sunday Out? Who is this cow-eyed fat girl that's got him, anyhow?"

"Hush! Don't look round again, John."

"Never fear!" said her husband, having disobeyed. "They've turned off; they're crossing over to Bullard street. Who is it?"

"I think her name's Rust," Mrs. Milholland informed him. "I don't know what her father does. She's one of the girls in his class at school. It would be pleasant if he'd taken a fancy to someone whose family belongs to our own circle."

"Taken a fancy!" he echoed, hooting. "Why, he's terrible! He looked like a red-gilled goldfish that's fopped itself out of the bowl. Why, he—"

"I say I wish if he felt that he had to take girls anywhere," said Mrs. Milholland, with the primmest air of speaking to the point—"if this sort of thing must begin, I wish he might have selected some nice girl among the daughters of our own friends, like Dora Yocum, for instance."

Upon the spot she began to undergo the mortifications of a mother who has expected her son, just out of infancy, to look about him with the eye of a critical matron of forty-five. Moreover, she was indiscreet enough to express her views to Ramsey, a week later, producing thus a scene of useless great fury and no little sound.

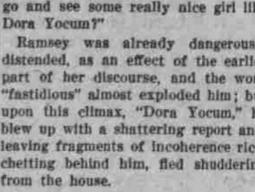
"I do think it's in very poor taste to see so much of any one girl, Ramsey," she said, and, not heeding his protest that he only walked home from school with Milla, "about every other day," and that it didn't seem any crime to him just to go to church with her a couple of times, Mrs. Milholland went on: "But if you think you really must be dangling around somebody quite this much—though what in the world you find to talk about with this funny little Milla Rust your poor father says he really cannot see—and of course it seems very queer to us now when your mind ought to be entirely on your studies, and especially with such an absurd looking little thing—"

"No, you must listen, Ramsey, and let me speak now. What I meant was

that we shouldn't be quite so much distressed by your being seen with a girl who dressed in better taste and seemed to have some notion of refinement, though of course it's only natural she wouldn't, with a father who is just a sort of ward politician, I understand, and a mother we don't know, and of course shouldn't care to. But, oh, Ramsey! If you had to make yourself so conspicuous why couldn't you be a little bit more fastidious? Your father wouldn't have minded nearly so much if it had been a self-respecting, intellectual girl. We both say that if you must be so ridiculous at your age as to persist in seeing more of one girl than another, why, oh, why, don't you go and see some really nice girl like Dora Yocum?"

Ramsey was already dangerously distended, as an effect of the earlier part of her discourse, and the word "fastidious" almost exploded him; but upon this climax, "Dora Yocum," he blew up with a shattering report and, leaving fragments of incoherence ricocheting behind him, fled shuddering from the house.

For the rest of the school term he walked home with Milla every afternoon and on Sundays appeared to have



Evening After Evening They Walked and Walked and Walked.

become a resolute Baptist. It was supposed (by the interested members of the high-school class) that Ramsey and Milla were "engaged." Ramsey sometimes rather supposed they were himself, and the dim idea gave him a sensation partly pleasant, but mostly apprehensive; he was afraid.

He was afraid that the day was coming when he ought to kiss her.

### CHAPTER VI

Vacation, in spite of increased leisure, may bring inconvenience to people in Ramsey's strange but not uncommon condition. At home his constant air was that of a badgered captive plaintively silent under injustice; and he found it difficult to reply calmly when asked where he was going—an inquiry addressed to him, he asserted, every time he touched his cap, even to hang it up!

The amount of evening walking he did must also have been a trial to his nerves, on account of fatigue, though the ground covered was not vast. Milla's mother and father were friendly people, but saw no reason to "move out of house and home," as Mr. Rust said, when Milla had "callers"; and on account of the intimate plan of their small dwelling a visitor's only alternative to spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Rust as well as with Milla, was to invite her to "go out walking."

Evening after evening they walked and walked and walked, usually in company—at perhaps the distance of half a block—with Albert Paxton and Sadie Clews, though Ramsey now and then felt disgraced by having fallen into this class; for sometimes it was apparent that Albert casually had his arm about Sadie's waist. This allured Ramsey somewhat, but terrified him more. He didn't know how such matters were managed.

Usually the quartet had no destination; they just went "out walking" until ten o'clock, when both girls had to be home—and the boys did, too, but never admitted it. On Friday evenings there was a "public open-air concert" by a brass band in a small park, and the four were always there.

Ramsey kisses Milla and fate steps in to separate them and "everything's all over."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On That Condition Only. Local Paper — "Unusually large, handsomely furnished room, with bath accommodating three." We should want the faucet end of the tub.—Boston Transcript.

**HAS FIRST WELL DAY IN 6 YEARS**

Huntington Citizen Could Neither Sleep Nor Eat With Any Satisfaction Before He Got Tanlac.

"Before taking Tanlac I had not seen a well day in six years," said W. R. Peoples, 325 22nd St., Huntington, W. Va.

"It seemed like I had lost my health for good. I could neither sleep nor eat with satisfaction. I was badly run down, nervous, had no appetite and had to force down every mouthful I ate. Even then my food soured. I would fill up with gas until I had intense pains in my stomach and chest. Headache almost drove me mad, rheumatism in my arms, shoulder and hips kept me in pain all the time, and I had to force myself to work."

"Tanalac went right after my troubles. On four bottles I gained ten pounds and the rheumatism and stomach trouble soon left me. My wife has given a statement about the good Tanlac did her, and I am glad to add my endorsement of this wonderful medicine."

Tanalac is sold by all good druggists.

### BIBLE ASCRIBED TO SATAN

Evil One Declared to Have Assisted Monk to Perform Work, for a Fearful Price.

One of the most famous copies of the Scriptures in existence is the one which bears the curious title, "The Devil's Bible." It is an exquisite piece of workmanship, inscribed on 300 asses' skins, and was taken to Stockholm at the conclusion of the Thirty Years' war.

According to tradition this Bible was the work of a poor monk who was condemned to death for some defect, but was told that the sentence would be commuted if he would copy out on asses' skins the entire Bible in a single night. He agreed to try to do it but, finding the task too great, made a compact with the devil to exchange his soul for the required transcript. The devil kept his part of the bargain, and the work was finished on time. The monk's life was spared by his marveling judges, but tradition is silent as to how he kept his end of the agreement.

Lost Them Since. Bobbie—How did ye hurt yer hand? Been fightin'?

Eddie—Yep. Those were awful sharp teeth Sammy Jones used to have.—Life.

Daily Thought. Truly there is a tide in the affairs of men; but there is no Gulf stream setting forever in one direction.—Lowell.

Increases in Fact. Wife—"Marriage soon ceases to be a matter of billing and cooing." Hubby—"Oh, the billing part continues all right."

Next Day, All Right. She (during spat)—It's a story for you to say I grabbed you up quick. You know very well that when you proposed I didn't say "yes" until the next day.

He—That's right, you didn't. I proposed at 11:50 p. m. and you accepted me at 12:01 the next morning.—Boston Transcript.

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**Her Time Taken Up Now.** Brother, a year younger than Ethel, had fallen down and she had helped him up and brushed his clothes in a motherly fashion when along came another and radiantly announced, "How would you like a new baby sister?" Ethel glared at her indignantly and then hotly flashed, "Say, aunty, don't you think I have enough on my hands now with brother without taking care of any extras?"

### A REWARD OF \$5,000.00

Would be a small amount to pay for saving a man's life. If you could save your life for a dollar bill would you hesitate to spend it? You risk your life every time you drive your car in the rain because you can't see through your windshield. A dollar bill sent to the Baltimore Sea-Thru Corporation, Baltimore, Maryland, will ensure you having a clear windshield for the next three years, as their preparation is guaranteed to keep your glass as clear as a summer's day. Nothing like it on the market. One application will last as long as a rain storm even if it lasts a month. It is absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Send for it today and be prepared for the next rain storm.—Advertisement.

Letting Him In. "Well, well, young gentlemen!" exclaimed the affable old person. "I'd give a great deal to be able to join in your sport."

"Stick around, grandpop," said one sturdy youngster. "If we knock this ball through somebody's window we'll let you go for it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Shave With Cuticura Soap. And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving bathing and shampooing.—Advertisement.

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