

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLII

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1916

NO. 23

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—N. Main St.—Jas. W. Rose, Pastor.
Preaching services every first and third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

Grace Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Truitt.
Preaching services every second and fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. J. C. Trout, Pastor.
Preaching every second and fourth Sunday nights at 8.00 o'clock.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent.
Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7.45 o'clock.

Friends—North of Graham Public School—J. Robert Parker, Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—cor. Main and Maple St., H. E. Myers, Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

Methodist Protestant—College St., West of Graham Public School, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor.
Preaching every first, third and fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and every first, third, fourth and fifth Sundays at 7.00 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. B. Cook, Supt.

Presbyterian—Wat Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.
Presbyterian (Travosa Chapel)—J. W. Clegg, pastor.
Preaching every second and fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Harvey White, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 9.30 p. m.—J. V. Pomeroy, Superintendent.

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THE TURMOIL

NOVEL BY BOOTH TARKINGTON
AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN" "PENROD" ETC.

CHAPTER I—Sheridan's attempt to make a business deal with Bibbs.

CHAPTER II—On his return Bibbs is met at the station by his sister Edith.

CHAPTER III—He finds himself in an uncomfortable and unconsidered figure in the presence of the young woman who has just seen Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

CHAPTER IV—It was a brave and lustrous banquet; and a noisy one, too, because there was an orchestra among some plants at one end of the long dining room, and after a preliminary stiffness the guests were impelled to converse—necessarily at the tops of their voices. The whole company of fifty sat at a great oblong table, a continent of crystal and silver running up to spreading groves of orchids and lilies and white roses—an inhabited continent, evidently, for there were three marvelous, gleaming buildings; one in the center and one at each end, white miracles wrought by some inspired craftsman in sculptural form.

The arrangement of the table was chiefly baronial. At the head sat the great Thane, with the flower of his family and of the guests about him; then on each side came the neighbors of the "old" house, grading down to vassals and retainers—superintendents, cashiers, heads of departments, and the like—at the foot, where the Thane's lady took her place as a consolation for the less important. Here, too, among the thralls and bondmen, sat Bibbs Sheridan, a meek Banquo, wondering how anybody could look at him and eat.

Nevertheless, there was a vast, continuous eating and the talk went on with the eating, incessantly. It rose over the throbbing of the orchestra and the clatter and clinking of silver and china and glass, and there was a mighty babble.

And through the interstices of this clamoring Bibbs could hear the continual booming of his father's heavy voice, and once he caught the sentence, "Yes, young lady, that's just what I did for me, and that's just what I do for my boys—they got to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before!" It was his familiar flourish, an old story to Bibbs, and now joyfully declared for the edification of Mary Vertrees.

It was a great night for Sheridan—the very crest of his wave. His big, smooth, red face grew more and more radiant with good will and with the simplest, blippiest, most boyish vanity. He was the picture of health, of good cheer, and of power on a holiday.

He dominated the table, shouting jocular questions and rallies at everyone. His idea was that when people were having a good time they were noisy; and his own additions to the hubbub increased his pleasure, and, of course, me the pleasure of his guests. He kept time to the music continually—with his feet, or pounding on the table with his fist, and sometimes with spoon or knife upon his plate or a glass, without permitting these side-products to interfere with the real business of eating and shouting.

Then to play "Nancy Lee" he would follow down the length of the table to his wife, while the musicians were in the midst of the "Toreador" song, perhaps. "Ask that fellow if they don't know 'Nancy Lee'!" And when the leader would shake his head apologetically in answer to an obdurate shriek from Mrs. Sheridan, the "Toreador" continuing vehemently, Sheridan would roar half-remembered fragments of "Nancy Lee," naturally mingling some Bizet with the air of that uxorious tribute.

No external bubbling contributed to this effervescence; the Sheridan's table had never borne wine, and more because of timidity about it than conviction. It bore none now. And certainly no wine could have inspired more turbulent good spirits in the host. Not even Bibbs was an ally in this night's happiness, for as Mrs. Sheridan had said, he had "plans for Bibbs"—plans which were going to straighten out some things that had gone wrong.

So he pounded the table and boomed his echoes of old songs, and then, forgetting these, would renew his friendly rallies, or perhaps, turning to Mary Vertrees, who sat near him, round the corner of the table at his right, he would become autobiographical. Gentlemen less naive than he had paid her that tribute, for she was a girl who inspired the autobiographical impulse in every man who met her—it needed but the sight of her.

The dinner seemed, somehow, to center about Mary Vertrees and the jocular host as a play centers about its hero and heroine; they were the rubicund king and the stary princess of this spectacle—they paid court to each other, and everybody paid court to them. Down near the sugar pump works, where Bibbs sat, there was audible speculation and admiration. "Wonder who that lady is—makin' such a hit with the old man." "Must be some heiress." "Heffers? Golly, I guess I

could stand it to marry rich, them!" Edith and Sibyl were radiant; at first they had watched Miss Vertrees with an almost haggard anxiety, wondering what disastrous effect Sheridan's pastoral gayeries—and other things—would have upon her, but she seemed delighted with everything, and with him most of all. She treated him as if he were some delicious, foolish old joke that she understood perfectly, laughing at him almost violently when he bragged—probably his first experience of that kind in his life. It enchanted him.

As he proclaimed to the table, she had "a way with her." She had, indeed, as Roscoe Sheridan, upon her right, discovered just after the feast began. Since his marriage three years before, no lady had bestowed upon him

so protracted a full view of brilliant eyes; and, with the look, his lovely neighbor said—and it was her first speech to him— "I hope you're very susceptible, Mr. Sheridan!"

Honest Roscoe was taken aback, and, "Why?" was all he managed to say.

She repeated the look deliberately, which was noted, with a mystification equal to his own, by his sister across the table. No one, reflected Edith, could imagine Mary Vertrees the sort of girl who would "really flirt" with married men—she was obviously the "opposite of all that." Edith defined her as "throughbred," a "nice girl," and the look given to Roscoe was astounding. Roscoe's wife saw it, too, and she was another whom it puzzled—though not because its recipient was married.

"Because!" said Mary Vertrees, replying to Roscoe's monosyllable. "And also because we're next-door neighbors at table, and it's dull time about for both of us if we don't get along."

Roscoe was a literal young man, all stocks and bonds, and he had been brought up to believe that when a man married he "married and settled down." He knew that young married people might have friendships, like his wife's for Lamorn; but Sibyl and Lamorn were "settled"—they were always very matter-of-fact with each other. Roscoe would have been troubled if Sibyl had ever told Lamorn she hoped he was susceptible.

"Yes—we're neighbors," he said, awkwardly. "I live across the street."

"Why, no, she exclaimed, and seemed startled. "Your mother told me this afternoon that you lived at home." Slowly a deep color came into her cheek.

"No," he said, "my wife and I lived with the old folks the first year, but that's all. Edith and Jim live with them, of course."

"I see," she said, the deep color still deepening as she turned from him and saw, written upon a card before the gentleman at her left, the name, "Mr. James Sheridan, Jr." And from that moment Roscoe had little enough cause for wondering what he ought to reply to her disturbing coquetries.

Mr. James Sheridan had been anxiously waiting for the dazzling victor to get through with old Roscoe's and give a bachelor a chance. "Old Roscoe" was the younger, but he had always been the steady wheel-horse of the family. As his father habitually boasted, both brothers were "capable, hard-working young business men." Physically neither was of the height, breadth or depth of the father. Both wore young business men's mustaches, and either could have sat for the tallish lithographs of young business men wearing "rich suitings in dark mixtures."

repeating with interest the look wasted upon Roscoe. "I think you must be mistaken," she continued. "I think it's your brother who is blushing. I've thrown him into confusion."

"How?" She laughed, and then, leaning to him a little, said in a tone as confidential as she could make it, under cover of the apron, "By trying to begin with him a courtship I meant for you!"

This might well be a style new to Jim; and it was. He supposed it a nonsensical form of badinage, and yet it took his breath. He realized that he wished what she said to be the literal truth, and he was instantly smared by that realization.

"By George!" he said. "I guess you're the kind of girl that can say anything—yes, and get away with it, too!"

She laughed again—in her way, so that she could not tell whether she was laughing at him or at herself or at the nonsense she was talking; and she said: "But you see I don't care whether I get away with it or not. I wish you'd tell me frankly if you think I've got a chance to get away with you?"

"More like if you've got a chance to get away from me!" Jim was inspired to reply. "Not one in the world, especially after beginning by making fun of me like that."

"I mightn't be so much in fun as you think," she said, regarding him with sudden gravity.

"Well," said Jim, in simple honesty, "you're a funny girl!"

"Her gravity" continued an instant longer. "I may not turn out to be funny for you."

"So long as you turn out to be anything at all for me, I expect I can manage to be satisfied." And with that, to his own surprise, it was his turn to blush, whereupon she laughed again.

"I mightn't be so much in fun as you think," she said, regarding him with sudden gravity.

"Laugh!" she cried, gayly. "Why, it might be a matter of life and death! But if you want tragedy, I'd better put the question to you, considering the pleasure I made with your brother."

Jim was dazed. She seemed to be playing a little game of mockery and nonsense with him, but he had glimpses of a flashing danger in it; he was but too sensible of being "out-classed," and had somewhere a consciousness that he could never quite know this giddy and alluring lady, and he had been more straitly trained upon them than that of talking about things without mentioning them. Here in was marked the most vital difference between Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees, and their big neighbor, Sheridan, though his youth was of the same epoch, knew nothing of such matters. He had been chopping wood for the morning fire in the country grocery while they were still dancing.

It was after one o'clock when Mrs. Vertrees heard steps and the delicate clinking of the key in the lock, and then, with the opening of the door, Mary's laugh and, "Yes—if you aren't afraid—tomorrow!" and she rushed upstairs, bringing with her a breath of cold and bracing air into her mother's room. "Yes," she said, before Mrs. Vertrees could speak, "he brought me home!"

She let her cloak fall upon the bed, and drawing an old red-velvet rocking chair forward, sat beside her mother, after giving her a light pat upon the shoulder and a hearty kiss upon the cheek.

"Mamma!" Mary exclaimed, when Mrs. Vertrees had expressed a hope

that she had enjoyed the evening and had not caught cold. "Why don't you ask me?"

This inquiry obviously made her mother uncomfortable. "I don't," she faltered. "Ask you what, Mary?"

"How I got along and what he's like."

"Oh, it isn't distressing," said Mary. "And I got along so fast—"

"What to make of anything?" Mrs. Vertrees asked. "So that's all right! Now I'll tell you all about it. It was gorgeous and defensible and teetotal. We could have lived a year on it. I think the orchids alone would have lasted us a couple of months. There they were, before me, but I couldn't steal 'em and sell 'em, and so—well, I did what I could!"

She leaned back and laughed reassuringly to her troubled mother. "It seemed to be a success—what I could," she said, clasping her hands behind her neck and stirring the rocker to motion as a rhythmic accompaniment to her narrative. "The girl Edith and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan, were too anxious about the effect of things on me. The father's worth a bushel of both of them, if he knew it. He's what he is. I like him."

She paused, reflectively, continuing, "Edith's interested in that Lamorn boy; he's good-looking and not stupid,

At that Sheridan pounded the table till it jumped. "Look here, young lady! I'm trying to make Edith like him. I ought to respect him as a colleague."

"I don't understand a thing you're talking about," Mrs. Vertrees complained.

"All the better! Well, he's a bad lot, that Lamorn boy; everybody's always known that, but the Sheridans don't know the everybody that know. He's a green-eyed, Edith and Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan. She likes these people you wondered about at the theater the last time we went—dressed in ballgowns; bound to show their clothes and jewels somewhere! She flatters the father, and so did I, for that matter—but not that way. I treated him outrageously!"

"Mary," what flattered him. After dinner he made the whole regiment of us follow him all over the house, while he lectured like a guide on the Palestine. He gave dimensions and costs, and the whole 'billy' of 'em listened as if they thought he intended to make them a present of the house. What he was proudest of was the plumbing and that Bay of Naples panorama in the hall. He made us look at all the plumbing—bathrooms and everywhere else—and then he made us look at the Bay of Naples. He said it was a hundred and eleven feet long, but I think it's more. And he led us all into the ready-made library to see a poem Edith had taken a prize with at school. They'd had it printed in gold letters and framed in mother-of-pearl. But the poem itself was rather simple and quaint and nice—he read it to us, though Edith tried to stop him. She was modest about it, and said she'd never written anything else. And then, after a while, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan asked me to come across the street to her house with her—her husband and Edith and Mr. Lamorn and Jim Sheridan."

"Mrs. Vertrees 'sat up' for her daughter, Mrs. Vertrees having retired after a restless evening, not much soothed by the society of his Landseers. But Mrs. Vertrees had a long vigil of it."

She sat through the slow night hours in a stiff little chair under the gasolight in her own room, which was directly over the "front hall." There, book in hand, she employed the time in her own reminiscences, though it was her belief that she was reading Madame de Rensuats."

Her thoughts went backward into her life and into her husband's; and the deeper into the past they went, the brighter the pictures they brought her—and there is tragedy. Like her husband, she thought backward because she did not dare think forward definitely. What thinking forward this troubled couple ventured took the form of a slender hope which neither of them could have borne to bear put in words, and yet they had talked it over, day after day, from the very hour when they heard Sheridan was to build his new house next door. For—so quickly does any ideal of human behavior become an antique—their youth was of the innocent old days, so dead of "breeding" and "gentility," and no more written anything else. And then, after a while, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan asked me to come across the street to her house with her—her husband and Edith and Mr. Lamorn and Jim Sheridan."

"Mrs. Vertrees was shocked." "Jim" she exclaimed. "Mary, please—"

"Of course," said Mary. "I'll make it as easy for you as I can, mamma. Mr. James Sheridan, Jr. We went over there, and Mrs. Roscoe explained that the men were dying for a drink, though I noticed that Mr. Lamorn was the only one near death's door on that account. Edith and Mrs. Roscoe said they knew I'd been bored at the dinner; they were actually apologetic about it, and they actually said to think now we were going to have a 'good time' to make up for it. But I had been bored at the dinner, I had been amused; and the 'good time' at Mrs. Roscoe's was horribly, horribly stupid."

"But, Mary," her mother began, "is it—"

"Never mind, mamma, I'll say it. It is Mr. James Sheridan, Jr. stupid! I'm sure he's not at all stupid about business. Otherwise—Oh, what right have I to be calling people 'stupid' because they're not exactly my kind? On the big dinner table they had enormous icings models of the Sheridan building—"

"Oh no!" Mrs. Vertrees cried. "Surely not!"

"And two other things of that kind—I don't know what. But, after all, I wondered if they were so bad. Well, then, mamma, I managed not to feel superior to Mr. James Sheridan, Jr., because he didn't say anything out of place in the Sheridan building in sugar."

"Mrs. Vertrees' expression had lost none of its anxiety and she shook her head gravely. "My dear, dear child," she said, "it seems to me— It looks—I'm afraid—"

"Say as much of it as you can, mamma," said Mary, encouragingly. "I can get it, if you'll just give me one keyword."

"Everything you say," Mrs. Vertrees began, timidly, "seems to have the air of— It is as if you were seeking to—make yourself—"

"Oh, I see! You mean I sound as if I were trying to force myself to like him."

"Not exactly, Mary. That wasn't what I meant," said Mrs. Vertrees, speaking direct truth with perfect unconsciousness. "But you said that—that you found the latter part of the evening at young Mrs. Sheridan's unentertaining."

"And as Mr. James Sheridan was there, and I saw more of him than at dinner, and had a horribly stupid time in spite of that, you think I—"

"Oh, keep the peace!" he said, crossly. "That's off, of course."

"You haven't been making her see it this evening—precisely," said Sibyl, looking at him steadily. "You've talked to her for—"

"Heaven's sake," he began, "keep the peace!"

"Well, what have you just been doing?"

"Sibyl!" he said. "Listen to your father-in-law!"

Sheridan was booming and braying louder than ever, the orchestra having begun to play "The Rosary" to his great content.

"I count them over, la-tum-tum-tum," he roared, beating the measure with his fork. "Each hour a pearl, each pearl tea-dum-tum-dum—What's the matter of all you folks? Why'n't you sing? Miss Vertrees, I bet a thousand dollars you sing! Why'n't—"

"Mr. Sheridan," she said, turning cheerfully from the ardent Jim, "you don't know what you interrupted! Your son isn't used to my rough ways, and my soldier's wooting frightens him, but I think he was about to say something important."

"I'll say something important to him if he doesn't," the father threatened, more delighted with her than ever. "By gosh! if I was his age—or a widower right now—"

"Oh, wait!" cried Mary. "If they'd only make less noise! I want Mrs. Sheridan to hear."

"She'd tell me I was mighty slow if I couldn't get ahead of Jim. Why, when I was his age—"

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"She interrupted herself with a cheery outcry: 'Oh, I mustn't be calling him names! If he's trying to make Edith like him I ought to respect him as a colleague.'"

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mamma, the youngest one—"

"Did he speak of it?" Mrs. Vertrees asked, apprehensively.

"No. He didn't speak at all, that I saw, to anyone. I didn't meet him. But he isn't insane, I'm sure; or if he is, he has long intervals when he's not. Mr. James Sheridan mentioned that he lived at home when he was 'well enough,' and it may be he's only an invalid. He looks dreadfully ill, but he has pleasant eyes, and it struck me that if—if one were in the Sheridan family—she laughed a little ruefully—"he might be interesting to talk to sometimes, when there was too much stocks and bonds. I didn't see him after dinner."

"There's must be something wrong with him," said Mrs. Vertrees. "They'd have introduced him to a machine shop of some sort; I glanced at him just then and he was pathetic-looking enough before that, but the most tragic chance came over him. He seemed just to die, right there at the table!"

"Mr. Sheridan must be very unfeeling."

"No," said Mary, thoughtfully. "I don't think he is; but he might be uncomprehending, and certainly he's the kind of man to do anything he once sets out to do. But I wish I hadn't been looking at that poor boy just then! I'm afraid I'll keep remembering."

"I wouldn't," Mrs. Vertrees smiled faintly, and in her smile there was the remotest ghost of a gentler roughness. "I'd keep my mind on pleasanter things, Mary."

Mary laughed and nodded. "Yes, indeed! Plenty pleasant enough, and probably, if all were known, too good—even for me!"

And when she had gone Mrs. Vertrees drew a long breath, as if a burden were off her mind, and, smiling, began to undress in a gentle reverie.

TO BE CONTINUED

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY.

The British lines north of the Somme, northern France, are gradually being brought up to a level with those of the French further south. London announces the capture of Contalmaud, marking the progress in the work of crushing in the German salient extending from Thieuloy on the north to Montauban