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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.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. E. 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. E. Truitt. Preaching every second and fourth Sunday nights at 8.00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.—J. A. Baylitt, 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. B. Myers, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

Methodist Protestant—College St., West of Graham Public School, Rev. C. B. Williams, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and every first, third, fourth and fifth Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 4.15 a. m.—J. S. Cook, Supt.

Presbyterian—Wat Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

Presbyterian (Travara Chapel)—J. W. Clegg, pastor. Preaching every second and fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. V. Pomeroy, Superintendent.

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## THE MOON

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

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—Sheridan attempts to make a business man of his son Bibbs by sending him to the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanatorium, a nervous wreck.

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

**CHAPTER III**—He finds himself in considerable debt and unconcerned figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He sees Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

**CHAPTER IV**—The Vertrees, an old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, and afterward discuss them. Mary puts into words her doubts as to whether she should marry one of the Sheridans boys.

**CHAPTER V**—At the Sheridan house, a banquet Sheridan spreads himself. Mary looks at him with her attention, and Bibbs hears he is to be sent back to the machine shop.

**CHAPTER VI**—Mary tells her mother about the banquet and shows her mother by talking of Jim as a matrimonial possibility.

### CHAPTER VII.

Edith, glancing casually into the "ready-made" library, stopped abruptly, seeing Bibbs there alone. He was standing before the pearl-framed and gold-lettered poem, musingly inspecting it. He read it:

**FUGITIVE.**  
I will forget the things that sting:  
The leaching loam, the barbed wire,  
I know the very hands that fling  
The stones at me had never stirred  
To anger but for their own scars.  
They've suffered so, that's why they  
Strike.

I'll keep my heart among the stars  
Where none shall hurt it. Oh, like  
These wounded ones I must not be,  
Wounded, wounded, I might strike in turn  
So, none shall hurt me. Far and free  
Where my heart flies no one shall fear.

"Bibbs!" Edith's voice was angry, and her color deepened suddenly as she came into the room, preceded by a scent of violets much more powerful than that warranted by the actual bouquet of them upon the lapel of her coat.

Bibbs did not turn his head, but wagged it solemnly, seeming depressed by the poem. "Pretty young, isn't it?" he said. "There must have been something about your looks that got the prize, Edith; I can't believe the poem did it."

She glanced hurriedly over her shoulder and spoke sharply, but in a low voice: "I don't think it's very nice of you to bring it up at all, Bibbs. I didn't want them to frame it, and I wish to goodness papa'd quit talking about it; but here, that night, after the dinner, didn't he go and read it aloud to the whole crowd of 'em! I thought I'd die of shame!"

Bibbs looked grieved. "The poem isn't that bad, Edith. You see, you were only seventeen when you wrote it."

"Oh, hush up!" she snapped. "I wish I had burnt my fingers the first time I touched it. Then I might have had sense enough to leave it where it was. I had no business to take it, and I've been ashamed of it ever since."

"No, no," he said, comfortingly. "It was the very most flattering thing ever happened to me. It was almost my last light before I went to the machine shop, and it's pleasant to think somebody liked it enough to—"

"But I don't like it!" she exclaimed. "I don't even understand it—and papa made so much fuss over it getting the prize. Just hate it! The truth is I never dreamed it'd get the prize."

"You have to live it down, Edith. Perhaps abroad and under another name you might find—"

"Oh, hush up!" I'll hire someone to steal it and burn it the first chance I get." She turned away petulantly, moving to the door. "I'd like to think I could hope to hear the last of it before I die!"

"Edith!" he called, as she went into the hall.

"What's the matter?"

"I want to ask you: Do I really look better, or have you just got used to me?"

"What on earth do you mean?" she said, coming back as far as the threshold.

"When I first came you couldn't look at me." Bibbs explained, in his impersonal way. "But I've noticed you look at me lately. I wondered if I'd—"

"It's because you look so much better," she told him, cheerfully. "This month you've been here's done you a lot of good. Anybody could look at you now, Bibbs, and not get—"

"Well—almost that!" she laughed. "Every day's getting a better color on your face, Bibbs; you really are. You're really getting along splendidly. I'm afraid so," he said, ruefully. "Afrail so! Well, if you aren't the queerest! I suppose you mean father might send you back to the machine shop if you get well enough. I heard him say something about it the night of the banquet. 'Uniformed and belted'—the jingle of a machine belt. 'Bobby Lamhorn! I'm going to motor him out to look at a place in the country. Afternoon, Bibbs!'"

When she had gone, Bibbs mooned pessimistically from shelf to shelf, his eye wandering among the titles of the books. The library consisted almost entirely of handsome uniform-edition books. They made an effective decoration for the room, all these big, expensive books, with a glossy binding here and there twinkling a reflection of the flames that crackled in the splendid Gothic fireplace; but Bibbs had an impression that the bookseller who se-

runny." "Is he? How?" she asked. "He strikes me as anything but funny."

"Well, I'm his brother," Jim said, deprecatingly, "but I don't know what he's like, and, to tell the truth, I've never felt exactly like I was his brother, the way I do Roscoe. Nobody could ever get him to do anything; you can't get him to do anything now. He never had any life in him; and honestly, if he is my brother, I must say I believe Bibbs Sheridan is the laziest man God ever made! I hate to say it, but Bibbs Sheridan'll never amount to anything as long as he lives."

Mary looked thoughtful. "Is there any particular reason why he should?" she asked.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean that, do you? Don't you believe in a man's knowing how to earn his salt, no matter how much money his father's got? Hasn't the business of this world got to be carried on by everybody in it? Are we going to let the world go to the dogs and see other fellows get ahead of us? If we've got big things already, isn't it every man's business to go ahead and make 'em bigger? Isn't it his duty? Don't we always want to get bigger and bigger?"

"Yes—I don't know. But I feel rather sorry for your brother. He looked so lonely—and sick."

"He's getting better every day," Jim said. "Doctor Gurney says so. There's nothing much the matter with him, really—it's nine-tenths imaginary. 'Nerves!' People that are willing to be busy don't have nervous diseases, because they don't have time to imagine 'em."

"You mean his trouble is really mental?"

"Oh, he's not a lunatic," said Jim. "He's just queer. Sometimes he'll say something right bright, but half the time what he says is 'way off the subject, or else there isn't any sense to it at all. For instance, the other day I had him talk to one of the darkies in the hall. The darky asked him what time he wanted the car for his drive, and anybody else in the world would have just said what time they did want it, and that would have been all there was to it; but here's what Bibbs says, and I heard him with my own ears. 'What time do I want the car? He says, 'Well, now, that depends—that depends on the result of my lady's bowing to him upon no more formal introduction than the circumstance of his having caught her looking into his window a month before. It seemed to Bibbs that she must have meant to convey her forgiveness. Nor did he lack the impression that he had been wronged by her as he had been wronged by her. Her face glowing in the wind—and that look of gay friendliness tossed to him like a fresh rose in carnival.'"

By and by, upon a rising grade, the driver halted the car, then backed and tacked, and sent it forward again with a nose to the south and the smoke of the engine from the farm lands, and came, in the amber light of November late afternoon, to the farthest out-skirts of the city. The sky had become only a dingy thickening of the soiled air; and a roar and clangor of metals beat deafeningly on Bibbs' ears. Now the car passed two great blocks of long brick buildings, hideous in all ways possible to make them hideous. And big as these shops were, they were growing bigger, spreading over a third block, where two new structures were mushrooming to completion in some hasty cement process of a stability not over-reassuring. Bibbs pulled the rug closer about him, and not even the phantom of color was left upon his cheeks as he passed the place, for he knew it too well. Across the face of one of the buildings there was an enormous sign: "Sheridan Automatic Pump Company, Inc."

They then went through streets of wooden houses, all grimed, and adding their own grime from many a sooty chimney, and now Bibbs reached the thousand times windowless and fastidious, built on narrow lots and nudging one another crossly. Along these streets there were skinny shade trees, and here and there a forest elm or walnut had been left; but these were dying. Some people said it was the scale; some said it was the smoke; and that's the kind that borrows from the "improving" streets did; but Bibbs was in too big a hurry to bother much about trees.

Onward the car bore Bibbs through the older parts of the town where the few solid old houses not already demolished were in transition; some were being made into apartment buildings; and that's the way you ought to be, of course.

"Thank you, Mr. Sheridan," she laughed.

"See here!" he cried. "Isn't there any way for us to get over this Mister and Miss thing? A month or two thirty-one days in it; I've managed to be with you a part of pretty near all the thirty-one, and I think you know how I feel by this time—"

She looked panic-stricken immediately. "Oh, no," she protested, quickly. "No, I don't, and—"

"Yes, you do," he said, and his voice shook a little. "You couldn't help knowing."

"But I do!" she denied, hurriedly. "I do help knowing, I mean—Oh, wait!"

"What for? You do know how I feel, and you—well, you've certainly wanted me to feel that way—or else pretended—"

"Now, now," she lamented. "You're spoiling such a cheerful afternoon!"

"Spilling it!" He slowed down the car and turned his face to her squarely.

"See here, Miss Vertrees, haven't you—and when he had complied she faced him as squarely as he evidently desired her to face him. "Listen. I don't want you to go on, sharply."

"Why not?" he asked, sharply.

"I don't know."

"You mean it's just a whim?"

"I don't know," she repeated. Her voice was low and troubled, and her eyes were cast down. "I don't think I ever shall tell any man that—or ever know what it means. I'm in earnest, Mr. Sheridan."

"Then you—you've been flirting with me?" Poor Jim looked both furious and crestfallen.

"Not one bit!" she cried. "Not one word! Not one syllable! I've meant every single thing!"

"Of course you don't!" she said. "Of course you don't!"

"Now, Mr. Sheridan, I want you to start the car. Now! Thank you. Slowly, till I finish what I want to say. I have not courted you. One thing more, and then I want you to take me straight home, talking about the weather all the way. I said that I do not believe I shall ever 'care' for any man, and that is true. I doubt the existence of the kind of 'caring' we hear about in poems and plays and novels. I think it must be just a kind of emotional feck—most of it. At all events, I don't feel it. Now, we can go faster, please."

"Just where does that let me out?" he demanded. "How does that excuse you for—"

"It isn't an excuse," she said, gently, and gave him one final look, wholly desolate. "I haven't said I should never marry."

"What?" Jim gasped.

She inclined her head in a broken sort of acquiescence, very humble, unfathomably sorrowful.

"I promise nothing," she said, faintly.

"You needn't!" shouted Jim, radiant and exultant. "You needn't! By George, I knew you'd square; that's enough for me! You wait and promise whenever you're ready!"

"Don't forget what I asked," she begged him.

"Talk about the weather? I will! God bless the old weather!" cried the happy Jim.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

Through the open country Bibbs was borne flying between brown fields and sun-flecked groves of gray trees, to breathe the rushing, clean air beneath a glorious sky. Upon Bibbs' cheeks there was a hint of actual color, but undeniably his phantom. This apparition may have been partly the result of the lady's bowing to him upon no more formal introduction than the circumstance of his having caught her looking into his window a month before. It seemed to Bibbs that she must have meant to convey her forgiveness. Nor did he lack the impression that he had been wronged by her as he had been wronged by her. Her face glowing in the wind—and that look of gay friendliness tossed to him like a fresh rose in carnival.

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mean father. I never had to talk that way to Jim and Roscoe. They understood without any talk, Bibbs."

"I see," said Bibbs. "At least I think I do. But—"

"Wait a minute!" Sheridan raised his hand. "If you see the least bit in the world, then you understand what it meant to start one of my boys and have him come back on me the way you did, and have to be sent to a sanatorium because the crowd didn't stand work. Now, let me get right down to it, Bibbs. I've had a whole lot of talk with old Doc Gurney about you, one time and another, and I reckon I understand your case just about as well as he does, anyway."

"Now, why did work make you sick instead of brace you up and make a man of you the way it ought to do?" I pinned old Gurney down to it. I say, 'Look here, ain't it really because he just plain hated it? Yes, he says, 'that's it. If he'd enjoyed it, it wouldn't 'a' hurt him. And that's about the way it is.'"

"Yes," said Bibbs, "that's about the way it is."

"Well, then, I reckon it's up to me not only to make you do it, but to make you like it!"

Bibbs shivered. And he turned upon his father a look that was almost ghostly. "I can't," he said, in a low voice. "I can't."

"Can't go back to the shop?"

"No. Can't like it. I can't."

Sheridan jumped up, his patience gone. To his own view, he had reasoned exhaustively, had explained fully and had pleaded more than a father should, only to be met in the end with the unreasoning and mysterious stubbornness which had been Bibbs' baffling characteristic from childhood.

"By George, you will!" he cried. "You'll back there and you'll like it! Gurney says it won't hurt you if you like it, and he says it'll kill you if you go back and hate it; so it looks as if it was about up to you to not to hate it. Well, Gurney's a fool! Hatin' work doesn't kill anybody; and this ain't goin' to kill you, whether you hate it or not. I've never made a mistake in a serious matter in my life, and I wasn't a mistake my sendin' you there in the first place. And I'm goin' to prove it—'I'm goin' to send you back there and vindicate my judgment. Gurney says it's all 'mental attitude.' Well, you're goin' to learn the right one! He says in a couple of more months this fool thing that's been the matter and you'll be back in as good or better condition than you were before you ever went into the shop. And right then is when you begin over-right in that same shop! Nobody can call me a hard man or a mean father. I do the best I can for my children, and take the full responsibility for bringin' you here to be here. Now, so far, I've failed with you. But I'm not goin' to keep on failin'. I never tackled a job yet I didn't put through, and I'm not goin' to begin with my own son. I'm goin' to make a man of you. By God! I am!"

Bibbs rose and went slowly to the door, where he turned and said to his father: "You say you give me a couple of months?"

Sheridan pushed a button on his desk. "Gurney said two months more would put you back where you were. You go home and begin to get yourself in the right 'mental attitude' before those two months are up! Good-by."

"Good-by, sir," said Bibbs, meekly.

**TO BE CONTINUED.**

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