

THE ALAMANCE CLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1916

NO. 26

VOL. XLII

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.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. G. Truitt.
Preaching services every Second and Fourth Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 a. m.—L. E. Higdon, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street near Depot—Rev. J. G. Truitt, 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.

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 Sts., 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.

M. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor.
Preaching first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian—West Elm Street—Rev. P. M. McConnell, pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

Presbyterian (Travlers 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.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.—J. V. Pomeroy, Superintendent.

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

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Sheridan's attempt to make a business man of his son Bibbs by starting him in the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck.

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

CHAPTER III—He finds himself an inconsiderable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He meets Mary Vertrees, who is to marry one of the Sheridans.

CHAPTER IV—The Vertrees, an old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, newly rich, and afterwards discuss them. Mary puts into words her feelings about the marriage she is to enter.

CHAPTER V—At the Sheridan house, warming himself, Sheridan greets himself. Mary Vertrees comes to help to keep the Sheridan boys.

CHAPTER VI—Mary tells her mother about the marriage she is to enter.

CHAPTER VII—Sheridan tells Bibbs he must go back to the machine shop as soon as he is strong enough. In spite of Bibbs' plea to be allowed to write.

CHAPTER VIII—Edith and Sibly, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lamborn. Sibly goes to Mary for help to keep Lamborn from marrying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone.

CHAPTER IX—Bibbs has to break to his father the news of Jim's sudden death.

CHAPTER X—All the rest of the family helps in their grief. Bibbs becomes temporary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her.

CHAPTER XI—Mrs. Sheridan pleads with Bibbs to return to the machine shop for his father's sake, and he consents.

CHAPTER XII—

CHAPTER XIII—

CHAPTER XIV—

CHAPTER XV—

CHAPTER XVI—

CHAPTER XVII—

CHAPTER XVIII—

CHAPTER XIX—

CHAPTER XX—

CHAPTER XXI—

CHAPTER XXII—

When I got back, just now, you were the only one here. I didn't know the other people in the carriage I came in, and of course they didn't think to wait for me. That's why—

"Yes," said Bibbs. "I— And that seemed all he had to say just then. Bibbs looked out through the dusty window. "I think we'd better be going home, if you please," she said.

She gave him a quick little glance. "I think you must be very tired, Mr. Sheridan, and I know you have reason to be," she said gently. "If you'll let me, I'll—"

Without explaining her purpose she opened the door on the side of the coupe and leaned out. Bibbs stared in blank perplexity, not knowing what she meant to do.

"Driver!" she called, in her clear voice, loudly. "Driver! We'd like to start, please. Driver! Stop at the house just north of Mr. Sheridan's, please." The wheels began to move, and she leaned back beside Bibbs once more. "I'm not a saint, you know," she said when we got in," she said. "I suppose they've got a great deal of night work."

Bibbs drew a long breath and waited till he could command his voice. "I've never been able to apologize fully," he said, with his accustomed slowness, "because if I try to I stammer. My brother Roscoe whipped me once, when we were boys, for dropping on his slate pencil. It took me so long to tell him it was an accident, he finished before I did."

Mary Vertrees had never heard anything quite like the drawing, gentle voice or the old implication that she was not the motionless state of her father's face. "An accident," she said when we were boys, for dropping on his slate pencil. It took me so long to tell him it was an accident, he finished before I did."

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Laughter after a funeral. In this reaction people will laugh at anything and at nothing. The hand plays a dirge on the way to the cemetery when the hearse turns back, and the mourning carriages are out of hearing. It strikes up, "Dark-Town is Out To-Night." That is natural—there are women whose laughter is like the whirring of whips.

Beautiful as it is, it is not out of place anywhere. But a woman who has been betrothed to a man who did not look beautiful at his funeral. A woman might look beautiful, but a woman who has been betrothed to a man who did not look beautiful at his funeral. A woman might look beautiful, but a woman who has been betrothed to a man who did not look beautiful at his funeral.

"I wasn't," he explained. "I'd just brought Miss Vertrees home."

"What?" she cried.

"Yes," he said, and stepped out upon the porch, "that was it. Good night, Sibly!"

"Wait," she insisted. "We saw you coming out."

"I wasn't," he explained. "I'd just brought Miss Vertrees home."

"What?" she cried.

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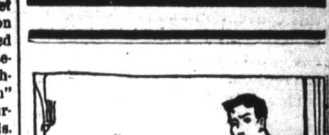
"What?" she cried.

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They Looked Up in No Welcoming Manner.

was getting cloudier than usual, I noticed, just before dark, and there was wind from the southwest. Rain tomorrow, I shouldn't be surprised."

He seemed to feel that he had begun a conversation the support of which had now become the pleasurable duty of other parties; and he sat expectantly, looking first at his sister, then at Lamborn, as if implying that it was their turn to speak. Edith returned his gaze with a mixture of astonishment and increasing anger, while Mr. Lamborn was obviously disturbed, though Bibbs had been as considerate as possible in presenting the weather as a topic. Bibbs had perceived that Lamborn had nothing in his mind as yet, and that he was waiting for Edith to talk about people and he could make love. Bibbs, wishing to be courteous, offered the weather.

Lamborn refused it, and concluded from Bibbs' luxurious attitude in the leather chair that this half-crazy brother was a permanent fixture for the rest of the evening. There was no reason to hope that he would move, and Lamborn found himself in danger of looking silly.

"I was just going," he said, rising. "Oh no!" Edith cried, sharply. "Yes. Good night! I think I—"

"Too bad," said Bibbs, genially, walking to the door with the visitor, while Edith stood staring at the two who disappeared in the hall. She heard Bibbs offering to "help" Lamborn with his overcoat and the latter rather curtly declining assistance, these episodes of departure being followed by the closing of the outer door. She ran into the hall.

"What's the matter with you?" she cried, furiously. "What do you mean! How did you dare come in here when you knew—"

Her voice broke; she made a gesture of rage and despair, and ran up the stairs, sobbing. She fled to her mother's room, and when Bibbs came up, a few minutes later, Mrs. Sheridan met him at his door.

"Oh, Bibbs!" she said, shaking her head wearily, "you'd oughtn't to distress your sister? She says you drove that young man out of the house. You'd ought to be more considerate."

Bibbs smiled faintly, noting that Edith's door was open, with Edith's naive shadow motionless across its threshold. "Yes," he said. "He doesn't appear to be much of a man's man. He ran at just a glimpse of me."

Edith's shadow moved; her voice came quavering: "You call yourself one?"

TO BE CONTINUED

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