

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLII

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1916

NO. 31

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. P. Traut.
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. G. Traut, Pastor.
Preaching every Second and Fourth Sundays, at 11.00 a. m.
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 St., H. E. Myers, Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.

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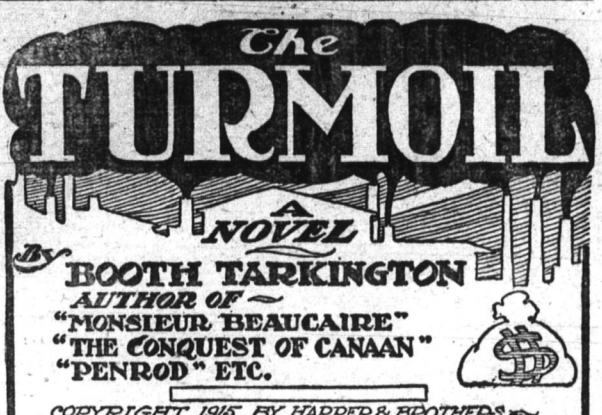
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SYNOPSIS.

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 House of Sheridan, who becomes Mary Vertrees' looking-alike to him from a distance next door.

CHAPTER IV—The Vertrees, old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, newly-rich, and afterward discuss their plans. Mary Vertrees becomes Sheridan's unsuspected wife that she marries one of the Sheridan boys.

CHAPTER V—At the Sheridan home, Mary Vertrees' husband, Sheridan, spreads himself. Mary Vertrees' husband, Sheridan, spreads himself. Mary Vertrees' husband, Sheridan, spreads himself.

CHAPTER VI—Mary tells her mother about the banquet and shocks her mother by taking of Jim as a matrimonial possibility.

CHAPTER VII—Jim tells Mary Bibbs is not a lunatic—"just queer." He proposes to take of Jim as a matrimonial possibility.

CHAPTER VIII—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 IX—Edith and Bibbs, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lamborn; Bibbs goes to the machine shop, and Mary leaves her in the room alone.

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIII—Bibbs purposely interests a teacher between Edith and Lamborn. He tells Edith that he overheard Lamborn making love to Roscoe's wife.

CHAPTER XIV—Mutual love of music arouses an intimate friendship between Bibbs and Mary.

CHAPTER XV—Mary tells her plan to stop out of the finances of the Vertrees family.

CHAPTER XVI—Roscoe and his wife quarrel over Lamborn.

CHAPTER XVII—Sheridan finds Roscoe in an intoxicated condition during one of his hours and sends him home.

CHAPTER XVIII—Friendship between Bibbs and Mary ripens into a more intimate relation, and under Mary's influence Lamborn decides to return to the machine shop.

CHAPTER XIX—Sheridan finds his son Roscoe's affairs in a muddled condition, owing to his drinking habits.

CHAPTER XX—Bibbs, under the inspiration of Mary's friendship, makes good in the machine shop. Sheridan is injured from a fall from a tree, and Bibbs goes to do his work.

CHAPTER XXI—Sibyl, invidiously jealous over Lamborn's attentions to Edith, induces her to go to the sanitarium, and Lamborn is ordered out of the house by Sheridan.

Bibbs continued to live in the shelter of his dream. These were turbulent days in the new house, but Bibbs had no part whatever in the turbulence—

—he seemed an absent-minded stranger, present by accident and not wholly aware that he was present. He would sit, faintly smiling over pleasant imaginings and dear reminiscences of his own, while the battle raged between Edith and her father, or while Sheridan unloosed jerebels upon the sullen Roscoe, who drank heavily to endure them. He was sorry for his father and for Roscoe, and for Edith and for Sibyl, but their sufferings and outcries seemed far away.

Sibyl was under Gurney's care. Roscoe had sent for him on Sunday night, not long after Bibbs returned the abandoned wraps; and during the first days of Sibyl's illness the doctor found it necessary to be with her frequently, and to install a muscular nurse. And when he was no longer needed, Gurney recovered from his hysterical patient a variety of pungent information which would have staggered anybody but a family physician. Among other things he was given to comprehend the change in Bibbs, and why the zinc eater was not putting a lump in his operator's gizzard as of yore.

Sibyl was not delirious—she was a little off her writing and shrieking in pain. Life had hurt her, and had driven her into hurting herself; her condition was only the adult's terrible exaggeration of that of a child after a bad bruise—there must be screaming and telling mother all about the hurt and how it happened. Sibyl babbled herself hoarse when Gurney withheld morphine. She went from the beginning to the end in a breath. No protest stopped her; nothing stopped her. "You ought to let me die," she wailed. "What harm have I ever done to anybody that you want to keep me alive? Just look at my life! I'm a rich married Roscoe to get away from home, and look what it got me into! I wanted to have a good time—and how could I? Where's any good time among these Sheridans? They never even had wine on the table! I thought I was marrying into a rich family, where I'd meet attractive people I'd read about, and travel, and go to dances—and, oh, my Lord! all I got was these Sheridans! I did the best I could; I just tried to live. Things were just beginning to look brighter, and then I saw how Edith was getting him away from me. And what could I do? What can any woman do in my fix? I couldn't stand it! I went to that icicle—that Vertrees girl—and she could have helped me a little, and it wouldn't have hurt her.

pay it the compliment of admitting its existence.

The Saturday following Edith's departure Gurney came to the Sheridan building to dress the wounds and the doctor felt had become necessary. But he was a little before the appointed time and was obliged to wait a few minutes in an anteroom—there was a directors' meeting of some sort at Sheridan's office. The door was slightly ajar, leaking cigar smoke and oratory, the latter all Sheridan's, and Gurney listened.

"No, sir; no, sir; no, sir!" he heard the big voice rumbling, and then, breaking into thunder, "I tell you NO! Some of you men make me sick! You'd lose your confidence in Almighty God if a doodlebug flipped his hind leg at you! You say money's tight all over the country. Well, what if it is? There's no reason for it to be tight, and it's not 'goin' to keep our money tight! You're always runnin' in the wash to hide your nickels in a crack because some fool newspaper says the market's a little skeery! You listen to every street-croaker and then come and set here and try to scare me out of a big thing. Roscoe! I suppose you'd sell up and—"

He whirled about, marched to the other end of the room, and stood silent a moment. Then he said, solemnly: "Listen. If you go out now, you leave me in the lurch, with nothin' on God's green earth to depend on but your other—and you know what he is. I've depended on you for it all these Jim did. Now you've listened to that dam' doctor, and he says maybe you won't ever be as good a man as you

used to be. You'd better stay here and let me take care of you. You know what he is. I've depended on you for it all these Jim did. Now you've listened to that dam' doctor, and he says maybe you won't ever be as good a man as you

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"It is? You could 'a' pulled it out without me. I suppose you think, at your age?"

"No. But it's mine, and it's enough."

"My Lord! It's about what a congressman gets, and you want to quit the rest when I kick the bucket, and all you have to do is lay back and wait! You let me tell you right here, you'll never see one cent of it. You go out of business now, and what would you know about handlin' it five or ten or twenty years from now? Because I intend to stay here a little while yet, my boy! They'd either get away from you or you'd sell for a nickel and let it be split up and—"

He whirled about, marched to the other end of the room, and stood silent a moment. Then he said, solemnly: "Listen. If you go out now, you leave me in the lurch, with nothin' on God's green earth to depend on but your other—and you know what he is. I've depended on you for it all these Jim did. Now you've listened to that dam' doctor, and he says maybe you won't ever be as good a man as you

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His father rustled the paper. "I said goodby, Roscoe."

"Goodby," said Roscoe, listlessly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sheridan waited until he heard the sound of the outer door closing; then he rose and pushed a tiny disk set in the wall. Jackson appeared. "Has Bibbs got home from work?" "Mist' Bibbs? No, suh."

"Tell him I want to see him, soon as he comes."

"Yesuh."

Sheridan returned to his chair and fixed his attention fiercely upon the newspaper. He found it difficult to pursue the items beyond their explanatory rubrics—there was nothing unusual or startling to concentrate his attention.

"Motorman Puts Blame on Brakes. Three Killed When Car Slides." "Burglar Makes Big Hit." "Board Works Approve Big Campaign." "Life Extension." "Hold-up Men Injure Two. Man Found in Alley, Skull Fractured."

"Sleazebag Story Told in Divorce Court." "Plan New Eighteen-story Structure." "Schoolgirl Meets Death Through Automobile." "Negro Cuts Through One Dead." "Life Extension." "Third Elevator Accident in Same Building Causes Action by Coroner."

"Declare Militia Will be Menace. Polish Societies Protest to Governor in Church Clothing Case." "Short \$3,500 in Accounts. Trustee Man Kills Self With 'Frontal' Probe." "Family Without Food or Fuel. Baby Dead When Parents Return Home From Seeking Work." "Minister Returned From Trip Abroad Lectures on Big Future of Our City. Sees Big Improvement During Short Absence. Says No European City Holds Candle to Us." "Police Investigating Cause of Fire."

Bibbs came through the hall with a tinge, and entered the room briskly. "Well, father, did you want me?" "Yes. Sit down." Sheridan got up, and Bibbs took a seat by the fire, holding out his hands to the crackling blaze, for it was cold outside.

"You heard me, didn't you?" "Yes, father, did you want me?" "Yes. Sit down." Sheridan got up, and Bibbs took a seat by the fire, holding out his hands to the crackling blaze, for it was cold outside.

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on. And I'm down to this; you're my last chance. Bibbs, I got to learn you to use that brain you think you'll use if we can't develop 'em little. Who knows? And I'm 'goin' to put my right in on it. I'm 'goin' to take you right downtown with me, and I won't be hard on you if you're a little slow at first. And I'm 'goin' to do the big thing for you. I'm 'goin' to make you feel you got to do the big thing for me, in return. I'm 'goin' to make an appeal to your ambition that'll make you dizzy! He tapped his son on the knee again. "Bibbs, I'm 'goin' to start you off this way: I'm 'goin' to make you a director in the Pump Works company; I'm 'goin' to make you vice president of the Realty company and vice-president of the Trust company."

Bibbs jumped to his feet, blanched. "Oh, no!" he cried.

Sheridan took his dismay to be the excitement of sudden joy. "Yes, sir! And there's some pretty fat little salaries goes with those vice-presidencies and a pinch of stock in the Pump company with the directorship. You thought I was pretty mean about the shop—oh, I know you did—but you see the old man can play both ways. And so right now, the minute you begin to make good the way I wanted you to, I deal from the new deck. And I'll keep on handlin' it out bigger and bigger every time you show me you're big enough to play the hand I deal you. I'm startin' you with a pretty big one, my boy!"

"But I don't—I don't—I don't want it!"

Sheridan looked perplexed. "What's the matter with you? Didn't you understand what I was tellin' you?" "I know, I know! But I can't take it."

"What's the matter with you?" Sheridan was amazed, half suspicious. "You heard me, didn't you