

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLII

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1916

NO. 33

## 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. F. Truitt, Pastor.  
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. 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.

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—Main and Maple Sts., H. B. 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. 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.—J. F. Harvey, Superintendent.

Oneda—Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. V. Fomery, Superintendent.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**E. C. DERBY**  
Civil Engineer.  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
National Bank of Alamance Bldg., BURLINGTON, N. C.  
Room 16, 1st National Bank Building.  
Phone 470.

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Attorney-at-Law  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Office over National Bank of Alamance

**J. S. COOK,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Office Patterson Building  
Second Floor.

**DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.**  
DENTIST  
Graham, N. C. — North Carolina  
OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

**JACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER LONG**  
**LONG & LONG,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
GRAHAM, N. C.

**JOHN H. VERNON**  
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law  
PHONES—Office 653—Residence 331  
BURLINGTON, N. C.

**Dr. J. J. Barefoot**  
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## BOOTH TARKINGTON

“MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE”  
“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 in an inconsiderable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He has Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

CHAPTER IV—The Vertrees, old town family and impoverished, call Sheridan, newly-rich, and afterward discuss them. Mary puts into words her personal unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridans boys.

CHAPTER V—At the Sheridan house—warming banquet Sheridan spreads himself. Mary goes to Mary for help to keep Edith's attention, and Bibbs hears he is to be sent her in the room alone.

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

CHAPTER VII—Jim tells Mary Bibbs is not a lunatic—just queer. Mary promises to Mary, who half accepts him.

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. Edith goes to Mary for help to keep Edith's attention, and Bibbs hears he is to be sent 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 helpless in their grief, Bibbs becomes temporary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and comes to know her.

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

CHAPTER XIII—Bibbs purposely interrupts a tea-table 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 Edith.

CHAPTER XV—Mary sells her piano to help out 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 office hours and takes him home.

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

he did when Jim—when Jim got hurt. He took right hold of things. And Doctor Gurney says he's got brains, and you can't deny but what the doctor's right considerable of a man. He acts sleepy, but that's only because he's got such a large practice—he's a pretty wide-awake kind of a man some ways. Well, what he says last night about Bibbs—that's what I got to thinkin' about. You heard him, papa; he says, 'Bibbs' 'll be a bigger business man than what Jim and Roscoe was put together—he'll ever wakes up, he says. Wasn't that exactly what he says?"

"I suppose so," said Sheridan, without exhibiting any interest. "Gurney's crazier 'n Bibbs, but if he wasn't—if what he says was true—what of it?"

"Listen, papa. Just suppose Bibbs took it into his mind to get married. You know where he goes all the time."

"Oh, Lord, yes!" Sheridan turned over in the bed, his face to the wall, leaving visible of himself only the thick grizzle of his hair. "You better go back to sleep. He runs over there—every minute she'll let him, I suppose. Go back to bed. There's nothin' in it."

"Why ain't there?" she urged. "I know better—there is, too! You wait and see. There's just one thing in the world that'll wake the sleepiest young man alive up—yes, and make him jump up—and I don't care who he is, or how sound asleep it looks like he is. That's when he takes it into his head to pick out some girl and settle down and have a home and children of his own. Then, I guess, he'll go out after the money! You'll see. Now, I don't think that Bibbs has got the idea in his head yet—er else he wouldn't be talkin' that foot-talk about nine dollars a week bein' good enough for him to live on. But it's comin', papa, and he'll jump for whatever you want to hand him out. He will! And I can tell you this much, too: he'll want all the salary and stock he can get hold of, and he'll hustle to keep gettin' it. The girl's the kind that a young husband just goes crazy to give things to! She's pretty and fine-lookin', and things look nice on her, and I guess she'd like to have 'em about as well as the next. And I guess she isn't gettin' many these days, either, and she'll be pretty good for the change. I saw her with her sleeve rolled up at the kitchen window the other day, and Jackson told me yesterday that her cook left two weeks ago, and



"No, You Can't Have Your Way."

they haven't tried to hire another one. He says her and her mother been doin' the housework a good while, and now they're doin' the cookin', too. 'Course Bibbs wouldn't let her do that, would he? She'd be lookin' at him like that for herself. They've never asked him to a meal in the house, but he wouldn't notice that, either—he'd be kind of innocent. Now I am thinkin'—make up your mind, now, what you're gonna do. Any way, that pose we're havin' mentioned the girl's name at table since Jim went, but it seems to me maybe it—"

"I'll bet you," she said, rising—"I'll bet you he goes to church with her this morning. What you want to bet?"

"Go back to bed," he commanded. "I know what I'm talkin' about; there's nothin' in it, I tell you."

"Then—do you know something about it that you ain't told me?"

"Yes, I do," he grunted. "Now go on. Maybe I can get a little sleep. I ain't had any yet!"

"Well—she went to the door, her expression downcast. "I thought maybe—but—" She coughed prettily. "Oh, papa, something else I wanted to tell you, I was talkin' to Roscoe over the phone last night when the telegram came, so I forgot to tell you, but—well, Sibyl wants to come over this afternoon. They expect to get off by the end of the week, and I reckon she wants to feel she's done what she could to kind of make up. Any way, that's what she said. But what I thought was, no use bein' rough with her, papa—I expect she's suffered a good deal—and I don't think we'd ought to be on Roscoe's account. You'll—you'll be kind of polite to her, won't you, papa?"

He mumbled something which was smothered under the coverlet he had pulled over his head.

But if he had accepted her proffered word that Bibbs would go to church with Mary Vertrees that morning, Mrs. Sheridan would have lost. They meant to go to church. But it happened that they were attentively preoccupied in a conversation as they came to the church; and they had gone an incredible number of blocks beyond it before they discovered their error. However, feeling that they might be embarrassingly late if they returned, they decided that a walk would make them as good. It was a windless winter morning, with an inch of crisp snow over the ground. So they walked, and for the most part they were silent, but on their way home, after they had turned back at noon, they began to be talkative again.

"Mary," said Bibbs, after a time, "am I a sleep-walker?"

She laughed a little, then looked grave. "Does your father say you are?"

"Yes—when he's in a mood to flatter me. Other times, other names. He has quite a list."

"You mustn't mind," she said, gently. "He's been getting some pretty severe shocks. What you've told me makes me pretty sorry for him, Bibbs. I've always been sure he's very big."

"Yes. Big and blind—He's like a Hercules without eyes and without any consciousness except that of his strength and of his purpose to grow stronger. Stronger for what? For nothing."

"Are you sure, Bibbs? It can't be for nothing; it must be stronger for something, even though he doesn't know what it is. Perhaps what he and his kind are struggling for is something so great they couldn't see it—so great none of us could see it."

"No, he's just like some blind, unconscious thing heaving underground."

"I'll be breaks through and leaps out into the daylight," she finished for him, cheerily.

"Into the smoke," said Bibbs. "Look at the powder of coal dust already drifting the decent snow, even though it's Sunday. That's from the little pigs; the big ones aren't so bad, on Sunday. There's a fine smell about your cheek. Some pig sent it out into the air; he might as well have thrown it on you. It would have been braver, for then he'd have taken his chance of my whipping him for it if I could."

"Is there soot on my cheek, Bibbs?"

"Is there? There are soot on your cheek, Mary—a dock on each. One landed since I mentioned the first."

She halted immediately, giving him her handkerchief, and he succeeded in transferring most of the black from her face to the cambric. They were entirely matter-of-course about it.

An elderly couple, it chanced, had been walking behind Bibbs and Mary for what last block or so, and passed ahead during the removal of the soot. "There!" said the elderly wife. "You're always wrong when you begin guessing about strangers. Those two young people aren't honeymooners at all—they've been married for years. A blind man could see that."

"I wish I knew who threw that soot on you," said Bibbs, looking up at the neighboring chimneys, as they went on. "They arrest children for throwing snowballs at the street cars, but—"

"But they don't arrest street cars for chucking all the pictures in the houses crooked every time they go by. Nor for the uproar they make. I wonder what's the cost in nerves for the noise of the city each year. Yes, we pay the price for living in a 'growing town'; whether we have money to pay or none."

"Who is it gets the pay?" said Bibbs.

"Not I!" she laughed.

"Nobody gets it. There isn't any pay; there's only money. And only some of the men down town get much of that. That's what my father wants me to get."

"Yes," she said, smiling to him, and nodding. "And you don't want it, and you don't need it."

"But you don't think I'm a sleep-walker, Mary?" He had told her of his

expression of a spirit—a blind embryo of a spirit, not yet a soul—oh, just greed! And this 'go ahead' nonsense! Oughtn't it all to be a fellowship? I shouldn't want to get ahead if I could—I'd want to help the other fellow to keep up with me."

"I read something the other day and remembered it for you," said Mary. "It was something Burns-Jones said of a picture he was going to paint of the first picture I shall make a man walking in the street of a great city, full of all kinds of happy life: children, and lovers walking, and ladies leaning from windows all down great lengths of street leading in almost alleys, and there the gates are wide open, letting in a space of green field and cornfield in harvest; and all round his head a great rain of swirling autumn leaves blowing from a little walled graveyard."

"And I painted," Bibbs returned. "I'd paint a busy picture in the heart of a great city, full of all kinds of vigorous and futile life—children being taught only how to make money, and lovers hurrying to get richer, and ladies who'd given up trying to wash their faces in the fountain, and the gates of the city wide open, letting in almost alleys, and there the gates are wide open, letting in a space of green field and cornfield in harvest; and all round his head a great rain of swirling autumn leaves blowing from a little walled graveyard."

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and I know I made a poor return for it, but if you can overlook the way I behaved I know I would feel a good deal happier—and I know Roscoe would, too. I wish to promise not to be as foolish in the future, and the same error would never occur again to make us all so unhappy, if you can be charitable enough to excuse it this time."

He looked steadily at her without replying, and she stood before him, never lifting her eyes; motionless, save where the moving furrow of the agitation of her hands under the muff.

"All right," he said, at last.

She looked up then with vast relief, though there was a revelation of heavy tears when the eyelids lifted.

"Thank you," she said. "There's something else about something different—I want to say to you, but I want mother Sheridan to hear it, too."

"She's upstairs in her room," said Sheridan. "Roscoe—"

Sibyl interrupted. She had just seen Bibbs pass through the hall and begin to ascend the stairs; and in a flash she instinctively perceived the chance for precisely the effect she wanted.

"No, let me go," she said. "I want to speak to her a minute first, anyway."

And she went away quickly, gaining the top of the stairs in time to see Bibbs enter his room and close the door. Sibyl knew that Bibbs, in his room, had overheard her quarrel with Edith in the hall outside; for bitter Edith, thinking the more to shame her, had subsequently informed her of the circumstance. Sibyl had just remembered this, and with her recollection there had flashed the thought—out of her own experience—that people are often much more deeply impressed by words they overhear than by words directly addressed to them. Sibyl intended to make it impossible for Bibbs not to overhear. She did not hesitate—her hands were hot with the old sore, and she believed wholly in the justice of her cause and in the truth of what she was going to say. Fate was virtuous at times; it had delivered into her hands the girl who had affronted her.

Mrs. Sheridan was in her own room. The approach of Sibyl and Roscoe had driven her from the library, for she had misinterpreted her husband's mood, and she felt that if he used his injured hand as a mark of emphasis again in her presence, she would as she thought do "the best of it" right there. She heard Sibyl's step, and she was putting a touch to her hair before a mirror.

"It was just coming down," she said, as the door opened.

"Yes, he wants you to," said Sibyl. "It's all right, mother Sheridan. He's forgiven me."

Mrs. Sheridan sniffed instantly; tears appeared. She kissed her daughter-in-law's cheek; then, in silence, regarded the mirror afresh, wiped her eyes, and applied powder.

"And I hope Edith will be happy," Sibyl added, inclining more applications of Mrs. Sheridan's handkerchief and powder.

"Yes, yes," murmured the good woman. "We mustn't make the worst of things."

"Well, there was something else I had to say, and he wants you to hear it, too," said Sibyl. "We better go down, mother Sheridan."

She led the way. Mrs. Sheridan following obediently, but, when they came to a spot close to Bibbs' door, Sibyl stopped and told her to tell you, fall, but now it's so much colder, you don't—yes, never wear them at all any more. Why don't you?"

Her eyes fell for a moment, and she grew red. Then she looked up gayly. "Bibbs, if I tell you the answer will you promise not to ask any more questions?"

"Yes. Why did you stop wearing them?"

"Because I found I'd be warmer without them. They caught his hand quickly in her own for an instant, laughed into his eyes, and ran into the house."

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## Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

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**MONDAY, OCT. 9, 1916.**  
at one o'clock p. m., at the court house door of Alamance County, in Graham, North Carolina, for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, a certain lot or parcel of land lying and being in Burlington township, Alamance county, N. C., adjoining the lands of Belmont road, W. M. Lacey and others, and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a rock on said road, running thence with line of said road S 6 deg. 5 min. W 50 feet to corner on W. M. Lacey's line; thence with said Lacey's line southwest 150 feet to corner on Lacey's line; thence S 1 deg. 15 min. E 150 feet to a beginning.

Being a part of that tract of land conveyed by N. C. H. Company to Wm. Lacey October 25th, 1914, and recorded in Book of Deeds No. 12, page 561; the same being fully described in the mortgage, and which mortgage is made, recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Alamance County, in Book of Deeds of Trust and Mortgages No. 12, at page 11.

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