

The TURMOIL

NOVEL

BOOTH TARKINGTON
AUTHOR OF
"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 an inconsiderable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He sees Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

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

CHAPTER V—At the Sheridan house-warming banquet Sheridan spreads himself. Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheridan's attention, and Bibbs hears he is to be sent back to the machine shop.

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

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

"I don't know," she repeated. Her voice was low and troubled and honest, and she kept her clear eyes upon his.

"Will you tell me something?"
"Almost anything."
"Have you ever told any man you loved him?"

And at that, though she laughed, she looked a little contemptuous. "No," she said. "And 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've just 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."

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

"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 flirted with you. I have deliberately 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 talk—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, un-fathomably sorrowful.

"I promise nothing," she said, faintly.

"You needn't!" shouted Jim, radiant and exultant. "You needn't! By George! I know you're 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 a 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 would long remember her as he had just seen her; her veil tumultuously blowing back, 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 ground, the driver halted the car, then backed and tacked, and sent it forward again with its nose to the south and the smoke. They passed from the farm lands, and came, in the amber light of November late afternoon, to the farthestmost outskirts 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 those 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 this 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."

Thence they went through streets of wooden houses, all grained, and adding their own grime from many a sooty chimney; flimsy wooden houses of a thousand flimsy whimsies in the fashioning, 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 smoke; some said it was the smoke; and some were sure that asphalt and "improving" the streets did it; but Bigness was in too big a hurry to bother much about such 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; others had gone apologetically into trade; one or two peeped humorously over the tops of office buildings of one story in the old front yards. Altogether, the town here was like a boarding-house hash the Sunday after Thanksgiving; the old ingredients were discernible.

This was the fringe of Bigness' own sanctuary, and now Bibbs reached the roaring holy of holies itself. Magnificent new buildings, already dingy, loomed hundreds of feet above him; newer ones, more magnificent, were rising beside them, rising higher; the streets were laid open to their entrails and men worked underground between palisades, and overhead in metal cobwebs like spiders in the sky. Trolley cars clanged and shrieked their way round swarming corners; motor cars of every kind and shape known to man babbled frightful warnings and frantic

demands; hospital ambulances clamored wildly for passage; steam whistles signaled the swinging of titanic tentacle and claw; riveters rattled like machine guns; the ground shook to the thunder of gigantic trucks; and the conglomerate sound of it all was the sound of earthquake playing accompaniments for battle and sudden death.

And in the hurrying crowds, swirling and sifting through the brooding-magnan camp of iron and steel, one saw the camp followers and the pagan women—there would be work today and dancing tonight. For the Puritan's cry voice is but the crackling of a leaf underfoot in the rush and roar of the coming of the new Egypt.

Bibbs was on time. He knew it must be "to the minute" or his father would consider it an outrage; and the big chronometer in Sheridan's office marked four precisely when Bibbs walked in. Coincidentally with his entrance five people who had been at work in the office, under Sheridan's direction, walked out. They departed upon no visible or audible signal, and with a promptness that seemed ominous to the newcomer. As the massive door clicked softly behind the elderly stenographer, the last of the

procession, Bibbs had a feeling that they all understood that he was a failure as a great man's son, a disappointment, the "queer one" of the family, and that he had been summoned to judgment—a well-founded impression, for that was exactly what they understood.

"Sit down," said Sheridan.

It is frequently an advantage for deans, schoolmasters and worried fathers to place delinquents in the sitting posture. Bibbs sat.

Sheridan, standing, gazed enigmatically upon his son for a period of silence, then walked slowly to a window and stood looking out of it, his big hands, loosely hooked together by the thumbs, behind his back. They were soiled, as were all other hands down town, except such as might be still damp from a basin.

"Well, Bibbs," he said at last, not altering his attitude, "do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

Bibbs, leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes contemplatively upon the ceiling. "I heard you tell Jim," he began, in his slow way. "You said you'd send him to the machine shop with me if he didn't propose to Miss Vertrees. So I suppose that must be your plan for me, But—"

"But what?" said Sheridan irritably, as the son paused.

"Isn't there somebody you'd let me propose to?"

That brought his father sharply round to face him. "You beat the devil! Bibbs, what is the matter with you? Why can't you be like anybody else?"

"Liver, maybe," said Bibbs, gently.

"Bolt! Even old Doc Gurney says there's nothin' wrong with you organically. No. You're a dreamer, Bibbs; that's what's the matter, and that's all the matter. Oh, not one of these big dreamers that put through the big deals! No, sir! You're the kind o' dreamer that just sets out on the back fence and thinks about how much trouble there must be in the world! That ain't the kind that builds the bridges, and Bibbs; it's the kind that borrows fifteen cents from his wife's uncle's brother-in-law to get ten cent's worth o' plug tobacco and a nickel's worth o' quinine!"

He put the finishing touch to this etching with a snort, and turned again to the window.

"Look out there!" he bade his son. "Look out o' that window! Look at the life and energy down there! Look at the big things young men are doin' in this town!" He swung about, coming to the mahogany desk in the middle of the room. "Look at what your own brothers are doin'! Look at Roscoe! Yes, and look at Jim! I made Jim president o' the Sheridan Realty company last year, and it's an example to any young man—or old man, either—the way he took hold of it. Last July we found out we wanted two more big warehouses at the pump works—wanted 'em quick. Contractors said it couldn't be done; said nine or ten months at the soonest; couldn't see it any other way. What 'd Jim do? Took the contract himself; found a fellow with a new cement and concrete process; kept men on the job night and day, and stayed on it night and day himself—and, by George! we begin to see them warehouses next week! Four months and a half, and every inch fire-proof! I tell you Jim's one of those fellows that make miracles happen! I tell you these young business men I watch just do my heart good! They don't set around on the back fence—no, sir! They're puttin' their life-blood into it, I tell you, and that's why we're gettin' bigger every minute, and why they're gettin' bigger, and why it's all goin' to keep on gettin' bigger!"

He slapped the desk resoundingly with his open palm, and then, observing that Bibbs remained in the same impassive attitude, with his eyes still fixed upon the ceiling in a contemplation somewhat plaintive, Sheridan was impelled to groan. "Oh, Lord!" he said. "This is the way you always were. I don't believe you understand a darn word I been sayin'! You don't look as if you did. By George! it's discouraging!"

"I don't understand about getting—about getting bigger," said Bibbs, bringing his gaze down to look at his father placatively. "I don't see just why—"

"What?" Sheridan leaned forward, resting his hands upon the desk and staring across it incredulously at his son.

"I don't understand—exactly—what you want it all bigger for?"

"Great God!" shouted Sheridan, and struck the desk a blow with his clenched fist. "A son of mine asks me that! You go out and ask the poorest day laborer you can find! Ask him that question—"

"I did once," Bibbs interrupted; "when I was in the machine shop. I—"

"What'd he say?"

"He said, 'Oh, hell!'" answered Bibbs, mildly.

"Yes, I reckon he would!" Sheridan swung away from the desk. "I reckon he certainly would! And I got plenty sympathy with him right now, myself!"

"It's the same answer, then?" Bibbs' voice was serious, almost tremulous.

"Damnation!" Sheridan roared.

"Did you ever hear the word prosperity, you nunny? Did you ever hear the word ambition? Did you ever hear the word progress?"

He flung himself into a chair after the outburst, his big chest surging, his throat tumultuous with guttural incoherences. "Now then," he said, huskily, when the anguish had somewhat abated, "what do you want to do?"

"Taken by surprise, Bibbs stammered. "What-what do I—what—"

"If I'd let you do exactly what you had the whim for, what would you do?"

Bibbs looked startled; then timidly overwhelmed him—a profound shyness. He bent his head and fixed his lowered eyes upon the toe of his shoe, which he moved to and fro upon the rug, like a culprit called to the desk in school.

"What would you do? Loaf?"

"No, sir." Bibbs' voice was almost inaudible, and what little sound it made was unquestionably a guilty sound. "I suppose I'd—I'd try to—to write."

"Write what?"

"Nothing important—just poems and essays, perhaps."

"I see," said his father, breathing quickly with the restraint he was putting upon himself. "That is, you want to write, but you don't want to write anything of any account."

"You think—"

Sheridan got up again. "I take my hat off to the man that can write a good ad," he said, emphatically. "The best writin' talent in this country is right spang in the ad business today. You buy a magazine for good writin'—look on the back of it! Let me tell you I pay money for that kind o' writin'. Maybe you think it's easy. Just try it! I've tried it, and I can't do it. I tell you an ad's got to be written so it makes people do the hardest thing in this world to get 'em to do it: it's got to make 'em give up their money! You talk about 'poems and essays.' I tell you when it comes to the actual skill o' puttin' words together so as to make things happen, R. T. Bloss, right here in this city, knows more in a minute than George Waldo Emerson ever knew in his whole life!"

"You—you may be—" Bibbs said, indistinctly, the last word smothered in a cough.

"Of course I'm right! And if it ain't just like you to want to take up with the most out-o'-date kind o' writin' there is! 'Poems and essays!' My Lord, Bibbs, that's women's work! Why, look at Edith! I expect that poem o' hers would set a pretty high-water mark for you, young man, and Bibbs; it's the kind she's ever managed to write in her whole life! And Edith's a smart girl; she's got more energy in her little finger than you ever give me a chance to see in your whole body, Bibbs. I'm not sayin' a word against poetry. I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars right now for that poem of Edith's; and poetry's all right enough in its place—but you leave it to the girls. A man's got to do a man's work in this world."

He seated himself in a chair at his son's side, and leaning over, tapped Bibbs confidentially on the knee.

"This city's got the greatest future in America, and if my sons behave right by me and by themselves they're goin' to have a mighty fair share of it—a mighty fair share. I love this town. I love it like I do my own business, and I'd fight for it as quick as I'd fight for my own family. It's a beautiful town. Look at our wholesale district; look at any district you want to; look at the park system we're puttin' through, and the boulevards and the public statuary. And she grows, God! how she grows!"

He had become intensely grave; he spoke with solemnity. "Now, Bibbs, I can't take any of it—nor any gold or silver nor buildings nor bonds—away with me in my shroud when I have to go. But I want to leave my share in it to my boys. I've worked for it; I've been a builder and a maker; and two blades of grass have grown where one

grew before, whenever I laid my hand on the ground and willed 'em to grow. I've built big, and I want the buildin' to go on. And when my last hour comes I want to know that my boys are ready to take charge. Bibbs, when I'm up above I want to know that the big share I've made mine, here below, is growin' bigger and bigger in the charge of my boys."

He leaned back, deeply moved. "There!" he said, huskily. "I've never spoken more what was in my heart in my life. I do it because I want you to understand—and not think me a 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 o' my boys and

have him come back on me the way you did, and have to be sent to a sanitarium because he couldn't stand work. Now, let's get right down to it, Bibbs. I've had a whole lot o' talk with ole 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 of done? I planned ole Gurney down to it. I says, '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 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 go 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 not to hate it. Well, Gurney's a fool! Hatn' work doesn't kill anybody; and this isn'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 it 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 with you'll be disappeared completely 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 I take the full responsibility for bringin' my sons up to be men. 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. "You say you give me a couple of months?" he said.

Sheridan pushed a bell-touner 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 next week.)

REGAN, N. D.

I hereby announce myself a Republican candidate for the office of County Treasurer.—Political Adv.

S. E. MATTIS.

5-5-7-14-21-28.

SUBJECT UNTO VANITY

Marie—So Vera is learning to play the harp. I didn't know she liked that instrument especially.

Grace—Oh! she doesn't; but Fred told her she had pretty arms.

MIXED

"A Man's Got to Do a Man's Work."

grew before, whenever I laid my hand on the ground and willed 'em to grow. I've built big, and I want the buildin' to go on. And when my last hour comes I want to know that my boys are ready to take charge. Bibbs, when I'm up above I want to know that the big share I've made mine, here below, is growin' bigger and bigger in the charge of my boys."

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VITAL FORCE

Disease germs are on every hand. They are in the very air we breathe. A system "run down" is a prey for them. One must have vital force to withstand them. Vital force depends on digestion—on whether or not food nourishes—on the quality of blood coursing through the body.

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

Strengthens the weak stomach. Gives good digestion. Enlivens the sluggish liver. Feeds the starved nerves. Agains full health and strength return. A general upbuilding enables the heart to pump like an engine running in oil. The vital force is once more established to full power. Year in and year out for over forty years this great health-restoring remedy has been spreading throughout the entire world—because of its ability to make the sick well and the weak strong. Don't despair of "being your old self again." Give this vegetable remedy a trial—Today—Now. You will soon feel "like new again." Sold in liquid or tablet form by Druggists or trial box for 50c by mail. Write Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's great 1000 page "Medical Adviser," cloth-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps.



Facts

GET the facts on the operating cost before you buy any automobile. Find out the truth before—not after. And don't be satisfied with hearsay or a salesman's claims. The price of gasoline is high; so is oil and there is sure to be an increase in the cost of all tires.

So, what you want is the car that will give you most miles per gallon of gasoline, per gallon of oil and per set of tires.

Here are the facts proved by the Maxwell stock touring car that recently set the World's Motor Non-Stop Record:

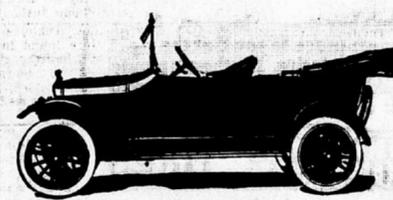
Maxwell World's Non-Stop Record Facts	
Miles without a motor stop	22,023
Average miles per day (44 days)	500.6
Miles per gallon of gasoline	21.88
Miles per gallon of oil	400
Average miles per tire	9,871

Remember that this was a Non-Stop Endurance Record—in order to prove that the Maxwell car was exceedingly sturdy, reliable and trouble proof.

No attempt was made or could be made to save gasoline, oil or tires. So these figures merely indicate what would be possible under ordinary driving conditions.

Right now we have a Maxwell we can deliver to you, and if you don't want to pay cash, make a deposit and pay the balance as you use the car. But don't put it off. We know the Maxwell factory can't get half enough freight cars to carry their doubled output. Later on we may not be able to supply you. But we can NOW. Better phone us for a demonstration today.

Touring Car, \$655
Roadster, \$635
Prices F. O. B. Detroit



WESTERN SALES CO.

Bismarck, N. D.
DISTRIBUTORS FOR
Maxwell

COOK WITH GAS

GAS

It is Better and Cheaper



"You didn't seem to enjoy your wife's musicale."
"No