

The TURMOIL A Novel By BOOTH TARKINGTON

They said no more until they came to her gate. As they drifted slowly to a stop, the door of Roscoe's house opened, and Roscoe came out with Sibyl, who was startlingly pale.

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

run the preceding Sunday afternoon, and he had some ideas he wanted to set upon paper before they maliciously seized the first opportunity to vandalize for their own but gossamer. Bibbs was pleased with the beginnings of his poem, and if he could carry it through he meant to dare greatly with it—he would venture it upon an editor.



He Felt That Something Inevitable Was Happening.

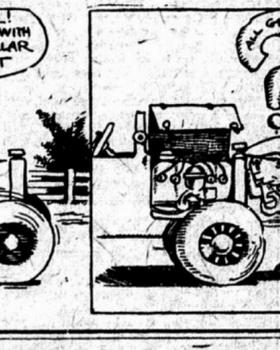
Bibbs jumped up. He was trembling from head to foot and he was dizzy of all the real things he could never have dreamed in his dream the last would have been what he heard now. He felt that something incredible was happening, and that he was powerless

to stop it. It seemed to him that heavy blows were falling upon his head, and upon Mary's; it seemed to him that he and Mary were being struck and beaten physically—and that something hideous impended. He wanted to shout to Sibyl to be silent, but he could not; he could only stand, swallowing and trembling.

It was that she uttered, and she spoke with the rapidity and vehemence of a force conviction. "What I feel about it," she said, "it oughtn't to be allowed to go on. It's too mean! I like poor Bibbs, and I don't want to see him made such a fool of, and I don't want to see the family made such a fool of. I like poor Bibbs, but if he'd only stop to think a minute himself he'd realize he isn't the kind of a man any girl would be apt to fall in love with."

SCOOP THE CUB REPORTER

WELL-DING TAKE SUCH AN ENGINE! HERE I AM STEPPING ON THE GAS WITH BOTH FEET AND THAT CATTY PILLAR HAS KEPT UP TO ME FOR THE LAST HALF MILE!

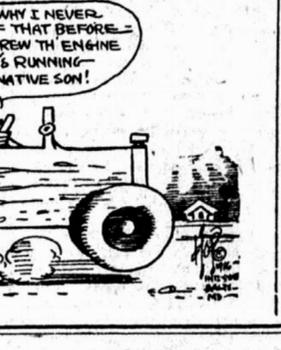


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