The TURMOIL

A Novel By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Conquest of Canaan," "Penrod," etc.

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He stood then, expectant, staring out into the hall with an air of careless geniality. He felt that she certainly must say at least, "How is Bibbs?" but she said nothing at all, though he waited until the silence became embarrassing.

"Well, I guess I better be gettin' down there," he said, at last. "He might worry."

"Goodby—and thank you," said Mary.

"For what?"

"For the letter."

"Oh," he said, blankly. "You're welcome. Goodby."

Mary put out her hand. "Goodby."

"You'll have to excuse my left hand," he said. "I had a little accident to the other one."

She gave a pitying cry as she saw. "Oh, poor Mr. Sheridan!"

"Nothin' at all! Dictate everything nowadays, anyhow." He laughed jovially. "Did anybody tell you how it happened?"

"I heard you hurt your hand, but no—not just how."

"It was this way," he began, and both, as if unconsciously, sat down again. "You may not know it, but I used to worry a good deal about the youngest o' my boys—the one that used to come to see you sometimes, after Jim—that is, I mean Bibbs. He's the one I spoke of as my partner; and the truth is that's what it's just about goin' to amount to, one o' these days—if his health holds out. Well, you remember, I expect, I had him on a machine over at a plant o' mine; and sometimes I'd kind o' sneak in there and see how he was gettin' along. Take a doctor with me sometimes, because Bibbs never was so robust, you might say. Ole Doc Gurney—I guess maybe you know him? Tall, thin man; acts sleepy—"

"Yes."

"Well, one day I an' ole Doc Gurney, we were in there, and I undertook to show Bibbs how to run his machine. He told me to look out, but I wouldn't listen, and I didn't look out—and that's how I got my hand hurt, tryin' to show Bibbs to do something he knew how to do and I didn't. Made me so mad I just wouldn't even admit to myself it was hurt—and so, by and by, ole Doc Gurney had to take kind o' radical measures with me. He's a right good doctor, too. Don't you think so, Miss Vertrees?"

"Yes."

"Yes, he is so!" Sheridan now had the air of a rambling talker and gossip with all day on his hands. "Take him on Bibbs' case. I was talkin' about Bibbs' case with him this morning. Well, you'd laugh to hear the way ole Gurney talks about that! 'Course he is just as much a friend as he is doctor—and he takes as much interest in Bibbs as if he was in the family. He thinks Bibbs isn't anyways bad off yet; and he thinks he could stand the pace and get fat on it if—well, this is what'd make you laugh if you'd been there, Miss Vertrees—honest it would!" He paused to chuckle, and stole a glance at her. She was gazing straight before her at the wall; her lips were parted, and—visibly—she was breathing heavily and quickly. He feared that she was growing furiously angry; but he had led to what he wanted to say, and he went on, determined now to say it all. He leaned forward and altered his voice to one of confidential friendliness, though in it he still maintained a tone which indicated that ole Doc Gurney's opinion was only a joke he shared with her. "Yes, sir, you certainly would 'a' laughed! Why, that ole man thinks you got something to do with it. You'll have to blame it on him, young lady, if it makes you feel like startin' out to whip somebody! He's actually got this theory: he says Bibbs got to gettin' better while he worked over there at the shop because you kept him cheered up and feelin' good. And he says if you could manage to just stand him hangin' round a little—maybe not much, but just sometimes—again, he believed it'd do Bibbs a mighty lot o' good. 'Course that's only what the doctor said. Me, I don't know anything about that; but I can say this much—I never saw any such a mental improvement in anybody in my life as I have lately in Bibbs. I expect you'd find him a good deal more entertaining than what he used to be—and I know it's a kind of embarrassing thing to suggest after the way he piled in over here that day to ask you to stand up before the preacher with him, but accordin' to ole Doc Gurney, he's got you on his brain so bad—"

Mary jumped. "Mr. Sheridan!" she exclaimed.

He sighed profoundly. "There! I noticed you were gettin' mad. I didn't—"

"No, no, no!" she cried. "But I don't understand—and I think you don't. What is it you want me to do?"

He sighed again, but this time with relief. "Well, well!" he said. "You're right. It'll be easier to talk plain. I ought to known I could with you, all the time. I just hoped you'd let that boy come and see you sometimes, once more. Could you?"

"You don't understand." She clasped her hands together in a sorrowful gesture. "Yes, we must talk plain. Bibbs heard that I'd tried to make your oldest son care for me because I was poor, and so Bibbs came and asked me to marry him—because he was sorry for me. And I can't see him any more," she cried in distress. "I can't!"

Sheridan cleared his throat uncomfortably. "You mean because he thought that about you?"

"No, no! What he thought was true!"

"Well—you mean he was so much in—you mean he thought so much of you—" The words were inconceivably awkward upon Sheridan's tongue; he seemed to be in doubt even about pronouncing them, but after a ghastly pause he bravely repeated them. "You mean he thought so much of you that you just couldn't stand him around?"

"No! He was sorry for me. He cared for me; he was fond of me; and he'd respected me—too much! In the

"Bibbs Isn't Like Other Men."

finest way he loved me, if you like, and he'd have done anything on earth for me, as I would for him, and as he knew I would. It was beautiful, Mr. Sheridan," she said. "But the cheap, bad things one has done seem always to come back—they wait, and pull you down when you're happiest. Bibbs found me out, you see; and he wasn't 'in love' with me at all."

"He wasn't? Well, it seems to me he gave up everything he wanted to do—it was fool stuff, but he certainly wanted it mighty bad—he just threw it away and walked right up and took the job he swore he never would—just for you. And it looks to me as if a man that'd do that must think quite a heap o' the girl he does it for! You say it was only because he was sorry, but let me tell you there's only one girl he could feel that sorry for! Yes, sir!"

"No, no," she said. "Bibbs isn't like other men—he would do anything for anybody."

Sheridan grinned. "Perhaps not so much as you think, nowadays," he said. "For instance, I got kind of a suspicion he doesn't believe in 'sentiment in business.' But that's neither here nor there. What he wanted was, just plain and simple, for you to marry him. Well, I was afraid his thinkin' so much of you had kind o' sickened you of him—the way it does sometimes. But from the way you talk, I understand that ain't the trouble." He coughed, and his voice trembled a little. "Now here, Miss Vertrees, I don't have to tell you—because you see things easy—I know I got no business comin' to you like this, but I had to make Bibbs go my way instead of his own—I had to do it for the sake o' my business and on his own account, too—and I expect you got some idea how it hurt him to give up. Well, he's made good. He didn't come in half-hearted or mean; he came in—all the way! But there isn't anything in it to him; you can see he's just shut his teeth on it and goin' ahead with dust in his mouth. You see, one way of lookin' at it, he's got nothin' to work for. And it seems to me like it cost him your friendship, and I believe—honest—that's what hurt him the worst. Now you said we'd talk plain. Why can't you let him come back?"

She covered her face desperately with her hands. "I can't!"

He rose, defeated, and looking it.

"Well, I mustn't press you," he said, gently.

At that she cried out, and dropped her hands and let him see her face. "Ah! He was only sorry for me!"

He gazed at her intently. Mary was proud, but she had a fatal honesty, and it confessed the truth of her now; she was helpless. It was so clear that even Sheridan, marveling and amazed, was able to see it. Then a change came over him; gloom fell from him, and he grew radiant.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried. "You mustn't—"

"I won't tell him," said Sheridan, from the doorway. "I won't tell anybody anything!"

(To Be Continued.)

Combing Won't Rid Hair of Dandruff

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

Do this tonight, and by morning most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.

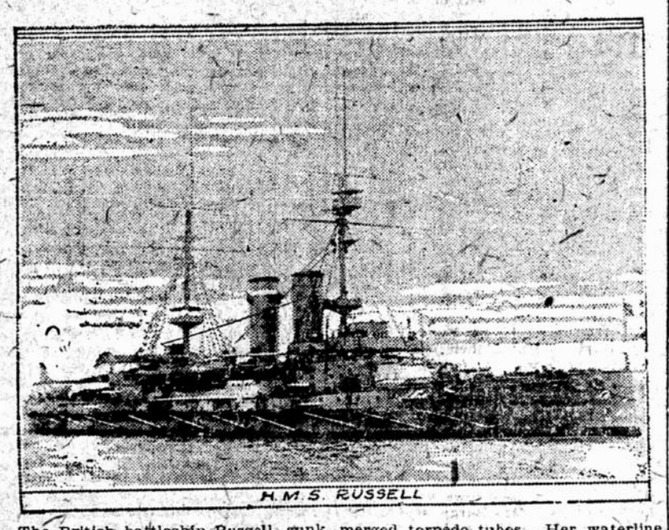
Price of beer has been raised in Rio Janeiro. Luckily it is still selling for a nickel on Halsted street, Chicago.

MEXICAN BANDITS CAUGHT BY SOLDIERS NOW PRISONERS IN COLUMBUS, N. M.

MEXICAN BANDIT PRISONERS AT COLUMBUS, N.M.

In the picture just forwarded from the Mexico-Texas border is seen a group of Mexican bandits, captured by American troops in Mexico and sent as prisoners to Columbus, N. M. They illustrate well the character of the men who have been following Villa. While these men are good fighters in the disturbed conditions of northern Mexico, they can not make a strong stand against well armed and equipped American soldiers. Guerrilla warfare is the only kind in which they make a good showing. Their leaders are generally like Pablo Lopez, who lying wounded in Chihuahua, pleaded with a correspondent to help him in trying to induce the de facto government to accept his aid in case of an international conflict, despite the fact that he has committed murders. He asserted he had never killed a Mexican. In a vain effort to save his life, he made a plea to be allowed to join the Carranzista forces. Lopez will undoubtedly be shot. The execution has been delayed until the bullet wounds received at the time of his capture are healed.

BATTLESHIP RUSSELL TENTH BIG BRITISH WARSHIP LOST IN WAR



H.M.S. RUSSELL

The British battleship Russell, sunk by a mine in the Mediterranean with the probable loss of about 124 men, was one of the last battleships built before the pre-dreadnaught period, when the main battery of twelve-inch guns was re-enforced by a secondary battery of 9.2-inch guns. She was completed in 1903 and carried four twelve-inch and twelve six-inch guns, twelve twelve-pounders, six three-pounders, two Maxims and four submerged torpedo tubes. Her waterline length was 418 feet and her beam 75.5 feet. Her displacement was 14,000 tons, and she usually carried 750 officers and men, or, as a flagship, 778. On board the Russell when she was lost was Rear Admiral Fremantle, who is among the survivors. The Russell was the tenth capital ship of the British navy to be lost since the war began and is the fourth officially announced as having been sunk by a mine.

DEMOCRACY'S OFFICIAL PUBLICITY PROMOTER

FREDERICK W. STECKMAN

Frederick W. Steckman, for the past twelve years a Washington newspaper correspondent, has been selected as director of publicity for the democratic national committee. He is a native of Princeton, Mo., unmarried and 36 years old. He was in charge of the Chicago headquarters of the committee in the 1912 campaign and originated the idea of soliciting small contributions for the campaign. This plan netted the committee more than $100,000. Mr. Steckman's newspaper affiliations date from the time he was less than 10 years old, and he has been "in the game" ever since. He represented the St. Louis Republic when he first came to the capital in 1904. He is now a political writer for the Washington Post and correspondent for the New Orleans Daily States.

Got Her New Hat.

"Why is it," asked the inquisitive husband, "that you never ask anyone if your hat is on straight, as I so often hear other women do?" "Well, if you must know," replied his wife, "it is because I love you so much." "But I fail to see what your love for me has to do with it." "Why, just think how it would disgrace you if I were to call anyone's attention to the only hat I have had in three years." And that's why, on the very next occasion she went out, she appeared in the latest creation of the milliner's art.

Faded Enthusiasms.

The enthusiasms of the day an hour I suppose to be merely temperamental. They are stems of an active mind, and we should be grateful for them rather than otherwise, whether swiftly outgrown or not. For they are but surface eddies of the current, and have but the slightest relation to the depth below. Even if some of them endure to the point of permanence, they are more likely than not to hold their proper place, and do no harm. The effervescence of youth is an excellent thing, and the more of it we keep in middle age or later life the better. Contrariwise, if, one by one, our images totter, fall and break, no matter. We can sit in serene contemplation of their fragments. "Through plot and counterplot," through all time and change, the "nightingale in the study" will sing on.—From the Atlantic.

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