The Turmoil

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

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SYNOPSIS.

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. On his return Bibbs finds himself an inconsiderable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. The Vertreeses, cld town family next door and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, newly-rich, and Mary afterward puts into words her parents' unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan boys. At the Sheridan spreads himself, Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheridan's attentions. Mary shocks her mother by talking of Jim as a matrimonial possibility. Jim tells Mary Bibbs is not a lunatic—"just queer." He proposes to Mary, who half accepts him. 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. Edith, Bibbs' sister, and Sibyl, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lamhorn; Sibyl goes to Mary for help to keep Lamhorn from marrying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone. Bibbs has to break to his father the news of Jim's sudden death. All the rest of the family helpless in their grief. Bibbs becomes temperary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her. becomes temperary master of the At the funeral he meets Mary and home with her.

Love has awakened in the bosom of Bibbs-shy, hopeless & love for something unattainable. The emotion is reflected in his & gentleness with his grief-stricken father. Will it stir his ambition and impel him to activity Q that will help him win the girl Q finally? Will Old Sheridan come to understand and appreciate?

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CHAPTER XII-Continued.

had brought his camera to the funeral bein' brothers like that. I don't be-Moor. Uncle Gideon, reassured by together for a good talk in my life." Bibbs' explanation, would have returned to finish his quotation from Bil- Bibbs returned, gently. "And since I dad the Shubite, but Bibbs, detained came home I- He was busy, you see, him, and after a little argument per- and I hadn't much to say about the suaded him to descend to the dining things that interested him, because I room whither Bibbs followed, after don't know much about them."

dinner, diplomatically preventing sev- know about 'em now, Bibbs. I eral attempts on the part of that com- haven't said much to you, because I forter to reascend the stairs; and it felt it was all between your father and was a relief to Bibbs when George an- you, but I honestly do believe it will nounced that an automobile was waiting to convey the ancient man and more trouble on top of all this! You his grandson to their train. They were mustn't let him, Bibbs-you mustn't! the last to leave, and when they had You don't know how he's grieved over gone Bibbs went sighing to his own you, and now he can't stand any more

He stretched himself wearily upon the bed, but presently rose, went to I want you to promise me you will." the window, and looked for a long time at the darkened house where Mary Vertrees lived. Then he opened his trunk, took therefrom a small notebook half filled with fragmentary scribblings, and began to write:

Laughter after a funeral. In this re-The band plays a dirge on the way to the cemetery, but when it turns back, and the mourning carriages are out of hearing, it strikes up, "Darktown Is Out To-Night." That is naturaltown Is Out To-Night." but there are women whose laughter is like the whirring of whips. .

Beauty is not out of place among gravestones. It is not out of place anywhere. But a woman who has been betrothed to a man would not look beautiful at his funeral. A woman might look beautiful, though, at the funeral of a man whom she had known and liked. And in that case, too, she would probably not want to talk if she drove home from the cemetery with his brother; nor would she want the brother to talk. . . Nevertheless, too much silence is open to suspi-cion. It may be reticence, or it may be a im. It may be dignity, of it may be

Silence can be golden? Yes. But pergaps if a woman of the world should find herself by accident sitting beside a man for the length of time it must necessarily take two slow old horses to jog three miles, she might expect that man to say something of some sort! If he did not even try, but sat every step of the way as dumb as a frozen fish, she might think him a frozen fish. And she might be right. She might be right if she thought him about as pleasant a com-panion-as Bildad the Shuhite!

Bibbs closed his notebook, replacing it in his trunk. Then, after a period of melancholy contemplation, he undressed, put on a dressing gown and slippers, and went softly out into the hall-to his father's door. Upon the door was a tray which Bibbs had sent George, earlier in the evening, to place upon a table in Sheridan's room-but the food was untouched. Bibbs stood listening outside the door for several minutes. There came no sound from within, and he went back to his own

room and to bed. In the morning he woke to a state of bend hitherto unknown in his ex-Sometimes in the process perience. of waking there is a little pausesleep has gone, but coherent thought bas not begun. It is the moment, as we say, before we "remember;" and turning to go in. "An obscure person for the first time in Bibbs' life it came I don't think much of lately." to him bringing a vague happiness. However, it was a brief visitation and and upon his visiding to her petulant ing. It left a little trail, the pleased the only thing to do was to tell Dr. recollection of it and the puzzle of it. Gurney about it. which remained unsolved. And, in Like Bildad the Shuhitel' was what spicuous adjacency. fact, waking happily in the morning is Bibbs said.

not usually the result of a drive home from a funeral. No wonder the se quence evaded Bibbs Sheridan!

His father had gone when he came "Came sat breakfas' table, all by 'mself; eat nothin'. George bring nice Yessuh, went on downtown, jes' same yoosta do.'

right. The day passed as other days rather guiltily: "I got kind of a notion were in black, and Mrs. Sheridan cried as he used to. Maybe-maybe you beta little, now and then, but no other external difference was to be seen. Bibbs went for his drive, and his in haste: "Don't say I said to. I might mother went with him, as she sometimes did when the weather was pleasant. Altogether, the usualness of

talked fragmentarily of Jim's childhood. "But you wouldn't remember girl," she said. "She was all right." that," she said, after narrating an episode. "You were too little. He was always a good boy, just like that. And for he nodded once more, affirmahe'd save whatever papa gave him, tively. and put it in the bank. I reckon it'll just about kill your father to put somebody in his place as president of the Realty company, Bibbs. I know he can't move Roscoe over; he told me last week he'd already put as much on Roscoe as any one man could handle and not go crazy. Oh, it's a pity-" She stopped to wipe her eyes. "It's a pity you didn't run more with Jim, There came a second explosion, and Bibbs, and kind o' pick up his ways. Uncle Gideon ran out into the hall. Think what it'd meant to papa now! Bibbs went to the head of the great You, never did run with either Roscoe staircase, and, looking down, discov- or Jim any, even before you got sick. ered the source of the disturbance. Of course you were younger; but it Gideon's grandson, a boy of fourteen, always did seem queer-and you three and was taking "flashlights" of the lieve I ever saw you and Jim sit down

"Mother, I've been away so long,"

closing the door of his father's room. "It's a pity! Oh, it's a pity!" she He kept his eyes on Gideon after moaned. "And you'll have to learn to just kill him if he has to have any -he fust can't! Whatever he says for you to do, you do it, Bibbs, you do it!

rowfully. cried, clutching his arm. "He wants and-and you heard what-what-" you to go back to the machine shop and all on earth he asks is for you to finished the sentence for her. go back in a cheerful spirit, so it won't action people will laugh at anything and hurt you! That's all he asks. Look, kind?" she wailed. "Oh, it looks as if Bibbs, we're gettin' back near home, but before we get there I want you to promise me that you'll do what he

asks you to. Promise me!" In her earnestness she cleared away her black veil that she might see him better, and it blew out on the smoky wind. He readjusted it for her before he spoke.

"I'll go back in as cheerful a spirit as I can, mother," he said. "There!" she exclaimed, satisfied. That's a good boy! That's all I want-

ed you to say." "Don't give me any credit," he said. ruefully. "There isn't anything else

for me to do." "No, don't begin talkin' that way!" "No, no," he soothed her. "We'll have to begin to make the spirit a cheerful one. We may-" They were turning into their own driveway as he spoke, and he glanced at the old house next door. Mary Vertrees was visible in the twilight, standing upon the front steps, bareheaded, the door open be

hind her. She bowed gravely. "'We may'-what?" asked Mrs. Sheridan, with a slight impatience.

"What is it mother?" "Of all the queer boys!" she cried. You always were. Always! You haven't forgot what you just promised me, have you?".

"No," he answered, as the car stopped. "No, the spirit will be as cheerful as the flesh will let it, mother. It won't do to behave like-"

His voice was low, and in her movement to descend from the car she failed to hear his final words.

"Behave like who, Bibbs?" "Nothing." But she was fretful in her grief. You said it wouldn't do to behave like

somebody. Behave like who?" "It was just nonsense," he explained,

was gone before he had finished dress- insistence, she made up her mind that Mr. Lamborn. They looked up in no

CHAPTER XIII.

The outward usualness of things continued after dinner. In the library, while his wife sat in her customary chair, gazing at the fire, Sheridan let the unfolded evening paper rest upon his lap, though now and then he lifted it, as if to read. Bibbs came in noiselessly and sat in a corner, doing nothing; and from a "reception room" mur became just audible at intervals. Mr. Lamhorn." Once, when this murmur grew louder, under stress of some irrepressible merriment, Edith's voice could be heard-Bobby, aren't you awful!" and Sheridan glanced across at his wife appealingly.

reception room;" there was a flurry of whispering, and the sound of tiptoeing | you, Mr. Lamhorn?" in the hall-Edith and her suitor downstairs, "Went on down to 's office, changing quarters to a more distant shortly. jes' same," Jackson informed blm. room. Mrs. Sheridan returned to her chair in the library.

"They won't bother you any more, breakfas', but he di'n' eat a thing. papa," she said, in a comforting voice. "She told me at lunch he'd 'phoned he he yoosta do. Yessuh, I reckon putty wanted to come up this evening, and much ev'ything goin' on same as it I said I thought he'd better wait a few It struck Bibbs that Jackson was him he could." She paused, then added, of other parties; and he sat expectant ter ask Roscoe, papa." And as Sheridan nodded solemnly, she concluded, be wrong about it, anyway."

He nodded again, and they sat for some time in a silence which Mrs. things was rather startling to Bibbs. Sherklan broke with a little sniff, hav- Lamhorn had nothing in his mind at During the drive Mrs. Sheridan ing fallen into a reverle that brought tears. "That Miss Vertrees was a good

Her husband evidently had no difficulty in following her train of thought,

the-the Realty company?" she faltered. "Did you-'

his feet by the arms of his chair. "I fixed it," he said, in a husky voice. He went to her, put his hand upon her shoulder, and drew a long, audible, tremendous breath. "It's my bedtime, mamma; I'm goln' up." When he reached the door he stopped and spoke again, without turning to look at her. "The Realty company'll go right on pile. One of 'em sticks his finger in the sand-pile and makes a hole, and the hall. another of 'em 'll pat the place with his hand, and all the little grains tle against one another; and then, you knew-" right away it's flat on top again, and things anywhere, I reckon, that wouldn't go right on-just the same." And he passed out slowly into the

upon the stairs. turned a piteous face to her son. "It's so forlorn," she said, chokingly. "That's the first time he spoke since he came in the house this evening. I know it laughin' with that Lamhorn. She'd oughtn't to let him come, right the very He ran at just a glimpse of one." first evening this way; she'd oughtn't "I would if I could," he said, sor- to done it! She just seems to lose her head over him, and it scares me. You one?" "No, no! Why cau't you?" she heard what Sibyl said the other day,

> "What Edith said to Sibyl?" Bibbs "We can't have any trouble o' that



They Looked Up in No Welcoming Manner.

movin' up to this new house had it further, he continued, in his usual brought us awful bad luck! It scares | tone, "I'm drunk with power, Edith." me!" She put both her hands over her face. "Oh, Bibbs, Bibbs! if you only demanded, brusquely. wasn't so queer! If you could only been a kind of dependable son! I don't said. know what we're all comin' to!" And, veeping, she followed her husband. Bibbs gazed for a while at the fire; then he rose abruptly, like a man who has come to a decision, and briskly "Behave like who?" she repeated, sought the room-it was called "the Lamborn-" smoking room"-where Edith sat with welcoming manner, at Bibbs' entrance, Lamhorn making love to Sibyl!" and moved their chairs to a less con-

"Good evening," said Bibbs, pleas-

leather easy-chair near them. "What is it?" asked Edith, plainly astonished.

"Nothing," he returned, smiling. She frowned. "Did you want something?" she asked.

"Nothing in the world. Father and mother have gone upstairs; I sha'n't be going up for several hours, and always certain-" there didn't seem to be anybody left across the hall an indistinct vocal mur- for me to chat with except you and

"'Chat with'!" she echoed, incredulously.

"I can talk about almost anything." said Bibbs with an air of genial polite-"It doesn't matter to me. I through the glass at things." ness. don't know much about business-if about. But you aren't in business, are

"Not now," returned Lamborn,

"I'm not, either," said Bibbs. "It was getting cloudier than usual, I noticed, just before dark, and there was wind from the southwest. Rain tomorrow, I shouldn't be surprised."

He seemed to feel that he had begun a conversation the support of which days, but she said she'd already told had now become the pleasurable duty ly, looking first at his sister, then at had passed. Mrs. Sheridan and Edith maybe Roscoe don't like him as much Lamborn, as if implying that it was their turn to speak. Edith returned his gaze with a mixture of astonishment and increasing anger, while Mr. Lamborn was obviously disturbed, though Bibbs had been as considerate as possible in presenting the weather as a topic. Bibbs had perceived that any time, except "personalities"-he could talk about people and be could make love. Bibbs, wishing to be courteous, offered the weather.

Lamborn refused it, and concluded from Bibbs' luxurious attitude in the leather chair that this half-crazy broth-"Did you -- How did you fix it about er was a permanent fixture for the rest of the evening. There was no reason to hope that he would move, and He rose heavily, helping himself to Lamborn found himself in danger of looking silly.

> "I was just going," he said, rising. "Oh no!" Edith cried, sharply.

"Yes. Good night! I think I-" "Too bad," said Bibbs, genially, walking to the door with the visitor, while Edith stood staring as the two Blbbs offering to "help" Lamborn with mind of chuldren playin' in a sand- of departure being followed by the

"What's the matter with you?" she of sand run in and fill it up and set- How did you dare come in here when

you can't tell there ever was a bole of rage and despair, and ran up the at full length, as if she buried somehim at his door.

"Oh, Bibbs," she said, shaking her hall; then they heard his heavy tread head woefully, "you'd oughtn't to dis- gaze was as keen as it was steady, titude, "Why, it's you." Mrs. Sheridan, rising to follow him, that young man out of the house. You'd Finally he nodded slowly, as if she had burriedly pronouncing the other's ought to been more considerate."

Bibbs smiled faintly, noting that Edith's door was open, with Edith's naive shadow motionless across its appear to be much of a 'man's man.' Edith's shadow moved; her voice

came quavering: "You call yourself especially me!" "No, no," he answered. "I said 'just a glimpse of one.' I didn't claim--'

But her door slammed angrily; and he turned to his mother. "There," he said, sighing. "That's almost the first time in my life I ever

tried to be a man of action, mother, and I succeeded perfectly in what I tried to do. As a consequence I feel like a horse thief!" "You hurt her feelin's," she groaned.

'You must 'a' gone at it too rough, the handshaking, and left her. Bibbs."

He looked upon her wanly. "That's my trouble, mother," he murmured. 'I'm a plain, blunt fellow. I have rough ways, and I'm a rough man." For once she perceived some meaning in his queerness. "Hush your nonsense!" she said, good-naturedly, the astral of a troubled smile appearing. 'You go to bed."

He kissed her and obeyed. Edith gave him a cold greeting the

next morning at the breakfast table. "You mustn't do that under a misapprehension," he warned her, when they were alone in the dining room.

"Do what under a what?" she asked. "Speak to me. I came into the smoking room last night 'on purpose,' he told her, gravely. "I have a prejudice against that young man."

She laughed. "I guess you think it means a great deal who you have prejudices against!" In mockery she adopted the manner of one who implores. "Bibbs, for pity's sake promise me, don't use your influence with papa against him!" And she laughed louder. "Listen," he said, with peculiar earnestness. "I'll tell you now, because-

because I've decided I'm one of the family." And then, as if the earnestness were too heavy for him to carry

"Lamborn made love to Sibyi," he

Edith hooted. "She did to him!" "No," he said, gravely. "I know." "I was there, one day a week ago,

with Roscoe, and I heard Sibyl and Edith screamed with laughter. "You

"No. I heard them quarreling." "You're funnier than ever, Bibbs!"

antly; and he seated himself in a her because you heard them quarrel- hate the machine shop only; you nate

what's 'between' people, you can-by craze to 'get on.' You'd like to go

the way they quarrel."

they quarreling about?"

to know. You've had so much experi- Sicily?" ence, yourself!"

"I haven't any, Edith," he said. "My Bibbs. "I want to stay right here." life has been about as exciting as an



"Your Father Telephoned Me Yesterday Afternoon."

Lamborn and worrying him to death, would have said: and you think it matters to me? What "You jumped because you were cried, furiously. "What do you mean? if I already knew all about their 'quar- thinking of me!" reling'? What if I understood why she-" She broke off with a violent Her voice broke; she made a gesture gesture, a sweep of her arm extended Bibbs Sheridan!"

tress your sister? She says you drove She met it with unwavering pride.

what she said. into the smoking room again. I'm made a fieroic effort, and as they bemust 'a' hurt him to hear Edith threshold. "Yes," he said. "He' doesn't sorry, Edith. Nobody can make you gan to walk on together he contrived see anything now. You'll never see to find his voice. until you see for yourself. The rest of "I-I-hate a frozen fish myself,"

> "That's sensible," she responded, when you're sensible, Bibbs."

Shake hands and forgive me, Edith." derwent this brief ceremony, and bring me home, and after I went into George appeared, summoning Bibbs to the house I decided I should have the library; Doctor Gurney was wait- walked. Besides, it wasn't three miles ing there, he announced. And Bibbs to the car line. I never thought of it?" gave his sister a shy but friendly touch upon the shoulder as a complement to didn't, either. I might have said some-

log fire, alone in the room, and he that, and not worry about it later. I merely glanced over his shoulder when think I'm talking, though it doesn't his patient came in. He was not over sound intelligent even to me. I made fifty, in spite of Sheridan's habitual up my mind that if I ever met you "ole Doc Gurney." He was gray, how- again I'd turn on my voice and keep it ever, almost as thin as Bibbs, and going, no matter what it said. I-" nearly always he looked drowsy.

ing. "Wants me to 'look you over' the house-warming, "a cripple would again. Come around here in front of crawl five miles to hear." And at the me-between me and the fire. I want merry lilting of it Bibbs' father's son to see if I can see through you."

move," returned Bibbs, complying. think you'll notice that I'm getting It won't be difficult for me."

worse.' "Taken on about twelve pounds," said Gurney. "Thirteen, maybe."

"Well, it won't do." The doctor rubbed his eyelids. "You're so much had been the destination of one of better I'll have to use some machinery | them. on you before we can know just where

father wants to know." Bibbs nodded. "Machine shop." "Still hate it?" Bibbs nodded again.

"Don't blame you!" the doctor grunted. "Yes, I expect it'll make a lump in "What do you want to tell me?" she your gizzard again. Well, what do you say? Shall I tell him you've got the old lump there yet? You still want to write, do you?"

"What's the use?" Bibbs said, smiling ruefully. "My kind of writing!" "Yes," the doctor agreed. "I suppose if you broke away and lived on roots | and berries until you began to 'attract | the favorable attention of editors' you might be able to hope for an income of were with Roscoe-and you heard four or five hundred dollars a year by the time you're fifty."

"That's about it," Bibbs murmured. "Of course I know what you want to Oooooooooooo she cried. "You say he made love to do," said Gurney, drowsily. "You don't

the whole show-the noise and jar and "That's it. If you want to know dirt, the scramble-the whole bioomin' somewhere in Algiers, or to Taormina, "You'll kill me, Bibbs! What were perhaps, and bask on a balcony, smelling flowers and writing sonnets. You'd "Nothing. That's how I know. Peo- grow fat on it and have a delicate litple who quarrel over nothing!-it's tle life all to yourself. Well, what do you say? I can lie like sixty, Bibbs? Edith stopped laughing abruptly, but Shall I tell your father he'll lose ancontinued her mockery. "You ought other of his boys if you don't go to

"I don't want to go to Sicily," said

The doctor's drowsiness disappeared incubator chicken's. But I look out for a moment, and he gave his patient a sharp glance. "It's a risk," he said. "Well, then," she said, "if you look "I think we'll find you're so much bet-She rese at once and went into the that's what you happened to be talking out through the glass you must know ter he'll send you back to the shop pretty quick. Something's got hold of you lately; you're not quite so lackaddisical as you used to be. But I warn you: I think the shop will knock you just as it did before, and perhaps ever harder, Bibbs."

He rose, shook himself, and rupbed his eyelids. "Well, when we go over you this afternoon what are we going to say about it?"

"Tell him I'm ready," said Blobs,

looking at the floor. "Oh no," Gurney langhed. "Not quite yet; but you may be almost. We'll see. Don't forget I said to walk down." And when the examination was concluded, that afternoon, the doctor informed Bibbs that the result was much too satisfactory to be pleasing. "Here's a new 'situation' for a one-act farce." he said, gloomily, to his next patient when Bibbs had gone. "Doctor tells a man he's well, and that's his death

sentence, likely. Dam' funny world!" Bibbs decided to walk home. It was a dingy afternoon, and the smoke was evident not only to Bibbs' sight, but to his nostrils, though most of the pedestrians were so saturated with the smell that they could no longer detect it. This incited a train of thought which continued till he approached the new house. As he came to the corner of Mr. Vertrees' lot Mr. Vertrees' daughter emerged from the front door and walked thoughtfully down the path to the picket gate. She was unconscious of the approach of the pedestrian and did not see him until she had opened what effect such stuff would have up- the gate and he was almost beside her. on me." She rose, visibly agitated. Then she looked up, and as she saw disappeared in the hall. She heard "What if it was true?" she demanded, him she started visibly. And if this bitterly. "What if it was true a hun- thing had happened to Robert Lamjust the same," he said. "It's like his overcoat and the latter rather curt- dred times over? You sit there with horn, he would have had a thought far it's like sand, mamma. It puts me in ly declining assistance, these episodes your silly face half ready to giggle and beyond the horizon of faint-hearted half ready to sniffle, and tell me stories Bibbs' thoughts. Lamborn, indeed, closing of the outer door. She ran into like that, about Sibyl picking on Bobby would have spoken his thought. He

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary was the picture of a lady flusthere. The Realty company 'll go on stairs, sobbing. She fled to her moth- thing to the ground. "Do you think a tered. Bibbs had paused in his slow all right, mamma. There ain't any er's room, and when Bibbs came up, a girl that really cared for a man would stride, and there elapsed an instant befew minutes later, Mrs. Sheridan met pay any attention to that? Or to you, fore either spoke or moved-it was no longer than that, and yet it sufficed He looked at her steadily, and his for each to seem to say, by look and at-

Then they both spoke at once, each spoken and he meant to agree with name as if about to deliver a message of importance. Then both came "Ah, yes," he said. "I won't come to a stop simultaneously, but Bibbs

us will do better to keep out of it- he said. "I think three miles was too long for you to put up with one."

"Good gracious!" she cried, turning curtly. "You're most surprising of all to him a glowing face from which restraint and embarrassment had sud-"Yes," he sighed. "I'm a dull dog. denly fled. "Mr. Sheridan, you're levely to put it that way. It was an Thawing so far as to smile, she un- imposition for me to have made you

"No," said Bibbs, carnestly. "I thing if I'd thought of anything. I'm Doctor Gurney was sitting by the talking now, though; I must remember

She interrupted him with laughter, "Your father telephoned me yester- and Mary Vertrees' laugh was one day afternoon, Bibbs," he said, not ris- which Bibbs' father had declared, after took heart to forget some of his trepi-"You mean you're too sleepy to dation. "I'll be any kind of idiot," he "I said, "if you'll laugh at me some more,

> She did; and Bibbs' cheeks showed a little actual color, which Mary perceived. They had passed the new house without either of them showing-or possessing-any consciousness that it

"I'll keep on talking," Bibbs conyou are. You come down to my place tinued, cheerfully, "and you keep on this afternoon. Walk down-all the laughing. I'm amounting to something in the world this afternoon. I'm makway. I suppose you know why your ing a noise, and that makes you make music. Don't be bothered by my bleating out such things as that. I'm really frightened. I don't remember talking as much as this more than once or (wice in my life. I suppose it was always in me to do it, though, the first time I met anyone who didn't know me well enough not to listen."

"But you're not really talking to me," said Mary. "You're just thinking aloud."

Do you think that Mary's warm friendship for Bibbs will help him to endure the machine shop long enough to impress his father with his usefulness in a better job?

(TC BE CONTINUED.)