## The Turmoil

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON** 

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, old-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's attentions. Jin 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 Lamborn; Sibyl goes to Mary for help to keep Lamborn from marying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone. Bibbs has to break to his father the news of Jim's suddendeath. All the rest of the family helpless in their grief, Bibbs becomes temporary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her. Bibbs purposely interrupts a tete-a-tete between Edith and Lamhorn. He tells, Edith that he overheard Lamhorn making love to Roscoe's wife. Doctor Gurney flowed that he overheard Lamhorn making love to Roscoe's wife. Doctor Gurney flowed that he overheard Lamhorn making love to Roscoe's wife. Doctor Gurney flowed that he overheard Lamhorn making love to Roscoe's wife. Doctor Gurney flowed that he overheard Lamhorn making love to Roscoe's wife. Doctor Gurney flowed that he overheard tamhorn making love to Roscoe's wife. Doctor Gurney flowed the sendant sendant friendship, Roscoe Sheridan and his wife quarrel desperately about Bobby Lamhorn.

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Imagine the feelings of a hard-working, dutiful husband when he learns that his wife is dangerously flirting with a worthless bachelor-and when his wife defies him to do anything about the matter. Does such a situation justify divorce, notwithstanding the "until death do us part" vow?

## HHERERERERERERERERERE CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

"Won't you come in?" urged Mrs. Vertrees, cordially, hearing the sound of a cheerful voice out of the darkness | And there they were, dead broke! Do beyond the approaching glare of automobile headlights. "Do! There's Mary | what she's doing?"

now, and she-But Sibyl was half-way across the street. "No, thanks," she called. "I hope she won't miss her piano!" And she ran into her own house and plunged headlong upon a leather divan in the hall, holding her handkerchief | cold!"

over her mouth. The noise of her tumultuous entrance was evidently startling, for there followed the crash of a decanter upon the and, after a floor of the dining room rumble of indistinct profaulty, Roscoe

in his hand. "What's your excitement?" he ce-

"Oh, it's funny!" she gasped. "Those old frost-bitten people! I guess they're getting their comeupance!" Lying prone, she elevated her feet in the air, clapping her heels together repeatedly, in an ecstasy.

"Come through, come through!" said her husband, crossly. "What you

been up to?"

"Me?" she cried, dropping her feet and swinging around to face him. "Nothing. It's them! Those Vertreeses!" She wiped her eyes. "They've had to sell their plano!" "Well, what of it?".

"That Mrs. Kittersby told me all about 'em a week ago," said Sibyl. "They've been hard up for a long time.



WI Want to Know What You Say Over the Telephone to Lamhorn." and she says as long ago as last winter

Kittersby's cook had hers!"

would become of 'em. The girl had help seeing it." plenty chances to marry up to a year | "Wrong?" she said. "What like?"

(Copyright 1915, by Harper & Brothers) or so ago, but she was so indifferent she scared the men off. Gracious! they

> "Terrible funny, terrible funny!" to say tonight?" funny I broke a cut glass decanter swiftness, "I want to know why you

"What girl! Their cook?" "That Vertrees girl! Don't you see they looked on our coming up into this neighborhood as their last chance? They were just going down and out, and here bobs up the green, rich Sheridan family! So they send her out to get a Sheridan-she's got to get one! And she just goes in blind; and Jim was landed-there's no doubt about that! But Jim was lucky: he didn't live to stay landed, and it's a good thing for him!" Sibyl's mirth had vanished, and she spoke with virulent rapidity. "Well, she couldn't get you. because you were married, and she couldn't get Jim, because Jim died. you know what she did? Do you know

"No. I don't," said Roscoe, gruffly. Sibyl's voice rose and culminated in a scream of renewed hilarity. "Bibbs! She waited in the graveyard, and drove home with him from Jim's funeral! Never spoke to him before! Jim wasn't | flercely.

She rocked herself back and forth upon the divan. "Bibbs!" she shricked. in there on your way home this eve- the series Roscoe occupied; and he sup-"Bibbs! Roscoe, think of it! Bibbs!" | ning, didn't you? Didn't she tell her mirth was unabated for all that. phone to Mr. Lamhorn?" "And yesterday," she continued, became forth, holding a dripping napkin tween paroxysms-"yesterday she voice growing louder. "She said. You Sheridan. Private," Roscoe was there hysterics over? Another death in the old lady watching at the window! And what she said! And I want to know did not turn as his father opened the she got him there last night-to 'play' what it means. I intend-" to him: the old lady gave that away! be he was, but she went after him ruption. just the same! The old lady set herself to pump me about it today. Bibbs! been going on," he declared. "I mean Oh, my Lord! Bibbs!"

But Roscoe looked grim. "So It's funny to you, is it? It sounds kind of him, standing face to face with him. pitiful to me. I should think it would

to a woman, too." such frozen-faced smart Alecks. If then you come home making a scene was Queen Elisabeth, and expects you!" people to wallow on the ground before goes out to mash-Bibbs Sheridan!"

"Look here," said Roscoe, beavily: "I don't care about that one way or another. If you're through, I got something I want to talk to you about. I was going to, that day just before we ing of that month, Sheridan, passing and vacuous; his hair was disordered. heard about Jim."

off, and, becoming conscious that he owner, but he forgot and carried them was still holding the wet napkin in his downtown with him. At noon he Sheridan's first sensation. Probably hand, threw it pettishly into a corner. found himself alone in his office, and, nothing in the world could have more but I was going to ask you what was the matter between you and Lam-Sibyl uttered a sharp monosyllable.

know about it," he went on. "You

never told me anything-" "You never asked," she interposed, curtly.

"Well, we'd got in a way of not talking much," said Roscoe. "It looks to me now as if we'd pretty much lost town have nothing in life that a chicken right arm in a meaningless gesture. the run of each other the way a good hasn't? What did you mean?" And she "Hog!" he repeated, chuckling. she knew that girl got a pair of walk- the run of each other the way a good ing shoes re-soled and patched, because she got it done the same place Mrs. I was up early and down to Kittersby's cook had bers!"

the fain of each other the way a good may say it in a manner that makes a sensible reply very difficult—you will be so full of wonder that she remembered so full of wonder that she remembered work all day, and I'd come home tired so seriously.

Yet, what does the rooster lack? He "Well, well?" he urged, impatiently. at night, and went to go to bed soon as "Well, I'm telling you! Mrs. Kittersby says they haven't got a thing! Just was some good musical show in town.

"Well, I'm telling you! Mrs. Kittersby says they haven't got a thing! Just was some good musical show in town.

"Well, I'm telling you! Mrs. Kittersby says they haven't got a thing! Just was some good musical show in town. absolutely nothing—and they don't Well, you seemed all right until here over him; he breathes sweet air; he walks he got good an' drunk once in two, know anywhere to turn! She says the lately, the last month or so, I began to whole town's been wondering what see something was wrong. I couldn't

cited and fidgety; you got to looking peakld and run down. Now then, Lamwhile, but I noticed that not long ago you got to picking on him about every little thing he did; you got to quarreling with him when I was there and when I wasn't. I could see you'd been quarreling whenever I came in and he was here.'

"Do you object to that?" asked Sibyl, breathing quickly.

"Yes-when it injures my wife's health!" he returned, with a quick lift of his eyes to hers. "You began to run down just about the time you began falling out with him." He stepped close to her. "See here, Sibyl, I'm going to know what it means."

"Oh, you are?" she snapped. "That was what you were going to say the other day. Yes. What else have you

"Tonight," he replied, with grim



"My Name," Said Roscoe, "Can Help That." keep telephoning him you want to see him since he stopped coming here." She made a long, low sound of comprehension before she said, "And what

else did Edith want you to ask me?"

"Is that all Edith told you to ask He stared unsympathetically, but you then what I said over the tele-

came out of the house-just as he was | tell your wife to stop telephoning Robpassing. She must have been looking ert Lamborn to come and see her, beout-waiting the chance; I saw the cause he isn't going to do it!' That's

A maid appeared at the lower end of And today she made him take her out the hall. "Dinner is ready," she said. waitin' to see you, my boy," said Sheriin a machine! And the cream of it is and, giving the troubled pair one that they didn't even know whether he glance, went demarely into the dining was insane or not-they thought may- room. Roscoe disregarded the inter-

"I intend to know exactly what has to know just what-" Sibyl jumped up, almost touching

"Oh, you do!" she cried, shrilly. "You mean to know just what's what, do "Oh, it might," she returned, soher- you? You listen to your sister insinuing. "It might, if those people weren't ating ugly things about your wife, and they'd had the decency to come down before the servants and humiliating off the perch a little I probably me in their presence! Do you suppose wouldn't think it was funny, but to that Irish girl didn't hear every word see 'em sit up on their pedestal all the you said? You go in there and eat your time they're eating dirt-well, I think dinner alone! Go on! Go and eat your it's funny! That girl sits up as if she dinner alone-because I won't eat with

And she broke away from the detainher until they get near enough for her ing grasp he sought to fasten upon to give 'em a good kick with her old her, and dashed up the stairway, pantpatched shoes-oh, she'd do that, all ing. He heard the door of het room right!-and then she powders up and slam overhead, and the sharp click of the key in the lock.

## CHAPTER XVII.

At seven o'clock on the last morn-At this Sibyl stiffened quickly; her ple of scribbled sheets of note paper deathly pale. The father stood aghast. eyes became intensely bright. "What lying on the floor. He recognized the handwriting and put the sheets in his coe!" "Well," he began, frowning. "what I coat pocket, intending to give them was going to say then-" He broke to George or Jackson for return to the that." "I never expected I'd have to say any- having a little leisure, remembered the amazed him than to find Roscoe—the thing like this to anybody I married; bits of manuscript, took them out, and steady old wheel-horse-in this condionly a sample of the kind of writing too much for it?" his son preferred to the machine shop. he decided, innocently enough, that he "Yeuh! Cold! I been drinkun all time, "I felt the time had come for me to would be justified in reading them. It appears that a lady will nod pleas-

antly upon some windy generalization of a companion, and will wear the most thought I'd smelt it on you a good deal agreeable expression of accepting it as lately, but I wouldn't 'a' believed -she will inquire out of a clear sky:
"Why did you say that the people down-

"You changed; you didn't look the shorter than the life of Midas, but Midas' You think them men out there are in this fashion, he blushed-for he

The rooster is a dependent; he depends upon the farmer and the weather. Midas horn had been going with us a good is a dependent; he depends upon the farmer and the weather. The rooster thinks only of the moment; Midas provides for tomorrow. What does he provide for tomorrow? Nothing that the rooster will not have without providing. The rooster and the prosperous worker: they are born, they grub, they love; they grub and love grubbing; they grub and they die. Neither knows beauty; neither knows knowledge. And after all, when Midas and the rooster dies, there is one thing Midas has had and rooster has not. Midas has had the excitement of accur lating what he has grubbed, and that has been his life and his love and his god. He cannot take that god with him when he dies. I wonder if the worthy gods are those we can take with us.

Midas must teach all to be as Midas;

the young must be raised in his religion-The manuscript ended there, and Sheridan was not anxious for more. He crumpled the sheets into a ball, deposbeside him; then, rising, he consulted a suite and get rid of some gentlemen now? Oh yes! Seems to me like I re-Cyclopedia of Names, which a book that are waitin' there to see him in member leavin' it down at the officehe mumbled.

He felt very lonely, and this was, as the car gets here. 'T's all!" daily, his hardest hour. For a long cigars. But now Sheridan remained alone in his office; he had not gone out to lunch since Jim's death, nor did he have anything sent to him-he fasted until evening.

It was the time he missed Jim per. sonally the most-the voice and eyes and handshake, all brisk and alert, all businesslike. But Sheridan's sense of loss went far deeper. Jim was the one who would have been surest to keep the great property growing greater, year by year. Sheridan had fallen asleep, night after night, picturing what the growth would be under Jim. He had believed that Jim was absolutely certain to be one of the biggest men in the country. Well, it was all up to Roscoe now!

That reminded him of a question he had in mind to ask Roscoe. It was a suggested it-though vaguely-and he had meant to speak to Roscoe about it. However, Roscoe had not come into his father's office for several days, and when Sheridan had seen his son at home there had been no opportunity.

He waited until the greater part of "I want to know what you say over his day's work whs over, toward four the telephone to Lamborn," he said, o'clock, and then went down to Roscoe's office, which was on a lower floor. He found several men waiting for busime? You saw her when you stopped ness interviews in an outer room of posed that he would find his son busy with others, and that his question would have to be postponed, but when "No, she didn't!" he vociferated, his he entered the door marked "R. C. alone.

He was sitting with his back to the door, his feet on a window-sill, and he door.

"Some pretty good men out there dan. "What's the matter?" "Nothing." Roscoe answered indis-

tinctly, not moving. "Well, I guess that's all right, too. I let 'em wait sometimes myself! I just wanted to ask you a question, but

I expect it'll keep, if you're workin' something out in your mind." Roscoe made no reply; and his father, who had turned to the door, paused with his hand on the knob. staring curiously at the motionless figure in the chair. Usually the son seemed pleased and eager when he came to the office. "You're all right,

ain't you?" said Sheridan. "Not sick, Sheridan was puzzled; then, abruptly, he decided to ask his question. "I wanted to talk to you about that young Lamhorn." he said. "I guess your mother thinks he's comin' to see Edith

pretty often, and you know him longer

n any of us, so-

"I won't." said Roscoe, thickly-"I won't say a dam' thing about him!" Sheridan uttered an exclamation and walked quickly to a position near the window where he could see his sor's face. Roscoe's eyes were bloodshot through the upper hall, found a cou- his mouth was distorted, and he was "By George!" he muttered. "Ros-"My name," said Roscoe. "Can' help

"Roscoe!" Blank astonishment was glanced at them. Having satisfied tion. "How'd you get this way?" he himself that Bibbs' scribblings were demanded. "You caught cold and took For reply Roscoe laughed hoarsely.

> lately.. Firs' you notice it?" "By George!" cried Sherldan. thought I'd smelt it on you a good deal

the law, and then-days afterward, when you'd take more'n was good for you. by his explanation that his lunch had the thing is a mummy to its promulgator Boh! To see you like a common bog!" Roscoe chuckled and threw out his "Yes, a hog!" said Sheridan, angrily.

to, out o' business hours; nor, if a man Sheridan remarked, grimly. "I reckon I wouldn't be the one to baste him if me like he had the advantage there." ers. He must die, violently perhaps, but I let it alone, but I never believed in his plate without dropping it and to quickly. Is Midas' cancer a better way? The rooster's wives and children must die.

Are those of Midas immortal? His life is moral matters. I guess I was wrong!

Having returned his antagonist's fire I let it alone, but I never believed in his plate without dropping it and to

ame. You were all strung up and exited and fidgety; you got to looking distinctly now—and his Galapagos tortoise.

You make the men out there are in this fashion, he blushed—for he waitin' to talk business with a drunk-could blush distinctly now—and his Galapagos tortoise. I'll have a look over your books tomorrow, and I'll-

Roscoe stumbled to his feet, laugh- look right handsome!" ing wildly, and stood swaying, contriving to hold himself in position by clutching the back of the heavy chair in which he had been sitting.

"Hoo-hoorah!" he cried. "'S my principles, too. Be drunken all you want to-outside business hours. Don' for Gossake le'n'thing innerfere business hours! Business!! Thassit! You're right, father. Drink! Die! L'everything go to hell, but don't let innerfere business!"

upon Roscoe's desk, and was calling pretty important, belongin' to a busy his own office, overhead. "Abercromiting it (with vigor) in a wastebasket bie? Come down to my son Roscoe's his pockets. "What did I do with it, gent had somehow sold to him years room two-fourteen. You needn't come in the waste basket. before; a volume now first put to use in to let me know they're gone; we for the location of "Midas." Having don't want to be disturbed. Tell Pau- mured, still red. read the legend, Sheridan walked up ley to call my house and send Claus and down the spacious office, exhaling down here with a closed car. We may pretty soon you'll be gettin' up early the breath of contempt. "Dam' fool!" have to go out. Tell him to hustle, enough to find things before I do!" and call me at Roscoe's room as soon

Roscoe had laughed bitterly through- ning, to Mary Vertrees-they had come time he and Jim had lunched together out this monologue. "Drunk in busi- to know each other that well. habitually, at a small restaurant near ness hours! Thass awf'l! Mus'n' do the Sheridan building, where they such thing! Mus'n' get drunk, mus'n' they sat together in the melancholy gas spent twenty minutes in the consump- gamble, mus'n' kill 'nybody-not in light of the room which had been detion of food, and twenty in talk, with business hours! All right any other nuded of its plane. But the gas light, fere business. Keep your trouble 't ing presence of Mary. He spoke home. Don' bring it to th' office, Might lightly, not sadly. Might innerfere business!"

Sheridan picked up a newspaper | Mary shook her head. "I don't think from Roscoe's desk, and sat down with so. He's too kind." his back to his son, affecting to read. Roscoe seemed to be unaware of his Bibbs stared at her. father's significant posture.

on. "I think Bibbs only one the fam'ly that he has to be kind in his own way any 'telligence at all. Won' work, an' di'n' get married. Jim worked, an' he other way." present importance, but his wife had got killed. I worked, an' I got married. Look at me! Jus' look at me, I ask you. Fine 'dustriss young busisustaining chair in a deplorable gesture, and immediately losing his balance, fell across the chair and caromed to the floor with a crash, remaining prostrate for several minutes, during which Sheridan did not relax his apparent attention to the newspaper. He did not even look round at the sound of Roscoe's fall.

Roscoe slowly climbed to an upright position, pulling himself up by holding to the chair. He was slightly pered outwardly, having prog in the prostrate interval to a state of befuddlement less volatile. He rubbed his dazed eyes with the back of his left

"What-what you ask me while ago?" he said.

"Nothin'." "Yes, you did. What-what was it?" "Nothin'. You better sit down." "You ask' me what I thought about

I won't tell you. I won't say dam' word 'bout him!" The telephone bell tinkled. Sheridan placed the receiver to his ear and said, Right down." Then he got Roscoe's

coat and hat from a closet and brought them to his son. "Get into this coat." he said. "You're goin' home." "All ri'," murmured Roscoe, obedi-

They went out into the main hall by a side door. Roscoe walked out of the building without lurching, and twenty minutes later walked into his own house in the same manner, neither he nor his father having spoken a word in the interval.

Sheridan did not go in with him; he went home, and to his own room without meeting any of his family. But as he passed Bibbs' door he heard from within the sound of a cheerful young voice humming jubilant fragments of song: Who looks the mustang in the eye? .

With a leap from the ground To the saddle in a bound. And away-and away! Hi-yay!

It was the first time in Sheridan's life that he had ever detected any musical symptom whatever in Bibbshe had never even heard him whistle -and it seemed the last touch of irony that the useless fool should be merry To Sheridan it was Tom o' Bedlam

singing while the house burned; and he did not tarry to enjoy the melody, but went into his own room and locked the

## CHAPTER XVIII.

He emerged only upon a second summons to dinner, two hours later, and came to the table so white and silent that his wife made her anxiety manifest and was but partially reassured "disagreed" with him a little. Presently, however, he spoke effec-

tively. Bibbs, whose appetite had become hearty, was helping himself to a bite off a circle." second breast of capon from white-"In business hours! I don't object to jacket's salver. "Here's another difanybody's takin' a drink if he wants ference between Midas and chicken," keeps his work right up to the scratch, you overlooked that. Midas looks to Bibbs retained enough presence of

office and do business drunk? By though the reference to Midas and George! I wonder how often this has roosters was of course jargon to her. been happening and me not on to it! "Did you ever see anybody improve the way that child has!" she exclaimed. "I declare, Bibbs, sometimes lately you

"He's got to be such a gadabout," Edith giggled.

"I found something of his on the floor upstairs this morning, before anybody was up," said Sheridan. "I reckon if people lose things in this house and expect to get 'em back, they better get up as soon as I do."

"What was it he lost?" asked Edith. "He knows!" her father returned. 'Seems to me like I forgot to bring it home with me. I looked it over-Sheridan had seized the telephone thought probably it was something man like him." He affected to search

"Good place for it," Bibbs mur-Sheridan gave him a grin. "Perhaps

It was a threat, and Bibbs repeated the substance of it, later in the eve-

"My time's here at last," he said, as time. Kill 'nybody you want to-'s though from a single fet, shed no long 'tain't in business hours! Fine! melancholy upon Bibbs, nor could any Mus'n' have any trouble 't 'll inner- room seem bare that knew the glow-

innerfere business! Don't let your "Yes, it's come. I've shirked and wife innerfere business! Keep all, all, put it off, but I can't shirk and put off all your trouble an' your meanness, an' any longer. It's really my part to go your trad-your tragedy-keep 'em all to him-at least it would save my face. for home use! If you got die, go on He means what he says, and the time's die 't home-don' die round the office! come to serve my sentence. Hard labor for life, I think."

"You think my father's kind?" And

"Yes. I'm sure of it. I've felt that "You know wh' I think?" he went he has a great, brave heart. It's only -because he can't understand any

"Ah yes," said Bibbs. "If that's what you mean by 'kind'!"

She looked at him gravely, earnest ness man. Look whas happen' to me! concern in her friendly eyes. "It's go-Fine!" He lifted his hand from the ing to be pretty hard for you, isn't it?" "Oh-self-pity!" he returned, smiling. This has been just the last flicker of



PARKERS

"Tomorrow I'll Be a Day Laborer."

revolt. Nobody minds work if he

likes the kind of work. There'd be no loafers in the world if each man found the thing that he could do best; but the only work I happen to want to do is useless-so I have to give it up. Tomorrow I'll be a day laborer." "What is it like-exactly?" "It wasn't muscularly exhaustingnot at all. They couldn't give me a

heavier job because I wasn't good enough. "But what will you do? I want to

know."

"When I left." said Bibbs, "I was 'on's what they call over there a 'clipping machine,' and that's what I'll be sent back to. It's very simple and very easy. I feed long strips of zinc into a pair of steel jaws, and the jaws bite the zinc into little circles. And yet I was a very bad hand at it."

He had kept his voice cheerful as he spoke, but he had grown a shade paler, and there was a latent anguish deep in his eyes. He may have known it and wished her not to see it, for he turned away.

"You do that all day long!" she exclaimed. "No wonder-" She broke off, and then, after a keen glance at his face, she said: "I should think you would have been a 'bad hand at it'!"

He laughed ruefully. "I think it's the noise, though I'm ashamed to say You see, it's a very powerful machine, and there's a sort of rhythmical crashing-a crash every time the jaws

Do you believe that delicate, high-strung Bibbs will be able to stand the din and monotony of work in the shop-how long do you think he will last at the job?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)