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CONOUEST of GANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON. Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Besuesire," Bte,

ing himself hearth over three others.

floor trascibly with this hickory state.

"Don't you ask meanything . Howean

I say, here's a town of nearly \$0,000

inhabitants, every last one of tem-

men, women and challen selfen and

cowardly and sinful if you could see

their innermost natures; a town of the

ugliest and worst built houses in the

world and governed by a lot of seloon

keepers, though I hope it'll never git

down to where the ministers can run

it. And the devil comes along and in

one night-why, all you got to do is

look at it! You'd think we needn't

ever trouble to make it better. That's

what the devil wants us to do wants

usatto-rest easy about it and paints it

up to look like a heaven of peace and

purity and sanctified spirits. Snowfall

like this would of made Lot turn the

angel: out of doors and say that the old

home was good enough for him. Go-

morrah would of looked like a Puritan

village, though I'll bet my last dollar

that there was a lot, and a whole lot,

that's never been told about Puritan

"What never was?" interrupted Mr.

Peter Bradbury, whose granddaughter

had lately announced her discovery

that the Bradburys were descended

from Miles Standish. "What wasn't

"Can't you wait?" Mr. Arp's ac-

cents were those of pain. "Haven't I

gobany right to present my side of the

case? Ain't we restrained enough to

allow of free speech-here? How can

we ever git anywhere in an argument

like this unless we let one man talk at

"Go on with your statement," said

Mr. Arp's grievance was increased.

"Now, listen to you! How many more

interruptions are comin'? I'll listen to

the other side, but I've got to state

mine first, haven't I? If I don't make

my point clear, what's the use of the

argument? Argumentation is only the

comparison of two sides of a question,

and you have to-see what the first side

isobefore you can compare it with the

other one, don't you? Are you all

ahead. We won't interrupt until you're

The "argument" grew heated. Half

a dozen tidy quarrels arose. All the

sages went at it fiercely except Roger

Tabor, who stole quietly away. The

aged men were enjoying themselves

thoroughly, especially those who quar-

reled. Naturally the frail bark of the

tonic which had been launched was

whiteled about by too many side cur-

rents to remain long in sight and soon

became-derelict, while the intellectual

dolphins dove and tumbled in the

depths. At the end of twenty minutes

Mr. Arp emerged upon the surface, and

"Dell me, why ain't the church-why

ain't the church and the rest of the

believers in a future life lookin' for

immortality at the other end of life

too? If we're immortal we always

have been. Then why don't they ever

speculate on what we were before we

were born? It's because they're too

blame selfish; don't care a flapdoodle

about what was. All they want is to go

Mr. Arp's voice had risen to an acrid

triumphancy, when it suddenly falter-

ed, relapsed to a murmur and then to a

stricken silence as a tall, fat man of

overpowering aspect threw open the

outer door near by and crossed the

lobby to the clerk's desk. An awe fell

upon the sages with this advent. They

were hushed and after a movement in

their chairs, with a strange effect of

huddling, sat disconcerted and atten-

tive, like schoolboys at the entrance of

The personage had a big, fat, pink

face and a heavily undershot jaw,

what whitish beard he wore following

his double chin somewhat after the

manner displayed in the portraits of

Henry VIII. His eyes, very bright

under puffed upper lids, were intoler-

ant and insulfingly penetrating despite

their small size. Their irritability held

a kind of hotness, and yet the person-

agerexuded frost, not of the weather,

alleabout him. You could not imagine

man or angel daring to greet this be-

ing genially-sooner throw a kiss-to

"Mr. Brown," he said, with ponder-

bus hostility, in a bull bass to the

clerk the kind of voice which would

have made an express train leave the

track and go round the other way-

swiftly in tones as unlike those which

collector's voice in his ladylove's ear

he used for strange transients as

"Oh, yes, judge!" the clerk replied

Mount Pilatus!

"do you hear me?"

inchis mouth was this:

onsigning forever."

Tes Jes," said the column.

told about Puritan villages?"

Uncle Joe Davey impatiently.

villages. A lot that"-

a fime? How"-

agreed to that?"

through."

you tell that I'm not going to

your question without your waking

till I've got through? Youthite

"No, sir!" Mr. Arp pounded the

want to-ask you -

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CHAPTER L DRY snow had fallen steadily throughout the still night, so that when a cold, upper-wind cleared the sky gloriously in the morning the incongruous Indiana town shone in a white harmony-roof, ledge and earth as evenly covered as by moonlight. There was no thaw. Only where the line of factories followed the big bend of the frozen river, their distant chimneys like exclamation points on a blank page, was there a first threat against the supreme whiteness. The wind passed quickly and on high, the shouting of the school children had ceased at 9 o'clock with pitiful suddenness, no sleigh bells laughed out on the air, and the muffiling of the thoroughfares wrought en unaccustomed peace like that of Sunday. This was the phenomenon which afforded the opening of the morning debate of the sages in the wide windown of the National House.

Only such unfortunates as-have-so far falled to visit Canaan do not know, that the National House is on the Main street side of the Courthouse square-and has the advantage of being within two minutes walk of the railroad station, which is insplain sight of the windows, an inestimable benefitato the conversation of the aged men who occupied these windows on this white morning even as they were wont in summer to hold against all comers the cane seated chairs on the pavement outside.

Mail time had come to mean, that bright hour when they all got their feet on the brass rod; which protected the sills of the two big windows, with the steam radiators straling likekettles against the side wail Mr. Jonas Tabor, who had sold his hardware business magnificently (not magnificently for his nephew, the purchaser) somewhen years before, was usually, in splite of the fact that he remained a bachelor at seventy-nine, the last to settle-down with the others, though oftenstheafirst to reach the hotel, which he abbrysientered by a sidewdoor, becausewhendid not believe in the treating system sand it was Mr. Rskew Armoniy seventy-five, but aheady a thoroughly capable cynic, who almost invariably "opened the argument," and it was he who discovered the sinister intention behind the weather of this particular morning.

The malevolences of his voice and manner when he shook his finger at the town beyond the windows and exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, "Dock at at was no surprise to his companions. "Jest look at it! Istell you the devil is mighty smart! Ha, hat Mighty SINSTEPS

Through custom it was the duty of Squire Buckalew (Justice of the peace in 1859) to be the first to take up Mr. Arp. The others looked to him for it. Therefore he asked sharply: "What's the devil got to-do with

BDOW?" "Everything to do with sit, sir," Mr.

Arp retorted "Histoplain as day to anybody with eyes and sense" "Then I wish yourd pint it out,"

said Buckalew, "I you've got either." "By the Almighty squire" Mr. Arp turned in his chair with smiden heat-"If I'd lived as fong as you"-"You have," interrupted the other,

stung "Twelve years ago!" "If I'd lived as long as you," Mr. Arp repeated unwincingly in a louder voice, "and had follered Satan's trail as dong as you have and yet conduit recognize

it when I see it Tilegit converted and pote Prohibitionist" "I don't see it," interjected Uncle Joe Davey in his quernious voice. (He was the pairiarch of them all) "Mean't

find no cloven hoof prints in the "All over it, sir?" cried the cynic. "All over it! Old Saturaloves tricks like this. Here's a town that's jest one soutrmin' mass of lies and envy and

vice and wickedness and corruption"-"Hold on?" exclaimed Colonel Fiftcroft "That's a slander upon our hearths and our government. Why, when I was in the council"-

"It wasn't a bit worse then," Mr. Arp returned unreasonably. "Jest you look how the devil fools us. He drops down this here virgin mantle-on Camaan and makes it look as good as you pretend you think it is as good as the Sunday school noom of a country church, though that"-he went off on a tangent venomously-"is generally only another whited sepnicher, and the superintendent's mighty apt to have a bottle of whisky hid behind the organ

and"-"Look here, Eskew," said Jonas Tabor. "that's got nothin" to-de with"-"Why ain't it? Answer me!" cried Mr. Arp, continuing without pause: "Why ain't it? Can't you wait till I git through? You listen to me, and when I'm ready Pillisten to"-"See here" began the enlanel mat

is unlike that which he propels at de-

"Do you see that snow?" asked the personage threateningly. "Yes, judge." Mr. Brown essayed a placating smile. "Yes, indeed, Judge

Pike." "Has your employer, the manager of this hotel, seen that snow?" pursued the personage, with a gesture of unspeakable solemn menace,

"Yes, sir. I think so, Yes, sir." "Do you think he fully understands that I am the proprietor of this build-

"Certain, judge, cer"-"You will inform him that I do not intend to be discommoded by his negfigence as I pass to my offices. Tell Minstromeme that unless he keeps the skiewalks in frontactithis hotel clear of snow I will cancel his lease. Their present condition is outrageous. Do you understand me? Outrageous! Do you hear?"

"Yes, judge, I do so," answered the clerk, hearse with respect. "Til see to it this minute, Judge Pike."

"You had better." The personage turned himself about and began a grim progress toward the door by which he had entered, his eyes fixing themselves angrily upon the conclave at the win-

He nodded to the only man of substance among them, Jonas Tabor, and shut the door behind him with majestic insult. He was Canaan's millionaire.

Naturally Jonas Tabor was the first to speak. "Judge Pike's lookin' mighty well," he said admiringly. "Yes, he is," ventured Squire Bucka-

lew, with deference; "mighty well." "There's a party at the judge's tonight," said Mr. Bradbury-"kind of a ball Mamie Pike's givin' for the young folks. Quite a doin's, I hear." "That's another thing that's ruining

Canaan," Mr. Arp declared morosely-"these entertainments they have nowadays. Spend all the money out of town-band from Indianapolis, chicken salad and darky waiters from Chi-

A decrepit hack or two, a couple of old fashioned surreys and a few "cutunders" drove by from the 10:45 train, bearing the newly arrived and their vallses, the hotel omnibus depositing several commercial travelers at the door. A solitary figure came from the station on foot, and when it appeared within fair range of the window, Uncle Joe Davey, who had but hovered on the flanks of the combat, first removed his spectacles and wiped them, as though distrusting the vision they of fered him, then, replacing them, scanned anew the approaching figure and uttered a smothered cry. "My Lord A'mighty," he gasped,

"what's this? Look there!" They looked. A truce came involuntarily, and they sat in paralytic silence as the figure made its stately and sensational progress along Main street.

It was that of a tail gentleman, cheerfully, though somewhat with ennui, enduring his nineteenth winter. His long and slender face he wore smiling, beneath an accurately cut plaster of dark hair cornicing his forehead, a fashion followed by many youths of that year. This perfect bang was shown under a round black hat whose rim was so small as almost not to be there at all, and the head was supported by a waxy white seawall of collar, rising three inches above the blue billows of a puffed cravat, upon which floated a large, hollow pearl. His ulster, sporting a big cape at the shoulders and a tasseled hood over the cape, was of a rough Scotch cloth, patterned in faint gray and white squares the size of baggage checks, and it was so long that the skirts trailed in snow. His legs were lost in the accurately creased, voluminous garments that were the tailors' canny reaction from the tight trousers with which the 80's had begun-they were in color a palish russet, broadly striped with gray and in size surpassed the milder spirit of fashion so far as they permitted a liberal knee action to take place almost without superficial effort. On his feet glistened long shoes, shaped, save for the heels, like sharp racing shells. These were partially protected by tan colored low gaiters, with flat, shiny, brown buttons. In one hand the youth swung a bone handled walking stick perhaps an inch and a half in diameter; the other carried a yellow leather banjo case, upon the outside of which glittered the embossed silver initials "E. B." He was smoking, but walked with his head up, making use, however, of a gait at that time new to Canaan, a seeming superbly irresponsible lounge, engendering much motion of the shoulders, producing an effect of carelessness combined with independence, an effect which the innocent have been known to hail as an uncon-

scious one. With everything in sight he deigned to be amused, especially with the old faces in the National House windows. To these he waved his stick with airy graciousness.

to know some of us!" "Yes," agreed Mr. Arp, his voice re covered, "and I know it. It's Fanny Louden's boy Gene, come home for his

"My soul," said Mr. Davey, "It seems

Christmas holidays." "By George, you're right!" cried Flitcroft. "I recognize him now." "But what's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Bradbury eagerly. "Has he joined some patent medicine troupe?"

"Not a bit," replied Eskew. "He went east to college last fall." "Do they make the boys wear them | Sixteen years old, goin' on seventeen!" clothes?" persisted Bradbury. "Is it some kind of uniform?"

Tabor, "if I was Henry Louden I wrongs renewed their sting in his soul." wouldn't let him wear 'em around "Laughed!"

"Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you, Jonas?" Mr. Arp employed the accents of sarcasm. "I'd like to see Henry Louden try to interfere with Gene Bantry. Farmy 'd lock the old fool up in the cellar."

The lofty vision lurched out of view. "I reckon," said the colonel, leaning forward to see the last of it-"I reckon



It was that of a tall gentleman enduring his nineteenth winter.

Hienry Louden's about the saddest case of abused stepfather I ever saw." "It's his own fault," said Mr. Arp-"twice not havin' sense enough not to marry. Him with a son of his own

"Yes," assented the colonel, "marryin' a widow with a son of her own, and that widow Fanny?"

"Wasn't it just the same with her first husband, Bantry?" Mr. Dawey asked, not for information, as he immediately answered himself. "You bet it was! Didn't she always rule the roost? Yes, she did. She made a god of Gene from the day he was born. Bantry's house was run for him, like Louden's is now." "And look," exciaimed Mr. Arp, with

satisfaction, "at the way he's turned

"He ain't turned out at all yet. He's too young," said Buckalew. "Besides, clothes don't make the man." "Wasn't be smokin' a cigareet?" cried

Eskew triumphantly. This was final. "It's a pity Henry Louden can't do something for his own son," said Mr. Bradbury. "Why don't be send him away to college?"

"Fanny won't let him," chuckled Mr. Arp malevolently. "Takes all their spare change to keep Gene there in style. I don't blame her. Gene certainly acts the fool, but that Joe Louden is the orneriest boy I ever saw in an ornery world full."

"He always was kind of mischeev ous," admitted Buckslew. "I don't think he's mean, though, and it does seem kind of not just right that Joe's father's money-Bantry didn't leave anything to speak of-has to go to keepin' Gene on the fat of the land, with Joe gittin' up at half past 4 to carry papers, and him goin' on nineteen years old."

"It's all he's fit for!" exclaimed Eskew. "He's low down, I tell ye. Ain't it only last week Judge Pike caught him shootin' craps with Pike's nigger driver and some other nigger hired men in the alley back of Pike's barn." "You ever hear that boy Joe talk politics?" asked Uncle Joe Davey, cross-

ing a cough with a chuckle. "His head's so full of schemes fer running this town, and state, too, it's a wonder it don't bust. Henry Louden told me he's see Joe set around and study by me nour now to save \$3,000,000 for the state in two years."

"And the best he can do for himself," added Eskew, "is deliverin' the Daily Tocsin on a second hand Star bicycle and gamblin' with niggers and riffraff! None of the nice young folks invite him to their doin's any more." "That's because he's got so shabby

he's quit goin' with 'em," said Bucka-

"No, it ain't," snapped Mr. Arp. "It's because he's so low down. He's more 'n a town outcast. There ain't ary one of the girls "il have a thing to do with him, except that rip-rarin' tomboy next door to Louden's, and the others don't have much to do with her neither, I can tell ye. That Arie Ta-

Colonel Flitcroft caught him surreptitiously by the arm. "Sh, Eskew!" he whispered. "Look out what you're

"You needn't mind me," Jonas Tabor spoke up crisply. "I washed my hands of all responsibility for Roger's branch of the family long ago. Never was one of 'em had the energy or brains to make a decent livin', beginning with Roger-not one worth his sait, I set Roger's son up in business, and all the return he ever made me was to go into bankruptey and take to drink, till he died a sot. like his wife did of shame. I done all I could when I handed him over my store, and I never expect to lift a finger for 'em again. Ariel Tabor's my grandniece, but she didn't act like it, and you can say anything you like about her for what I care. The last time Lapoke to her was a year and a haif ago, and I don't

reckon I'll ever trouble to again." "How was that Jones?" quickly inquired Mr. Davey, who, being the eldest of the party, was the most cu-

rious. "What happened?" "She was out in the street, up on that high bicycle of Joe Louden's. He was teachin' her to ride, an' she was sittin' on it like a man does. I stopped and told her she wasn't respectable.

"What did she say?" "Laughed!" said Jonas, his voice be-"I don't care what it is," said Jonas | coming louder as the recital of his

"What did you do?" "I went up to her and told her she wasn't a decent girl and shook the wheel." Mr. Tabor illustrated by seizing the lapels of Joe Davey and shaking him. "I told her if her grandfather had any spunk she'd git an old fashioned hidin' for behavin' that way. And I shook the wheel again." Here Mr. Tabor, forgetting in the wrath incited by the recollection that he had

not to do with an inanimate object, swung the gasping and helpless Mr. Davey rapidly back and forth in his chair. "I shook it good and hard!" "What did she do then?" asked Peter

"Fell off on me," replied Jonas violently. "On purpose!" "I wisht she'd killed ye," said Mr.

Davey in a choking voice as, released, he sank back in his chair. "On purpose!" repeated Jonas. "And

smashed a straw hat I hadn't had three months! All to pieces! So it couldn't be fixed!" "And what then?" pursued Brad-

"She ran," replied Jonas bitterly-"ran! And Joe Louden-Joe Louden"-He paused and gulped. "What did he do?" Peter leaned for-

ward in his chair eagerly. The narrator of the outrage guiped again and opened and shut his mouth before responding.

"He said if I didn't pay for a broken spoke on his wheel he'd have to sue me!"

CHAPTER IL AIN street, already muffled by the snow, added to its quietude a frozen hush where the wonder bearing youth pursued his course along its white, straight way. None was there in whom impertinence overmastered astonishment or who recovered from the sight in time to jeer with effect. No "Trab's boy" gathered courage to enact in the thoroughfare a scene of mockery and of joy. And now that expression he wore-

the indulgent amusement of a man of the world-began to disintegrate and show signs of change. It became finely grave, as of a high conventionality. lefty, assured and mannered, as he approached the Pike "mansion."

It was a big, smooth stone faced house product of the seventies, frowning under an outrageously insistent mansard, capped by a cupola and staring out of long windows overtopped with ornamental slabs. Two cast iron deer, painted death gray, twins of the same mold, stood on opposite sides of the front walk, their backs toward it and each other, their bodies in profile to the street, their necks bent, however, so that they gazed upon the passerby, yet gazed without emotion. Two large calm dogs guarded the top of the steps leading to the front door. They also were twins and of the same interesting metal, though honored beyoud the deer by costs of black paint and shellac. It was to be remarked that these dogs were of no distinguishable species or breed, yet they were unmistakably dogs. The dullest must have recognized them as such at a glance, which was perhaps enough. It was a hideous house, important looking, cold, yet harshly aggressive, and it sat in the middle of its flat acre of snowy lawn like a rich, fat man enraged and sitting straight up in bed

to swear. And yet there was one charming thing about this ugly house. Some workmen were inclosing a large side porch with heavy canvas, evidently for festal purposes. Locking out from between two strips of the canvas was the rosy and delicate face of a pretty girl, smiling upon Eugene Bantry as he passed. It was an obviously pretty face, all the youth and prettiness there for your very first glance, elaborately pretty, like the splendid profusion of hair about and above it, amber colored hair, upon which so much time had been spent that a circle of large, round curis rose above the mass of it like golden bubbles tipping a

The girl's fingers were pressed thoughtfully against her chin as Engene strode into view. Immediately her eyes widened and brightened. He swung along the fence with the handsomest appearance of unconsciousness until he reached a point nearly opposite her. Then he turned his head as if haphazardly and met her eyes. At once she threw out her hand toward him, waving him a greeting, a gesture which as her fingers had been near her lips was a little like throwing a kiss. He crooked an elbow and with a one, two, three military movement removed his small brimmed hat, extending it to full arm's length at the shoulder level, returned it to his head with life guard precision. This was also new to Canaan. He was letting Mamie Pike have it all at once.

The impression was as large as he could have desired. She remained at the opening in the canvas and watch-(To be continued.)

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