

# The Seed of the Righteous

A Love Story by JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

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CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)  
"You can't do it indefinitely and not be corrupted, not begin to think what you can get out of every person and every situation. And it makes you the underdog—Chloe, you needn't tell me you didn't cringe and suffer when you set out to raise that money, the other day! That suffering was your warning; but you can wear it down if you keep on."

"I hated and loathed it," she cried. "Nothing was ever so horrible! But they thought I was selfish and cowardly, not willing to do my share. Hard things had been done for me! What was the answer to that?"

"The answer was that you would earn it with your two hands before you would go out and beg for it! What right had you to the earnings of others? Dearest, don't take any more—refuse! Don't join in on the family graft!"

"The last word was fatal. Chloe, hurt beyond bearing, flung off his touch. 'You have no right to call it that!' For the first time he lost his self command. 'Don't you suppose that others do? Chloe, it's a byword, it's a joke—the Gage way! Oh, I see your mother's fitness, but for all that, she is the grandest old graffer—'"

"Stop!" The word crashed like a stone, and then they stood looking at each other with hard, strange eyes, knowing that something lay dead between them. "If that is the way you see us, there is nothing more to be said," she rushed on. "My mother is the biggest person I have ever known. When you are big enough to understand her, you can come back and apologize. Till then—" A sob rose, sucking all the breath-out of her body. "Oh, I never want to see you again!" she cried, and went swiftly away.

For perhaps the first time in her grown life, Chloe passed her father's statue with no consciousness of his presence. Her feet took her home, but she saw and heard nothing until from an open window a voice of husky relief, shouted her name. Billy had seen his Toto's vanishing hat and known himself deserted, and his broad face was sodden with tears, but already, at sight of her, a forgiving light was dawning.

"I'm here, Toto," he faltered. Hearts may break and kingdoms fall, but babies must be comforted. Toto put away self, sorrowfully kissing the griefed face, and hand in hand they made the nightly pilgrimage.

"Toto ran away from me, but she came back," Billy told his grandfather with a lingering hicough. The level sunbeams threw a dim glory on the sculptured face; Sereno Gage might have been uttering some old reassurance beginning with, "Inasmuch—" Chloe did not get the message, but the little boy's clinging hand made life more bearable.

CHAPTER V.  
Chloe had made her choice, had cast in her lot with her family. For them she had put away love and denied the deepest instinct of her being, and there was no hour in the bitter days that followed when she would not have done the same; yet never had she felt so alien, so alone, or so longed for her father's hand, or her mother's smile, as now. She could die for her family, but it was borne in upon her that she could not eternally live with them.

The yacht became her hope now, the promise of escape, and she waited for the summons as she had waited for Alex. The day it came, she flew about the house like a young whirlwind. A noisy Chloe was something new, and Mrs. Gage glowed with approval.

"Chloe hasn't had enough young life," she confided to Sabra. "We don't realize how Billy has tied her down. I can so like you take him for her. I should have loved to do it if I weren't pledged to the Diet Kitchen."

Sabra looked up from a club register she was studying. "It is a pity his class stops," she said. "If Lizzie were more willing—"

"Well, she will have a good deal of work with Chloe away," Mrs. Gage admitted. "Besides, she isn't kind to Billy—it wouldn't do. But I can nearly always take him after three. And he will be a nice rest for you, dear; you have done so much public work."

Sabra started to speak, but the sound of Chloe's light feet on the stairs closed her lips. Presently she put away the register, together with a bundle of time tables that she had been looking over.

"Pleasure seems so unimportant when you have put your shoulder to real work," she said, rising. "I have called a special board meeting, mother; I may be kept late."

Mrs. Gage looked apprehensive. "Is it about putting on that dreadful play?" she asked rather timidly. "Paternity is a very great play," Sabra began from a height, but went on more humbly. "And if it doesn't go on under our auspices, the medical or some other society will produce it."

"Well, dear, why not let them—?" "A Eugenics society can't shirk the 'undenial truths,' Sabra interrupted. "But of course the board will do as it thinks best; the chairman has to opinion." And she went out serene and unharmed, as one who runs his affairs must.

ety, and the agitated minority had been silenced by a timely putting of the question, Sabra cleared the atmosphere with a piece of pleasant news. A number of western clubs had expressed a desire to entertain a member of the Eugenics society and hear something of its work. How the desire had risen, spontaneously, all over the west at once, could only be explained by the successful conference on the eighth and the resulting newspaper notices.

"Though it is funny that they all say they are a member observed, Sabra tapped lightly for order."

"The next business of the board is to select a representative," she said. Of course, she herself was instantly and unanimously chosen, but she sat troubled and downcast before the tribute. "There are reasons why I can not accept," she told them. "I must beg you to put some one else in my place."

They would not hear of it and when they had backed their enthusiasm by an appropriation for traveling expenses, at last she lifted her fine head and put her hand to the plow.

"Work always means sacrifice," she said. "It will not be easy for me to be away in June, but if you tell me to go, I can only obey."

"I am half afraid to let you go out to a suffrage state," one member objected. "They will keep you and make a senator of you." There was a laugh but Sabra's clear gaze, fixed on the speaker, seemed to widen and deepen. "Curious!" she said. "This is the second time that prophecy has been made to me. Old Mr. Harper Lindsley made it, only a few weeks ago: 'Some day you will be in the United States senate.'"

"Well, I don't see why—" one of them said. "Compared to some of the men who fill the high offices—" another completed it. "It was a jest, of course, and they adjourned smiling, but all the way home Sabra's eyes were lifted to some fair and distant prospect. With her latch key, the look of downcast trouble came out again. She went in heavily, pausing at the sitting room door that her bad news might precede her.

Chloe was reading the evening paper to her mother, who lay back in her chair, resting tired eyes. On Chloe's work basket a pile of net and lace spoke of coming gaiety. Slippers and their new bows lay in her lap. One of these fell to the floor as Sabra's atmosphere invaded the room.

"Chloe, I am heartbroken," Sabra began. "I can't keep my word to you. I am the servant of my society and I have voted to send me west for a tour of the women's clubs. What can I do?"

"Now?" It was a cry of distress, out of all proportion to the threatened disappointment. Sabra became a little less pitiful.

"Now is the only possible time. Later the club women will be scattered and in the autumn there is too much to do here. I told them how hard it was for me to get away—indeed, I flatly refused; but they would not let me off. And I could not expect them to put look after Billy about spreading our work through the whole west—could I, dear?"

"She was reasonable and, as always, right," but Chloe had turned a sudden head.

"You have known you were going all the time!" she flung at her amazed sister. Never in her shy and reverent life had she said or thought anything like it. Of course, she must be wrong; but for the moment it was the dreadful truth, and she would say it. "You've known it and planned it and brought it about, and it is as much pleasure to you as the yacht is to me. You're just acting sorry!" And she ran out of the room.

Sabra was not angry; only wounded and persistently reasonable. "I tried my best to get out of it," she told her mother. "But I really had no right to and when they voted to pay my expenses, what could I do? Surely one's work must come first!"

"Certainly, dear!" Mrs. Gage was bolt upright, girded for active measures. "We will find a way. It is a great honor to you, Sabra. Oh, if I can just get something done—! And I shall study the suffrage question out there. I begin to feel, mother, that some of my time must go to that. I haven't thoroughly realized how necessary the vote is to my own work."

"Fine, dear!" But Mrs. Gage was only half attending. "If I hadn't promised the Diet Kitchen—but we will find something to do with Billy. Chloe is not going to miss her trip." A moment later she started up. "Chloe!" she called. She had to call a second time before a door opened and a reluctant voice answered.

"I have thought of what we can do!" Mrs. Gage was speaking up the stairs to the shadowy figure at the top. "Alice Murray is down on her Long Island place and you know how fond she is of Billy. I'll ask her to take him for the month of June. Her Mary is so kind, and four children are really no more trouble than three. I shall call her up about it right now."

the light, feeling as though she lifted her hand to stab.

"Mother, people criticize us for asking things like that. Mrs. Murray herself has done it—I heard her. They say we take—too much."

The blow had missed. Mrs. Gage was only patient. "Ah, people say things, careless things they don't half mean. We all do it. The only way is to pay no attention and do as you would be done by. Why, I would take all three of the little Murrys tomorrow, if Alice asked me."

"But that is just it—she doesn't ask you," said Chloe quickly. "Oh, I know it is no use; you won't see. But we can't ask that of Mrs. Murray. Although we can't—I don't know if feeling could not be ignored. Mrs. Gage yielded without resentment."

"Whom shall we ask, then? I am tied up and Sabra can't help herself—you were not quite just to her, Toto. And Lizzie wouldn't do it, even if she could. But there must be some one who would take him."

"There is, said Chloe. 'Will you leave it to me?'"

"I only want to help, dear!" "I know—I'm grateful. But I want to arrange it myself. May I?"

"Yes, of course. But if you want help, I am right here, my little girl," and Mrs. Gage went back with a saddened realization that her little girl was growing up. Chloe herself was conscious of new forces.

"Was I unkind, father?" she asked, and felt a homesick longing to exchange the shadowy presence for a wise, comforting, human reality.

"Oh, I wish I were old, and knew things, and had done with all this shouting and crying," she said.

In the hurried days that followed Sabra asked no questions about family arrangements. With her marvelous power of seeing just what she wanted to, it was doubtful if she remembered Chloe's disappointment.

Even at parting her clear, straight look held no concern. Mrs. Gage remembered and looked a daily question, but kept her difficult silence till a chance encounter gave her the truth.

"Why, Chloe," she exclaimed, "The Commodore says you wrote him you couldn't go. I was all ready to help you—I would have found some way! Why didn't you let me?"

Love had aroused Chloe to courage; and now that love was dead, she had the courage of a new and devastating indifference.

"I didn't want it, mother; not enough to put my work off on some one else."

"But—" Then their eyes met, and the familiar arguments flattered before the bewildering discovery that they were strangers. Mrs. Gage tried to bridge the gulf, but words would not come; she slowly turned away, looking troubled and poor and very old. Chloe suddenly sprang up, throwing impetuous arms about her.

"I love you—better than any one on earth," she said hotly. "I have to do my way, but don't mind—let me work it out. Just remember that you are always the biggest person in the whole world to me, and that I love you. Don't ever let me hurt you, mother!"

The kind arms, feeling her sob, held her comfortingly. "Are you unhappy, Toto—bothered about anything?" Mrs. Gage presently asked.

Chloe dried her eyes and managed to smile. "Oh, being a girl is no joke," she admitted. "But I dare say one gets over it in time."

The summer weeks trailed by, and Chloe, who had been half frantic to escape, yet found a measure of relief in giving up hope of anything better and plodding through her days one by one. She lived like a person who, after disaster, has closed all her big windows, confining herself to one small, practical room. She never looked back to the wide, sunny days with their shining outlook. Her anger had shut down, hard and cold, against anything that Alex had shared. Invitations came, but she steadfastly refused them until a note from Mrs. Cartaret begged her to come down to the sound for a week and to bring Billy.

"I shall love to have a little boy in the house," she wrote. "and I have noticed that children always enjoy a beach." Mrs. Gage's surprise attested that the invitation had not been prompted by her, and Ralston never planned for others, so she felt free to accept. A bitter thought that even Alex could not carp at this rose, but was thrust back. She would not pay Alex the compliment of remembering his existence.

The first day it was all joy—the exquisite house, fresh and clean as a sea shell, the salt breath of the sound coming up over the rocks, Billy's happiness and his little paddling feet. There were no other guests, and Chloe, who had hoped for a girl of her own age, would have been disappointed if she had not realized some wistful and lonely desire in the lovely lady of the house. Mrs. Cartaret was not simply being kind to Ralston's sister and son; she was shyly bent on making friends. She came down to the sand where Chloe and Billy were piling up a fort and sat very upright on a rock beside them, the delicate, linen and lace of her costume as little suited to the rugged spot as her own frayed, drawing room personality was. It was impossible to picture Mrs. Cartaret as getting down into sand or anything else, and her fine bodily adroitness made her seem like a princess to Chloe, with her midly blouse and her bare, sandy arms.

"I hope you will let Caroline take the little boy whenever you want to be free," Mrs. Cartaret began. "She is fond of children; and I think they always know when people like them, don't you?"

Chloe looked up with the happiest smile that her face had shown in many weeks. "I pretend I'm doing this to amuse Billy," she confessed, but I am having just as much fun as he is. I don't think I could outgrow loving to play with sand." Mrs. Cartaret took up a handful, experimentally, then dusted her palm with a fastidious handkerchief.

"He just seem like your own child to you," she said. "Your mother has told me how you left school, where you were so happy and popular, to take him. I think that must have been quite hard."

Chloe could look back with a smile now on the secret despair of those days, when she had left the bright school world to struggle with a three days-old baby. "It's funny when I see any of the girls now," she said. "They seem so young to me, such puppies, fairly. And then suddenly they will seem so much older than I, so much more experienced, that they make me feel about fourteen. 'I suppose,' she thought it out, 'Billy has made me mature—in spots; and going out has made them sophisticated. Anyway, I don't want the things they want, one bit. I couldn't have had them, anyway, but without Billy I might have tried and ached. I don't think poor girls ought to go to such rich schools. Mrs. Cartaret. It's very lucky for me that Billy happened!'"

Mrs. Cartaret sighed as though sorry for all young struggling creatures. "I always think that heavy responsibility is trying for a young girl," she said.

"Well, mother was ill that winter, and there was no one else to take him." Chloe interrupted Billy's labors to roll him over and kiss him, and they laughed together, exchanging little jokes in the way of poking finger and butting head. "He was such a good baby," she said, looking up ruffled and shining. "He slept!" She paused, startled at the fixity of the dark eyes under the white parasol. They clung to the little boy with a troubled longing, a look that seemed to mean agitated thoughts. Chloe knew that Mrs. Cartaret's own son had been little comfort to her, a hard, self sufficient, successful young man who had married at twenty-one and removed his life to Paris without so much as forewarning his mother and, believing that she was sad memories, she sent the best cheer she knew.

"Billy," she whispered, "go softly and give Mrs. Cartaret a nice kiss on her hand for letting you play on her beach." Billy rose at once, went tip-toe to the lady, laid his baby lips to the hand on her knee, then rushed back to Toto.

"I did it! I did it!" he shouted. Mrs. Cartaret had started, quivered, then a flush rose in her shadowed face and her lovely smile came out with a gleam of tears.

"You dear little boy!" she breathed, and rising, walked away down the beach. When she came back she had some colored shells for Billy, and stole an arm about him as he leaned on her knee to look at them.

"Your brother never speaks of— Billy's mother," she said sadly. "I know, some sorrows are too deep to be spoken of."

Chloe had to hide a movement of surprise. She had not supposed that Ralston ever gave a thought to poor Nina, and their few struggling, peevish years together; but one could scarcely say that.

(To be continued.)

NEEDING MATERIAL FOR MAKING APRONS

Material from which serviceable aprons can be made is needed by a class of girls which meets at 2 o'clock every Saturday afternoon at the Open Door Mission. They range in age from 5 and 6 years to 12 years and there are twenty-five in the group. They began with the easy articles, handkerchiefs, bags and towels, but have now reached the stage of apron making. Most of the articles made by the youngsters are given to them and as many are needing aprons the appeal for material is sent out at this time by the mission.

CLAIMS PROPERTY IS HELD ILLEGALLY

A black cow named "Nig," a red cow named "Red," a strip of rag carpet, a feather pillow and a lot of other household goods and live stock form the basis for a petition filed in the district court today by Margaret Hunter against Dan Wymore and others for a writ of replevin. Mrs. Hunter claims that Wymore is holding the property and goods which she claims to be a mile west of Kirkville and that they belong to her by right of purchase.

TOO MUCH CANDY CAUSES A SCARE

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 9.—Indigestion due to eating too much candy Thanksgiving day caused the home of Stephen Sullivan of Diverson, Ill., to be quarantined several days because of suspected infantile paralysis. Sullivan's two small boys were ill. Diagnosis of the case was announced today by the state board of health and the quarantine lifted. Diverson has been agitated a week over fear of paralysis.

KEOSAUQUA PAPER QUITS

Keosauqua, Dec. 9.—The Keosauqua Independent quit with last week's issue. Blackledge & Blackledge, real estate dealers, traded some northern land for it a couple of weeks ago and later sold it, except the outstanding accounts, to Kately & Co., of the Republican.

SET STATER HEARING

The hearing in the case of the State of Iowa vs. Clyde D. M. Anderson has been set by District Judge D. M. Anderson for Saturday, December 16, at 1:30 o'clock.

ASKS FOR DIVORCE

A petition asking for a divorce has been filed in the district court by Nora L. Brown against Clyde A. Brown.

WANTS ACCOUNT MONEY

The Spaulding Manufacturing Co. has filed a petition in the district court against D. B. Davis for a judgment of \$100 which is alleged to be due on an account.

MAY REMARRY NOW

District Judge D. M. Anderson has signed a supplemental decree in the case of Cora M. Crump vs. C. H. Crump which gives the plaintiff the right to remarry within a year.

## COOPERATION IS URGED BY MAYOR

City Executive Asks People of Entire County to Buy Seals for Sanitarium

Mayor Fred H. Carter, in a proclamation to the citizens of Ottumwa today, sets out the urgent need for cooperation of all persons in the county on the work which the local organization for the treatment and prevention of tuberculosis is doing here through its sale of Red Cross seals. Returns are beginning to be received now by the association from the letters which went in the mails of Thursday night.

The mayor's proclamation follows: To act in conjunction with the National Association and the Iowa Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, a local association has been formed to take up this work in Wapello county. The local committee has been at work for some months and much has already been accomplished.

After a complete survey of the situation in Wapello county the need of a sanitarium was very evident to the committee. The matter was taken up with the board of supervisors, who, after careful consideration and acting upon the advice of a large number of physicians of the city, purchased the tract of land now known as Sunny Slope. The board has spent all the money allowed under the state laws for the purchase of the property and money must be raised from other sources to provide for the expense of fitting up the buildings and for the care of the patients.

We have become so pleasantly familiar with the Red Cross Christmas seal that there would be something lacking if it did not appear at Christmas time. This seal introduced in a very modest way eight years ago has become a very important factor in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. To carry on the work here and to secure funds needed to make Sunny Slope habitable for the patients already there, this unique method of raising money has been adopted by the local association and I earnestly urge every resident of the city to help the good work by the purchase of as many stamps as possible.

F. H. Carter, Mayor.

## FRENCH CABINET BEING CRITICISED

Paris, Dec. 9.—The popular demand that the reorganization of the conduct of the war promised by the deputies be both rapid and radical, has received further stimulus by the events in England. Stephen Pichon, writing in the Petit Journal, says: "By the result of Thursday's division in the chamber, the government escapes responsibility for facts which are a consequence of its policy and undertakes to carry out measures which it had more or less promised five months ago. The fulfillment of these obligations will not be avoided by speeches, half measures and contradictory acts."

There are spots where a clean sweep must be made to make way for absolutely new work. As to cabinets of twenty-four, with places made for friends holding no real authority and in which too many ministers fold their arms, this day is over. It is perfectly clear that the present situation cannot last. The censorship cannot prevent the truth from breaking through the clouds in which it envelops the country from demanding to be informed as to what is being done."

## PRESBYTERIANS OF SOUTH TO WITHDRAW

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 8.—A threat on the part of the Southern Presbyterian church to withdraw from the Federal Council of Churches of Christ was presented at the quadrennial convention of the council Friday when Rev. S. Jacobs of Houston, Tex., introduced a memorial from the general assembly of the southern church.

The memorial stated that the activities of the federal council in international matters and in social reform were deemed inconsistent with the object of the federation and subversive of the principle of separation of church and state.

After debate the federal council adopted a resolution declaring that there was no conflict between the declared purposes of the church federation and its activities in behalf of social reform and that the memorial from the Southern Presbyterian church was based on misconception.

## TRYING TO HAVE GUARDS RETURNED

Chicago, Dec. 9.—Friends of members of the Seventh Illinois regiment now on duty on the Mexican border, who have been trying to procure the return of the soldiers, were encouraged today by a telegram from Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the president, saying the president would give the matter consideration and that it would be brought to the attention of the secretary of war.

## FORD RESTRAINED FOR SIXTY DAYS

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 9.—The three circuit judges who heard the Dodge Brothers injunction case today extended for sixty days the temporary injunction restraining Henry Ford from using the profits of the Ford Motor company to develop its business. The judges during this time will listen to further arguments and will then decide whether to grant a permanent injunction.

## BEAR MOVEMENT IN WHEAT MARKET

TENSION BETWEEN THIS COUNTRY AND GERMANY BRINGS ABOUT SLUMP

Chicago, Dec. 9.—Renewal of tension at Washington as to the apparent German infractions of the agreement with the United States as to submarine attacks have largely offset during the last couple of days the bullish effect that earlier this week in the wheat market was due to huge export sales. December delivery of wheat lost 3 1/2 cents in value as compared with a week ago, but deferred options scored gains of 1/2 to 3/4 cents. Corn advanced 1/4 to 3/4 cents, for the week and oats a share to 1 cent. The outcome in provisions varied, from 75 cents decline to a rise of 2 1/2 cents.

All eyes in the wheat trade turned quickly whenever developments appeared likely to increase or diminish the amount of export shipments from the United States. At first, the abandonment of the proposed sale of \$50,000,000 of British and French treasury bills seemed to have put the bulls at bay. The bear market, however, was more unhesitatingly regarding virtually unfounded reports that efforts had been made to cancel the purchase of millions of bushels of wheat intended for Great Britain.

Tightening up of interest rates Monday on call loans acted as a further handicap on the bulls, but Tuesday and Wednesday the friends of higher prices were greatly encouraged by immense foreign purchases credited in the main to Holland, Belgium and Greece. Announcement was also made that President Wilson would directly oppose an embargo on foodstuffs.

Anxiety over the submarine issue with Germany dominated the wheat market on Thursday and Friday. Sentiment in favor of a decline in quotations received considerable impetus from a rumor that assured shipments from the United States to Greece would be stopped by an Anglo-French blockade. The intensification of the railway embargoes east of Chicago formed another source of depression as the week drew to an end.

Corn and oats were bearishly affected by the approaching close of lake navigation and the consequent restriction of eastern outlets. Besides, impetus from the United States to Greece receipts soon as a result of more liberal supply of railway cars in the west. Increasing arrivals of hogs weakened provisions. In addition, there was said to have been a falling off in the sales of meats to the south.

In Memoriam

Benjamin F. Skinner.

Benjamin F. Skinner was born in Jackson county, Ohio, August 19, 1846. He came with his parents to Iowa in 1848. He was married to Hannah Skinner in 1865. To this union were born five children, four sons and one daughter: Jesse F. Albert, Elmer, Clyde, Fred and Edna. He was a member of the Pleasant Valley Baptist church. A large number of relatives, neighbors and friends were present to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased.—Contributed.

Funeral services were held at the home at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, December 4, conducted by Rev. A. D. Baptist church. A large number of relatives, neighbors and friends were present to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased.—Contributed.

EDDYVILLE.

Dr. F. E. Vance went to Iowa City Monday on a business trip.

Paul Thayer went to Des Moines on Monday on business.

Dr. and Mrs. Wray of Albia were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Odem.

Miss Eva Gray who has been visiting at the home of her uncle W. H. Gray left Monday for her home at Kirkville, Mo.

The Woman's Reading Club held their regular meeting Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. David Moran. The subject of the program was "Magda" under the leadership of Dr. Eppie McCrea. There was a good attendance and the meeting was especially interesting.

Mrs. Lucy Hubbard who has been spending the week in Eddyville looking after business interests returned to her home in Mason City Monday.

Miss Spence went to Barnes City Monday where she is teaching this year. Mrs. Grant Rund who has been caring for her father during his recent illness returned to her home at Albia on Monday.

Mrs. Ida McMurray returned to her home at Marshalltown Monday after a week's visit with friends in Eddyville. Mrs. C. Phillips of Albia is spending the week in Eddyville visiting her sister Mrs. W. H. Ives.

Chas. Shoemaker was a business caller in New Sharon Monday.

PRUSSIAN DIET HEARS COMPLAINTS

Amsterdam, Dec. 9, via London.—In the course of a discussion in the Prussian diet on the question of an increase in the salaries of minor officials, the socialist deputy, Stroebel, according to the Vorwaerts, attacked those who were receiving great war profits, while the mass of the people are starving.

## NEW CABINETS NON-PARTISAN

Business Efficiency Will Be the Watchword of New British Premier

London, Dec. 9.—Lloyd George's cabinet will be non-partisan and will meet the popular demand for a business government. It will not be a coalition cabinet in the sense of Asquith's administration because Mr. Asquith had the cooperation of all parties, even including, practically, the Irish nationalist.

The liberal meeting at the Reform club yesterday decided that the old liberal leaders will constitute an opposition party in the house of commons, although the opposition will be one of helpful criticism rather than of hostility. The newspapers are devoting themselves to framing possible cabinets and incidentally are so wrapped up in the burning questions as to whether Lloyd George can be called a conspirator and whether a government consisting largely of men unused to politics can be recruited from the traditional ruling class, that they give comparatively little attention to the events of the war.

Balfour Unpopular.

A surprise was the announcement made by Viscount Grey in the liberal conference that Arthur Balfour would succeed him in the foreign office with Lord Robert Cecil continuing as assistant. Lord Curzon, qualified by former service in the foreign office and with a brilliant record as Indian viceroy, has been thought assured of the honor. The choice of Balfour came from a clear sky and aroused instant protest from papers which rated him as one of the aged "wait and see" school.

Bonar Law for chancellor of the exchequer is a popular selection as he combines business and political experience as do few other public men. Equal approval is given to Lord Derby as head of the war office and Dr. Addison as the minister of munitions, but the proposal of Sir Edward Carson for the admiralty finds less favor. Lord Curzon will have one of the higher posts and will be leader of the government in the house of lords. Col. Winston Churchill apparently is to remain out in the cold.

Socialist Idea Rules.

This nucleus with a number of practical business men in other positions is considered to make a strong showing. Premier Lloyd George's program is for the reorganization of the country for war on a sweeping socialistic basis and the general comment is that only a cabinet of supermen can accomplish and conduct such a revolution. In addition to the nationalization of shipping, mines and agriculture, drastic reforms in the drink problem and temporary settlement of the chaos in Ireland are discussed as the major tasks confronting the new administration in the home field. The appointment of Mr. Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil to the foreign office is welcomed in the London press, except by Lord Northcliffe's newspapers. Even the Tory Post, which has been bitter against the Asquith government, speaks of Mr. Balfour's staunch attitude throughout the recent crisis, but says there may be some doubts as to whether his delicate methods in handling the affairs of the foreign office will be able to counter the brutal and robust methods of the Germans.

BLADENBURG

Born Wednesday to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lyans's son.

Ben Reno has made quite an improvement to his farm by having a scale house and cattle barn erected.

Alfred Yeager, wife and daughter Hazel visited Sunday at Henry Payne's. Mrs. and Mrs. Ira Davis was Shopping in Ottumwa.

Campbell Glenn living just east of here has the tonsillitis.

Will Hamersly and wife are proud parents of a nine pound boy born Sunday.

Charlie and Libbie Goble of Packwood spent Sunday at the home of Ira Davies. Bud Humble and children spent the week end with relatives.