

# THE SEED OF THE RIGHTEOUS

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

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## CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

At first there seemed nothing to say. Sabra drew away from the letter with a frown of distaste, but a progress of adjustment was visibly going on behind her handsome brow: one could see her rearranging the news until it should present just the fine, right aspect necessary. Mrs. Gage had sunk back in her chair, and over her tired face a look of peace and relief came. Sabra stood up, like one who has drawn a sword.

"Oh, horrible, hideous!" The low voice, breaking from new depths, made them start. "Oh, mother, this is graft, this is highway robbery! Oh, I might have seen it coming—others did!" She wrung her hands. "Her son saw it, and came over to stop it, and he hated us for a lot of leeches, crawling after her fortune. And we are—"

"Chloe!" Mrs. Gage was sprung up to put an arm about her, as though she spoke in fever, but Chloe stood stiff and unyielding within it.

"No! It's true. We are grafters," she cried. "We live on others. We have done ugly things and called them fine names—let's call this marriage what it is!"

"Dearest—"

"What it is! Mrs. Cartaret is a dull, good woman who has lost her head, and Ralston is a selfish, young man who is eighteen years younger than she is. He didn't plan it—I'll say that, though Donald Cartaret would never believe it. But she took it. That's what Alex said of him once—'Lord God, what that man won't take!' And I quarreled with Alex for it." She sobbed without tears, beating her hands together. "I can't stand it. I'm done with the family way—the Gage way!"

Sabra said nothing; her stillness was as rigid as an armor, against which words bounced off, leaving no mark. Mrs. Gage, troubled, heard only wild utterances of delirium.

"My little girl, what do you mean? What can you do?" she urged. "Chloe knew at last what she could do."

"Earn my living," she cried. "Earn everything I want and wear and do! Oh, I've been worse than anyone, for I know—I've seen us as we were. I have been a coward and a shirk. Uncle Harry offered me a position, and I laughed, and told him I wasn't that kind. I'd rather spongle! I'm going to him now, this minute. If he won't take me, I'll go from place to place till some one does. Oh, I don't feel clear—I don't feel clean!"

She ran out of the room, up to her own sanctuary. She had a task to do at this moment, and she must be fit for it. When she came down, ten minutes later, Sabra sat unmoved, a little pale, but still finely impervious, and her mother stood as she had been left, in stricken bewilderment, but Chloe did not see them, or Billy, nursing his kitten on the steps, or her father towering over the traffic in his frock coat—the top hat in his hand.

Uncle Harry spared her question or comment. Perhaps his shy, averted gaze was more abrupt. "I want work, Uncle Harry—anything—any kind—you said once—"

"All right, Chloe—take off your coat," that brought her down to a more normal level.

"I've kept your job for you—thought you might be along," he added, as he shuffled over to a counter piled with blue print plans.

"Now, today?" Chloe exclaimed. "Why not? Aren't you ready?"

She threw off coat and hat. "Oh, so ready! Only it seemed too good to be true," she said with a long breath of relief.

## CHAPTER VII.

Chloe found her mother and sister apparently as she had left them, waiting for her in the dining room. They might justifiably have met her with coldness, but Mrs. Gage's "Well, my little girl," was so tender and welcome of all her life, with only a note of anxiety added, as though her little girl had possibly been hurt. Sabra was tranquil and pleasant as usual, and not till long afterward did Chloe realize the faint aloofness that had begun on that day, and was never to change. It was not resentful, perhaps not even conscious; merely the instinctive, cautious withdrawal of a person who carries something very precious, but fragile, from a jostling neighborhood. In her gratitude that they did not hate her, Chloe made a happy tale of her application for work and its startlingly immediate result.

"I do love it," she said. "The house won't be so nice, mother; but wait till I give you my first pay envelope!"

"I think we might get a better girl than Lizzie," Mrs. Gage began reluctantly.

"Oh, I wish we could," Chloe exclaimed. "She isn't a friendly girl. She won't love me," she added, with a laugh at herself. "Can't we change right now?"

Mrs. Gage had an objection, but found difficulty in wording it. "She is nice about waiting for her money," she said at last. "Some girls are cross if it is a day late. You see, it was just time for Sabra's check when Mr. Linsley died." She was apologetic, as though confessing to bad management.

"Never mind. I shall have money soon," Chloe comforted her, and felt a new and thrilling pride in her own power. "I do love Uncle Harry!" she cried.

In the morning Chloe jumped up with a forgotten buoyancy and went off importantly to her work. She was gone before Mrs. Gage had opened her mail, and so knew nothing of the curt notice that ended the hope of saving Sabra. The statue was to come down in two days' time, and the suggestion that it be put up somewhere else had been found impracticable. A dry official regret closed the subject. Mrs. Gage and Sabra discussed it over a late breakfast, agreeing sadly that there was nothing to be done. They were careful not to speak of it before Billy, feeling that only Chloe could make the loss comprehensible to him.

The mail had brought better news to Sabra. The ladies of the eugenics board of managers, hastily called together, were coming to her relief with a course of drawing room lectures. Already they had the drawing room and the right patronage; it remained only to sell the tickets and compose the lectures. Sabra was in conference over the telephone half the morning and she walked as though an endless platform stretched under her happy feet.

"Afterward I can give the same course through the west," she told her mother. "I shall write to prominent club members and ask them to work it up for me. And these will lead to other drawing room courses here—it will grow very fast. I shall earn a good living with a fraction of my time."

Mrs. Gage gave her unfailing glowing response. "Splendid, dear! You're launched now, and I am sure you deserve it. What shall you lecture about?" she added.

"Oh, that will be easy," said Sabra. Billy found the day rather long. Granny was good to him, but she answered his stirring communications with her love rather than with her attention, and he missed his Toto's ever-ready interest. Granny took him down to the statue for good night, but the excursion on a jacked savor, and then she and her sister, so Lizzie had to give him his supper in the kitchen. Lizzie had hard, bony hands that tied dishes as though little boys were too much trouble to be endured. Billy ate meekly. No one praised him when he got to the bottom of his mug, or enjoyed with him the gradual uncovering of the roses that bloomed under the cereal. His loneliness at last drove him to speech.

"My Toto has gone to work," he offered.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Lizzie's mutter was not encouraging, but presently he tried again. "My granny took me down to say good night, and she's going to buy my granfather a golf fence, but she thinks not just now. Perhaps some other time."

"M'm! She won't be buying him no fence," Lizzie said, thrusting her bony face almost into the oven. "They're going to pull him down and throw him away."

Billy turned a sudden red and shook a threatening spoon. "They not going to pull 'im down!" he shouted.

Lizzie, straightening up, smiled, the terrible smile of power, that holds weakness in its grasp. "Yes, they are. I read it in the paper, and I heard your granny say it, too. They're going to pull him down and put him on an old dump cart and throw him on the ash heap. So there!"

For all her size and years, she was only a spiteful child, not knowing what she did. Billy slipped to the floor, tugging at his bib, and something in his face made her add a hasty:

"Oh, now, don't be a baby, Billy. Here's a cookie."

The cookie fell, unheeded to the floor and Billy ran to his granny; but the strangers were still there, and he dared not go in. No Sabra was upstairs, no Toto had come home. His father represented to Billy one vast, permanent prohibition against interruption, but in his distress he even pattered to the room from which the exasperated demand for quiet had so often burst out at him. It was empty. In all the house there was no help, and moments were unwatched, for Billy was allowed to play on the sidewalk and he ran out, but even now his obedient little feet stopped at the familiar boundary line. He meant only to wait there for Toto, who could make everything right; but soon a dire sound brought a terror that wiped out law. Down the block came bumping a city ash cart, headed straight for the corner round which stood the beloved presence.

Billy shouted at it, furiously, stamping his foot, sobbing in his impotence; the driver did not even glance over his averted shoulder. Billy panted after him. There were people in the street, but a stray child, even a crying child, was too familiar a sight in that neighborhood to draw attention. At the corner the cart turned and bumped off the street. Sereno Gage, standing in his accustomed place, was for the moment safe, but Billy knew how ash carts bounded. He looked uncertainly back toward the shelter of home, and wistfully up the street for Toto, then down to the dear grandfather, all alone in his mortal peril; and the great need to rescue, that was to dominate and direct all his life, wiped out fear. He braved the traffic and, crawling through a gap in the palings, planted himself at the statue's base.

"I'm here, granfather," he called. "Don't you be afraid, I'm here!"

To the passing world he was only a playing child. The streets were growing dim and quiet, but Billy stayed at his post, his heart big with protective love. Whenever a coming vehicle seemed to bump like an ash cart, he sent up his reassuring whisper: "I'm right here!" But it was desolate and unnering work for a little boy whose bedtime had already passed. He kept up bravely until, coming slowly home from work, he saw his own Toto. Then his spirit melted within him and he stumbled out between the palings, baby arms up for comfort, weeping his bitter tale. She caught him close, and at every stammered, "Lizzie said—"

## CHAPTER IX.

Sabra also was to be away on Friday, delivering an address out of town. Chloe worked late on Thursday night, shrinking from the good-by that awaited her, and walked home with Uncle Harry. He knew, but she could trust him not to speak ill. He had not yet spoken of Alex, either, but tonight the name suddenly came out.

"That Alex," he began, "he's sold his dynamo thing. I don't know what it is—can't make head or tail of it; but it improves something. Or they think it does. Anyway, he's going to get five thousand dollars and a part interest. That's not so bad."

"It is very good," said Chloe, trying to speak with impressive friendliness. The news, which would once have given her such joy, had fallen like a blow; it showed Alex as going on brilliantly to success and happiness, on his old need of her forgotten. "He must be very glad," she added, more desolately than she knew.

"Yes; he's pleased," Uncle Harry's speech was so averted that the back of his head was toward her. "He's a plum sort of fellow, though. I used to think he was rather jolly, but if he was, he has got over it."

The unspoken message, with its hint of comfort, brought her hand under his arm and made difficult speech possible.

"You can forgive an insult to yourself," she said, "but you can't forgive an insult to some one you love. It isn't right to forgive it, Uncle Harry!"

They had paused, facing the statue, where the night was just now.

"H'm—insult," he repeated thoughtfully. "I wonder if insults matter much, Chloe?"

"But, if they don't, what does matter?"

"Why, what the fellow meant, I should say. If he means to insult you—well, that's one thing; but if he is blurring out what he thinks is the truth—and most insults are that—"

"You might improve it in one sense, but you would never forget it," Chloe broke in, all the more hotly because of her heart, which had leaped as though in response to good news. "Good night, I'll see you in the morning."

Uncle Harry trudged on, a faint figure, his big white head set bird fashion on his stubby coat. His walk had always dragged since the day his wife died. Chloe ran home. She could not face her good-by just now.

The shadow of tomorrow lay on the little house. Mrs. Gage was cheerful when she spoke, but fell into frequent silences, her lips pressed together in a line that hurt Chloe worse than tears. Sabra was uneasy and talked fluently of her lectures, as though to ward off mention of anything that was sad and could not be made to seem otherwise. The loving courtesy of Mrs. Gage's attention, so persistently called for, each of our men was given definite instructions for his precise task and a map of the enemy trenches which proved absolutely correct. Each man knew every detail of the proposed operation. They were delighted at this and entered the fight with great cheers. When they came out two hours later they were sinking and as happy as school boys on a holiday. The neatness and despatch with which the raid was carried out were unique. The artillery cooperation of the British guns was perfection. Beautifully placed curtains of fire prepared our advance, and, creeping forward, protected us as they proceeded to absolutely demolish the enemy trenches and dugouts. The program had given the men an hour but in ten minutes the raiders signalled they were ready to return to their own trenches."

No attempt was made at a counter attack until the following night when the Germans bombarded and raided their own first line, or what was left of it, thinking that the raiders were still there. As a matter of fact the Canadians who carried out the operation were miles away. They were not part of the fighting line but on rest and had gone forward for this particular piece of work which was planned weeks ago.

"Yes, I guess he's got to move," Billy asserted, and presently was shouting it all up through the palings, while Chloe looked up over his head into the shadowy face of her father.

"Every body is chasing and going," she told him. "And I have lost Alex—he doesn't care any more. If he did, he would try to make me forgive him. I shall miss you every day of my life. But I will work, and I'll keep close to Billy, and I'll take care of mother—I'll do my best. Good night!"

## CANADIANS MAKE SUCCESSFUL RAID

SUDDEN ATTACK SURPRISES THE GERMANS WHO SUFFER LOSS OF BATTALION.

With the British armies in France, Dec. 24, via London, Dec. 25.—(From a staff correspondent of the Associated Press)—North of Arras certain Canadian troops have just accomplished what the British officers declare marks a new phase in modern trench warfare. In a raid, which, however, was much more than a raid, they succeeded in putting out of action, temporarily at least, an entire battalion of German infantry. They took fifty-nine prisoners, including one commanding officer, and estimated that they killed 150 German in dugouts which were blown to atoms after their occupants refused to surrender. The Canadian losses were extremely light. The "raid" took place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on a front of 400 yards. The German prisoners admit that they were taken completely by surprise. The officer captured said he was convinced that something was about to happen but believed that the attack was coming on Christmas eve. He reported to the higher command but received no support.

## Make Sudden Dash.

The Canadians, mostly stalwart men from the plains of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, had skillfully established themselves well forward so that when the artillery had ceased the preparatory fire they were in the German front line trenches in less than ten minutes. The officer in command, who was reporting the raid to head quarters by telephone, said that he had hardly uttered the words "They're off" before he had to say "They're in." Consternation reigned among the Germans who scrambled for the dugouts leading to the rear trenches while the Canadians pelted them with hand grenades. Caught absolutely unprepared, many Germans in the front line trenches fled in confusion, but threw up their hands with cries of "Kamerad."

## Attack Well Planned.

About twenty dugouts were destroyed by Canadians, several with bombs captured from the Germans. One of the officers engaged said:

"As we entered the trenches many Germans broke for the dugouts. As they did we subsequently well cared for. Each of our men was given definite instructions for his precise task and a map of the enemy trenches which proved absolutely correct. Each man knew every detail of the proposed operation. They were delighted at this and entered the fight with great cheers. When they came out two hours later they were sinking and as happy as school boys on a holiday. The neatness and despatch with which the raid was carried out were unique. The artillery cooperation of the British guns was perfection. Beautifully placed curtains of fire prepared our advance, and, creeping forward, protected us as they proceeded to absolutely demolish the enemy trenches and dugouts. The program had given the men an hour but in ten minutes the raiders signalled they were ready to return to their own trenches."

## AGED WOMAN HAS MERRY CHRISTMAS

New York, Dec. 25.—Surrounded by a large proportion of her score or more of grand and great grand children from Brooklyn and Philadelphia, Mrs. Alice Bennett celebrated her one hundred and sixth Christmas at her home in Brooklyn today. Mrs. Bennett was 105 years old yesterday. After helping prepare breakfast and reading the morning paper without the use of spectacles, she walked five blocks to church and home again at the end of the service. The home observance lasted until midnight. Today she helped stuff a twenty-five pound turkey and according to her descendants, was the "life of the Christmas party."

## JASSY IS CAPITAL OF RUMANIA NOW

London, Dec. 25.—A Reuter's dispatch from Jassy, dated December 22, says that the Rumanian parliament was opened there on that day by King Ferdinand. The dispatch says that the king, in a speech from the throne, said that the war had shown that Austria in her present condition could no longer exist as a factor in the equilibrium of Europe. The king said that the Rumanian army had struggled against the forces of four combined enemies in a manner justifying Rumania looking to the future with absolute confidence.

## COLD WAVE COMING.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 25.—Predictions of a cold wave for tomorrow were contained in the Christmas day report of the weather bureau here. Heavy snow was falling in southern Colorado with a lighter fall in southern Utah, Arizona, and eastern New Mexico and Colorado. Rain had turned to snow far south as the Mexican border in Arizona. The temperature here to day was moderate.

## DIES AIDING WOUNDED.

Paris, Dec. 25.—Howard B. Lines, a graduate of Dartmouth and the Harvard law school, son of Dr. E. H. Lines of Paris and a volunteer in the American ambulance corps has just died in the Arbonne of acute pneumonia. He contracted the disease while on ambulance service at the front.

## BURGLARS ARE FOILED.

Bloomington, Ill., Dec. 25.—After blowing the outer door from the safe of the Gooch Brothers company bank at Belleflower about 2 a. m. today, the robbers were frightened away before getting into the inner vault. The interior of the building was wrecked by the explosion.

## Children's Evening Story

### Brownie Saves The Dam.

Brownie Beaver was always glad that he had taken Granddaddy's advice about the freshet. And Brownie's neighbors were glad that he had, too. For that was really the only thing that saved the village from being carried away by the flood of water that swept down upon the pond, after it had rained for two days and two nights.

The pond rose so quickly and the water rushed past so fast that people had to scramble out of their houses and begin working on them, to keep them from being washed away.

That rush of water meant only one thing. The pond was full and running over! And just as likely the dam would be carried away—the dam on which Granddaddy Beaver had worked when he was a youngster, and on which his own granddaddy had worked before him. It would take years and years to build another such dam as that.

Now, with almost everybody working on his own house, there was almost no one left to work upon the dam. But people never stopped to think about that. They never once remembered that out of the whole village old Granddaddy and Brownie Beaver were the only persons whose houses had been made ready for the freshet and that those two were the only people with nothing to do at home.

"There's be plenty to help save the dam," everybody said to himself. "I'll work on my house."

"There was nothing more he could do to make his house safer, so he swam over to the dam, expecting to find a good many of his neighbors there. But old Granddaddy Beaver was the only other person he found. And he seemed worried.

"It's a great pity," he said to Brownie. "Here's this fine dam, which has taken so many years to build, and it's a-going to be washed away—you mark my words!"

"What makes you think that?" asked Brownie.

"There's nobody here to do anything," said Granddaddy Beaver. "The spillways of this dam ought to be

### did type. The Orman birds are of the single comb type. He has won 306 prizes at various shows during the past five years.

The prize winning Orman birds at the local show all scored high as will be seen from the first cock which scored 93. The first cockerel scored 92½ and first hen 92½. The cockerel is a son of Chief Wapello who led the past four years has been entered in a great many shows and never won first place. He was first bitten when being sent to the Chicago show last year and since then has not been exhibited.

The highest type of chicken shown and the number of them; the flocks they represent and their great variety, gives the visitor who inquires into the poultry industry at the local show, some idea of the magnitude of this business. Hundreds of birds are being shown and these are culled from large flocks in most cases.

Silver Laced Wyandottes. V. G. Warner, Bloomfield, first and second pullet, second cockerel, first cock and first and second hen. Golden Wyandottes. V. G. Warner, Bloomfield, first cock, first cockerel, first hen, first pullet. Silver Penciled Wyandottes. V. G. Warner, Bloomfield, first cock, first hen, second cockerel, second pullet.

Single Comb Brown Leghorns. Mrs. Manroe Bartz, Ottumwa, first cock; first, second, third and fourth hen; first, second, third and fourth cockerel; first, second, third, fourth and fifth pullet; first young pen; first old pen.

Single Comb Buff Leghorns. Mrs. H. Hoskins, Fairfield, first and second cockerel; first, second, third, fourth and fifth pullet; first and second young pen. Fawn and White Indian Runner Ducks. J. V. Buchanan & Son, Ottumwa, first old duck, first young drake, first and second young duck, first and second old duck.

Black Langshans. Bert A. Randall, Keosauqua, first and second cockerel; first, second, third, fourth and fifth pullet; first young pen.

White Orpingtons. Mrs. Louis Montagne, Ottumwa, first cock; first, second, third, fourth and fifth pullet; first, second, third, fourth and fifth cockerel; first, second, third, fourth and fifth young pen; first old pen.

The cups to the winners in the female and male chicken classes and in the displays were awarded this afternoon. C. H. Orman of Ottumwa was awarded a silver cup for the champion male and Mrs. B. F. Bartz was given a cup for the best female chicken.

The awards were also made in the displays, cups being given to Charles Lunkey of Ottumwa for the best Plymouth Rock, Charles Orman of Ottumwa, Rhode Island Reds; Mrs. L. Montagne of Ottumwa, Orpingtons; G. Warner of Bloomfield, Wyandottes; Bert Randall of Keosauqua, Asiatics, and W. H. Bon of Batavia for the Mediterranean.

E. L. Kirkhart of Ottumwa was given a cup for the amateur breeder having the highest scoring pen. Mrs. A. H. Whitaker of Burlington had the largest entry from the greatest distance and was awarded a cup.

The winners in the specialties were announced as follows: C. H. Orman of Ottumwa, Mrs. L. Montagne of Ottumwa, Mrs. B. F. Bartz of Ottumwa, Charles Lunkey of Ottumwa, V. G. Warner of Bloomfield, W. H. Bon of Batavia, E. W. Collins of Mt. Pleasant, A. Reinhard of Ottumwa and C. N. Davis of Mystic. The Des Moines Valley Squab Co. was awarded the first, second and third pairs of Plymouth Rock homers, the first and second pair of Belgian Carneaus and the first and second pairs of White Swiss Montdaines in the pigeon awards, while C. H. Bell of Mt. Zion was given a first pair of White Homers and fourth pair of Plymouth Rock Homers.

## LOCAL BREEDERS HEAVIEST WINNERS

The judging was finished Thursday as was expected and the list of awards that were not previously published will be announced today. Ottumwa exhibitors have been big winners in the show, although some of the visiting bird fanciers have made excellent showings and taken a large number of the awards.

The expense the breeders go to in showing the various types, the interest manifested and the amount of study and attention given the industry is much bigger and worth more in and about Wapello county than most people realize. Many of the local breeders sell hundreds of dollars worth of chickens aside from the egg settings each year and every show held emphasizes more than the past, the interest being taken in good poultry stock.

The following awards were made since the previous list was published: Barred Plymouth Rocks. C. N. Davis, Mystic—Fourth pullet; first, second, third and fourth hen; fourth and fifth, cockerel; fourth pullet bred cockerel; third, cockerel bred pen; second, pullet bred pen.

E. S. Popbam, Murray—First, pullet bred cockerel; first, pullet bred pen; first, cockerel bred pen; first, second, third and fourth pullet.

A. J. Riniger, Libertyville—Third, cock. F. L. Reinhard & Son, Ottumwa—Fifth hen. E. W. Collins, Mt. Pleasant—Third and fourth cockerel bred hen; first, cock, and third cockerel.

O. L. Stockberger, Ottumwa—Second and third, pullet bred cockerel; first and second, cockerel bred hen; second and fifth, cockerel bred pen; third, fourth and fifth, cockerel bred pullet, and first cockerel.

The two biggest prize winners of the 1916 show of the Ottumwa Poultry association are Mrs. Louis Montagne and Charles H. Orman. The former is a breeder of White Orpingtons and the latter, single comb Rhode Island Reds. Mrs. Montagne has twenty-two birds showing, while Mr. Orman has birds showing with Mr. Orman has exceptionally taken a majority of the prizes in their respective classes.

Among the notable prize winners at the local show this week is the winner of the first cock prize in the White Orpington class. This is Mrs. Montagne's best bird although a son of this valuable sire is looked upon by the owner and Judge Hale as a candidate for greater honors than his father. The latter bird was first cockerel in the local show and the other bird took that prize at the Chicago show in a competition with seventeen other birds last January.

From January 10 to 15 the 1917 show will be on in Chicago and inspired by her winning last year and the excellent cockerel sired by last year's winner, Mrs. Montagne plans to enter both these birds in the Chicago show next month.

The male birds are not the only prize winners in the Montagne pens. First pullet. The former scored 94½ and the latter 94½.

Mrs. Montagne has been breeding these birds for the past four years and for three years has been showing them. In that time she has won more than 100 prizes including seven silver cups. She has 200 White Orpingtons and during the breeding season is unable to supply the demand for them.

Charles H. Orman who leads in the colored birds has more than 250 birds in his pens and has been specializing in these chickens for the past seven years.

His flock of Rhode Island Reds includes old Chief Wapello, the sire of many of his prize winners although he is not showing this year. This noted prize winner suffered from frost C. H. Bell of Mt. Zion was given a first pair of White Homers and fourth pair of Plymouth Rock Homers.