

MACDONALD HAS TAKEN CONTROL FROM BALDWIN

Labor Cabinet, Already Announced, Is Strange Mixture of Types.

PROMISES STRENGTH

Associated Press Despatch.
London, Jan. 22.—The Labor Government goes into action ahead of all expectations.

J. Ramsay MacDonald kissed the hand of the king at Buckingham Palace this afternoon, thus sealing his entrance upon the high office of premier, and the exchange of seats between the ministers of the old cabinet and the new will take place at the premier's official residence in Downing street at noon tomorrow.

The names of the new cabinet ministers were published officially soon after Mr. MacDonald submitted them to the king.

Stanley Baldwin met his cabinet for the last time as premier this morning. He then proceeded to the palace for a last official audience. His final approach to the precincts of royalty was made, like his first, in a humble taxicab. He started to walk through the park, but was compelled to halt a cab as a refuge from the people who pressed around him.

Resembles Professor.
Soon after his departure the Labor leader, Mr. MacDonald, descended in the palace yard from a private motor car. The Scottish prime minister—as he now is—was in frock coat and silk hat, neglected none of the conventionalities of office. He might easily have been mistaken for a dear Scotch university professor, which he is in temperament and learning.

With him went two of his colleagues, James Henry Thomas and John Robert Clynes, true to the proletarian, typified by bowler hats and short jackets. They attended in their capacity of privy councillors, for a privy council was presided over by the king, at which Mr. MacDonald was sworn in as a privy councillor.

Mr. Baldwin spent half an hour in the royal presence; his successor, as was natural, had a much longer audience.

Parliament finished its deliberations by adjournment of both Houses until Feb. 12. Almost the only business of Parliament was to receive the king's reply to last night's address, in which the king said: "I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address and will at once give it my careful consideration."

Cabinet Named.
Later in the afternoon Mr. MacDonald was again summoned from a meeting of the Labor party to the palace, when he presented to the king the names of his ministers. His own people gave the new premier a warm welcome when he emerged from the palace.

"Are you prime minister, Mac?" shouted an old man.

Mr. MacDonald nodded.

"I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart," shouted his supporter.

Another called out: "You've got a lot of Commons members says." He was

C. OF C. SEEKS REPRESENTATION ON INDUSTRIAL AREA BODY

In an effort to obtain greater cooperation between the city council and the London Chamber of Commerce, the directors of the chamber at its weekly meeting yesterday decided to ask the city council to write them requesting the appointment of a member of the chamber to the industrial area commission. This decision was only arrived at after long and detailed discussion on the various methods of dealing with the area for the benefit of the city. Ald. Allan Towe and John Moore, both members of the commission, attended the meeting of the directors.

A communication has been received by the local chamber from the London (England) Chamber of Commerce inviting members to attend the Empire Exhibition at Wembley Park this summer. It stated that any members carrying a letter of introduction from the local chamber would be entitled to a special discount on the central offices in England could offer. The directors of the British Industries Fair, held annually in England, also notified the chamber of their opening date and time.

good job now," and the Labor leader drove away, lifting his hat in the very best statesmanlike manner.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Baldwin, the retiring premier, merely announced that the government had tendered its resignation to the king, and that its resignation had been accepted. The House adjourned until Feb. 12, on the proposal of Mr. Baldwin, in agreement with the new prime minister.

Interest tonight is focused on the personnel of the cabinet. First judgment is that it is many respects a strong cabinet; it seems to have been an attempt to balance the elements of the cabinet. There will be critics, but it is not a real Labor cabinet, but an important plank in the platform of the Labor party, and it is a cabinet of party of manual and brain workers.

Strange Mixture.
It combines practical statesmen and economists, like Lord Haldane and Parnmore, who will be its spokesmen in the House of Lords; Sir Sydney Oliver, C. P. Trevelyan, Sydney Webb, Noel Duxton and veteran leaders of the Labor union organizations, who have gained practical experience in management in business affairs on a large scale, notably John R. Clynes, Arthur Henderson, and H. Thomas, John Wheatley, William Adamson, Thomas Shaw and Vernon Hartshorn.

Hardly could any cabinet present more different types than those who will gather around the official table at No. 10 Downing street. On one side is Viscount Haldane, a philosopher, who is said to be one of the few men in England who can talk in terms of the Einstein theory, but is recognized by the British army as one of the greatest war ministers, although he found it impossible during the war to live down his utterance: "Germany is my spiritual home."

There is his colleague, Charles Phillips Trevelyan, who is not only an intellectual, but a pacifist of one of the most distinguished families of whom the Labor party's official list of names is a proud boast.

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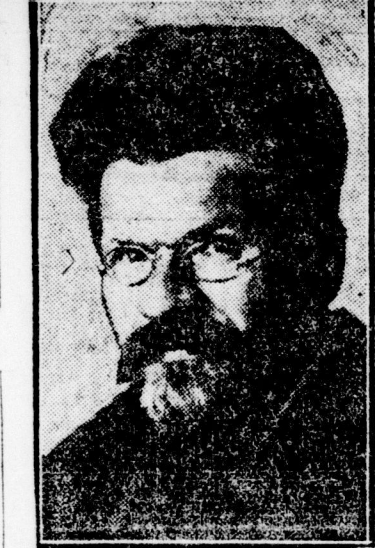
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SUCCEEDS LENIN.

Kalinin, president of Russia, becomes the real head of the Soviet government and the Bolshevik party, following the death of Nikolai Lenin.

LORD ELGIN CHAPTER RE-ELECTS OFFICERS

Mrs. A. E. Miller Continues as Regent of Chapter, With Same Executive.

Mrs. A. E. Miller was re-elected regent of the Lord Elgin Chapter, I. O. D. E., at the meeting held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. E. Reason, North London. Mrs. Miller became regent at a meeting of the chapter held but a few weeks ago and with her a splendid executive which was also returned to office yesterday. The executive includes: honorary regent, Mrs. Fred White, honorary vice-regents, Mrs. Raymond Blandford and Mrs. Howard Higgins; vice-regents, Mrs. W. F. D. Jarvis, Mrs. William Waugh; secretary, Mrs. A. E. Reason; treasurer, Mrs. Fred White; standard bearer, Mrs. J. E. Miller; educational secretary, Mrs. Howard Higgins.

At the close of the meeting Mrs. Miller poured tea from an attractive table arranged with spring flowers. The chapter will continue to work for the educational war memorial.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Miller, the chapter has been successful in raising funds for the war memorial.

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DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE.
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Possession.

Petra smiled, tapped her wrist watch. "I came down to surprise you," she glanced up with the wicked gleam on her mouth, "and I guess I succeeded."

Denny took her arm. "You sure did!" A dark flush bounded across the clear skin. "Say, Joan, don't suck around any longer. It's almost five now."

"All right. I'm about finished." Young and light-hearted, the pair of them, Summer and the sun, "Good-bye, a Miss Lewis!" Petra called. "I'll drop in again to see you when Diddle's not around."

A light seemed to pass with their going, it left a hush like the chill of twilight. Joan sat very still, the maps and photographs before her. She drew down her lips, bit it, smiling, then with an intense quietude, laid the papers in a long drawer, moved to the closet, stood motionless before the mirror just above the wash stand.

In the finely chiseled features, the passionate purity of eyes and proud, sensitive mouth, she saw no charm, no beauty. She closed her eyes against the white, trembling image. "It's right! I'm glad! I am glad!" Petra's gay assurance rippled through her memory—the golden hair, the black brows. "No wonder! Like a flower—it's right."

She leaned against the wall, covered her face, fighting against a warm, confused rush of self-pity. This was like the day her father had come, taken the bank from her and said: "Joan, child, you must be brave. Be brave."

Oh, yes—brave! Dab powder on her cheeks. They weren't always dodging behind a column, tormenting themselves with "Shall I do this? Should I say that?" Now, have I made a mistake?

No—these confident people were so sure they were right, others didn't dare to question them but accepted their infallibility as they would the pleasure of a queen. They were flowers blooming by unerring instinct, distilling their beauty that the passerby might inhale the fragrance. "Flowers don't have to be brave. They only need to unfold their brightness."

"Well—but if one isn't a flower?" Joan put on her hat, smoothed the hair at the side of the meeting Mrs. Miller poured tea from an attractive table arranged with spring flowers. The chapter will continue to work for the educational war memorial.

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ing to be noticed. She never allowed Denny to forget that she had a cool white hand like silk, that her hair was soft against his face and her throat was a warm curve where his mouth might loiter.

Even in a moment of uncertainty and irritation he was intimately conscious of her eyes flitting with his, her lips challenging him. But now he thought, "What is she going to say? Why the deuce didn't I tell her about Joan? What's there to that? Petra didn't keep him long in suspense."

"Say, it was nice in you to come for me, Petra." She glanced mischievously at him as she took the wheel, "I came to give Diddle a surprise and he had a better one there for me."

"You mean Joan?" I didn't even think about it." She pursed her lips, blew lightly as though whistling away a feather. She was quite an ornament to the office. But do you think it looks good?"

"What do you mean?" "Well, she gives a flirtatious air to the place and wearing flowers. I don't think a young man can afford to have that."

"Bunk!" The last thing in the world any one would ever say of Joan is flirtatious. Why, she never thinks of anything outside of the work."

Petra flashed a sidelong glance at him. "And the worker? I think he comes in for a few of the thoughts." "Oh, I'm the knock-em-dead kid. Petra. One look and they fall."

She laughed. He knew the issue was not closed. They were half finished with their tea when in a subtle way she referred to it. Her cup was empty. She leaned over and sipped from his. "Oh, you like things sweet?"

He kissed her. She grew serious, lowering her head, holding her hands before her, studying them. "Diddle, while you're away do you care if I go out with Rudy Grimm and others?"

"Well, of course, I don't expect you to stay home, Petra." "But do you care? Would you be glad if I didn't?"

He was uncertain what answer to make and felt a nervous warmth throbbing at his temples. "Don't flatter me so much, Petra."

"No—but this is the way I figure: If people care they shouldn't be flatter with others. Do you think a man should go a great deal with one girl and then play around with others?"

Denny laughed. "I'm for constancy first and last."

"Well, I'm glad we figure it the

same way, because I've decided not to go out except when you come down to take me. Shall we have it that way?"

There came a tightening at his heart—half fear, half exultation. Underneath was an instinctive longing to escape, to postpone. And yet he wanted her head just where it was—against him so that his lips were in her hair. "You'll get lonesome, Petra. Better make no rash promises."

"No. The others bore me. They don't count. Do they with you?" She raised her head until it was flung back against her shoulder. She whispered, "Golden Petra."

"There are no others." This night Katy heard him whistling in his room, breaking off suddenly. After a pause he took up the tune. Denny felt like that. One moment a surcharge of warm emotion poured like a tide over him, then an ebb, a reluctance, a fear. He thought, "What now? What the deuce!" There would come a hotness like a hand about his neck.

"He's in love, truly now," Katy thought when she caught him pausing suddenly over the dishes, grinning, resting his weight on his fists. She whispered, "Golden Petra."

His face flamed. "You're darn smart. Say, Katy—" "She's a darling, Denny."

"Come on, now, dry the dishes." All the next day and the day after, when he was gone to the mountains for a week, she thought about it. "It's love, Dear Denny. Oh, let him be happy! Only that. And now he won't need to stop for me. How good—how joyful this is!"

Stephen came home for his promised visit. A tumult of happiness rushed upon her. She'd tell him the wondrous news of the promised cure. Oh, she must!

And Stephen was gayer, like a youngster to be home again. "Lord—why didn't I wait a day? I'm hungry to see him. Katy—my look. By the Lord, handsome than ever. Did you two miss me?" He said that often.

There were the promised walks. Stephen taking round-about turns to avoid the hills, brazenly stopping before club houses and apartments and entering into delightful histories of the passing of the old splendid mansions.

"Kate—no place like home when you're the lady of the hearth. I've dreamed about this place." "And me, too, Stephen."

"Walking or sleeping, Katy." Just one day more—this night he must go. It was late afternoon, rain falling—quiet November rain—a fire at the grate.

"Lord, I hate to go." He was sitting on the floor at her feet, as he used to in the barn on Friday nights when all the fellows gathered. Katy with her hands clasped was laughing.

"Kate, you've got something up your sleeve. What is it?" "A beautiful white arm, Stephen."

"I believe that all right. But what's the big laugh?"

"Something supernatural that's going to happen. Something wondrous." "Don't I come in on it, Kate?"

"Oh, indeed you do. That's what makes it so fine."

"Well, tell me then."

"Oh, before so very long. But, Stephen, remember when you saved all the dance programs for me and I loved the little crosses opposite the girls you loved? And remember you were to take me to a dance and to the French ball? Now, did you mean it, I wonder?"

Stephen lowered his head. "Of course I meant it."

"That's all I wanted to know, because I've changed my mind about the French ball. I think I'll go to the Mardi Gras. Now, will that be all right with you?"

She looked down at him. The handsome face and sunny eyes were struck with pain. Katy covered it with her hand. "Oh, you gloomy old Steve! Don't make sad eyes at me. I'm asking a most dear and personal question. Do we or do we not go to the Mardi Gras? Because I wish to think up a costume."

"Dear Kate—think up the costume. You'll have the escort."

"A year from next time, Steve. I'm to walk then."

He kept his face turned from her. For nearly eight years he had heard Katy talk like this. She laughed to herself. "He thinks it's never to be. Stephen is sure I'm just to sit here like this forever. Will he be glad. Oh, will he almost die of gladness when I do truly come walking down to meet him?"

The sadness remained with him. When he was leaving he kept saying: "Dear Kate, goodbye." And looking at her with a long, brooding tenderness and holding her hands. Till she laughed.

Then he kissed her, but not in the quick, off-hand way, but as though he wished to say something or as though it were a long, long parting.

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Nerve-Worn Women Gain Strength and Vigor by Using Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

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OAK HALL

Overcoats

IN A WHIRLWIND SALE!