

PRESIDENT ALMOST REGRETS ELECTION

Joy Over Apparent Defeat in 1916 Is Brief.

NEWS COMES IN MORNING

Night Reports Indicating Victory for Hughes Followed by Messages Showing Wilson Wins.

BY JOSEPH P. TUMULTY. (Copyright, 1921, by Doubleday, Page & Co. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement.) CHAPTER XXV. (Continued.)

An unusual incident occurred about 8:30 o'clock in the evening (election night, 1916), shortly after my talk with the president. I was called to the telephone and told that some one in New York, who refused to give his name, wished to speak to me on a highly important matter. I went to the phone. At the other end in New York was an individual who, refusing to give his name, described himself as a friend of the president.

J. P. Tumulty.

In his first talk with me, and in subsequent talks during the night of the election and on the following day, there was a warning to me, in no way or by the slightest sign, to give up the fight, or to concede Hughes' election. He said that "early returns will naturally run against Wilson in the east, particularly in Illinois and Iowa," and intimated to me that the plan at republican headquarters would be to exaggerate these reports and to overwhelm us with news of republican victories throughout the country.

Another Message Comes. Just about this time there was another message from the mysterious stranger in the usual way. The message, as I recall it, was as follows: "They (meaning the republican managers) are trying to induce Hughes to claim the election, but he is unwilling to make an announcement and is asking for further returns. You boys stand pat. Returns that are now coming in are worrying them. Do not sweat off your feet by claims from republican headquarters. I know what is happening there."

Shortly after this telephone message came a bulletin from republican headquarters, stating that the republican managers were then in conference with Mr. Hughes and that a statement from Mr. Hughes would soon be forthcoming. This unusual coincidence convinced me that the man who was telephoning me either was on the inside of affairs at republican headquarters, or had an uncanny way of knowing just what the managers were doing.

Up to 11 o'clock, every bit of news ran against me. Finally, the Brooklyn Eagle, a supporter of the president, and then the New York Times, our last line of defense, gave way and conceded Hughes' election, but the untiring democrats at the executive offices stood out against any admission of defeat.

The mysterious stranger was again on the wire, saying that there was consternation in the republican ranks; that George Perkins had just come and conceded Hughes' election, but the returns from the west, now coming in greater drifts, indicated Wilson's re-election.

When I left the telephone booth David Lawrence, the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, who a few weeks before had predicted, in a remarkable article, the election of Wilson, and who was my friend and co-laborer during that night (in conjunction with Amos Brown, a noted newspaper man of Washington connected with the democratic national committee), conferred with me, and from a table he had prepared showed me how the small states of the west, which the returns indicated were now coming in to the Wilson column, would elect the democratic candidate, and that under no circumstances must we, by any chance, in any statement concede the election to Hughes.

All night long distance telephone messages, very brief, would come from the mysterious stranger in New York and quickly there would follow bulletins from republican headquarters confirming everything that he said. These messages came so rapidly that I was soon convinced that this individual, whoever he was, had the real inside of the republican situation. So convinced was I that I followed up my statement of the early evening with others and additional ones, claiming the election for Mr. Wilson.

Just about the break of day on Wednesday morning, as David Lawrence, Amos Brown and my son Joe were seated in my office, a room which overlooked a wide expanse of the Atlantic ocean, we were notified by democratic headquarters of the first big drift toward Wilson. Ohio, which in the early evening had been claimed by the republicans, had turned to Wilson by an approximate majority of 60,000; Kansas followed; Utah was leaning toward him; North Dakota and South Dakota inclining

the same way. The Wilson tide began to rise appreciably from that time on, until state after state from the west came into the Wilson column. At 5 o'clock in the morning the New York Times and the New York World recounted and were now saying that the election of Mr. Hughes was doubtful.

Without sleep and without food, those of us at the executive offices kept close to the telephone wire. We never left the job for a minute. The last message from the mysterious stranger came about 1 o'clock, the day following the election, when he phoned me that "George Perkins is now at republican headquarters and is telephoning Roosevelt and will soon leave to inform Roosevelt that, to use his own words, 'the jig is up' and that Wilson is elected." Shortly after, from republican headquarters came a bulletin saying that "George Perkins was on his way to confer with Mr. Roosevelt."

Stranger Explains All. Some months after the election the mysterious stranger came to the White House offices and, without identifying himself, informed me that he was the individual who, on the night of the election had kept me in touch with republican headquarters, and then asked me by telling me that in some mysterious way, which he did not disclose, he had succeeded in breaking in on the republican national committee and had listened in on every conversation that had passed between Wilcox, Hughes, George Perkins, Harvey and Theodore Roosevelt himself during the night of the election and the day following.

Mr. Wilson arose the morning after the election confident that he had been defeated. He went about his tasks in the usual way. The first news that he received that there had been a turn in the tide came from his daughter Margaret, who knocked on the door of the bathroom while the president was shaving and told him of the "extra" of the New York Times saying that the election was in doubt, with indications of a Wilson victory. The president thought that his daughter was playing a practical joke on him and told her to "tell that to the marines" and went on about his shaving.

When the president and I discussed the visit of his daughter Margaret to notify him of his re-election he informed me that he was just beginning to enjoy the reaction of defeat, when he was notified that the tide had turned in his favor. This will seem unusual, but those of us who were close to the man and who understood the trials and tribulations of the presidency knew that he was, in fact, for the first time in four years enjoying the freedom of past life.

Wilson Calm as Ever. Mr. Wilson's imperturbability on election nights was like that of sturdy Grover Cleveland, though temperamentally the men were different. Mr. Cleveland used to tell his friends how in 1884 he had gone to bed early, not knowing who was elected, and how he learned of the news of his election the morning from his valet, after having first made inquiries about the state of the weather. In 1892 Mr. Cleveland, his wife, and two friends played a quiet game of cards while the returns were coming in. In reciting these reminiscences, the old warrior used to say that he never could understand the excitement of candidates on election nights. "The fight is all over then," he would say, "and it is merely a matter of counting the ballots."

Mr. Wilson preserved the same calmness, which appeared almost like indifference. In 1912 he sat in the sitting room of his little cottage in Cleveland lane in Princeton quietly reading from one of his favorite authors and occasionally joining in the conversation of Mrs. Wilson and a few neighbors who had dropped in. In a rear room there was a telegraphic ticker, an operator and some newspaper boys who at intervals would take an especially interesting bulletin in to Mr. Wilson, who would glance at it casually, make some brief comment and then return to his book. One of the guests of the evening who read in a newspaper next day a rather melodramatic and entirely imaginative account of the scene, said: "The only dramatic thing about the evening was that there was nothing dramatic."

(To be continued tomorrow.) Grants Pass Stock Wins Prizes. GRANTS PASS, Or., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—Swine from the Heart of the Valley ranch Hampshire herd won 28 first premiums out of a possible 28; nine championships out of a possible

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Try Crisco in this recipe

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

3 tablespoonsful cornstarch
1/4 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cupful cold milk
1 cupful milk, scalded
2 tablespoonsful Crisco
1 cupful brown sugar
2 eggs yolks

Meringue

2 egg whites
1/4 cupful granulated sugar
Crisco Flake Pastry

Bake the pastry, rolled as for pie crust, on the outside of an inverted pie pan. Prick the paste all over and set the pie pan on a tin sheet to keep the edges from contact with the oven. When baked set inside a clean pie plate, turn in the cooked filling, cover with the meringue and let bake for ten minutes.

To make the filling, cook the cornstarch and salt, mixed with the cold milk, in the hot milk fifteen minutes; add the Crisco and sugar stirred and cooked over the fire until the sugar is dissolved and bubbly; add the yolks. For the meringue beat the whites, very light, and gradually beat in the sugar.

FLAKE PASTRY

1 cupful flour
4 tablespoonsful Crisco
3/4 teaspoonful salt

Just enough cold water to hold dough together

Sift flour and salt and cut half the Crisco into flour with knife until it is finely divided. The finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Then add water sparingly, mixing it with knife through dry materials. Form with the hand into dough and roll out on a floured board to quarter inch thickness. Spread one-third of remaining Crisco on two-thirds of dough nearest you; fold twice, to make three layers, folding in first that part on which Crisco has not been spread. Turn dough, putting folded edges to the sides; roll out, spread and fold as before. Repeat once more. Use a light motion in handling rolling-pin, and roll from center outward. Should Crisco be too hard, it will not mix readily with flour, in which case the result will be a tough crust.

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12, and five grand champions out of a possible six. The stock was exhibited at the Oregon and California state fairs and the Pacific International Livestock exposition at Portland.

Linn Teachers Convene Today. ALBANY, Or., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—More than 250 teachers from all sections of Linn county will attend the annual teachers' institute of this county which will convene here tomorrow morning. The institute will remain in session three days. All of the sessions will be held in the Albany high school auditorium.

Shortage in Accounts Charged. ALBANY, Or., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—P. W. Story, who has managed the farmers' co-operative store and warehouse at Sweet Home for approximately two years, was declared to be short in his accounts by a complaint filed in the state circuit court here yesterday by the Farmers' Co-operative Warehouse company, which seeks an accounting. The complaint recites that as nearly as can be learned Story received \$22,693.64 for which he should account since January 1, 1920, and that he has turned over only \$21,178.08.

Every large city has one newspaper which, by universal consent, is the Want-Ad medium of the community. In Portland it's The Oregonian.

KELSO CLUB ENTERTAINED. Employees of Lumber Company Are Hosts at Party. KELSO, Wash., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—Employees of the Long-Bell Lumber company and their families entertained the Kelso club last night at one of the most unique and novel parties ever held here. Dancing was the principal diversion, but a number of interesting entertainment numbers were also given.

One of the features of the decorations was a real still in operation in one corner of the room, working on water, however, and a man garbed as a moonshiner, who served punch. More than 300 guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Long-Bell operation.

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A Danger Signal—Tender and Bleeding Gums

Healthy teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only the teeth are affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today.

Brush Your Teeth With Forhan's—How to Use It. Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c. All druggists.

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