

HARDING'S ELECTION APPEARS CERTAIN

Republicans Sure of 275 Electoral Votes.

DEFEAT IS ADMITTED

Cox Forces Also Concede Loss of Congress, Though Returns Are Meager.

BITTER-ENDERS WIN

Landslide Indicated in New York, Indiana, Ohio and New England—Republicans Make Big Gains | In Solid Southland.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Early this morning, with actual returns far from complete, Harding was certain of 275 votes in the electoral college from the following states: Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

giving Harding a plurality of 13,422 over Cox. Reports from Illinois were that the republicans had swept that state from the metropolitan contest in Chicago, where a clean victory was scored for all offices, to the rural regions, giving Senator Harding a lead so large that if the ratio kept up for unreported precincts his majority over Governor Cox would be more than 300,000. Len Small was elected governor by a large margin over ex-Senator Lewis. William B. McKinley was elected United States senator to succeed Lawrence Y. Sherman.

Although Minnesota reported that Harding apparently had carried that state by a decisive majority, the republican state ticket, especially for governor and one or two other offices, was running a close race with candidates endorsed by the Non-partisan league. Returns from 40 Minnesota counties showed Harding maintaining nearly a three-to-one lead over Cox. For governor, State Auditor Freus, republican, had a slight lead over Henrik Shipstead, the independent candidate endorsed by the Non-partisan league. In the seventh Minnesota district fight, Representative Voistead had a slight lead over Rev. O. J. Kvale, independent.

Louisiana reports were that republican gains were the heaviest recorded in any of the contests since civil war days. Complete returns from 92 precincts out of 157 in New Orleans gave Cox 18,542, Harding 9847. Incomplete returns from 12 parishes outside of New Orleans gave Harding 1764, Cox 1502.

Just before 9 o'clock last night the New York World, which supported Cox, flashed its signal lights to announce the election of Harding. In New York and New England, as in Ohio and Indiana, the Harding majority being reported indicated a landslide in the east. Millions of Americans, many of them women exercising their franchise for the first time, cast their ballots for national and state tickets and in the "solemn re-entrance" in the league of nation issue. The New York Times, however, which has supported Governor Cox, at 9:15 o'clock had not accepted early returns as indicating his defeat.

Taking the republican landslide in the east as handwriting on the wall, metropolitan newspapers, among them those which staunchly had supported Governor Cox and the league of nations issue, announced the election of Harding early in the evening. There were then no figures to assure it or to give assurance that the sudden turning about of four years ago which changed apparent victory for Hughes into election for Wilson would not be repeated. Democratic managers early in the night professed confidence that the votes from the west would overcome the sentiment of the east while the republican managers continued to issue predictions of victory.

As the landslide in the east continued to roll on, however, and the first indications came that it would extend westward, the democratic managers in New York issued their announcements conceding the election of Harding.

At the same moment he conceded the election of Harding, Democratic Chairman White also conceded the election of a republican congress. One striking feature of the situation—in fact an almost anomalous one, was that while the election of Senator Harding was being conceded, there were actually not sufficient election returns on hand to compile a table of electoral votes showing the distribution of states' votes in the electoral college.

HARDING PLURALITY HUGE IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—With the possible exception of the contest for the governorship, which still is in doubt, republicans apparently have made a clean sweep in New York State.

Returns from 5586 districts out of 7395 give Harding 1,495,934, Cox 648,445. If this ratio is maintained in the missing districts, Senator Harding will carry the state by the unprecedented plurality of 1,125,000. With returns from 1743 districts still missing, Governor Smith's lead had been cut down to 3031. The vote

The City of Purple Dreams

By
EDWIN BAIRD

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Daniel joined in merrily and more than held his own in the three-cornered melee. Having bought a paper, he was publishing the sort of yellow journalism the masses wanted. Very naturally his enemies attacked first what seemed to them his most vulnerable spot. "Why did he change his name?" "Why did he need an alias?" "What foul deed had he done and essayed to cover up?" These were the questions hurled broadcast; these the ones they vain would answer. "Investigators" were dispatched to Maryland. All went well—or ill for them, because nothing but good could be found of him—until his nineteenth year. Then they encountered a blank wall. There were five years unaccounted for. His family was unimpeachable. The Daniels of Roanoke county were of the South's first people. The Fitzrandolphs of England and Virginia had distinguished themselves on more than several occasions. Plainly, there was nothing here for their purpose. But those five years!

When they had given up all hope of ever sounding it and were searching in despair for a successful plummet, Daniel very deliberately laid bare on the first page of his newspaper everything it contained. With genial candor, and not without relish, he narrated his five years in trample. In justice to himself, in justice to his party, he felt he could do no less. Between the ages of nineteen and twenty-four his had been an eventful life, and the story thereof was not dull. The bomb exploded with a deafening crash, and with a howl and a shriek his foes were upon him. Rending the disclosure as a pack of wolves, they claved it, gnashed it, made it ugly and held it up greedily to the public gaze.

And then when the rumble and bombast had died away, when the blood and smoke had passed, Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph stood before the populace—a hero. The city which reveres the memory of a man who, starting as a clerk, later saddled with debts, hewed his way through adversity and became the "Merchant Prince" of the world, of another who struggled from a butcher's apprenticeship at two dollars a week to the pinnacle of the Union Stock Yards, of scores of others of ignoble beginnings and vast achievements—such a city was not slow to erect a pedestal for one who had once been a vagabond and was now become a multi-millionaire candidate for the highest honor the city of his adoption could pay him. Thus, for the hour, Daniel had become an idol of the people.

Daniel rushed his campaign onward with a tireless zeal that outdistanced his rivals and lost them to view. Here, as in the wheat pit, his endurance and energy were a marvel to all who knew him. He snatched only five hours from the twenty-four for sleep, and less than one hour for meals. Every minute of the remaining eighteen was a busy minute.

The campaign came to a whirlwind finish. Daniel rose at daybreak on election eve and was on the go ceaselessly for twenty hours.

While smoking a good-night cigar with Hunt at two o'clock next morning he remarked: "Altogether, Harry, it has cost me a warm million dollars. But it has been worth it—every cent. I've had a million dollars' worth of fun."

Yet an hour later, had one looked in the front room of Daniel's apartment, one would have doubted it. The room was quite dark, and before the front windows overlooking Grant park he was sitting very silent and motionless. A gray fog was rolling damply in from the lake, thickening the night with its clammy embrace.

From the avenue below came sounds of an irresponsible quartette. They were rendering "The Heart Bowed Down," and even their untutored throats, guttural with libations, could not wholly mar the tragic sweetness of Balfe's sad melody.

The melancholy strains, something softened by the distance, floated dolefully up to him. Music—even the worst—always had a singular effect upon Daniel. Good or bad, he could never listen to it without feeling within him a responsiveness transcending the composer's note. It was as though, sounding the keynote, he soared on into realms the composer essayed, yet failed to attain.

His elbows resting on the arms of the chair, his chin on his interlaced fingers, he sat for a long while gazing into the foggy gloom. And mirrored in his face was an ineffable loneliness which by its very profundity must needs be mute. He pressed his hands to his forehead and slowly shook his head, again and again, his eyes closed. Yes, he had fallen once more. He would fall next time. He would

always fall. He could not forget. He could never forget. Daniel started, sat up suddenly, looked round with a jerk. It was past nine o'clock. He had been asleep in his chair five hours. After casting his ballot the day seemed a void. There was nothing more to do. It was all over now. Already the election was practically settled. He lunched in an obscure little restaurant and went motoring.

Returning, however, he left the car at Twenty-fourth street continued afoot toward town, his raincoat collar turned up, his soft hat down, and wandered aimlessly about, taking studious care to shun his usual haunts.

CHAPTER XV. All afternoon of that rainy April fourth, Daniel roamed restlessly about the loop, until, shortly before dark, the returns began coming in. About the newspaper offices he mingled with the crowds, black smudges against shining streets, watching the figures flashed by precincts on screens; and when, as often occurred, he was greeted effusively by friends and acquaintances, he would answer perfunctorily and stride on to the next bulletin.

From the start it was plainly seen which way the election tended. Dinwoody was carrying the First, Fourth, Fifth, Tenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards by a big plurality. Fitzrandolph and Bullington were running neck and neck. Skimkus, the Socialist, was last.

Before eight o'clock the winner was known. John Dinwoody, champion of vice and crime, was elected mayor of Chicago. With a sickening dissolution, Daniel's castle came crumbling about his ears, and he lay among the ruins and the dust, bruised and stunned by the utter havoc, yet unresigned to the inevitable.

Scanting a storm of questions anent his unexplained absence, Daniel forestalled it by outlining to his secretary a philanthropic plan of such magnitude that the curiosity of the two was drowned in astonishment. "I believe you're kidding!" exclaimed Hunt. "Do you know what such a thing would cost?" "Fully"—glancing over the letters and telegrams beside his plate. "It would take the bulk of your fortune, rich as you are."

"Not would, Harry, will." Putting aside his mail, and devouring a thick steak as he talked, Daniel continued: "I shall establish these houses in every town of a hundred thousand or more. In New York, Philadelphia and Chicago there will be one to every two hundred thousand inhabitants—or more if needful. They will be self-supporting, nonprofit-making. Those who can afford will have food and shelter at the net cost of provision. Those who cannot will have both free. Above all else, I want no publicity. In fact, I prefer having my name left out of it altogether. I wish you two would remember that, and act accordingly. Each of these settlements, by the way, will be known as an Esther Strom memorial."

Hunt interposed. "Esther Strom? Let me see—why, that woman was an anarchist!" "She was something more besides, Harry. She was a great altruist." Daniel looked down, stirring his coffee slowly and thoughtfully. "And she did me an irremediable wrong," he quietly ended.

Hunt burst out: "Then why the—?" "I'm hanged if I know, Harry! I suppose it is a queer notion. We all have them, don't we? He added in an odd voice: "Perhaps I deserved all I got. Anyway, I believe she was a martyr."

"A martyr to anarchy?" "But still a martyr to what she considered right." "Steady, Dan," said Hunt. "You're getting morbid. Come along to the pit today. There's something stirring in summer wheat. It'll wake you up; make you your old self again."

"No use, Harry. I'm finished with speculating." "You talk like a has-been! Why, you're just starting in life. You've got to do something. A man like you can't loaf. What's it going to be?" "Giving to others."

Hunt jerked his head impatiently. "I mean what business, what line? You've got some big thing up your sleeve. Dan. Out with it." Daniel dabbed his fingers in a finger-bowl. While drying them on a

napkin the vertical lines appeared sharply between his brows. He lighted a cigarette. He showed his chair back, stood up. "Henceforth I am going to take my happiness in my own way. I learned how at daybreak this morning. I am going to give, give, give. And I won't stop giving until the last cent is gone." "Dan, I believe you've gone crazy." "And I believe," said the secretary, who read his Bible on occasion, "that Mr. Fitzrandolph shows a very keen wisdom. Furthermore—well, there is a verse in Saint Matthew, which runs: 'Ye are the salt of the earth. . . .'"

Jonas, the valet, touched his sleeve. "A special delivery letter, sir." Taking the square envelope from the servant's salver, without observing the superscription, the secretary opened it and perused the contents. He knitted his brows.

"Puzzling," he murmured, scratching the back of his head. "It's anonymous, has neither beginning nor end—" He looked suddenly at the envelope, then, with an apology, handed the message to his employer. "I didn't notice it. It's marked 'personal.'"

One glance at the sheet of newspaper, and Daniel sank into his chair. With his strong fingers he pinned the note to the table, breathing rapidly through dilated nostrils. Hunt, sitting next to him, recalled afterward that it was the only time in all the years he had known him that he had ever seen the man's hand tremble.

Daniel looked up, stared blankly a moment at the two silently questioning faces. His lip quivered slightly. "Boys, I've received startling news. I've changed my mind about giving everything away. I'll go ahead with those houses. But I'll go a little saner. In a little saner manner, you understand. And, boys, I am going to do that big thing!"

He sprang up. "Jonas! Call a good livery stable. I want their best saddle horse at twelve sharp. Craig, make an appointment for tomorrow morning with Stanley Graham, the architect. Phone for the head barber downstairs, Jonas. Mention ten dollars to him."

Then, without any of them knowing what it was all about, the speculator, the secretary, and the valet, had their hands seized and wrung with a vim that crushed their fingers. Hunt, burning with curiosity, permitted his eye to rest momentarily upon the opened note lying on the table. He could make nothing out of it. It began without preface and was unsigned. It consisted of two questions, written in a flowing, girlish hand: "Do you remember our last appointment? Will you keep it today?"

As the superbly lithe, red-haired young woman mounted with cool composure on the sorrel horse, centered serenely past the Grant monument in Lincoln park she glanced at her watch and saw it was one o'clock. A gardener spading the soft ground beside the bridle-path stopped his work, as well anyone might, to follow her with admiring gaze. There was a delicious "earthy" smell of spring in the air, a vernal quickening all about.

Presently—she had passed the end of the hillock just north of the monument—she turned in her saddle, and perceived far to the south a dark shape growing rapidly larger. She jerked the reins precipitately, wheeled about, started back in alarm. Her admirable tranquillity had vanished.

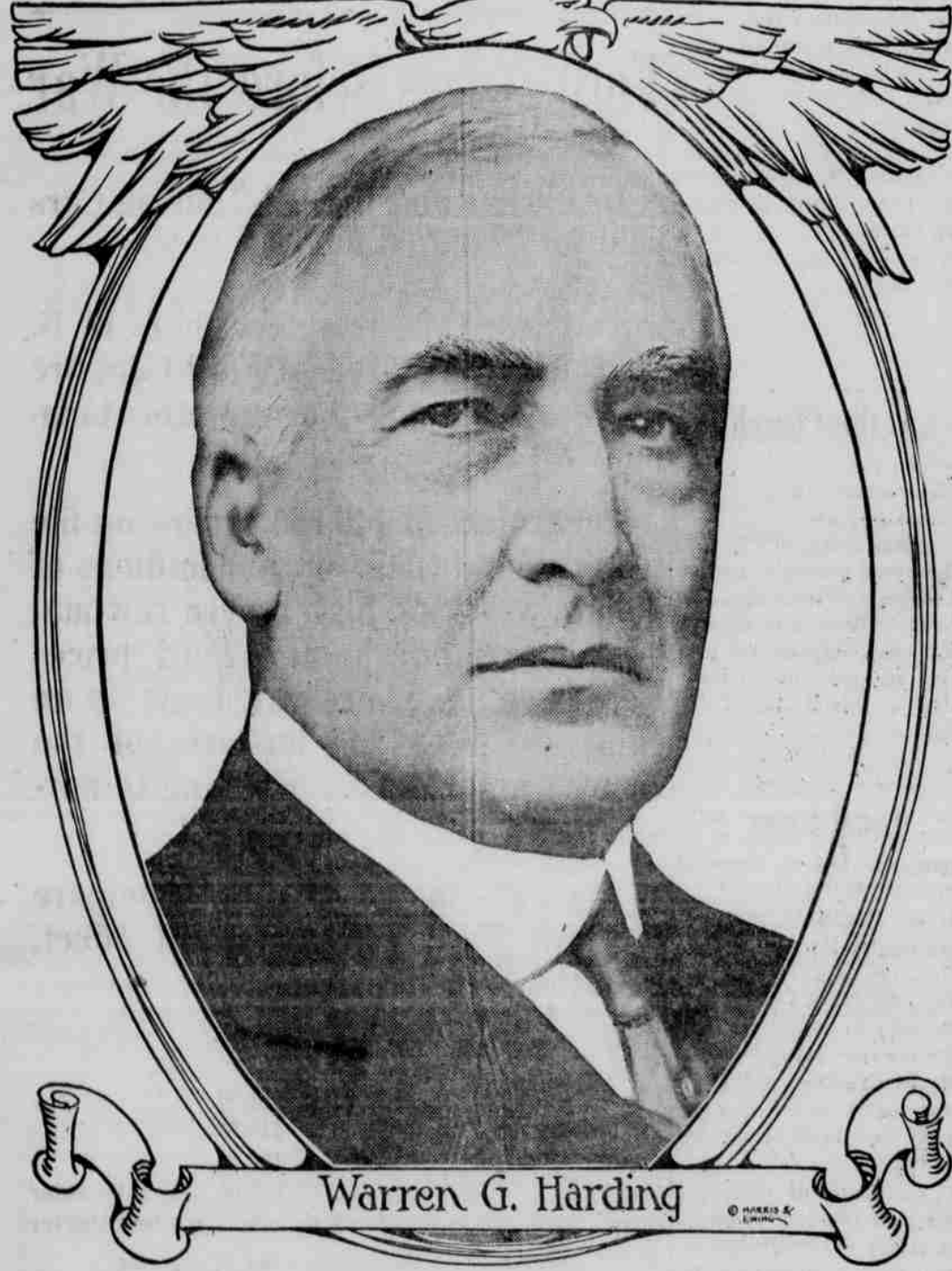
Goose! What did he mean? He was a full hour early. Escape was cut off. Quickly she guided her horse into the concrete arch monument—and waited. Her perturbation increased. Her gloved hand toyed nervously with her riding crop. Her heart pounded against her side. She smoothed for the fifth time her stylish riding-habit, adjusted for the tenth time the pointed hat atop her Tittian hair.

What did he mean? He was an hour early— Now she could hear the rhythmic thud of the hoof-beats. They were coming with break-neck speed. Louder and nearer, louder and nearer, louder and nearer— A form shot past. Her heart leapt to her throat.

Then the scuffle of a horse checked in a headlong gallop, swiftly returning sounds, and the archway was darkened by a broad-shouldered, athletic man astride a heaving, foam-flecked steed.

His age sat lightly upon him. He looked much younger than he was. He had swept off his hat, and his thick black hair, matted damply against his forehead, showed never a trace of gray. He was distinguished rather than good-looking, and the skin of his newly—and wholly—shaven face was as fresh, as clear, and as glowing as his own.

Stirring within the minds of these two, who had beyond question proved their love for one another, who had known sorrow and bitterness and despair, who had traveled years to reach this moment, treading a long circle to fuse it at last, were—who shall say what thoughts and emotions? But suppose I tell you what the gardener, spading the soft ground beside the bridle-path, overheard? ". . . Well, Kate, how are you? You came a little early. Two was the hour, you know. . . ." ". . . Dan, I like you ever so much better without the beard. . . ." (THE END.)



ing them in either the Harding or Cox column were Arizona 3, California 13, Colorado 6, Indiana 15, Kentucky 12, Maryland 8, Minnesota 12, Missouri 18, Montana 4, Nevada 3, New Mexico 3, North Dakota 5, South Dakota 5, Utah 4, and West Virginia 8; total 120.

The states which were certain for Cox at that hour were: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. Total of 136 votes in the electoral college.

At 3 A. M. the vote for president in New York state with 1914 out of 7203 districts missing, was: Cox 707,203, Harding 1,647,711, a plurality of 940,508 for Harding.

That Tennessee was carried by Harding was indicated by unofficial returns compiled early today by the Knoxville Journal and Tribune from 68 of the 95 counties in Tennessee, showing a landslide for Harding.

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The New York Tribune, republican, claimed election of Senator Harding at 8 o'clock.

When Chairman White, who admitted defeat, made his concession such returns as were coming in from the western states showed a strong drift to Harding and the republican landslide which began to take on tremendous proportions throughout the east was continuing to roll on with seemingly never-ending momentum.

The democratic fight for control of the senate, particularly of its potential effect on consideration of the peace treaty issue, showed no signs of waning. Penrose of Pennsylvania, Cummings of Iowa, Wadsworth of New York, Brandegee of Connecticut, and Moses of New Hampshire, the latter two "bitter-enders" in their opposition to the treaty of Versailles, seemed safe in re-election by substantial majorities.

BOISE, Idaho, Nov. 2.—(Special).—Senator Harding for president, Frank R. Gooding, republican candidate for United States senator, and D. W. Davis, present republican governor of Idaho, together with the balance of the congressional and state ticket have carried this state with pluralities running from 15,000 to 25,000 or more. Late returns, although far from complete, from the 793 precincts in the state clearly indicated this at a late hour last night. Some of the strongest counties in the state, including Shoshone in the north, went republican.

In 5565 up-state and New York City districts was Smith 1,029,169, Miller 1,926,135.

The largest popular vote previous received by a presidential candidate in New York state was 476,976, which Mr. Taft polled in 1903. The previous record plurality was made in 1896 when McKinley led Bryan by 268,375.

United States Senator James W. Wadsworth Jr. was leading his democratic opponent, Lieutenant-Governor Harry Walker, by 122,991 votes. Returns from 2514 districts out of 7393 in the state gave Walker 302,580, Wadsworth 535,571.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—Senator Borah of Idaho, one of the irreconcilable opponents of the league of nations covenant, issued a statement tonight saying: "I regard the election as the triumph for nationalism and the death of the league of nations."

HARDING IS SWEEPING MULTNOMAH COUNTY Latest incomplete count in Multnomah county stands as follows: Harding 3335, Cox 1853, Chamberlain 2578, Stanford 2651, Lovejoy 2306, McArthur 2810, Roosevelt Bird Refuge, Yes 1880, No 1799, Hart Consolidation, Yes 1851, No 1572.

Early indications point to Harding sweeping Multnomah county by a tremendous majority.