

PLURALITIES HIGHEST EVER

Champ Clark, Bourbons' House Leader, Defeated.

SENATE MAJORITY BIG

President-Elect Harding to Take Vacation—Christensen and Cox Send Congratulations.

New York.—The crest of the republican election wave, both presidential and congressional, continues to rise as belated returns filter in.

Among the democratic casualties were defeats of Champ Clark of Missouri, ex-speaker and present democratic leader in the house; election of a republican representative from Texas; re-election of a republican senator from Missouri and a sudden jump of Senator Harding into the lead in Oklahoma. Another border state, Tennessee, hung by a narrow margin, but with democrats leading.

A republican senate majority of about 10, as compared with but two at present and a house majority of

and planned his southern vacation. Among his messages was a brief one of congratulation from Governor Cox. Another presidential candidate, Parley P. Christensen of the farmer-labor party, issued a statement declaring that the election spelled the elimination of the democratic party. He predicted a rout of the republicans by his organization in 1924.

With majorities piling up in what democratic leaders said was a "solemn referendum" upon the league of nations, President Wilson withheld any comment.

WASHINGTON'S VOTE FOR HARDING HIGH

Seattle, Wash.—That republican candidates had won "hands down" in King county and the state of Washington partially complete returns Thursday proved conclusively.

The soldiers' bonus bill was passed by an unmistakable majority. The Carlyn \$30,000,000 road bond measure was beaten.

Latest figures indicated that Senator Harding's plurality will be nearly 125,000 over Christensen, who is running second. Harding will have more votes than Christensen and Cox combined.

Governor Hart's plurality over

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright by A. Conan Doyle

It was very well to draw pictures of him, and sing songs about him, and make as though he were an impostor, but I can tell you that the fear of that man hung like a black shadow over all Europe, and that there was a time when the glint of a fire at night upon the coast would set every woman upon her knees and every man gripping for his musket.

So begins this thrilling and important historical romance. It is thrilling because Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote it. He has been a successful author for 33 years. He has written more than 40 novels, novelettes and plays. Some of his characters, Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard for example, will live. "The White Company" is a classic.

It is important because it is a story of the latter days of Napoleon, from the viewpoint of Scotch villagers who lie under "The Great Shadow." There are three men and a woman in the story. Two of the men die on the field of Waterloo, the culmination of the story.

CHAPTER I.

The Night of the Beacons. It is strange to me, Jack Calder of West Inch, to feel that though now, in the very center of the nineteenth century, I am but five-and-fifty years of age, and though it is only once a week, perhaps, that my wife can pluck out a little gray bristle from over my ear, yet I have lived in a time when the thoughts and the ways of men were as different as though it were another planet from this. For when I walk in my fields I can see, down Berwick way, the little fluffs of white smoke which tell me of this strange, new, hundred-legged beast with coals for food and a thousand men in its belly, forever crawling over the border. On a shiny day I can see the glint of the brass work as it takes the curve near Corriemuir. And then, as I look out to sea, there is the same beast again, or a dozen of them, maybe, leaving a trail of black in the air and of white in the water, and swimming in the face of the wind as easily as a salmon up the Tweed. Such a sight as that would have struck my good old father speechless with wrath as well as surprise, for he was so stricken with the fear of offending the Creator that he was chary of contradicting Nature, and always held the new thing to be nearly akin to the blasphemous. As long as God made the horse, and a man, down Birmingham way, the engine, my good old dad would have stuck by the saddle and the spurs.

When he died he had been fighting with scarce a break, save for two short years, for very nearly a quarter of a century. Babies who were born in the war grew to be bearded men with babies of their own, and still the war continued. Those who had served and fought in their stalwart prime grew stiff and bent, and yet the ships and the armies were struggling. During that long time we fought the Dutch, we fought the Danes, we fought the Spanish, we fought the Turks, we fought the Americans, we fought the Montevideans, until it seemed that in this universal struggle no race was too near of kin or too far away to be drawn into the quarrel. But most of all it was the French whom we fought, and the man whom of all others we loathed and feared and admired was the great captain who ruled them.

It was very well to draw pictures of him, and sing songs about him, and make as though he were an impostor, but I can tell you that the fear of that man hung like a black shadow over all Europe, and that there was a time when the glint of a fire at night upon the coast would set every woman upon her knees and every man gripping for his musket. He had always won. That was the terror of it. The fates seemed to be behind him. And now we know that he lay upon the northern coast with a hundred and fifty thousand veterans, and the boats for their passage. But it is an old story how a third of the grown folk of our country took up arms, and how our little one-eyed, one-armed man crushed their fleet. There was still to be a land of free thinking and free speaking in Europe.

There was a great beacon ready on the hill by Tweedmouth, built up of logs and tar barrels, and I can well remember how night after night I strained my eyes to see if it were ablaze. I was only eight at the time, but it is an age when one takes a grief to heart, and I felt as though the fate of the country hung in some fashion upon me and my vigilance. And then one night as I looked I suddenly saw a little flicker on the Ben-

con hill—a single red tongue of flame in the darkness. And then the flame shot higher, and I saw the red, quivering line upon the water beyond, and I dashed into the kitchen, screaming to my father that the French had crossed and the Tweedmouth light was aflame. I can see him now as he knocked his pipe out at the side of the fire, and looked at me from over the top of his horn spectacles.

"Are you sure, Jock?" says he. "Sure as death," I gasped. He reached out his hand for the Bible upon the table and opened it upon his knees as though he meant to read to us, but he shut it again in silence and hurried out. We went down to the gate which opens out upon the highway. From there we could see the red light of the big beacon, and the glimmer of a smaller one to the north of us at Ayton. The old road had more folk on it than ever passed along it at night before, for many of the yeomen up our way had enrolled themselves and were riding now as fast as hoof could carry them for the muster. Some had a stirrup cup or two before parting, and I cannot forget one who tore past on a huge white horse, brandishing a great rusty sword in the moonlight. They shouted to us, as they passed, that the North Berwick law-fire was blazing, and that it was thought that the alarm had come from Edinburgh castle. There were a few who galloped the other way, couriers for Edinburgh, and the laird's son and Master Clayton, the deputy sheriff, and such like.

But early in the morning we had our minds set at ease. It was gray and cold, and my mother had gone up to the house to make a pot of tea for us, when there came a gig down the road with Doctor Horscroft of Ayton in it and his son Jim. The collar of the doctor's coat came over his ears, and he looked in a deadly black humor, for Jim, who was but fifteen years of age, had trooped off to Berwick at the first alarm with his father's new fowling piece. All night his dad had chased him, and now there he was, a prisoner, with the barrel of the stolen gun sticking out from behind the seat. He looked as sulky as his father, with his hands thrust into his side pockets, his brows drawn down, and his lower lip thrust out.

"It's all a lie," shouted the doctor, as he passed. "There has been no landing, and all the fools in Scotland have been gadding about the roads for nothing." His son Jim snarled something up at him on this, and his father struck him a blow with his clenched fist on the side of the head, which sent the boy's chin forward upon his breast as though he had been stunned.

Now all this had little enough to do with what I took my pen up to tell about; but when a man has a good memory and little skill he cannot draw one thought from his mind without a dozen others trailing out behind it. And yet, now that I come to think of it, this had something to do with it after all; for Jim Horscroft had so deadly a quarrel with his father that he was packed off to Birtwhistle's Berwick academy; and as my father had long wished me to go there he took advantage of this chance to send me also.

There was from the first a great friendship between Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, and me. He was cock boy of the school from the day he came, for within the hour he had thrown Barton, who had been cock before him, right through the big blackboard in the classroom. Jim always ran to muscle and bone, and even then he was square and tall, short of speech and long of arm, much given to lounging with his broad back against walls, and his hands deep in his breeches pockets. I can even recall that he had a trick of keeping a straw in the corner of his mouth, just where he used afterward to hold his pipe. Jim was always the same, for good and for bad, since first I knew him.

Heavens! How we all looked up to him! We were but young savages, and had a savage's respect for power. What tales we used to whisper about his strength; how he put his fist through the oak panel of the game-room door. How when Long Merri-dew was carrying the ball, he caught up Merri-dew, ball and all, and ran swiftly past every opponent to the goal. It did not seem fit to us that such a one as he should trouble his head about spondees and dactyls, or care to know w'o signed the Magna Charta. When he said in open class that King Alfred was the man, we little boys all felt that very likely it was so, and that perhaps Jim knew more about it than the man who wrote the book.

For two years we were close friends, for all the gap that the years had made between us, and, though in passion or in want of thought he did many a thing that galled me, yet I loved him like a brother, and wept as much as would have filled an ink bottle when at last, after two years, he went off to Edinburgh to study his father's profession. Five years after that did I bide at Birtwhistle's, and when I left I had become cock myself, for I was as wiry and as tough as whalebone, though I never ran to weight and sinew, like my great pre-

decessor. It was in jubilee year that I left Birtwhistle's, and then for three years I stayed at home, learning the ways of the cattle; but still the ships and the armies were wrestling, and still the great shadow of Bonaparte lay across the country.

How could I guess that I, too, should have a hand in lifting that shadow forever from our people?

CHAPTER II.

Cousin Edie of Eyemouth. Some years before, when I was still but a lad, there had come over to us upon a five weeks' visit the only daughter of my father's brother, Willie Calder and settled at Eyemouth as a maker of fishing nets, and he had made more out of twine than ever we were like to do out of the whin bushes and sand links of West Inch. So his daughter, Edie Calder, came over with a brown red frock and a five-shilling bonnet and a kist full of things that brought my dear mother's eyes out like a parter's.

I took no great stock of girls at that time, for it was hard for me to see what they had been made for. There were none of us at Birtwhistle's that thought very much of them; but the smallest laddies seemed to have the most sense, for, after they began to grow bigger they were not so sure about it. We little ones were all of one mind that a creature that couldn't fight and was carrying tales, and couldn't so much as sly a stone without flapping its arm like a rag in the wind was no use for anything.

So when this one came to the standing at West Inch I was not best pleased to see her. I was twelve at the time (it was in the holidays) and she eleven, a thin, tallish girl, with black eyes and the queerest ways. She was forever staring out in front of her, with her lips parted as if she saw something wonderful; but when I came behind her and looked the same way I could see nothing but the sheep's trough or the midden or father's breeches hanging on a clothes-line. And then if she saw a lump of heather or bracken, or any common stuff of that sort, she would mope over it as if it had struck her sick, and cry, "How sweet! how perfect!" just as though it had been a painted picture. When I used to tell her that she was good for nothing, and that her father was a fool to bring her up like that, she would begin to cry, and say that I was a rude boy, and that she would go home that very night, and never forgive me as long as she lived. But in five minutes she had forgotten all about it. What was strange was that she liked me a deal better than I did her, and she would never leave me alone, but she was always watching me and running after me, and then saying, "Oh, here you are!" as if it were a surprise.

Jim Horscroft was away when Cousin Edie was with us, but he came back the very week she went, and I mind how surprised I was that he should ask any questions or take any interest in a mere lassie. He asked me if she were pretty; and when I said that I hadn't noticed he laughed and called me a mole, and said my eyes would be opened some day. But very soon he came to be interested in something else, and I never gave Edie another thought until one day she just took my life in her hands and twisted it as I could twist this quill.

That was in 1813, after I had left school, when I was already eighteen years of age, with a good forty hairs on my upper lip and every hope of more. I had changed since I left school, and was not so keen on games as I had been, but found myself instead lying about on the sunny side of the braes, with my own lips parted and my eyes staring just the same as Cousin Edie's used to do. It had satisfied me, and filled my whole life, that I could run faster and jump higher than my neighbor, but now all that seemed such a little thing, and I yearned and looked up at the big arching sky and down at the flat blue sea, and felt that there was something wanting, but could never lay my tongue to what that something was. And I became quick of temper, too, for my nerves seemed all of a fret; and when my mother would ask me what ailed me, or my father would speak of my turning my hand to work, I would break into such sharp, bitter answers as I have often grieved over since. Ah, a man may have more than one wife, and more than one child, and more than one friend, but he can never have but one mother, so let him cherish her while he may.

How the Queen of West Inch arrives in black.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Drink Water When Tired. Dr. Eliza B. Mosher of Brooklyn urged the members of the Women's Medical society of New York state to drink a glass of water at 10 a. m. and others at 3, 4 and 5 p. m. This, she told them, would dilute the products of fatigue which were entering the blood and causing that tired feeling.



Warren G. Harding

around 100 as against 40 odd, were other forecasts of the overwhelming majorities.

With about eight states still in the doubtful list in presidential-senatorial contests, the huge majorities assured Senator Harding of at least 346 electoral votes, with Governor Cox certain of 127 and all from the "solid south," including Kentucky.

The republicans added Idaho, Maryland and South Dakota to their string, on the face of the large majorities, and of the remaining states the republicans were reported leading in Oklahoma, Arizona, Missouri, Montana, Nevada and North Dakota.

Republican margin in Tennessee is reported.

Among republican senators elected in hard contests were Lenroot of Wisconsin, who was opposed vigorously by Senator La Follette; Spencer of Missouri, who defeated Breckenridge Long, ex-assistant secretary of state, and Jones of Washington, senate commerce committee chairman; Senator Phelan, democratic, California, was defeated by Samuel M. Shortridge, republican, and Senator Smith, democrat, Maryland, a veteran, lost to O. E. Weller, republican.

Senator Nugent, democrat, Idaho, was defeated by ex-Governor Gooding. Senator Harding at Marion exchanged telegrams of congratulation

Bridges and Black likely will be 10,000. He will lead Bridges, who is running second, by more than 50,000, according to present indications.

Senator Jones was reported to have swept the state with a big plurality, running ahead of the ticket in some counties.

All five republican congressmen apparently had been returned to office by the heavy republican vote throughout the state.

Following were winners in the state election:

Governor, Louis F. Hart; lieutenant-governor, William J. Coyle; secretary of state, J. Grant Hinkle; state treasurer, Clifford L. Babcock; state auditor, C. W. Claussen; attorney-general, L. L. Thompson; commissioner of public lands, Clark V. Savidge; superintendent of public instruction, Josephine C. Preston; state insurance commissioner H. O. Fishback.

IDAHO IS REPUBLICAN

Boise, Idaho.—Complete and incomplete returns received from all parts of the state of Idaho Thursday support the early announcements Tuesday that the republican party won a sweeping victory in this state. Its success was complete, from presidential candidate down, including senator, congressmen, governor, the balance of the state ticket and the legislature.

Reed Blames League.

Kansas City, Mo.—Support of the league of nations plan was the cause of the democratic party's defeat, declared United States Senator Reed, democrat and irreconcilable opponent of the league, here. "The American people refused to haul down the American flag," he continued. "It was the tragic mistake of supporting that issue that split the party and resulted in the big republican landslide."

Election Pleases Drys.

Chicago.—The election of Senator Harding is more pleasing to the prohibitionists than the election of Cox would have been, Virgil C. Hinshaw, chairman of the prohibition national committee, said here Wednesday evening. "This is because of his recent public statement made to the national temperance council that he would use whatever power he possessed to prevent the re-establishment of intoxicating liquors."

Ship us your Hops, Veal, Poultry, Eggs, Hides. H-K Produce Co., 209 Wash St.

NURSERIES
Russellville Nursery, R. P. D. 1.
Benedict Nursery Co., 185 E. 87th N.
NURSERY STOCK
Villa Nurseries, R. No. 1, Portland.
OREGON PLUFF RUG CO.
J. H. Lehmann, Prop. 1984 East Stark
GIL SHAMPUNING & MANICURING
Myrtle Clarke, 723 Morgan Bldg, Portland
PYORRHEA DENTISTS
Smith Long Service, 310 Bush & Lane B1
REALTORS
Interstate Land Co., 248 Stark St.
DOORS AND WINDOWS
"We can sell you Doors, Windows, Roofing, Paint, Glass and Builders' Hardware, direct at wholesale prices. Write for prices before buying. Heacock Sash & Door Co., 212 First St., Portland."
SAFES—FIRE AND BURGLAR
Norris Safe & Lock Co., 195 2nd St.
HEET METAL & REFINING WORKS
Union Avenue Metal Works, 411 Union Ave.
WINDOW SHADES
Peake, The Shade Man, 428 Alder St.
CANCER TREATED
Lowell M. Jones, M. D., 212 Morgan Bldg.
BRAZING & WELDING WORKS
"We sell you a welding outfit and teach you the business. Portland Brazing & Machine Works, 3rd and Gilliam."
CLEANING AND DYEING
"For reliable Cleaning and Dyeing service send parcels to us. We pay return postage. Information and prices given upon request."
ENKES' CITY DYE WORKS
Established 1890 Portland
ACCORDIAN PLEATING
"Knife and box pleating, hemstitching, etc. Buttons covered. Eastern Novelty Mfg. Co., 25 1/2 Fifth street, Portland."
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
"Oregon Artificial Limb Co., Inc. Write for Catalog. 201 2nd St., Portland."
DENTISTRY—PAINLESS
"Absolutely performed by nerve-blocking method without after effects. Let us prove it to you. We make X-ray examinations and specialize in first-class dentistry at reasonable fees. Dr. A. W. Keene, Dr. E. W. Frenn, Majestic Theatre Bldg., 32 1/2 Washington St., Portland, Oregon."
DIAMONDS & JEWELRY BOUGH
"All kinds diamonds and jewelry bought; name your price. Repairing a specialty. Reiner Jewelry Co., 85 N. Sixth."
HEMSTITCHING AND PLEATING
"Accordian and Box Pleating. Button and Pleating Shop, 509 Royal Bldg."
HIDES, WOOLS & CASCARA BARK
"We pay highest prices—Write us for quotation. Kahn Bros., 195 Front St."
LARGEST HOMESSELLER ON PACIFIC
"Over 900 Portland Homes for Sale. See Frank L. McClure, Abington Bldg."
MACHINERY
"Send us your inquiries for anything in iron or Woodworking Machinery, Logging, Sawmill, Contractors' Equipment, Locomotives, Boilers, Engines, Crushers, Rail, Cabs, Belling, etc. Berke Machinery Co., 928 Railway Exchange Bldg., Portland, Or."
PLUMBING & PLUMBING SUPPLIES
"We can supply you with any kind of plumbing supplies at wholesale prices. We will gladly estimate cost of any job. Write for prices."
STARK-DAVIS CO.
183-190 4th St., Portland
PAINTS AND WALL PAPER
"Write us for prices. Pioneer Paint Co., 156 First St., Portland."
PERSONAL
"MARRY IF LONELY: for results, try me; best and most successful "HOME MAKER"; hundreds rich wish marriage soon; strictly confidential; most reliable; years of experience; description free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Ball, Box 556, Oakland, California."
PLATING NICKEL AND SILVER
"Headlights refinished, \$1.00 pair. Spot lights \$1.50 each. Parts nickelled. Hardware refinished. California Plating Wks., Cor. 2nd and Salmon Sts."
WANTED—FIR PITCH
"We buy Fir Pitch in any quantity. Highest market price. Payment on delivery. Write for schedule of prices on pitch and equipment. Northwestern Turpentine Co., 368 East Ninth St., Portland, Oregon."
WELDING & BRAZING
"Jefferson Depot Welding Shop. Repairing of Boilers and Farming Implements. 189 Columbia St., Phone Marshall 2944."
SANITARY BEAUTY PARLOR
"We help the appearance of women. Twenty-two inch switch or transformation, value \$7.00, price \$2.45. 406 to 412 Dekum Bldg."

First Real Estate Deal
According to one authority the first real estate deal in America occurred on May 6, 1626. Peter Minnet purchased the site of the city of New York for the sum of \$24 in present United States currency values. This price was 90 cents per 1,000 acres.

Frolicsome Birds and Fishes.
The crane will amuse itself sometimes by running round in circles and throwing small pebbles and bits of wood into the air. Other water-birds can any time be observed at their frolics, cleaving the water or diving after each other.

Nary a Law.
If you must have something with a kick in it there's no law against your getting a mule.—Boston Transcript.

A Lady of Distinction.
Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores, followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum Powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

A Cinch
It is safe to guess that the man who pokes fun at a woman for shopping all day and not buying anything isn't married.—Boston Transcript.

One of 'Em Left
Ruben Gilliam is an old-fashioned man who still writes "in haste" on the lower left-hand corner of the postal card.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Are You Satisfied? BEHNKE-WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE is the biggest, most perfectly equipped Business Training School in the Northwest. Fit yourself for a higher position with more money. Permanent positions assured your Graduates. Write for catalog—Fourth and Tenth, Portland.

MURINE Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tired, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.