WILSON IS ELECTED

National Democratic Candidates Sweep the Country; Change in Both House and Senate Sure.

ROOSEVELT RUNS SECOND

Democracy Cahtures Over Four Hundred Electoral Votes.

New York and Ohio Are for Wilson; Pennsylvania and Illinois Line Up for Teddy.

New York—With the election of Woodrow Wilson to the presidency and Thomas R. Marshall to the vice presidency assured by the earlier returns, the reports give indications that the electoral vote of the Democratic candidates will pass the 400 mark.

The size of the popular majority given the Democatic national ticket by the states outside of Illinois that might give electoral votes to either Taft or Roosevelt are matters of conjecture. It was certain, however, that Illinois would give an overwhelming majority to Roosevelt, while the race in Pennsylvania was so close as to bring all three candidates within range of success.

Early returns gave Woodrow Wilson and Governor Marshall the "Solid South" and the states of Connecticut, Delaware, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, West Virginia, Indiana and Missouri. As the returns from the West began to come in, the earlier counts were confirmed and Montana, New Jersey and New Mexico were added to those that seemed certain for the Democratic candidates, while scattering returns from San Francisco and Los Angeles made it probable that California might join the Wilson-Marshall column.

Rhode Island also became a doubtful state on the first returns, and, based on the later votes reported, it seemed not wholly improbable that its five electoral votes would go to Wilson. The early returns gave an apparent victory to Taft in New Hampshire, but the Taft plurality dwindled as the count proceeded.

The vote in Utah as reflected in the first dispatches gave indications that that state would be carried by Taft.

The vote in Pennsylvania was amazingly close, the returns from more than 1000 precincts embracing 185,000 votes giving each of the three leading presidential candidates more than 60,000 votes.

President Taft's lead in Philadephia districts was offset by the heavy vote polled by Roosevelt and Wilson in other parts of the state.

Many surprises were shown in the returns. The New York state assembly seemed to be overwhelmingly Democratic. In Illinois, indications were that Judge Dunne, the Democratic candidate for governor, had won notwithstanding the heavy Roosevelt victory. Former Speaker Cannon seemed to have been defeated for reelection to congress in Illinois.

In addition to Roosevelt's apparntly certain victory in Illinois, the confident claims of the Roosevelt managers that Iowa, Michigan and Kansas would fall into the Roosevelt column seemed verified by the partially complete returns. The returns from California were meagre, but left the state in doubt between Wilson and Roosevelt. The uncertainty regarding Vermont was settled by the announceent of the complete vote, which gave Taft a majority of 924 votes.

The Providence, R. I., Journal conceded that state to Wilson, and with the vote close in New Hampshire, it seemed probable that New England's entire vote, with the exception of Vermont, had gone over to the Democratic column.

WOODROW WILSON, OF NEW JERSEY.

THOS. R. MARSHALL, OF INDIANA.

Following is a resume in a nutshell of returns from various states:

Alabama—Usual Democratic majority.

Arizona—Wilson has good lead; woman suffrage appears to have carried state.

Arkansas—Wilson carries state by 60,000.

California—Wilson leads and his manager claims the state by 20,000.

Colorado—Reports indicate Wilson will carry state by 42,000 over Taft, with Roosevelt close third.

Connecticut—Wilson carries state.

Delaware — Wilson carries Delaware by good plurality.

Florida—Usual Democratic majorities.

Georgia—Usual Democratic majorities.

Idaho—Wilson leads ôn early returns.

Illinois—Roosevelt carries state by 15,000, Wilson second. Democrats elect governor.

Indiana—Democratic with Roosevelt apparently second.

Iowa—Seems to have been carried by Roosevelt; Wilson second.

Kansas—Roosevelt leads on early returns.

Kentucky—Carried by Wilson. No state candidates voted on.

Louisiana—Usual Democratic majorities.

Maine—Success of Democratic electoral ticket apparent from three-fourths count, Wilson having 5000 lead over Roosevelt.

Maryland — Democratic by about 40,000.

Massachusetts — State Democratic for president, first time in its history. Governor Foss re-elected. Democrats seem to have made slight gain in congress.

Michigan— Scattering and incomplete returns indicate Roosevelt has a good plurality.

Minnesota—Democrats claim state on early returns by 5,000.

Mississippi — Democratic majority indicated as 105,000.

Missouri—Scattering returns indicate Wilson has carried state.

Montana—Apparenty Democratic.

Nebraska — Senator Hitchcock claims state for Wilson by 35,000.

Nevada—Returns give Wilson a good lead. Roosevelt second.

New Hampshire — Taft has slight lead.

New Jersey—Wilson carries New Jersey by a safe plurality. The count is slow.

New Mexico—No returns as yet.

New York—For Wilson by from 150,000 to 200,000.

North Carolina—Democratic, usual majorities.

North Dakota—Wilson leads strongly. Republican candidates for governor leads.

Ohio—Wilson leads in Ohio.

Oklahoma—Wilson has large majority.

Oregon—Long ballot makes returns extremely slow.

Pennsylvania—In doubt at a late hour.

Rhode Island—Taft leads on meager returns.

South Carolina—Democratic electors elected by usual majorities. Roosevelt electors seem to be second.

South Dakota—Wilson leads, with Roosevelt a close second.

Tennessee—Usual Democratic majorities.

Texas—Democratic by 170,000.

Utah—Seems to have been carried by President Taft.

Vermont—Taft wins by 924 votes over Roosevelt on final count. Wilson third.

Virginia—Democratic.

Washington — Polls closed late. Slow count makes returns late.

West Vrirginia—Wilson leads on meagre returns.

Wisconsin—State goes into Wilson column.

Wyoming—Taft leads on meagre returns. Mondell, rerpresentative for congress, has large lead.

Wilson Honored at Home.

Stainton, Va.—By an overwhelming majority Woodrow Wilson carried his birthplace, Stainton, Va. The vote was: Wilson 632; Taft 287 and Roosevelt 65. Likewise the Colonel carried Oyster Bay, his present home town by a big majority, the voters favoring Taft with only a handful of votes. The returns showed Roosevelt 510; Wilson 218 and Taft 67. In Roosevelt's own election district he received 231, Wilson 86 and Taft 28. At Lincoln, Neb., Bryan's voting district Wilson polled 77, Roosevelt 47.

Cannon's Defeat Likely.

Danville, Ill.—Meager returns indicate the defeat of ex-Speaker Cannon by Frank T. O'Hair by about 1200 plurality in the Eighteenth district. Six precincts in Vermillion county, normally Republican, gave Cannon 417 and O'Hair 374, indicating that the latter is holding his own in Cannon's home county, where he expected to get votes to offset the southern counties conceded to O'Hair, who claims Cumberland, Clark, Edgar and Iroquois counties will give him a plurality of 1200.

Michigan Conceded to Roosevelt.

Detroit—Returns from 145 out of 2115 state precincts show Taft 12,347, Roosevelt 20,330, Wilson, 16,66. This does not include the incomplete count in many Detroit precincts. It is conceded that Roosevelt will carry the state.

Socialists Second in Florida.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Returns indicate that the entire Democratic ticket is elected by a majority of about 220,000. The Socialists apparently polled a larger vote than either the Republicans or Roosevelt Progressives.

South Dakota Is Uncertain.

Sioux Falls, S. D. — Slow returns from scattered precincts of South Dakota indicate Roosevelt and Wilson running a neck-and-neck race. Returns from 175 out of 1653 precincts give Wilson 8882, Roosevelt 8214. Byrne, Rep., and Johnson, Dem., for governor are running virtually even.

South Carolina 50,000 Democratic

Columbia, S. C. — Indications are that Wilson has carried South Carolina by more than 50,000 majority.

Roosevelt Second in Maryland.

Baltimore—Woodrow Wilson carried Maryland by from 20,000 to 25,000 plurality, estimated from figures received up to a late hour. Roosevelt ran second.

Nicholas Longworth Re-Elected.

Cincinnati — Nicholas Longworth, son-in-law of ex-President Roosevelt, was elected to congress from the First Ohio district.

Arkansas Wilson's By 60,000

Little Rock, Ark.—Wilson carried Arkansas by about 60,000 majority.

Kansas for T. R. By 10,000

Topeka, Kan.—Returns at the latest indicated that Roosevelt would carry Kansas over Wilson by probably 10,000 plurality. Taft apparently was running a poor third.

Capper, Rep., for governor, was leading Hodges, Dem., and Stubbs, Rep., for United States senator, was slightly ahead of Thompson, Dem.

Mississippi Democratic By 105,000

Jackson, Miss. — The Democratic majority in Mississippi is estimated at 105,000.

WILSON GETS BEAVER STATE

Washington Is Strong for the Doughty Colonel.

Democrats Lead in Idaho, With T. R Second; Borah Certain of Re-election.

Portland, Or.—Woodrow Wilson, according to figures representing about one half the vote in Multnomah county and one fifteenth of the vote up-state, has carried Oregon, with Taft and Roosevelt contesting for second place.

For United States senator, Jonathan Bourne has suffered defeat.

According to early estimates he will run third, with Ben Selling and Harry Lane close contestants for first place.

The earliest returns indicated that Bourne would carry Multonmah county and that Selling would have the state outside, but later reports showed Lane making unexpected gains. In Portland it is a close race between the three candidates, but in the state at large the closeness is between only Lane and Selling.

Incomplete returns from 26 of the 34 counties in Oregon, including Multnomah, give Taft, 3721; Wilson, 5262; Roosevelt, 4055.

Returns from the same counties, though not so nearly complete, give the following vote on United States senator: Selling, 3440, Bourne, 2432; Lane 3630, Clark 918. In the foregoing figures Selling has overcome with his up-state vote Bourne's lead over him of 234 in Multnomah county.

In many counties no returns were available on measures, but those that reported on woman suffrage were almost invariably favorable. It is indicated by the meager returns that the measure will have an affirmative majority of about 8000.

Single tax has been snowed under. The returns uniformly show a decisive majority against the graduated tax amendment and the probabilities are that it has been defeated by 50,000.

Seattle, Wash.—Three hundred and ninety precincts out of 1903 in the state give Roosevelt 22,971, Wilson 17,203, Taft 14,032.

For governor, 238 precincts give Lister, Democrat, 10,450; Hay, Republican, 8559; Hodge, Progressive, 6962.

Roosevelt has carried Washington by probably 30,000 plurality over Wilson. The Progressive state chairman claims 45,000; the Democratic chairman concedes 20,000.

Roosevelt has carried with him to victory the two Progressive candidates for representatives in congress at large, J. A. Falconer and J. W. Bryan.

Robert T. Hodge, Progressive candidate for governor, may have been beaten in the race for governor. He made a remarkable campaign through the state. Toward the close of the campaign he was savagely attacked by Republican newspapers and speakers. It is believed that all the other candidates on the Progressive ticket have been elected.

In the race for governor, Lister, Democrat; Hodges, Progressive and Hay Republican, are running almost together and the result is in doubt.

One hundred and twenty-six precincts out of 1903 in the state give Roosevelt 10,143; Wilson, 6950; Taft 5574.

For governor 55 precincts give Lister, Democrat, 1896; Hodges, Progressive, 1893; Hay, Republican, 1855.

Boise, Idaho—Woodrow Wilson will carry the state of Idaho for president. Partial and incomplete returns, a reflection of the trend of the vote, places Wilson in the lead, Roosevelt second and Taft third. This is considered a remarkable showing, if the final vote verifies it, in face of the Supreme court decision forcing the writing of the names of Roosevelt electors off the ballot.

The total vote in the state on president will be approximately 90,000, divided as follows: Wilson 40,000, Roosevelt 30,000 Taft 20,000, with a small vote for Debs. The Prohibitionists will also have a scattering vote.

The legislature will, it is conceded on the showing made by the partial returns, be strongly Republican, assuring the re-election of Senator Borah and a second senator to fill the vacancy made by the death of the late W. B. Heyburn.

QUEER BETS MADE.

One Man Will Have to Kiss Ten Horses If He Loses.

New York — The queerest of all strange bets that must be paid on the election is that of the man who agreed to kiss the first ten horses he met in the street if his candidate was defeated. But there are plenty of other odd forfeits to be paid in case of defeat and here are some of them:

A well-known Scotch resident of the Bronx agreed to wear his kilties to work for a month if Roosevelt was elected.

One man agreed to hug all the lamp posts on Broadway between Herald and Longacre squares if Sulzer was defeated.

A Brooklyn man must invite his mother-in-law to his house for the winter.

Several men will have to go swimming at Coney Island every Sunday for a month.

A Brooklyn girl had to give a gum drop to the first ten men she met.

A Staten Islander must live on oysters for ten days.

T. R. and Wilson are Close.

Baker, Or.—Roosevelt and Wilson are running close in Baker county from all indications, though as yet little more than a prediction is possible. Roosevelt is possibly the favorite by a slight margin. Lane and Clark are in the lead for senator, though neither is conceded victory. Reports are coming in slowly, especially from the outlying precincts. City reports will not be definite till late. A large vote was cast, and unusual interested manifested in the election.

Wilson Ahead in Klamath.

Klamath Falls, Or.—Incomplete returns from four precincts in Klamath county give for president—Taft 29, Wilson 61, Roosevelt 42.

Senator—Bourne 18, Clark 1, Paget 3, Selling 40, Lane 48. Representatives in congress—Graham 37, Sinnott 64. Secretary of state—Kennedy 1, Olcott 63, Ryan 25. Justice of Supreme court — Eakin 42, Slater 29. Dairy and Food commissioner — Lea 25, Mickle 42. Railroad commissioner —Campbell 43, Vogt 7. Suffrage—Yes 65; No 48. Single tax—Yes 41; No 53.

"Wets" and "Drys" Break Even.

Seattle—The "dry" and "wet" issue in Washington was one of the most important local questions to come up. The victory is about even for the saloon and anti-saloon forces. Licensed saloons won out in several instances but the general tendency was to maintain prohibition. Kennewick, which has waged a bitter fight, voted to remain dry, and Vancouver, after a spirited contest, decided to stay wet.

The FLYING MERCURY

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

The roaring reports of the motor fell into abrupt silence, as the driver brought his car to a halt.

"You signaled?" he called across the grind of set brakes.

In the blending glare of the searchlights from the two machines, the gray one arriving and the limousine drawn to the roadside, the young girl stood, her hand still extended in the gesture which had stopped the man who now leaned across his wheel.

"Oh, please," she appealed again.

On either side stretched away the Long Island meadows, dark, soundless, apparently uninhabited. Only this spot of light broke the monotony of dreariness. A keen, chill, October wind sighed past, stirring the girl's delicate gown as its folds lay unheeded in the dust, fluttering her fur-lined cloak and shaking two or three childish curls from the bondage of her velvet hood. The driver swung himself down and came toward her with the unhasting swiftness of one trained to the unexpected.

"I beg pardon—can I be of some use?" he asked.

"We are lost," she confessed hurriedly. "If you could set us right, I should be grateful. I—we must get home soon. I have been a guest at a house somewhere here, and started to return to New York this afternoon. The chauffeur does not know Long Island; we cannot seem to find any place. And now we have lost a tire. I was afraid—"

She broke off abruptly, as her companion descended from the limousine.

"We only want to know the way; we're all right," he explained. "This is my cousin; I came out after her, you see. Don't get so worried, Emily—we'll go straight on as soon as Anderson changes the tire."

He huddled his words slightly and spoke too rapidly, the round, good-humored face he turned to the white light was too flushed; otherwise there was nothing unusual in his appearance. And his caste was evident and unquestionable in spite of any circumstance. There was no anger in girl's dark eyes as she gazed straight before her, only pity and helpless distress.

"I can tell your chauffeur the road," the driver of the gray car quietly said. "Have you far to go?"

"To the St. Royal," she answered, looking at him. "My uncle is there. Is that far?"

"No; you can reach there by ten o'clock. I will speak to your chauffeur."

"Do, like a good fellow," the other man interposed. "Awfully obliged. You're not angry, Emily," he added, lowering his voice, and moving nearer her. "Since we're engaged, why should you get frightened simply because I proposed we get married tonight instead of waiting for a big wedding? I thought it was a good idea, you know. It isn't my fault Anderson got lost instead of getting us home for dinner, is it?"

"Hush, Dick," she rebuked, hot color sweeping her face. "You, you are not well. And we are not engaged; you forget. Just because people want us to be—" Too proud to let her steadiness quiver, she broke the sentence.

If the driver had heard, and it was scarcely possible that he had not, he made no sign. By the acetylene light he produced an envelope and pencil, and proceeded to sketch a map showing the route to the limousine's chauffeur.

"Understand it?" he queried, concluding. He had a certain decision of manner, not in the least arrogant, but the result of a serene self-surety that somehow accorded with his lithe, trained grace of movement. A judge of men would have read him an athlete, perhaps in an unusual line.

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied. "I'll get Miss Ffrench home in no time after I get the tire on."

The indiscretion of the spoken name was ignored, except for a slight lift of the hearer's eyebrows.

"How long does it take you to change a tire?"

"About half an hour; it's night, of course."

An odd, choking gurgle sounded from the gray machine, where a dark figure had sat until now in quiescent muteness.

"Half an hour!" echoed the gray machine's driver, and faced toward the chuckle. "Rupert, it isn't in your contract, but do you want to come over and change this tire?"

"I'll do it for you, Darling," was the sweet response; the small figure rolled over the edge of the car with a cat-like celerity. "Where are your tools, you chauffeur? Quick!"

The bewildered chauffeur mechanically reached for a box on the running-board, as the young assistant came up, grinning all over his malign dark face.

"Oh, quicker! What's the matter, rheumatism? They wouldn't have you in a training camp for motor trucks on Sunday. Hustle, please."

There never had been anything done to that sedate limousine quite as this was done. Even the preoccupied girl looked on in fascination at a rapidity of unwasted movement suggesting a conjuring feat.

"By George!" exclaimed her escort. "A splendid man you've got there! Really, a splendid chauffeur, you know."

The driver smiled with a gleam of irony, but disregarded the comment.

"Would you like to get into your car?" he asked the girl. "You will be able to start very soon."

"I see that," she acknowledged gratefully. "Thank you; I would rather wait here."

"Is your chauffeur trustworthy?"

"Oh, yes; he has been in my uncle's employ for three years. But he was never before out here, in this place."

There was a pause, filled by the soft monotone of insults drifting from the side of the limousine, for Rupert talked while he worked and his fellow-worker did not please him.

"Wrench, baby hippo! Oh, look behind you where you put it—you need a memory course. You ought to be passing spools to a lady with a sewing machine. Did you ever see a motor car before? There, pump her up, do." He rose, drew out his watch and glanced at it. "Five minutes; I'll have to beat that day after tomorrow."

The driver looked over at him and their eyes laughed together. Now, for the first time the girl noticed that across the shoulders of both men's jerseys ran in silver letters the name of a famous foreign automobile.

"I am very grateful, indeed," she said bravely and graciously. "I wish I could say more, or say it better. The journey will be short, now."

But all her dignity could not check the frightened shrinking of her glance, first toward the interior of the limousine and then toward the man who was to enter there with her. And the driver of the gray machine saw it.

"We have done very little," he returned. "May I put you in your car?"

The chauffeur was gathering his tools, speechlessly outraged, and making ready to start. Seated among the rugs and cushions, under the light of the luxurious car, the girl deliberately drew off her glove and held out her small uncovered hand to the driver of the gray machine.

"Thank you," she said again, meeting his eyes with her own, whose darkness contrasted oddly with the blonde curls clustered under her hood.

"You are not afraid to drive into the city alone?" he asked.

"Alone! Why, my cousin—"

"Your cousin is going to stay with me."

She flung back her head; amazement, question, relief struggled over her sensitive face, and finally melted into irrepressible mirth under the fine amusement of his regard.

"You are clever—and kind, to do that! No, I am not afraid."

"The Journey Will Be Short Now."

He closed the door.

"Take your mistress home," he bade the chauffeur. "Crank for him, Rupert."

"Why, why—" stammered the limousine's other passenger, turning as the motor started.

No one heeded him.

"By-by, don't break any records," Rupert called after the chauffeur. "Hold yourself in, do. If you shed any more tires, telegraph for me, and if I'm within a day's run I'll come put them on for you and save you time."

Silence closed in again, as the red tail light vanished around a bend. The gray car's driver nodded curtly to the stupefied youth in the middle of the road.

"Unless you want to stay here all night, you'd better get in the machine," he suggested. "My name's Lestrange—I suppose yours is Ffrench?"

"Dick Ffrench. But, see here, you mean well, but I'm going with my cousin. I'd like a drive with you, but I'm busy."

"You're not fit to go with your cousin."

"Not—"

"Fit," completed Lestrange definitely. "Can you hang on somewhere, Rupert?"

"I can," Rupert assured, with an inflection of his own. "Get your friend aboard."

Lestrange was already in his seat, waiting.

"What's that for?" asked the dazed guest, as, on taking his place, a strap was slipped around his waist, securing him to the seat.

"So you won't fall out," soothed the grinning Rupert. "You ain't well, you know. Not that I'd care if you did, but somebody might blame Darling."

The car leaped forward, gathering speed to an extent that was a revelation in motoring to Ffrench. The keen air, the giddy rush through the dark, were a sobering tonic. After a while he spoke to the man beside him, nervously embarrassed by a situation he was beginning to appreciate.

"This is a racing car?"

"It was."

"Isn't it now?"

"If I were going to race it day after to-morrow, I wouldn't be risking it over a country road to-night. A racing machine is petted like a race horse until it is wanted."

"And then?"

"It takes its chances. If you are connected with the Ffrenches who manufacture the Mercury car, you should know something of automobile racing yourself. I noticed your limousine was of that make."

"Yes, that is my uncle's company. I did see a race once at Coney Island. A car turned over and killed its driver and made a nasty muss. I—I didn't fancy it."

A wheel slipped off a stone, giving the car a swerving lurch which was as instantly corrected—with a second lurch—by its pilot. The effect was not tranquilizing; the shock swept the last confusion from Ffrench's brain.

"Where are you taking me?" he presently asked.

"Where do you want to go? I will set you down at the next village we come to; you can stay there to-night or you can get a trolley to the city."

The question remained unanswered. Several times Ffrench glanced, rather diffidently, at his companion's clear, firm profile, and looked away again without speaking.

"I went out to get my cousin to-day, and my host gave me a couple of highballs," he volunteered, at last. "I don't know what you thought—"

Lestrange twisted his car around a belated farm wagon.

"How old are you?" he inquired calmly.

"Twenty-three."

"I'm nearly twenty-seven. That's what I thought."

The simpler mind considered this for a space.

"Some men are born awake, some awake themselves, and some are shaken into awakening," paraphrased Lestrange, in addition. "If I were you, I'd wake up; it comes easier and it's sure to arrive anyhow. There is the village ahead—shall I stop?"

"It looks terribly dull," was the doleful verdict.

"Then come with me," flashed the other unexpectedly; for a fractional instant his eyes left the road and turned to his companion's face. "Did you ever see race practice at dawn? Come try a night in a training camp."

"You'd bother with me?"

"Yes."

A head bobbed up by Ffrench's knee, where Rupert was clinging in some inexplicable fashion.

"Once I rode eight miles out there by the hood, head downward, holding in a pin," he imparted, by way of entertainment.

Ffrench stared at the reeling perch indicated, and gasped.

"What for?" he asked.

"So we could keep on to our control instead of being put out of the running, of course. Did you guess I was curing a headache?"

"But you might have been killed!" exclaimed Ffrench.

Even by the semi-light of the lamps there was visible the mechanician's droll twist of lip and brow.

"I'd drive to hell with Lestrange," he explained sweetly, and settled back in his place.

Ffrench drew a long breath. After a moment he again looked at the driver.

"I'll come," he accepted. "And, thank you."

It was Lestrange who smiled this time, with a sudden and enchanting warmth of mirth.

"We'll try to amuse you," he promised.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A Perfect Saw."

"To say nothing and saw wood" seems to be one of the most sagacious phrases passed down by our hard-working forebears. Like most sayings which have emanated from manual labor, this is blunt, homely, and, to the loquaciously inclined, painfully accurate. Show me a man bent jackknife fashion over a sawhorse, with a short log under his buck, and I will point out a man who is minding his own business with admirable zeal. If he speaks, he ceases to saw. While he saws he is necessarily mute. Hence this shrewd phrase, which is, punning aside, a perfect saw.—Atlantic Monthly.