PRESIDENT-ELECT WILSON AND FAMILY.

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ABOVE—WOODROW WILSON. BELOW—DR. WILSON, MRS. WILSON AND THE MISSES WILSON.

TURKS STRIKE STINGING BLOW

Bulgarians Repulsed and Guns and Prisoners Captured.

Turk Warships Send Heaviest Broadsides—Troops Defend Capital With Desperate Valor.

Constantinople — The great battle between the Bulgarians and Turks is on all along the line of the Tchatalja fortifications.

Unofficial reports say the Turks have gained a great success. The battle opened at 5 o'clock in the morning. The Turks succeeded after some hours of fighting in defeating the right Bulgarian wing and in repulsing the left wing. They caputred 12 guns and 8000 prisoners. The Turkish warships contributed largely to this success.

The foreign minister confirms the news of the victory without specifying the exact number of prisoners.

The Bulgarians unmasked their artillery positions at daybreak and opened a heavy fire along the front from the Hamidieh forts at Papas Burgas. This was the first real endeavor they had made agaist the Turkish lines.

The opening of the battle was a wonderful spectacle. The black face of the Bulgarian position sparkled with flashes of the guns. Some of the Turkish heavy guns fired black powder. The bursting of heavy shells soon raised a curtain of heavy smoke which, mingling with the morning mist, rolled majestically down the valley between the combatants.

A Turkish warship in the bay joined the concert, firing its heaviest guns in broadside, capping the Bulgarian right with a great pillar of smoke and fire.

It was certainly the heaviest artillery combat seen since the Japanese massed corps of artillery pounded Grekoff's devoted rear guard outside of Liaoyang.

During the night the Bulgarian infantry had passed down under cover of the banks of the Karasu, and were trying to take possession of the upper loop of the railway. Small groups of Bulgarians rose out of the shelving banks and advanced cautiously and slowly.

The Turkish gunners found them nicely and the attempt failed.

The whirr of machine guns and the crash of infantry magazine fire in the direction of the Hamidieh forts told that another infantry effort was being made there, but the fire died down and as there was no movement on the part of the Turkish reserves it was presumed that this attempt had failed.

This was 10 o'clock in the morning. The firmament was still ringing with the crack of shrapnel and the dull reverberations of heavy ordnance.

Nazim Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, sent the following dispatch at night:

"The battle which commenced this morning with an attack of Bulgarian infantry lasted until one hour after sunset. The enemy, who advanced chiefly facing our right wing and our center, was repulsed by our infantry and artillery fire. Three Bulgarian batteries were destroyed."

Suffragettes End Tramp.

London — The suffragette army which started from Edinburgh completed its 400-mile tramp to London. in exactly five weeks. Under the leadership of Mrs. De Pont Blanque, who traveled on horseback, they went immediately to the Prime minister's residence in Downing street and presented their petition demanding the suffrage for women. Premier Asquith, profiting from his experience of previous meetings, had retired to the country for the week-end. His secretary, however, accepted the document.

I. W. W. Reach Honolulu.

Honolulu—Reaching out across the Pacific Ocean, the Industrial Workers of the World have begun a campaign of organization among the laboring classes of the Hawaiian Islands. Their propaganda has been spread among the working people and the representatives of the organization have introduced their doctrine to the plantation laborers and the Japanese.

Open declarations have been made that the Hawaiian affiliating organizers are planning a wage strike to be called next year.

Test Canal Next Summer.

Washington, D. C.—Sometime next summer or fall, no exact date being specified, a vessel will pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific across what is now the Isthmus of Panama, which consequenty must disappear from the world's geography, and by the same human agency the Western hemisphere will be divided into two continents. The vessel will not be the Oregon, or any other famous ship, but will be one of the many small water craft in daily use by the canal builders, and probably the only passengers will be Col. George Goethals and the staff of American engineers who for the past eight years have been carrying on the greatest engineering work the world has ever seen.

Edison Extends Plans.

West Orange, N. J.—As his sixty-sixth birthday approaches, Thomas A. Edison is credited with planning to become president of the Thomas A. Edison company, incorporated, and other companies to be embraced under that title. The resignation of Frank L. Dyer, now at the head of the allied corporations based on Edison's inventions, has been received. He intends to become president of the Motion Patent Picture company, of New York. Mr. Edison himself declined to discuss the situation.

Says Bridge Threatens Race.

Pittsburg, Pa.—"Women must give up either bridge or babies; the two are incompatible," declared John Drew, who is appearing here this week. "A woman can not devote herself to bridge playing and at the same time perform her maternal duties," said Drew. "Bridge certainly is the cause of race suicide. It has become so serious that it can't be ignored any longer. In England the bridge craze has become so violent, they tell me, that it is hurting the business of the theaters."

Alaska Holds Wet Record.

Seattle—The weather office at Cordova, Alaska, reports that the precipitation between January 1 and November 1 of this year was 171 inches. Six inches of rainfall in a day is not infrequent. The change of climate, that is supposed to have been caused by a shifting of the course of ocean currents, has raised the temperature and increased the rainfall. Cordova is said to be the rainiest city under the American flag.

Flax Crop Under Snow.

Minto, N. D.—Considerable flax and other grains in Northwestern Canada are now under snow which has fallen in the last two days and this grain will be lost, it was said here. This condition will be particularly severe on a large number of the new settlers in the Canadian country. Many of them are reported in destitute circumstances.

The Flying Mercury

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM

AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrange, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

None of the group in the next room had noticed the movement of the shade, absorbed in one another; any sound being muffled by the throb of adjacent machinery. Bailey obeyed the request, and leaned back in his chair.

"That's Darling Lestrange," he stated with satisfaction. "That's his own design for an oiling system he's busy with, and it's a beauty. He's entered for every big race coming this season, starting next week in Georgia, and meantime he oversees every department in every building as it never was done before. The man for me, he is."

Emily made an unenthusiastic sign of agreement.

"I meant a very different man from Mr. Lestrange," she replied, her dignity altogether Ffrench. "I have no doubt that he is all you say, but I was thinking of another class. I meant—well, I meant a gentleman."

"Oh, you meant a gentleman," replied Bailey, surveying her oddly. "I didn't know, you see. No; I don't know any one like that."

"Thank you. Then I will go. I—it does not matter."

She did not go, however, but remained leaning on the arm of her chair in troubled reverie, her long lashes lowered. Bailey sat as quietly, watching her and waiting.

The murmur of voices came dully through the closed door, one, lighter and clearer in tone, most frequently rising above the roar pervading the whole building. It was not possible that Emily's glimpse of Lestrange across the glass should identify him absolutely with the man she had seen once in the flickering lights and shadows on the Long Island road; but he was not of a type easily forgotten, and she had been awakened to a doubting recognition.

Now, many little circumstances recurred to her; a strangeness in Dick's manner when the new manager was alluded to, the fact that her rescuer on that October night had been driving a racing car and had worn a racing costume; and lastly, when Bailey spoke of "Darling" Lestrange there had flashed across her mind the mechanician's ridiculous answer to the request to aid her chauffeur in changing a tire: "I'll do it for you, Darling." And listening to that dominant voice in the next room, she slowly grew crimson before a vision of herself in the middle of a country road, appealing to a stranger for succor, like the heroine of a melodramatic fiction. Decidedly she would never see Lestrange, never let him discover Miss Ffrench.

"I will go," she reiterated, rising impetuously.

The glass-set door opened with unwarning abruptness.

"I'll see Mr. Bailey," declared some one. "He'll know."

Helpless, Emily stood still, and straightway found herself looking directly into Lestrange's gray eyes as he halted on the threshold.

It was Bailey who upheld the moment, all unconsciously.

"Come in," he invited heartily. "Miss Ffrench, this is our manager, Mr. Lestrange; the man who's going to double our sales this year."

Emily moved, then straightened herself proudly, lifting her small head. Lestrange had recognized her, she felt; the call was to courage, not flight.

"I think I have already met Mr. Lestrange," she said composedly. "I am pleased to meet him again."

"Met him!" cried Bailey. "Met him? Why—"

Neither heeded him. A gleaming surprise and warmth lit Lestrange's always brilliant face.

"Thank you," he answered her. "You are more than good to recall me, Miss Ffrench. I owe an apology for breaking in this way, but I fancied Mr. Bailey alone—and he spoils me."

"It is nothing; I was about to go." She turned to give Bailey her hand, smiling involuntarily in her relief. With a glance, an inflection, Lestrange had stripped their former meeting of its embarrassment and unconventionality, how, she neither analyzed nor cared.

"Good morning," said Bailey. "Shall I take you through, or—"

But Lestrange was already holding open the door, with a bright unconcern as to his workmanlike costume which impressed Emily pleasantly. She wondered if Dick would have borne the situation as well, in the impossible event of his being found at work.

The two walked together down an aisle of the huge, machinery-crowded room, the grimy men lifting their heads to gaze after Emily as she passed. Once Lestrange paused to speak to a man who sat, notebook and pencil in hand, beside another who manipulated under a grinding wheel a delicate aluminum casting.

"Pardon," he apologized to Emily, who had lingered also. "Mathews would have let that go wrong in another moment. He," his smile glanced out, "he is not a Rupert at changing his tires, so to speak, but just a good chauffeur."

The gay and natural allusion delighted her. For the first time in her life Emily Ffrench laughed out in a genuine, mischievous sense of adventure.

"Yes? I wonder you could separate yourself from that Rupert to come here; he was a most bewildering person," she retorted.

"Separate from Rupert? Why, I would not think of racing a taxicab, as he would say, without Rupert beside me. He is here taking a post-graduate course in this type of car, in order to be up to his work when we go down to Georgia next week."

"Next week? You expect to win that race?"

"No. We are running a stock car against some heavy foreign racing machines; the chance of winning is slight. But I hope to outrun any other American car on the course, if nothing goes wrong."

She looked up.

"And if something does?" she wondered.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Pray be careful of those moving belts behind you, Miss Ffrench. If something does—there is a chance in every game worth playing."

"A chance!" her feminine nerves recoiled from the implied consequences. "But only a chance, surely. You were never in an accident, never were hurt?"

Lestrange regarded her in surprise mingled with a dawning raillery infinitely indulgent.

"I had no accidents last season," he guardedly responded. "I've been quite lucky. At least Rupert and I play our game unhampered; there will be no broken hearts if we are picked up from under our car some day."

They had reached the door while he spoke; as he put his hand on the knob to open it, Emily saw a long zigzag scar running up the extended arm from wrist to elbow, a mute commentary on the conversation. In silence she passed out across the courtyard to where her red-wheeled cart waited. But when Lestrange had put her in and given her the reins, she held out her hand to him with more gravity.

"I shall wish you good luck for next week," she said.

Lestrange threw back his head, drawing a quick breath; here in the strong sunlight he showed even younger than she had thought him, young with a primitive intensity of just being alive.

"Thank you. I would like—if it were possible—to win this race."

"This one, especially?"

"Yes, because it is the next step toward a purpose I have set myself, and which I shall accomplish if I live. Not that I will halt if this step fails, no, nor for a score of such failures, but I am anxious to go on and finish."

Up to Emily's face rushed the answering color and fire to his; drawn by the bond of mutual earnestness, she leaned nearer.

"You live to do something? So do I, so do I! And every one else plays."

However Lestrange would have replied, he was checked by the crash of the courtyard gate. Abruptly recalled to herself, Emily turned, to see Dick Ffrench coming toward them.

Remembering how the three had last met, the situation suggested strain. But to Emily's astonishment the young men exchanged friendly nods, although Dick flushed pink.

"Good morning, Lestrange," he greeted. "I've just come up from the city, Emily, and there wasn't any carriage at the station, so when one of the testers told me you were here I came over to get a ride."

"I've been to see Mr. Bailey," she responded. "Get in."

As Dick climbed in beside her, she bent her head to Lestrange; if she had regretted her impulsive confidence, again the clear sanity and calm of the gray eyes she encountered established self-content.

When they were trotting down the road toward home, in the crisp air, Emily glanced at her cousin.

"I did not know you and Mr. Lestrange were so well acquainted," she remarked.

"I see him now and then," Dick answered uneasily. "He's too busy to want me bothering around him much. You—remembered him?"

"Yes."

He absently took the whip from its socket, flecking the horse with it as he spoke.

"It was awfully square of you, Emily, not to mention that night to Uncle Ethan. It wasn't like a girl, at all. I made an idiot of myself, and you've never said anything to me about it since. I never told you where Lestrange took me, because I didn't like to talk of the thing. I'm really awfully fond of you, cousin."

"Yes, Dickie," she said patiently.

"Well, Lestrange rubbed it in. Oh, he didn't say much. But he carried me down to where they were practicing for a road race. Such a jolly lot of fellows, like a bunch of kids; teasing and calling jokes back and forth at one another half the night until daybreak, everything raw and chilly. Busy, and their mechanics busy, and one after another swinging into his car and going off like a rocket. By the time Lestrange went off, I was as much stirred up as anybody. When he made a record circuit at seventy-seven miles an hour average, I was shouting over the rail like a good one. And then, while he was off again, a big blue car rolled in and its driver yelled that Lestrange had gone over on the Eastbury turn, and to send around the ambulance. It was like a nightmare; I sat down on a stone and felt sick."

"He—"

"He shook me up half an hour later, and stood laughing at me. 'Upset?' he said. 'No; we shed a tire and went off into a field, but it didn't hurt the machine, so we righted her and came in.' He was limping and bruised and scratched, but he was laughing, while a crowd of people were trying to shake hands with him and say things. I felt—funny; as if I wasn't much good. I never felt like that before. 'This is only practice,' he said, when I was about to go. 'The race tomorrow will do better. We find it more exciting than cocktails.' That was all, but I knew what he meant, all right. I've been careful ever since. He won the race next day, too."

"Dick, didn't it ever occur to you that you as well as Mr. Lestrange might do real things?" she asked, after a moment.

He turned his round, good-humored face to her in boundless amazement.

"I? I race cars and break my neck and call it fun, like Lestrange? You're laughing at me, Emily."

"No, no," in spite of herself the picture evoked brought her smile. "Not like that. But you might be interested in the factory. You might learn from Mr. Bailey and take charge of the business with Uncle Ethan. It would please uncle, how it would please him, if you did!"

Dick stirred unhappily.

"It would take a lot of grind," he objected. "I haven't the head for it, really. I'm not such an awfully bad lot, but I hate work. Let's not be serious, cousin. How pretty the frosty wind makes you look!"

Emily tightened the reins with a brief sigh of resignation.

"Never mind, Dickie. I—uncle will find a substitute. Things must go on somehow, I suppose, even if we do not like the way."

But the way loomed distasteful that morning as never before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I See Him Now and Then."

Judicial Advice.

"I hope you won't be hard on me, judge," he said. "You see, I was under the influence of liquor when I done it."

"You seem to have been under the influence of something equally bad when you studied grammar. During the spare moments that you are going to have, permit yourself to indulge in judicious study of the construction of simple sentences. Here is one to begin with—sixty days."

Had to Leave.

Mrs. Bacon—We hear your piano going the whole livelong day. Got company, haven't you?

Mrs. Egbert—Yes; you have, too, haven't you?

"Well, we had until they heard your piano."

A Grace for Today

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

Show us the way to see the good
That comes into our lives each day,
The blessings, dimly understood,
That give us cheer along the way.
Give us content, with gold and gear—
Though much or little we possess—
Let us be glad for what is here
On this, our day of thankfulness.

But broaden, too, the soul and mind
So that our thanks will not be found
By custom's rule and rote confined
Within this one day's narrow bound.
Let us be glad for early rain
That bids the flowers wake and creep,
Let us be glad for snowy plain
That holds them in their winter sleep.

Give us the heart to understand
The graciousness of spreading trees,
The changing seasons, wisely planned,
The storm and sunshine—all of these.
For all the brightness of the dawn,
And cheerfulness of noon and night,
And all that joy is builded on
Give us the grace to see aright.

Let us remember each kind word
By weight of goodly feeling blessed—
Each gentle thing we've said or heard—
And blot from memory the rest.
Give us the grace to see and know
The benefits along the way—
The many things that help us so.
Let us be thankful every day.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT

By WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Last night I got to thinking, when I couldn't go to sleep,
Of the way Thanksgiving served me in the days when joy was cheap—
Of how we'd have a turkey, and of how I'd beg a taste
Whenever they would open up the oven door to "baste"
The bulging breast, and how then from the oven came a drift
Of tantalizing odor, such as only boys have sniffed.

I got to thinking of it—for I couldn't go to sleep—
Of mince pies in the pantry, where I'd sidle in and peep,
And jelly and plum butter, and the peach preserves and cake—
And then I got to thinking of how fine 'twould be to take
A trip back to the old days, when the dancing candle light
Played pranks with all the shadows on the wall, Thanksgiving night.

The boys I used to play with! I could shut my eyes and see
The whole troop of them waiting, and a-waving hands to me;
All freckled, ragged-trousered, with their scarfs and mittens, too,
They made a splendid picture—but the picture wasn't true;

For they've grown up, as I have, and strange paths have lured our feet—
The paths that find Tomorrow, and that never, never meet.

I wondered if they also were not lying half awake
And thinking of the turkey, and the jelly, and the cake;
And if they had their fancies of the lazy little street
That leads beneath the maples where the topmost branches meet—
And suddenly I heard them—heard the murmurs low and clear,
That told me they were with me, and were very, very near.

And then I curled up boylike, with my cheek upon my hand,
And shut my eyes and whispered—to myself, you understand—
Our little "Now I lay me," clear to its "My soul to keep."
Just as I used to say it when I hurried off to sleep.
And something seemed to touch me like a hand held out to bless—
And all at once my heart throbbed to a hymn of thankfulness!

Some Cause for Rejoicing.

In addition to the general occasion for thanksgiving, every life has its own joys and every soul its own delights. There are many who appear to be barren of rejoicing, some into whose homes calamity has come and from which have gone those whose faces were the love lights of the domestic circle. But even here may be found some cause for rejoicing, and, in any event, a reverent faith may take up the triumph of the uncrushed spirit of Job—"Though he slay me, yet will I praise him." God does not willingly afflict the children of men, and when the misfortunes come he stands ready to comfort and to protect.

Japanese Temple Architecture.

Temple architecture in Japan, says the Christian Herald, is unique and impressive; those tip-tilted turret roofs, those gigantic wooden doors swinging raspingly under the gate towers, the massive stone or wooden "torii," leading to all temples; the larger and smaller red-painted torii, the property of the fox god, at whose original shrine in Kyoto 600 or more in two colonnades decorate the entrance; the stone-pedestal lanterns and carved lions, dogs and foxes; the fantastically arranged furniture, the gaudy array of priests, the carving of birds, fishes and fabulous beasts; the magnificent gilt baldachin adorned with glittering pendants; the many lighted tapers and candles and incense sticks; gigantic circular hardwood pillars, richly lacquered or gilded or else unfinished; or, again, rough hewn pillars forming immense colonnades from one structure to another, many though old and decaying still calling forth admiration because of their height and the circumference.