



DR. JAMES WITHYCOMBE

WITHYCOMBE EASILY WINS

Prohibition May Carry; Hawley and Sinnott Win; Chamberlain Ahead.

The election of the Republican state and Congressional ticket, with the exception of United States Senator, is indicated by incomplete returns covering the state generally...

On prohibition while the issue may yet be said to be in some doubt the early returns report a dry victory. Although Multnomah County may give a substantial majority against prohibition...

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Hawley and Sinnott Win. For Representative in Congress in the First District W. C. Hawley has been elected over Fred Hollister. The incomplete returns give the following figures:

Hawley's lead 1,794; Sinnott's lead 1,794; Chamberlain's lead 1,794.

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42 SEATS GAINED BY REPUBLICANS EASTERN STATES GO REPUBLICAN

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Heavy Republican gains in yesterday's election gave assurance of reducing the present Democratic majority in the House of Representatives by a big margin.

At an early hour today the returns from various states showed a net gain of 42 seats for the Republicans. Many districts are yet to be heard from.

Democratic control of the Senate, however, was assured, the possibility being that the majority increased from 19 to 12 through the election of Roger C. Sullivan of Illinois.

The sweeping Republican victory in New York, the collapse of the Progressive vote throughout the country and the upsurge in the Democratic Congressional districts generally were taken as assurances by Republican partisans that the tariff had entered into the political conflict with telling effect.

Unusual developments marked the contests in North Carolina and New Orleans. In North Carolina two Republican candidates for Representatives in Congress developed unusual strength.

The triumph of Senator Penrose in Pennsylvania over A. Mitchell Palmer, Democrat, who defeated Woodrow Wilson, and Gifford Pinchot, Progressive, was overwhelming.

Francis E. McGovern, Republican, was elected according to early returns, to succeed Senator Stephenson, Republican, from Wisconsin.

The triumph of Speaker Cannon, Republican, over Frank T. O'Hair, Representative in the Eighteenth Illinois District, also seemed certain.

The Republican claim one Congressional district in Maryland and two in North Carolina.

A Democrat, Johnson N. Camden, was elected in Kentucky to the United States Senate, for the unexpired term of the late Senator Bradley, Republican.

The defeat of Representative Korbly, Democrat, of Indiana, by Merrill Moore, Democrat, also marked the general trend of Republican gains throughout the country.

Sereno E. Payne Re-Elected. Sereno E. Payne (Rep.), of New York, defeated William C. Sullivan, Democrat, in the House in point of service, was re-elected without difficulty.

Defeat of woman suffrage in Missouri and North Dakota and prohibition in Arizona and Ohio was indicated.

Senators re-elected as the result of hard battles were Frank Brandegee, Republican, Nevada, and Progressive, who defeated Representative James H. Albert B. Cummings, Republican, of Iowa, who defeated Representative John Walter Smith, Democrat, of Maryland; William J. Stone, Democrat, of Missouri; Jacob H. Gallinger, Republican, of New Hampshire, who was opposed by Representative Stevens.

Democratic Senators in the South were re-elected without difficulty. New Senators from Southern states chosen being Representative Oscar W. Underwood, Democrat, and Representative Thomas W. Hardwick, Democrat, of Georgia. Ex-Governor J. C. W. Breckham, Democrat, of Kentucky, was chosen for the long term.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Sweeping Republican gains throughout the country, which reached a climax in this state by the overwhelming victory of Charles S. Whitman, for Governor, and James W. Wadsworth, to succeed Elihu Root in the United States Senate were indicated in early returns of the general elections.

Heavy falling off of the Progressive vote in many states, the return to Congress of ex-Speaker Cannon, declared Republican gains in New York and Illinois in the House membership complete returns from the Progressive Republican Party were features of the day.

Democratic leaders, however, were pleased by a triumph in Massachusetts, where ex-Representative McCall was defeated for the Governorship by Governor Walsh.

Early returns indicated that the Democrats would retain control of the Senate, but by a decided majority in the House. At a late hour results in Illinois, Indiana and Colorado as to the Senate were in doubt.

A close contest for the Illinois Senate seat was indicated by returns received up to a late hour. It looked as if the plurality rolled up by Sullivan (Dem.) in Cook County, might be lost to the Republicans.

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The Governor's Lady A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play By GERTRUDE STEVENSON Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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When he said the word Katherine Strickland would be ready to cast her lot with him. From the smoking room of Senator Strickland's big house came the strident sound of man's voices, raised in excitement, and it would seem, acclaim. Now and again the senator's smooth, oratorical voice would sound and then Slade's slightly deprecatory, yet firm and pleased. Then would follow the patter of applause, laughter and the sudden dropping of voices that signified earnest converse.

To Katherine Strickland, sitting in the softly lighted library adjoining every sound had its meaning. Her eyes sparkled with keen interest. In her cheeks glowed the deep rose of excitement and exultation. In that other room they were putting up a man for governor, a man she admired and who had aroused her interest as no other man had ever done. As the night hours lengthened into day she was forced to the conclusion that Dan meant to stay away for the night. That he wouldn't be home at all through the day never occurred to her. She reasoned that a night's sleep would clear his mind and that he would have recovered from his "tantrum" the next day. But Dan didn't "run" that day nor the next. "The days had become weeks, yet neither by telephone nor letter had he sent a word."

Finally Mary had mustered up her courage and telephoned his club. It took courage for Mary to use the telephone on any occasion. She was afraid of the sound of her own voice the moment she began to talk into the transmitter. This time she feared Dan's displeasure and his possible harshness. Mr. Slade was out, had left no message, she did not know when he would return. Was the disappointing result as she hung the receiver on the hook.

This morning, as the maid served her breakfast, she resolved to try again. The situation was getting unbearable. It was bad enough to live in the great house and be surrounded by servants with Dan there. Without him she felt like a prisoner of state and looked on the servants as so many jailers.

Leaving her breakfast practically untouched, Mary again ventured to the telephone. With faltering voice she repeated the number. "One-three-nine-four," with beating heart she inquired for "Mr. Slade," with sinking courage she received the answer that Mr. Slade had gone out, leaving no message. Again and again during the day she repeated the call, only to receive a similar reply. The possibility of her husband having left such a message to be delivered to her, whether he was there or not never occurred to the truthful, simple-minded little woman. But Slade did not want to be reached by her, and if an untruth, more or less, were necessary, the telephone boy was easily misled.

Meanwhile Slade was eagerly looking forward to his new life. Never a man to waver, he did not once look back to the wife he had so coolly deserted. He was being dined and banqueted and feted, being everywhere hailed as the candidate for governor. He was sniffing the first breath of future glories with keenest delight. This was the sort of thing that made a man feel big! This was the sort of life to lead—with men bowing and salaaming all around him. He walked with a firmer tread. His shoulders were thrown back a bit more arrogantly. His chest was more noticeable as he walked down the street.

The innate conceit and self-esteem of the man made him overlook the fact that the party needed a rich man. He was quite satisfied that he was being boosted by Strickland and the others because of his brain, his unswerving loyalty, his oratory and his power to lead men. He was happier than he had been for years. Every day the new life looked brighter and the old less desirable.

If he gave a thought to Mary it was a passing one. Mary was "comfortable." She had everything that money could buy. The servants would be taking good care of her, of course. Of the lump in Mary's throat as she sat at the lonely breakfast table and as she went through the still more lonesome ordeal of the formal dinner, he knew nothing. Of the woman's unshed tears as she tried to keep up before the servant and make excuses for his absence, Slade was heartlessly oblivious. Or perhaps it was self-esteem again, that made him unable to feel for her—the self-esteem of the successful man who feels no wounds when fighting for what he wants, and neither knows nor cares that others feel them. He had a heart, but it was unpleasantly like Pharaoh's.

But of Katherine Strickland's statuesque beauty and her cosmopolitan manner he was delightfully aware. During the weeks since he had left home Slade had been calling regularly at the Strickland home, partly to consult with the senator and partly for the purpose of posing for the bust which Katherine was modeling. As they sat hour after hour, he posing comfortably, she working deftly and talking even more cleverly, Slade and Katherine had come to a mutual understanding. The more they saw of each other the more became convinced that their paths would inevitably cross.

Katherine talked animatedly and entertainingly of social life abroad and of the gay times in Washington, and Slade's heart warmed and his eyes flashed as he pictured himself a part of that charmed circle. With keen penetration he saw the longing of the girl's nature, her iron will, her determination to gain social honors at almost any cost. He flattered himself

when he said the word Katherine Strickland would be ready to cast her lot with him. From the smoking room of Senator Strickland's big house came the strident sound of man's voices, raised in excitement, and it would seem, acclaim. Now and again the senator's smooth, oratorical voice would sound and then Slade's slightly deprecatory, yet firm and pleased. Then would follow the patter of applause, laughter and the sudden dropping of voices that signified earnest converse.

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"Whew!" he whistled. "They're having a time of it in there. Good evening, Mrs. Merritt, your husband is certainly making it warm for Mr. Slade."

"Indeed," laughed Mrs. Merritt, gratified for the moment. "Dear, dear!" she exclaimed as she watched Hayes gazing wistfully at Katherine and looking very handsome and manly in his well-made evening clothes. "It's quite like old times to see you together." Unhappy herself, it gave her a certain pleasure to make other people unhappy. The jealousy she had long felt for the younger and more beautiful woman found expression now in her purring tones, as, with amiable cruelty, she reminded them of their earlier intimacy. She took delight in making Bob writhe and Katherine wince as she recalled their passionate young love when only the senator's stern interference had kept them from wedding.

"Let me see," she recollected, "when I was your confidante, you were twenty-one, Katherine, and you, Bob, were twenty-four. I can feel Rob's hand gripping mine yet. 'O, Fannie! please see her for me—the senator doesn't approve of it.' And the tears you shed on my shoulder, Katherine—why, it feels wet to think of it."

"O! Fannie!" Katherine's voice was not as firm as usual. "I always said," the woman persisted, "Rob, she'll come home to you in the end."

"I think I'll go back and listen to the discussion," and Bob hung disgustedly out of the room. At the door he almost collided with Merritt. Katherine had hurried out to see a reporter who wanted the wherefores and the whys of the dinner party to Slade.

"I can't possibly get away, dear," Merritt explained to his wife. "I've been buttonholed by some men up on the state. Shall you wait or go home—first?"

Mrs. Merritt refused to be dismissed in that peremptory fashion. "I'll wait," she returned with acid sweetness. "Then if you are not ready I'll run along."

"Slade's had an ovation tonight," Merritt informed her, nodding toward the smoking-room. "The big out-of-town men are all here, sort of cum in there yet. He's big, Fannie. He's big. We can't deny that. The brute attacks his point with all the force of a sledge hammer."

"Yes, that's what you lack—punch!" his wife turned on him petulantly. "You're snowed under," she complained, bitterly. "If you'd taken my advice you wouldn't have come to this Slade feat tonight. What's your paper for," she demanded. "If you can't attack your rival candidate in its columns? Anyone would think you wanted to make him governor—instead of yourself."

"I can't attack him publicly," Merritt retorted. "He'd put up glue factories facing our property and, with a lake breeze blowing our way—whew! My position is very difficult. Of course, election's a long way ahead, but I'm the only stick in his puddle."

"Yes, you're a big stick!" she taunted. "Why don't you do something?"

"What can I do?" he groaned. "I've been told tonight by no less than four men that they won't support me again. And Strickland's speech introducing Slade was a masterpiece!"

"Yes—Strickland's masterpieces are concocted by his daughter, we all know that. Just as I write your stuff," she finished with hateful emphasis on the possessive.

"My dear, I wish you'd be more careful!" warned Merritt, making sure that the door leading into the smoking-room was closed. "Your message to the Farmer—that made you famous! What did I ever get for writing it?" and with self-satisfied deliberation she arranged herself carefully in a low-seated chair near the fireplace.

"I never denied that you had a man's brain," placatingly, drawlingly, mockingly, "darling."

"Yes—I'm the family mosquito that buzzes behind your ears. God help us if it wasn't for me. Did you ask the senator for the \$10,000 I want?" she demanded.

"He can't," Merritt was huddled in the nearest chair. The subject had been causing him appetiteless days and sleepless nights. When a woman of Fannie Merritt's persistency and tenacity wants something a man can't get then that man is very likely to be nagged into desperation.

"You look out, Wesley," she answered, alarm breaking the careful modulation of her voice. "That's the first time he ever refused us."

"It's broke, all broke. I don't know how he can keep this up. The senator's nearly out. That's why he's sticking to Slade."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EELS AND SNAILS AS FOOD

Three-Pronged Fork Regular Thing to Use for "Horned Things" in Proper Ceremony.

Laymen may hesitate to say how far Leviticus has been adopted into the law of Scotland. But there are some peculiarities which suggest that it has probably been adopted into Scottish practice. Take the prejudice of the Scot against eating eels, and also shellfish. There is no more obvious reason why an eel should look more like that abhorred snake to a Scotchman than to anybody else, and, taking the objection to shellfish into account, one cannot help thinking of the rule in Leviticus that " whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters, in the seas, and in the rivers, them shall ye eat," while all that move in the waters without fins and scales shall be an abomination.

Col. Newham Davis has described the ideal conditions of snail-eating. "At Price's," he writes, "the horned thing is eaten with proper ceremony, in a silver bowl, with a silver three-pronged fork as a means of conveying the alleged dainty to the mouth, the long, black gelatinous things are brought to the table, very hot, and swimming in a sauce in which lard and onions and garlic seem to be the principal components. Spear on the fork, the snail goes into one's mouth—and then comes one of the critical moments of life!"



"Did You Ask the Senator for the \$10,000 I Want?"