

THE CELINA DEMOCRAT

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FRIDAY, December 2, 1910

What Official Figures Disclose

According to official returns given out by State Statistician Cain, on Wednesday, Judson Harmon was elected Governor over Warren G. Harding by a plurality of 100,377 votes. Harmon polled 477,077, and Harding 376,700 votes.

Some of the other official votes were:

Pomerene, for Lieutenant Governor, 45,531 plurality.
Graves, for Secretary of State, 18,205 plurality.
Creamer, for Treasurer, 26,070 plurality.
Hogan for Attorney General, 7962 plurality.
Miller, School Commissioner, 15,599 plurality.
States, Board of Public Works, 1422.
Johnson, Supreme Court Judge, 34,132.
Donahue, Supreme Court Judge, 27,132.
McKean, Supreme Court Clerk, 18,854.
Strode, Dairy and Food Commissioner, 8940.

In face of the fact that Governor Judson Harmon received on November 8 last 75,492 fewer votes than he was honored with

in 1908, his plurality was increased 81,005, the official margin of victory this year being 100,377. Two years ago he received 552,569 votes and this year he got 477,077. On the other hand, Warren G. Harding got 150,497 fewer votes than Andrew L. Harris received in 1908, his total being 376,700, as against 533,197 for his predecessor on the ticket.

The shrinkage in the total vote was not as large as expected. The general opinion was that it would scarcely exceed 900,000, but the official figures show that 932,262 votes were cast this year, a falling off of 204,263. The total vote in 1908 was 1,136,525. In accounting for the loss to the two great parties the increase in the Socialist vote is to be considered. Two years ago that party got 28,578 and this year 60,637, a gain of 32,064. The increase was, therefore, over a hundred per cent. The Socialist Labor party increased from 797 in 1908 to 2,920 this year, a gain of 2,123. The Prohibition on the other hand receded. In 1908 it cast 7,665 and this year only 7,129, a loss of 534.

Tom Everleigh, Artist

By Antoinette De Coessey Patterson

The stranger, for so he was sometimes still called, although everyone in the little town had known long ago that he was Thomas Everleigh, and that he had come from one of the eastern cities, entered the church and took a seat near the door. He came for no other reason than because he had been bored. He sat near the door so he would be in a good position to beat another hasty retreat should he deem it desirable. But he found the little church cool and comfortable, and, as the service had already begun, he would probably have the whole pew to himself. In some ways, Tom Everleigh was very exclusive. Besides, it struck him as rather humorous that he should be in a church again. He listened, not at all, to the service, but when the old rector arose, and gave out the text, something in the words caught his attention.

"The General Epistle of Jude, twelfth and thirteenth verses."

The stranger heard nothing of the sermon, but the words of the text: "Clouds without water, carried along by winds; autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; wandering stars," the words kept repeating themselves in his brain. How well they applied to him, Thomas Everleigh!

The sermon was over, and the collection about to be taken, when Everleigh's attention was attracted to a tall, fair girl who came from the front pew over to the little organ. The strains of a hymn filled the church and the sweet natural voice began to sing. It was all so simply done, and so soon over, yet it made the man who had listened perhaps the most intently of all, think of many things that had not crossed his mind for years. Tom Everleigh was an artist at odds with Fate which, after a severe attack of pneumonia, had driven him to the west, and, as he chose to believe, blasted his career.

When Everleigh reached the house where he occupied two fine sunny rooms, he asked his landlady, Mrs. Brown, if she could tell him the name of the young girl who sang in church.

Mrs. Brown brightened up at once. "Do you mean the pretty young lady with golden hair and eyes of heaven's own blue?"

Everleigh had always suspected as well feared, a poetic streak in Mrs. Brown, so he answered bluntly: "I haven't an idea what color her eyes were, but I believe she did have yellow hair."

But the woman's good nature was as strong as her poetic instinct and she was only too thankful for a chance to talk. She went on to tell him the singer was Miss Edith Vincent, the rector's granddaughter, home for her summer vacation. Her parents had died long ago, leaving her very little money and she had been teaching for two winters in a large school in St. Paul. She intended to go back in the fall, if in the meantime—here his informant's voice dropped to a mysterious whisper—she did not get married.

The assiduous devotion of an admirer in St. Paul was then hinted at, and also the hopeless passion of the doctor in the next town.

By this time Everleigh noticed that his dinner, which he always had served in his room, was getting cold. He turned his attention to the meal and Mrs. Brown was tactfully dismissed.

That afternoon Tom Everleigh took advantage of an invitation, and called at the rectory. He had the pleasure of meeting the rector's granddaughter, whom he thought the most attractive girl he had ever seen.

Later in the week, he called again, and then he acquired the habit of dropping in at Rev. Mr. Vincent's house frequently. But it was seldom that he saw Miss Vincent. She was the busiest person he had ever known. But one afternoon he found her disengaged for a few hours and, at his suggestion, they went for a walk.

Though they had not seen a great deal of each other, the acquaintance had ripened. He told her much of his past life, and in the recital, she was quick to detect the hardness and the rebellion at Fate, also a certain flippancy and insincere note. She was sorry for him but, after all, he was only threatened with a dread disease. He had inherited enough money on which to live comfortably; he might

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In time hope to return to his work in the city. She knew so many who were infinitely worse off and she could not sympathize very heartily with the man before her. He felt that he was being adversely criticized, a fact which did not please him at all.

"I'm afraid, Miss Vincent, you have rather a poor opinion of me." The words were humble enough, but the tone courted contradiction.

"Not exactly that," she replied. "But I think you have a wrong idea of many things."

"You are trying to let me down easily, but I am convinced you think me a selfish sort of fellow."

Edith Vincent was a little tempted to say that she had not given the subject much thought one way or the other, but she felt he didn't quite deserve this. Without answering, she stooped to pick a few wild flowers which fringed the road.

"Well, I am selfish," he continued. "But then I have always considered it somewhat of a duty to be that."

"A duty?"

"Yes, in order to make other people unselfish!" He laughed.

"And when it comes to truthfulness," the girl added, to punish him for his flippancy, "I fancy you consider it quite too sacred a thing to be used save on rare occasions?"

This time it was Everleigh who stooped to gather a flower. Then he said: "What you really mean is that somehow I have gotten the threads of life all beautifully twisted?"

"That is it," she answered.

For the moment he was tempted to beg her to help him untwist those same threads, so he might begin life over again with her to show him how. Her simple, straightforwardness attracted him strongly—and she was looking very pretty. But one glance into her calm eyes made him realize the foolishness of such a thing. Instead he continued in the same vein: "You have agreed most unflatteringly to my assertion that I am selfish. You have, yourself, accused me of being untruthful. I wonder what next?"

A mischievous light came into Edith Vincent's eyes. "I should think at times you would be capable of being most abominably cross!"

This was rather more than Everleigh had bargained for.

"Come," he remonstrated, "don't you think you are rather rough on a fellow this afternoon?"

"Perhaps, but it's your turn now to tell me all my faults!"

The artist was silent a moment as though in deep thought. Then he said: "You haven't any."

The girl's laugh rang out fresh and clear. And then she gave him a promise—which he had sought ever since their first acquaintance—that she would let him paint her portrait.

It had happened. The news brought a keen sense of disappointment which the sharp eyes of the old rector did not fail to note, and as he was saying goodby he reminded him that another holiday would not be very far away.

When the artist was alone, he realized that the next holiday was very far off—an eternity, in fact. He had made up his mind to tell Miss Vincent, or try to, before she went away, how much she meant to him; and then, if it proved she cared for a certain Arthur Stanton who had motored over to see her several times from St. Paul and whom everyone but himself thought a first-rate chap, why—it was best he should know the worst now! This development had disarranged everything.

But one thing became quite clear to him: In a week he was going to St. Paul.

Three days later he was about to walk over to the rectory, having just heard that Mr. Vincent had sprained his ankle, when he was sent for by Mr. Vincent himself in a great hurry. He found the rector lying on a sofa, very pale and with a telegram in his hand which he silently handed to Everleigh. It read: "Miss Vincent in hospital. Injured by blow on the head from a wagon while saving life of a blind woman. Condition serious. Come at once." It was signed by the resident physician. The rector looked helplessly from Everleigh to his lame foot. The artist took the old man's hand.

"It may not be so serious after all," he said, trying to crush down his own fears, "but I will go for you. Give me your card and write my name under yours. I have time to make the next train."

In a few minutes Everleigh had left the rectory and was on his way to St. Paul. Arriving there a motor took him to the hospital without loss of time, and just as another car was moving away. He recognized Arthur Stanton, and it struck him—such a softening effect has sorrow sometimes—that the evident fact that he had been weeping did him no discredit. But Everleigh was in no danger of this himself. Rather, there was that sense of exultation as of one going into battle. Edith Vincent should not die. Even afterwards he was unable to explain the sense of a strange power which, at that moment, made itself felt through every fiber of his being.

He walked quickly up the hospital steps, and as he did so he met the physician in charge.

"I have come to see Miss Vincent. I am her grandfather's representative. He handed him the rector's card with his own name underneath. "They have wired Mr. Vincent that his granddaughter is dangerously ill and it is his request, since he is laid up with a sprained ankle, that I see her."

Everleigh's face told the story of his great distress and sleepless night on the train, and the doctor slipped his hand kindly through his arm before saying:

"Nothing can do her any harm now; she's past all that. It is only a question of a few hours."

"Is there absolutely no hope?" Everleigh asked.

"None," answered the doctor, "unless a miracle should happen. It has been impossible to rouse her from unconsciousness. If we could do that, if only for a moment, there might be a chance."

By this time they were at the room. The doctor beckoned to the nurse, and sent her on an errand, while he and Everleigh entered the room.

Everleigh went to the bed on which lay the unconscious form of the girl who now meant the whole of life to him. He knelt beside her and took the slim hand. He looked questioningly at the doctor whose answering look seemed to tell him to do as he pleased. Then, with all the stored-up vitality of months in the fresh air, and with all the strength and passion of his great love, he called her, not loudly, but in a voice that rang:

"Miss Vincent, Edith, you cannot die! I will not let you—I need you so—can't you see how much? Can't you see your work is not yet done? Edith! Edith!"

Edith Vincent said afterward that it had seemed like a voice calling her from the far side of a river. And so impetuous were the tones that she started to walk through the waters while something held her up so that she would not drown.

"Edith," again his ringing tones.

The girl moved slightly, then she opened her eyes.

"Mr. Everleigh," she said, "I heard you calling and I have come." Her eyes closed again.

The doctor sprang forward and felt

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the pulse, then he looked closely into her face. He turned to the man at his side.

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Polite Japanese Police.

The Japanese police, one of whose chiefs has been studying English methods at Scotland yard with a view to improvements in his own force, was originally the most aristocratic body of the kind in the world.

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From Our Own Dictionary.

Sigh—"An air of sadness."
Gent—"Vulgar fraction of a gentleman."
Vanity—"Other people's love of display."
Kleptomaniac—"One subject to fits of abstraction."
Justice—"Confirmation of our own decisions."
Ignorance—"Condition of mind of persons who don't know the things we know."
Philanthropist—"One who is willing to share the discomforts of his wealth with others."—Boston Evening Transcript.

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