

AT HEADQUARTERS.

WALTER WELLMAN GLEANS SOME FACTS ABOUT THE CAMPAIGN.

He Figures It Out So Scientifically That You Cannot Guess Who Will Be Elected. His Analysis is Interesting, but We Will Not Bet on It.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—Who will be elected president? That is the question of questions. 'Tis only a month till the answer will be given by the people themselves. But we Americans do not like to wait till a thing is settled. We want to take both time and events by the forelock, shake them savagely and compel them to yield to our eager curiosity before they are ready to do so.

In this letter I am not going to prophesy. Sad experience has taught me the futility of prophecy in politics. You have heard of the Virginia German who was induced to put up all his savings to make a "sure thing" of his candidacy for some petty office, and of his ejaculation when the votes were counted and the other fellow had an overwhelming majority. "Pollocks was one son of a gun," said he, and he was right. One of the best pieces of advice I ever had—and I have had a great deal—was from an old newspaper friend, who said "Don't prophesy; write facts."

So I don't wish to become prophetic as to the presidential election. I do wish to give you such facts or supposed facts as I have been able to catch up with at the headquarters of the two national committees.

I have been around these headquarters off and on, for six weeks, meeting managers, their lieutenants and distinguished visitors from all parts of the country. I have lived in a political atmosphere—in two political atmospheres—all about it. I don't know anything at all about it. Having progressed far enough to conclude that personally I know nothing, there is a great probability of my being of some service to the reader, who would like to have answer to the query with which I begin this letter, for in my own ignorance I shall of necessity fall back upon the information furnished by men whose business it is to know.

Let me say at the outset that it is precious little I care who wins in November. You may be a Republican, dear reader, or a Democrat. I am neither. You may be a Populist, or a Prohibitionist, or something else. I ain't. I'm nothing—noting but a newspaper writer, an observer, a watcher and listener, a student of men and events. I am not even a Mugwump, nor an Independent. I don't vote—live in Washington and can't, and wouldn't if I lived anywhere else and could. Why? No matter. The point is that I am unprejudiced, fancy free and truthful according to my lights. So if I figure things out, the way you don't want them figured out, keep your temper.

My aim is to give you the essence of all the information which I have been able to gather among the politicians, and I must be permitted to do so in my own way, without fear of giving offense or hope of winning favor. If you don't relish frankness about the political situation, you will do well to drop this letter right here.

It is an exceedingly complex situation which we now have in the political world. The result of the presidential election hangs upon a dozen states—not upon two or three. As the manager says, "There is fighting all along the line." You will not be able to tell who has been elected when you hear from New York and Indiana. You will have to wait until the back counties in West Virginia, Alabama, Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska and many states besides are reported.

It is a situation full of doubt and pregnant of surprises. The result may indeed be such as to elect one or the other candidate by an overwhelming majority in the electoral college, but the smartest men in both camps doubt this and look for a close and driving finish. In fact the new elements of doubt to a certain extent balance one another, and the best analysis of the field I have yet seen brings out three probabilities in the following order:

First—If Cleveland carries New York he will almost certainly win.

Second—If Harrison carries New York he probably will win.

Third—Third party success in some western and southern states will throw the election into the house of representatives.

This gives Cleveland the best of it on probabilities, you say. Yes, it does. It gives him two chances to Harrison's one. He has an even chance with Harrison in the electoral college, and he has a chance which Harrison hasn't—to be elected by the house of representatives.

Sitting down with paper and pencil, using the most trustworthy information and the best judgment to be had, one can make a detailed table of probabilities as follows:

Table with columns for 'SURE FOR CLEVELAND', 'SURE FOR HARRISON', and 'DOUBTFUL'. Lists states and their corresponding votes for each candidate.

SUMMARY. Sure for Cleveland 146. Sure for Harrison 139. Doubtful 178. Total votes in electoral college 464. Let us now discuss the states which are here given as surely for Cleveland. There can be no question as to any of them, with the possible exception of Florida, New Jersey and Virginia. In Florida the Democratic majority is not large, and the third party movement is disturbing the political waters there a good deal. Still the state is conceded to Cleveland by Republicans, though the margin may be narrow. In New Jersey the fight is always spirited, and even bitter, but it invariably turns up a Democratic majority, and there are not many Republicans who have any hope that it will now change its record. Virginia is this year generally classed as doubtful, but I have been through the state, and I can see no hope for Harrison there. The five votes given to Cleveland in Michigan are to come from the new system of choosing electors by congressional districts. Don Dickinson claims nine of the fourteen for Cleveland. Conservative figures give him five sure, with a probability of two more. An analysis of the vote given as safely Harrison shows three points which may need explanation. The Democrats claim Iowa as doubtful, and also Massachusetts and New Hampshire. My information is to the effect that there is no doubt in any of these states. Boies has twice been elected governor of Iowa, but his greatest vote has never equaled the vote which Harrison received in 1888. The Republicans have a reserve strength there which they will bring out, and they should carry the state by about 10,000. In Massachusetts the two elections of young Russell to the governorship have encouraged the Democrats to think they may carry the state in a presidential year. But each time that Russell has won the Republicans have carried the state on other offices, and they have an immense reserve vote which they will bring out this year. New Hampshire is a good deal like New Jersey. The vote is close, but the majority continues pretty safely on one side. Now we come to the most interesting feature of our survey—the doubtful states. What a campaign it is, with two-fifths of the entire electoral vote in doubt! Again applying the best information and judgment which I can find at the two national headquarters, I make another table of probabilities: DOUBTFUL VOTES PROBABLY FOR— CLEVELAND. HARRISON. Votes. Alabama 11 California 9 Connecticut 6 Colorado 4 Indiana 15 Illinois 21 Michigan 2 Kansas 16 North Carolina 11 Michigan 11 West Virginia 6 Minnesota 2 Montana 5 North Dakota 5 South Dakota 4 Total 66. Now if we add these probable accessions from the doubtful states to the sure votes of the rival candidates, we shall have an interesting result: Necessary to elect 275. Sure for Cleveland 146. Probably 51 197. Further number needed 27. Necessary to elect 275. Sure for Harrison 139. Probably 68 188. Further number needed 86. Whence are these votes to come? The states as yet unclassified are: New York 31 Wisconsin 12 Nebraska 2 Nevada 2 Total 38. These four are, in my judgment, the most doubtful states in the Union at the coming election. It will be seen that Cleveland can carry New York his success will be tolerably well assured. That, on the above showing, would give him a margin of ten votes and enable him to lose Connecticut or West Virginia and the two votes from Michigan. Harrison, on the other hand, would, on the above showing, have but one vote to spare. What is New York likely to do? I haven't as yet formed an opinion. Today the chances appear to be evenly matched. In a week or two I may have something to tell you about New York and the other doubtful states. Indiana is doubtful, too, and with these elements of uncertainty and the many others which I have mentioned it would be foolish for any one to entertain confidence as to any particular result. As I have said, the chances appear to be about even between Harrison and Cleveland in the electoral college. But Cleveland has an advantage in that he will surely win if the election be thrown into the house. The chances of this are not at all remote. Alabama, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota and Nevada are states which may go for Weaver, and together they cast fifty-three votes. Suppose Cleveland were to carry all the states which I have given him, with New York, but losing Alabama, he would fall short of a majority. If he were to carry all the other states counted for him excepting Indiana, and then carried New York, he would still fall of election. If he carried all the others, with New York and Indiana, but lost Connecticut and West Virginia, he would have to go to the house for his seat. If Harrison carried New York, along with all the other states given him, but lost one of the Dakotas, Colorado, Kansas or Minnesota, any one of these states could deprive him of a majority. There are many combinations in which both candidates would fail of success in the college—so many that this result is easily within the range of the probable. And should the election of both president and vice president go to congress the Democratic house would elect Cleveland and the Republican senate would elect Reid. That would be a curious result, would it not? WALTER WELLMAN.

A POPULAR IDOLIST. August Larned Is Also Familiar with All Forms of Newspaper Work. (Special Correspondence.) NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—Miss Augusta Larned is of English ancestry on both sides, one of her forefathers being one of the first settlers in Charlestown, Mass. She spent her early childhood on her native farm, at Rutland, Jefferson county, N. Y., where the free range of wood and field fostered the intimate love and knowledge of country life, which she has interwoven so charmingly in her rural sketches. This ardent love of nature has made her both poet and essayist. Her earliest school life was spent at the Potsdam academy, followed by a course of training at the celebrated Spingler institute when it was under the control of the Rev. Dr. Abbott. At the early age of eighteen she graduated from this institution and went to Alabama, where she taught for two seasons. Afterward she was connected with a school in Washington. While living there she met the Rev. Rufus Dawes, a Swedenborgian clergyman, who first urged her to write—in the form of books for children. It was several years after this that she embraced literature as a profession, and it was with the encouragement of Oliver Johnson, the editor of The Independent, that she gained a recognized foothold on that paper and made her first pecuniary success. During three or four years she contributed many stories to this standard journal, the background of them being usually sketched in from her recollections of her country life. Of these stories from The Independent and other sources six volumes have been published. In 1870 Miss Larned became the editor of The Revolution, a woman's rights paper established by Susan B. Anthony, and at the time Miss Larned joined it in the hands of Mrs. Laura C. Bullard. After eight months' hard toil on that paper she was forced by ill health to resign. She was then engaged in general newspaper work, contributing to Harper's Magazine, Bazar, Christian Union, The Golden Age, Hearth and Home, Independent, Liberal Christian and others. She also published a volume of sketches entitled "Talks with Girls," and a book on Grecian mythology called "Old Tales Retold," both of which extended into several editions. Her poems enriched The Evening Post, Christian Register, Appleton's Journal, The Atlantic, St. Nicholas and Scribner's. In 1879 her work on Norse mythology was published. It was called "The Norse Grandmother; or, Tales from the Elder Edda." Her closest newspaper connection has been with The Christian Register, of Boston, for which she has written letters, stories, sketches and editorials. In 1885 she began a series of sketches in The Evening Post called "Village Photographs." These are in book form now as are also another series called "The Roundabout Road." AUGUSTA LARNED. In these Miss Larned embodies finished pictures from memory's walls—glowing mellow, restful. Her deep love of nature transmutates all ordinary scenes into things of beauty and joys forever, and her sketches of human nature—its hills and valleys, its sloughs and barrens—show a perception marvelously clairvoyant and sympathetic. These volumes belong to the New England classics, and will hold a prominent and cherished place on home bookshelves. Miss Larned went to Europe in 1887, where she spent six months in Italy, and divided the other half of her year between Germany, France, Switzerland and England. During her absence she wrote more than fifty newspaper letters, all charmingly descriptive and refreshing. Since then she has been engaged chiefly in editorial work, correspondence and story writing. Miss Larned has filled with conspicuous ability and aptitude all departments of journalistic work, except, of course, that of reporting, which line is totally ungenial to her. She has spent nearly half of her life in New York city, where at one time she had an established home. About five months of every year she passes in her beloved New England. For years she has been deeply interested in the progress of woman and liberal religious ideas. Her father was one of the early abolitionists, and she cordially shared his dislike of slavery. She has honored literature in many ways. Her themes are always elevated and touched with the enthusiasm and earnestness of a reverent nature. She has genius, learning, poetry, pathos and humor. Her presence is exceedingly gracious and gentle. MEL R. COLQUITT. The Temporary Widowers. American wives might recommend their spouses to copy the Viennese husbands, who are compelled to stay at home during the holiday season, when wife or children are seeking sea or country air. Instead of grubbing at a comfortless home without its mistress, the Viennese benefactors have formed a "Society of Temporary Widowers," whose members meet nightly at a special club to dine, smoke, play cards, enjoy music and pass a cheerful evening.



Imposing on a Stranger. Uncle Zeb, who had just come in from Uptecreek and brought his appetite along, stared hard at the waiter. "Do you call this a langoustin house?" he asked. "It's about as good as any in the city, I think, sir," replied the waiter stiffly. "Then I'd like to know," said Uncle Zeb, bringing his fist down on the table with an emphasis that made the dishes rattle, "why in thunder you can't furnish a few molasses to eat on this pie?"—Chicago Tribune. Summer Girls. "So you have had some experience with men this summer?" "Well, yes, I refused seven and accepted five."—Life. The Terrible Sea. They were seated upon the rocky cliffs overlooking a bit of dangerous shore, where a ship had foundered the night before. The restless waves beat upon the irregular sea wall and sent great flecks of foam high into the air. Slowly going to pieces upon the cruel rocks, the good ship tossed in her agony as a delirious patient tosses on his bed of pain. Ever and anon the green waves dashed over her and drove her firmer into the giant grasp that was crushing the life out of her. The crew had been safely brought to land, and the ship was left to the boisterous carresses of the heartless ocean. As the young man gazed upon the terrific scene of wind and wave and helpless ship, an awe-struck silence sealed his lips. After a few moments thus he turned to the beautiful girl beside him. A faintly perceptible smile shone in and out amid the pink and white of her lovely face. He saw in it the sunshine that lives eternal in the faces of the angels. She put out her soft white hand and touched his arm. He laid his hand tenderly upon hers. "What is it, darling?" he said in response to her questioning eyes. "Algernon," she asked as the breaking waves dashed high, "does the sea wear pants?" Algernon shuddered and would have fallen, but his will was strong, and he stood fast. "Why do you ask that?" he said, with no answering smile to hers. "Because, dear," she answered timidly, "because I thought it must, it makes so many branches over the wreck down there, don't you know?" Then Algernon fell to the earth with a dull thud.—Detroit Free Press. His True Title. A man who lived near the Barrys was devoted to the harp, and "practiced" with commendable assiduity. But some people do not enjoy music. The other night Miss Barry said: "Uncle Charles, the Bible says 'harper,' but I notice that the newspaper critics usually write 'harpist.' I wonder which form is the more correct. If you were speaking of Mr. Cross, in the next house, which should you call him, a harper or a harpist?" "Neither," said Uncle Charles, with the utmost promptness, "if I called him anything I should call him a confounded nuisance."—Youth's Companion. What She Was. One evening during a diplomatic reception at the White House, among the guests was a woman whose perfect neck and arms were the admiration of every one. Mme. de Struve's escort, in justifiable pride at the loveliness of his own countrywoman, commented as she passed, "There goes a perfect type of American beauty." Without hesitating a moment the minister's wife, looking down at her own dark hued neck, responded, "And I represent a perfect type of Russia leather."—Argonaut. Couldn't Wait. Dashaway—After I took Miss Summit home from the theater the other night I wanted to kiss her so much, and I think she rather wanted me to, but she had her veil on. Cleverton—Why didn't you ask her to take it off? Dashaway—Because I wanted to get home in time for breakfast.—Clook Review. Why They Went. Mrs. De Fashion—And so you were at Berlin while abroad. Did you stay long? Little Bobby De Style—Only 'bout a day. "What did you go to Berlin for?" "So w'en folks asked mamma if she'd been to Berlin she could say 'yes' of course."—Good News. A Gentle Suggestion. George (badly smitten)—Ethel, can you guess why I am like the moon tonight? Ethel (wishing he would go)—No, why? George—Because I came up nearly an hour later than last evening. Ethel—Sometimes the moon doesn't appear at all.—Boston Courier. A Perfect Gentleman. He—The great trouble with Gabley is that he talks too much. She—That's strange. When he has been with me he has scarcely said a word. He—Oh, he is too much of a gentleman to interrupt.—Truth. Heading the List. Wife—I want to talk with you about some things we need for the house. Husband—What are they? Wife—Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?—Detroit Free Press. Economical Flattery. Wife—Nothing for me? Then you have forgotten that this is my birthday. Husband—Not at all. Only I didn't wish to remind you that you're grown older, as you don't look it.—Boston Globe. Right. Teacher—Who was the hero of the battle of New Orleans? Dick Hicks—Corbett.—New York Herald.

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