

JOURNAL BALLOONS TOLD THE STORY BEST.

In Their Bright Stars Millions Read the Answer of the Hour.

Flashed the Main Issue to Gazing Citizens of Three States.

While Journal Tower-Perched Stereotypes Supplied Details to Anxious Thousands.

CROWDS AT EACH NEWS CENTRE.

Wherever Journal Bulletins Appeared in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City Unprecedented Masses of Humanity Were There to Read Them.

While the ever-patriotic strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" stirred the night air the Journal announced, last night, "McKinley Is Elected." The tremendous crowd assembled opposite the Journal office split their lungs with cheers. The decision had been made, the next President of all



BOTH CANDIDATES WERE EARLY IN THEIR RESPECTIVE POLLING PLACES.

Bryan Swears in His Vote and Receives an Ovation in the Booth.

Major McKinley Exercised His Right of Suffrage by Nine o'Clock.

Nobody but He Knows Whose Total His Ballot Went to Swell.

Took Off His Hat and Stood Uncovered While the Duty Was Being Performed.

Removal of Hats Greeted His Appearance, and a Hearty Cheer Followed.

The Vote That the Major Cast Was Deposited for Gold and Protection.

LEFT UNDER AN ESCORT OF HONOR

MARK HANNA AMONG HIS CALLERS.

Reaching His Home He Addresses His Fellow Townsmen and Tells Them to Accept the Result, as He Shall, with Loyalty.

Election Day Passed Quietly in Canton—Vote of the Whole Town was Polled Before Noon, and Was Heavier Than Usual.

By Julian Hawthorne. Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 3.—We returned from Omaha to Lincoln with our candidate on an early train this morning. A few hundred people were awaiting him at the depot, long double lines were formed as escort for his carriage and, preceded by a vigorous and patriotic little band, we took up our march to the Town Hall, where Mr. Bryan was to swear. It was an inconspicuous brick building of elderly aspect. Within a narrow flight of wooden stairs led to the stuffy little office room, where, behind a counter, an official who tried to look as if swearing Presidential candidates was an every-day routine with him, administered the form and took the applicant's signature.

Canton, Ohio, Nov. 3.—Major McKinley did not arise a minute earlier than his usual hour to-day, nor did he eat anything especially strengthening for his breakfast. The sun shone brightly on the bare and trampled lawn, and although a light southerly breeze was blowing it was a good deal too warm for comfort before 12 o'clock.

We then resumed our formation and set off for the voting place. Mr. Bryan, after being again sworn, got his voting papers and retired to a booth on the left. There he remained ten minutes, diligently at work, for the local enemy had had the ballots printed in a manner to mislead the unwary Bryanite, and circumspection was necessary. Whom Mr. Bryan voted for nobody but he knows. While he was busy there was an altercation between one of the challengers and another individual, who charged the latter with unlawfully talking to a voter. The dispute ended with a jest and a laugh. Mr. Bryan now came out of his booth and stood waiting while a lusty negro cast his ballot. I looked at him; his expression was grave and studiously preoccupied. He was thinking, perhaps, of the millions of his fellow countrymen who were similarly engaged today, deciding an issue of such moment to himself and the world.

The chairman of the National Republican Committee left Cleveland at 11 o'clock and reached Canton at 1:20. Major McKinley met him at the station, and together they were driven to the candidate's home, where they subsequently had luncheon. Mr. Hanna was accompanied by Congressman Ben Butterworth, John R. Hay, his brother, and Judge Hall, of Akron. He was in the finest of spirits, and his face was continually wreathed in smiles. When asked about his opinion as to election probabilities he said: "I have nothing to add to what I have already said. I adhere to my last estimate, and am firmly convinced that Major McKinley will receive 511 electoral votes. The Republican victory will be very decided."

"William J. Bryan" announced the official result. Mr. Bryan, after handing in his two papers, which were duly inserted in their proper places by a grandfatherly personage. At the same moment some one in the background removed his hat and proposed that "as a mark of respect to our distinguished fellow citizen" all present should do likewise. We did so, we cheered him, and so the final act of Mr. Bryan's great campaign was done.

Hanna Calls on McKinley. The chairman of the National Republican Committee left Cleveland at 11 o'clock and reached Canton at 1:20. Major McKinley met him at the station, and together they were driven to the candidate's home, where they subsequently had luncheon. Mr. Hanna was accompanied by Congressman Ben Butterworth, John R. Hay, his brother, and Judge Hall, of Akron. He was in the finest of spirits, and his face was continually wreathed in smiles. When asked about his opinion as to election probabilities he said: "I have nothing to add to what I have already said. I adhere to my last estimate, and am firmly convinced that Major McKinley will receive 511 electoral votes. The Republican victory will be very decided."

The escort, however, again formed in line and accompanied him to his cottage. There all pressed together round the gate of the little front yard, and the candidate, having his hand on his pocket, spoke the farewell words to them. He spoke briefly, with deep feeling and earnestness, in a low voice. His attitude and aspect were full of masculine dignity, and his words were noble.

At Major McKinley's house Mr. Hanna met the leading Republicans of Canton and complimented them on their excellent work in the campaign. While he was there numerous telegrams were delivered to him, but they were all of the prophetic or congratulatory sort. For instance, the chairman of the State Committee of Tennessee telegraphed that he had never seen the Republicans there turn out with such force or enthusiasm, and that the State was safe for McKinley by a majority of 10,000. At 3 o'clock Mr. Hanna, Major McKinley and Congressman Butterworth were photographed with the Canton Citizens' Reception Committee, which has labored faithfully in entertaining all the delegations of this visiting canvass. Mr. Hanna left Canton for Cleveland at 6 o'clock and returns at the Union Club. He will start for New York to-morrow.

"I have now done all I can do," he said in substance, "to protect our country against her enemies. I ask you to do what you can. Be not deceived, obey your conscience and accept the result as I shall, with loyalty."

Canton's Vote Polled Early. Election day here passed quietly. The vote of the whole town was polled before noon and was unusually heavy. The naturalization records show that 208 foreigners have taken out papers, and it is believed that three-fourths of this must be added to McKinley's strength here.

"Well, if the truth must be known, I shall tell it. My life is a sad one. My husband, Mr. Henderson, failed. I was left alone with a child to fight my own way in the world. When I made the acquaintance of George Ballantine, at the American Theatre, last December, I was loaded down with debts. He helped me—he was very generous. He was fitted to win a woman's love, and I fell in love with him. He had a heart as big as the world. On August 28 last he came to my house and told me he was going to leave me forever—that he was going to shoot me. I was dazed, and did not know what I was doing. I took up a little Derringer pistol and turned it upon myself. He begged me to stop. He said: 'Shoot George! Oh, no! I could not harm a hair of his head. He was too tender, too good.'"

The first return which reached Major McKinley this afternoon came from Chicago at 5:30, and was to the effect that some of the Democratic wards in that city gave the Republican candidate a pleasing plurality. This caused the Major to smile. The next news was from Lincoln, Neb., saying that every ward in that city would show a majority for the Major. Whereat he smiled again. At 6 o'clock the telegraphed that New York City would give him 20,000 plurality, and this brought another smile. And that was the way it went on. The Major was in a cozy study in front of the desk between the two north windows. He sat in a revolving chair and read the news with a steady eye. He had a positive him in a rocking chair sat Joseph P. Smith, of Urbana. The Major's assistant secretary, Colonel Cooper, received telegrams at a table on the candidate's right and read them when McKinley did not do so.

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Upstairs in a room at the front of the house the telegraph instruments clicked incessantly. The enormous Republican gains in many places caused the faces of all the newspaper men sitting in the study to stare with surprise, but the candidate was as calm and unmoved as he had been all day, the dispatches being held in a hand that was as steady as if it had been that of a stone image. Mrs. McKinley was confined to her room, but Joe Smith took care that she heard the joyful news. At 6:20 o'clock the telegraph came from the city gave the Major 1,000 more votes than Cleveland obtained there, was received at 6:20 o'clock from Chicago, and the returns from the various parts of Canton were received by telephone by Samuel Saxton, and the candidate showed a great interest in the vote of his home city. Cheers from downtown rolled up the street occasionally and saluted the ears of the watcher in the study. His brows came in rapidly and in excellent shape.

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It is impossible to accurately state the number of the candidate. He looked slowly in his chair and looked reflectively. He seemed to take more interest in his gains than in his plurality. Occasionally he remarked quietly: "Pretty good gain, and then relapsed into patient silence again. His hearing was modest, but confident. Occasionally friends dropped in and they were received with easy courtesy. Republicans have every reason to be proud of the bearing of their candidate one of the most trying occasions of a public man's life.

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Detective Breen, of the West Forty-seventh Street Station, arrested Sutton on Fifty-second street and Seventh avenue, Monday night. He pleaded not guilty in Yorkville Court yesterday, and Magistrate Conlan discharged him, as a friend paid Conlan the \$4. Conlan refused to press the charge.

FAMILIAR WITH DIVORCE.

Something About the Individuals Who Figure in the Latest Theatrical Application for Severance of Marital Bonds.

David Henderson, the well-known Chicago theatrical manager, has filed in Chicago a suit for divorce from his wife, Grace Henderson, the leading lady of "Under the Polar Star" company, now at the Columbia Theatre in Chicago. Mr. Henderson names George Alexander Ballantine, of Newark, N. J., as the co-respondent.

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the people of these United States had been shown.

Those who cheer-filled Park row from Beekman street to the big Bridge, and spread out wide as far across City Hall Park until they fringed Broadway. Thousands of men, many women, innumerable small boys, who, restless, pushed their way where they willed. Long before dusk fell as people began to assemble there, soon peddlers of tin horns, triumphant roosters, miniature brooms, and deafening rattles sold their noisy wares, and when the first star appeared the din in that vast space was deafening.

Then the stereopticians began to try their instruments, just as people at the theatre get the focus of their opera-glasses when the orchestra tunes up. The Journal's stereopticians were in a wooden tower erected near Franklin's statue. They threw on the wide sheet of canvas that half covered the front of the building cartoons and pictures more or less moving. Besides, in that tower was a panorama scope that cast pictures really moving, for they showed scenes instantaneously taken; they were indeed living pictures.

Thus the thousands were amused until the arithmeticians in the Journal office, figuring on the election returns, arrived at the results the people awaited.

These results, these figures were early accounts, and it goes without saying, absolutely impartial. They were broad. They gave the figures by cities, by States. It did not interest that great crowd to learn that so-and-so many election districts in Chicago had given such and such a majority. They wanted to know how Illinois had gone and by what majority. The Journal's bulletins told them. And so in all the important, the pivotal States, waiting to be informed by its own correspondent and prefacing its announcement with, "the Journal's correspondent says."

"Maine gives McKinley 50,000 majority." So the bulletins appeared. Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, West Virginia, Iowa—all for McKinley. What the final result was soon apparent. Then the Journal made the declaration, "McKinley is elected."

The Seventh Regiment Band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the throng began to melt away, most of them. Uptown the streets were sold with people. Ordinary comparisons fall in describing such a throng. In Madison square and the blocks thereabout, men and women were like sands of the sea. From any elevated point there was nothing to see but acres of heads, and all of them facing the monster bulletin board on the Journal's uptown office where the white lights and the yellow lights flashed on the great map and told which States were for Bryan, and which for McKinley.

From sunset until long after the story was told, that magnificent crowd stood and cheered and howled and roared and clapped as the news was thrown on the monster screen and the pictures moved as though with their own hands. The magnificent band set the wild passions of the throng to rhythm with its splendid storm of music.

At the start the hundreds of thousands seemed fairly well divided. There were a few early bulletins to cheer the Bryan contingent, and they made the most of them. Then came the news from the middle West and the crowd, feeling the wind of a landslide, surged like the ocean in a gale.

Over the water, on the Jersey shore, away up past the Harlem, in Brooklyn and far away on Long Island Republicans rejoiced because of the green constellation that flashed the first news to them of the triumph of their ticket.

"It'll be red next time," was the favorite comment of the disappointed ones. Bulletins were also displayed by the Journal from its Fulton street office. These were among a medley of other bulletins and the crowd watched all. Cartoons that were shown were roundly applauded, and the way that Bryan news was received indicated that the Bryanites had better lungs than the McKinleyites or else the former were in a majority.

At the seven other bulletin stations it was the same. Whenever the Journal came into competition with other newspapers it had the largest crowds, and the best and earliest service.

At Ludwigsbaum & Co.'s place, on Eighth avenue, at Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue, on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, in Brooklyn and in Jersey City, the Journal had its bulletins, and at every one of these places the streets and open places were packed with people as far as the big screens could throw their messages.

There never before was a bulletin service so elaborate and so well carried out. The Journal exhibited bulletins from only two points in Brooklyn. That was where a mistake was made. There should have been a Journal bulletin board at one end of every half dozen street corners to satisfy the crowds that wanted figures on which they could rely for fair news.

At the junction of Liberty, Fulton and Clinton streets there is an open area about one-third as big as City Hall Park. In the center of this was a tower, on which was placed a Journal stereopticon. A canvas was stretched over the side of the building at the triangle. On this election figures were displayed, with occasional panoramic views to vary the monotony.

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when good news was given. A number of them pushed baby carriages. Bulletins were also displayed by the Journal from its Fulton street office. These were among a medley of other bulletins and the crowd watched all. Cartoons that were shown were roundly applauded, and the way that Bryan news was received indicated that the Bryanites had better lungs than the McKinleyites or else the former were in a majority.

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ed for the people of their own creation. The company claims that the alleged conspirators have robbed them of about \$18,000 since April.

All three men were taken to the District Attorney's office, but as there was no judge in the building to receive bail they were committed to the Tombs. None of them would talk regarding their arrest. It is said that two of them have made confessions, and accuse each other. All three men have families. Horrie lives at No. 655 Marcy avenue, Brooklyn, Turbul and Clark at No. 151 West Sixty-fifth street. They have retained Lawyer Friend, of the firm of Friend, House & Grossman, to defend them.

DUMMIES ON PAY ROLL.

Three Trusted Employees of the Hydraulic Construction Company Arrested, Charged with Grand Larceny.

Through the arrest of three of its heretofore trusted employees the Hydraulic Construction Company claims to have put an end to a conspiracy which had been in operation for months and which had robbed its treasury of thousands of dollars. Just after John Horrie, William B. Turbul and William G. Clark had been given \$3,500 yesterday at the offices of the Hydraulic Construction Company at No. 145 Broadway, Detective Sergeant McNaught, Farway and Cuff, of the District Attorney's bureau, stepped into the office in which the three men were sitting and placed them under arrest.

The money which they had just received was to pay the men employed by the Hydraulic Construction Company on its contract for the laying of water supply pipes from Kearney to Bayonne, N. J. Turbul was the general superintendent of the work. Horrie in charge of the hauling of the pipes and dirt, and Clark was a book-keeper in the office of the company at Bayonne. These three men for months past had been coming to the New York office to draw the money with which the laborers on the Bayonne contract were to be paid.

The company now claims to have made the startling discovery that these three men had so manipulated the pay roll that, since April, it had been paying for the labor of scores of men who never existed. During the last month, it is claimed that eighty "dummies" have been placed on the pay roll, and the three men under arrest had pocketed the money which was intended for the people of their own creation.

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MISS JULIA JAY WORSE.

Was in a Very Weak Condition and With a Very High Temperature Last Night.

At the residence of Colonel William Jay, No. 22 East Seventy-second street, it was said last night that his daughter, Miss Julia Jay, was in a very weak condition with a very high temperature.

Her condition was such yesterday afternoon that another physician was summoned and he would remain with the patient during the night.

FRIEND CAME TO HIS RESCUE.

Francis Hegeman Sutton Arrested for Passing a Worthless Check.

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The Rialto received the news without the least surprise, as it was expected. In August of this year theatrical circles were stirred up by a report that Mrs. Henderson fired a shot at George Ballantine because he announced that on account of his then approaching marriage his relations with Mrs. Henderson were at an end. The alleged shooting was supposed to have occurred on August 28. A few days later Mrs. Henderson declared that she had fired at Ballantine. She said at the time: "Well, if the truth must be known, I shall tell it. My life is a sad one. My husband, Mr. Henderson, failed. I was left alone with a child to fight my own way in the world. When I made the acquaintance of George Ballantine, at the American Theatre, last December, I was loaded down with debts. He helped me—he was very generous. He was fitted to win a woman's love, and I fell in love with him. He had a heart as big as the world. On August 28 last he came to my house and told me he was going to leave me forever—that he was going to shoot me. I was dazed, and did not know what I was doing. I took up a little Derringer pistol and turned it upon myself. He begged me to stop. He said: 'Shoot George! Oh, no! I could not harm a hair of his head. He was too tender, too good.'"

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MAJOR REMAINS CALM.

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