

THE CANDIDATE.

By GEIK TURNER.

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In some parts of the country there may be all isolated specimens of the type of ex-Lieutenant Governor Culberson. With us he remained for years the last political representative of the fine old-fashioned political leaders, who lived with the ideas of Webster and Calhoun and Clay still before them. His tall and stately figure, his smooth-shaven face, his stock and his long-tailed legislator's coat of the type preserved in famous statesmen's pictures, but now extinct as the dots in real life, all remained still fresh in the minds of those who were honored in "fellow speeches." In the smallest detail of life he conducted himself with the dignity becoming a man on whom a thousand eyes were fixed; his very use of his hands and feet was a survival of the days of stuff; his speeches, his critics declared, were things of magnificent distances.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Culberson had waited ten years to be governor, hungering and thirsting, but expecting fervently to be fed. Ten years is a considerable slice out of an individual's life, but it is rather less than it usually takes for the governorship to revolve around in our section—and then we have to divide it between ourselves at the county seat at Westchester and the manufacturing town of Johnsonville, ten miles away.

A great many things happen in ten years, but the ambition of the Culbersons is made

Culberson had many friends in town; besides we have a natural feeling that we do not care to hand over to Johnsonville anything we can reasonably keep ourselves. Sam Wilson had his work cut out for him and he knew it. And the worst part of it was, his candidate was not sure he wanted to run. This strange phenomenon was brought about by perfectly natural causes. Miles Holcomb was the head of the big Johnsonville mill. He was a leader in the ranks of the men who do things. Big, broad-shouldered, rough and shrewd, he was the typical guardian spirit of a cotton mill and he recognized that there was his place. Once he had taken time to play lieutenant governor for a term, but this was only a side issue. He was not anxious to let the big machine trundle along by itself for two years while he went off to play governor. When he first read his name in the paper, it was rumored as a remarkable fact among the men who would have laid down their lives to be governor for one month, that he swore vigorously.

But no one knew better than Sam Wilson the man he had to deal with, or the tools he had to use. Within twenty-four hours Sam was visited by a half dozen Johnsonville politicians, among them two or three friends of Holcomb. These he instructed to win Holcomb around immediately. It isn't every day that the nomination for governor comes knocking at a man's door, said Sam. Besides you can tell him it won't hurt his business any to have had the title of governor. You want to start at him right off, too, because the Culberson fellows from here will be over right away to see what he will do. You've got an early start and you want to keep going.

Sam Wilson was right. After thinking the matter over a couple of days, the Culberson circle decided to approach Holcomb to learn his position. They found him still

people naturally did not consider it, in spite of the many insinuations of his personal friends that he could be persuaded to run. It is not a time when the people arise unsummoned. The northern end of the state, there was favored Holcomb. He was a successful business man, an employer of many people—and on the whole a kind one—and he had the powerful reputation of a "bottomless barrel" with the politicians.

The campaign for the nomination went on with a rush. The northern end of the state soon swung into line for our man and the metropolitan press there was full of such phrases as "a captain of industry," "a man of energy and decided character," "a power in financial circles." There were progressive enthusiasm and pride in every section. Very few of us now noticed the tall, gaunt figure, who did not rejoice at our feast. For a few days after he realized that his case was hopeless Governor Culberson remained at his home, partly because he was physically prostrated by the blow and partly because he thought it was better to stay on him in the streets in pity and scorn. As a matter of fact, people did not think of him at all, further than to understand in a general way that he was sick. When he did drive out again they noticed how changed he was by his illness. Indeed, it was almost startling to see him in his color, there was a little quaver in his voice and an uncertainty in his step, which had never been there before. His clothes were not so carefully tended to and there began to be a suspicion of dinginess on his immaculate shirt front.

"People began to see that he was an old man," you must take care of yourself, governor," his friends said.

group at the center of the stage. The old man looked uncertainly at the crowd, then turned slowly away and started down the platform steps. A little distant telegraph key, who was at the press tables below, helped him on with his coat and watched him with awe, as he plodded slowly to the door. He went straight to the station and took the first train back to his empty home.

I saw him on the train. He was crouched down in the corner of the seat. His hat was drawn down over his eyes, his stock was somewhat awry and his shirt front was disarranged and rumpled. He was staring steadily at the back of the seat before him. It was the sort of thing a man does not enjoy watching.

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Japan Protecting Its Fisheries. SEATTLE, Nov. 7.—Late advices from Japan state that it is likely the seal and other hunters will be prohibited from fishing and hunting off the coast of Japan before the fleet sails next year. Japan is trying to foster deep sea fishing, and under new foreign treaties that go into effect next year it is believed that the prohibition can be made.

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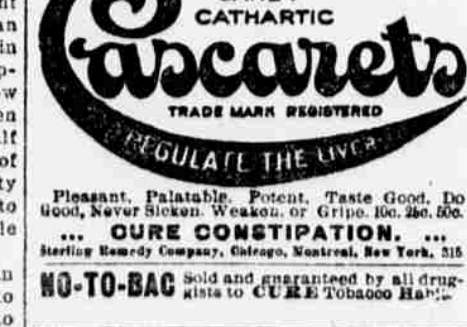
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of stern stuff. Governor Culberson's grandfather had been governor and his father a senator, he intended to live up to the family traditions. As a matter of fact he was always called "governor," the title is much shorter and easier to say than "lieutenant governor." At the beginning of the decade, when he had just retired from the lieutenant governorship, "Governor" Culberson was the most prominent figure in our section of the state. He strove with every power he possessed, consistent with the dignity to retain the position. He was as erect and hearty as a young athlete and as particular in his appearance as a bridegroom waiting for his bride. In the meantime his wife, a beautiful old-time gentlewoman, had died, and his children had all moved away, but the fine old-fashioned figure remained among the ruins of the home, still staring at the prize which should consummate his career.



"NO DOUBT HE WOULD MAKE A GOOD GOVERNOR, SIR."

of sharper that the country afforded, hired by princely pay for what they could steal by outwitting the representatives of the people and especially this one man. The governor's work was not for a benevolent old gentleman. It may be different in some other states, but we are killing governors at 45. Nevertheless, Sam Wilson wanted the governorship for our section and began to call for it most heartily. At the northern end of the state there was some tendency to demur at first, but the general drift of events seemed favorable to us. There would be no difficulty in finding the proper candidate, the Herald asserted.

undecided and, in spite of the assaults of his friends, still with a leaning to decline, which they hoped to encourage. The Johnsonville men, in the meantime, posted back to Wilson in alarm. "He's obstinate as the temperature vote," said one of them. "He says he can't afford it; it will cost him \$25,000 a year out of the business and he never was much on luxuries." "What if it does?" said Sam. "He can afford it, can't he? Now, I tell you what I'd do if I were in this thing. I'd get the people started. The people want Holcomb, or they will want him, and it's about time they were heard from. You go over and get up a routing citizens' meeting in Johnsonville and let him hear from it. That's what I'd do."

