A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATE

A Journal Writer Accompanies Governor Chamberlain on His Vote-Getting Campaign

By Hugh Hume.

IT WOULD not surprise me a bit if the veracious and impartial biographer said of Governor Chamberlain that he was a statesman—and this without reference to the fact that all successful politicians are epitaphical statesmen. If we ever have the pleasure and profit of reading the autobiography of George E. Chamberlain it is Bohemia nuggets to Hood River spuds that we will find this set down: "Believing that an officeholder should be as honest as a private citizen, I have tried to discharge the duties to which I was elected in the interests of the whole people."

Whether or not the people agree with this statement of principle will be decided tomorrow.

Like many prominent, well-known, leading and common or garden variety of citizens, I had met Governor Chamberlain; but it was not until one soft, balmy day last week that I had ever known George Chamberlain. There's a difference in that distinction. The governor is an opinionated, big, clear-sighted, approachable, sagacious politician, to whom every question has two sides, but just one solution. "George" is a gentle, likable, upright man, whom his friends love and against whom his political enemies can bring no charge more dishonorable than that he is a Democrat.

At 5 o'clock on Tuesday Candidate Chamberlain arose to take up the burden of convincing the voters that the man who was expected to be the governor of all the people after his election did not have to be such an "all-fired partisan before the ballots were counted." And that thought is worth board and lodging in any man's mind.

Non-Partisan Governor.

Those of us who are fighting Chamberlain with all the weapons that nature and party animus can provide because he is a Democrat will expect, the moment he is elected, that he will put away his partyism and treat us exactly as he does the fellows who are out whooping it up for him. And I think he will.

At 12 o'clock his train reached Cottage Grove; there was a big crowd at the station, and in the gentle breeze the flags and bunting, that made the town look as pretty as a girl on graduation day, shook out their parti-colored folds; the warm sun coaxed the buds to burst and the air was rose sweet. A truthful citizen told me that the flood of sunlight that cheered the populace as Governor Chamberlain got off the train was the first that Cottage Grove had seen in some days.

The governor blushed with pleasure when he saw the great gathering.

"Big crowd; fine, isn't it?" he whispered to Game Warden Baker, who was among the first to shake hands with him.

"Yep; fairish; the circus has just come."

True; the unrivaled, unequaled and unexcelled aggregation of equines, canines and felines of Burch & Reiss had come to dispute with the candidate the question of popularity.

The Smile Wore Off.

The smile hid itself in the corners of the governor's mustache.

"That," he said, "settles the meeting."

"Oh, I guess not," said "Bob" Veatch—you have seen him mentioned as the Hon. R. M. Veatch, but he's Bob to man, woman and child all over Lane county—"the people of Cottage Grove would rather hear the tiger than see the elephant any day."

But when a man expects to be the whole show, a circus is discouraging.

"It's like a fellow going to call on his best girl and finding the other fellow there ahead of you," said the governor.

But the smile came back as the people of Cottage Grove came up to shake hands.

The nice things the people of that pretty town said to the governor were worth a thousand party newspaper encomiums. They were earnest and sincere and came straight from the heart of farmer and miner and business man and artisan.

"You did what you promised, George, and you're all right." That was about the burden of it.

It sounded mightily like the applause of a good conscience.

The walk from the station to the hotel was slow; hand shaking, shoulder patting, story telling, and "harking back" took time.

"George, you didn't have much to eat this morning," said J. D. Matlock, who used to teach the boys who are now the men of Cottage Grove, "and you'd better come along and have a bite."

Friendship That Would Keep.

"In a minute; I want to talk to Gray. I knew him—How long ago was it, Gray?"

"Nearly 20 years, George."

"Well, then, that friendship will keep," cried Bob Veatch; "if you don't eat you can't speak. The crowd will go to see the elephant."

Governor Chamberlain enjoyed his walk through that town, and with reason. He shook hands with everybody, and everybody's "howd'ye" was good to hear.

"You don't remember me," said an old woman, as the governor shook hands with her.

"Yes, I do. I saw you when I was on my 'promising' tour here four years ago."

"That's right, and I'm glad to learn that your performance was as good as the promise. I got another vote for you since you were here. My new son-in-law. We had a dispute about the 'obey' in the marriage ceremony, and I said no daughter of mine would promise to obey any man—not unless he'd vote for George Chamberlain."

The crowd laughed.

"Did he promise?"

One Vote Sure.

She nodded. The judges of election can count that vote now.

"That's something like the young fellow who spoke to me at Prairie City," said the governor. "'Pop's out at the mill, and couldn't come to hear you,' said he, 'but he told me to thank you for what you did for him and tell you we were with you.'

"'What did I do for him?' I asked. And then he told me his name. When I was clerk of Linn county I issued the marriage license to his father and mother.

"'I've been brought up a Republican,' the young fellow continued, 'but a George E. Chamberlain Republican.'"

At the hotel there was another reception, congratulations, reminiscences and stories.

"There's a lot of men in from Bohemia to hear you, governor," said a bronzed giant, "and the boys who couldn't come want us to tell them what you said."

"Bohemia district is about 35 miles from here, isn't it? Well, that's coming some. But when I spoke at Canyon City some of the boys rode over 75 miles to hear me."

"We'd have done that, too, governor; all right, if there had been any call for it."

"Thank you." If the governor is beaten he will still have as many warm friends as the ordinary man makes in a long life.

"You aren't eating, governor," cried Veatch, who watches over Chamberlain with a nurse's solicitude.

"I've almost forgotten the habit. It's a long time between meals, sometimes, and it's good to be able to eat when you reach a hotel, and have no desire for food when there is none in sight. Political campaigning is a good deal like war in that respect."

Would Know the Vote.

Going toward the hall where the governor was to speak, another procession formed, and the progress was really a series of small receptions.

"George," said a grizzled man wearing a small bronze button, "we may not all be with you, but a lot of us are for what you have done for the old Soldiers' home. And I want to tell you that if you get a majority of one vote you'll know where it came from." He held on to the governor's hand while speaking.

"I'm afraid the circus will spoil the meeting," said the governor after thanking the veteran.

"Not a bit; Democrats, Republicans, Populists and Withycombe men all want to hear you. We're Chamberlain non-partisans in Cottage Grove."

"Well, at Prairie City I got a pleasant surprise. On the platform sat a lot of Republicans, and they really led the applause. But what do you think was one of the nicest things that happened on my entire trip? You'd never guess. Well, sir, at John Day the Republican mayor introduced me and said some very pleasant things, too, and then sat on the platform beside me. I shall never forget that courtesy to a political opponent."

"Maybe he isn't," suggested Matlock.

Cottage Grove has a lot of things of which she has occasion to be proud; one is the band, a clever lot of musicians; the other is a man who built a fine brick structure on the main street to accommodate a handsome maple.

Warm Friendly Audience.

The band played a lot of airs, and then the crowd trooped into the hall. Don't believe the stories that say that Chamberlain's meetings are small, the people cold and unresponsive. Notwithstanding the counter attraction of the circus, the hall was crowded; all sorts and conditions of men and women were there, and the applause was frequent, spontaneous, and hearty. The speech the governor made was plain, earnest, understandable; it was, as he said, a report of his stewardship. He spoke of the promises he had made four years ago.

"Here is what I have done," he said, "You know if I have kept my promises."

"You bet you have," cried an old man. And "That's right," shouted others.

It was slow freight to Eugene, where the governor was to speak in the evening. While waiting for the train the people who had been to the circus came over to shake hands.

One old chap was apologetic.

"George," he said," "you won't mind my going to the circus with the babies? Here, he called to a little girl, "come and shake hands with the governor. She's one of my grandchildren." The old man was proud of her.

She came forward shyly and put out her hand.

"You'd vote for Governor Chamberlain?" said the grandfather.

"Yeth, thir. I'll vote for you some day."

"This was to have been my last campaign," said the governor, "but I'll make another tour for your sake when you are ready to vote."

Many Friends at Dayton.

"One of the nice things that happened on my trip was at Dayton," continued the governor. "A half holiday was declared, and the boys and girls set to work and decorated the town; the Republicans and Democrats united in the meeting, and after the speeches we had a banquet at which men and women of all parties sat.

"Of Sheridan, too, I will always have kindly remembrance. There was a big time, and everybody seemed pleased. And the mayor introduced me, and said some very kindly things about me and my administration."

"Well, that wasn't so unusual, was it?"

"No—no. Still, he's a Republican."

When the governor reached the pretty and hustling city of Eugene in the caboose, there wasn't a soul in sight. No one knew he would arrive until late. A merry-go-round was making glad the hearts of young Eugene in a lot on the way to the hotel.

"Hi, there's the gov'nor!" yelled a boy; the organ struck up a gay tune and the reception was on. Chamberlain is popular in the chief city of Lane, and it took him half an hour to travel the four or five blocks to the hotel. There another crowd had gathered and it was late before the candidate got a chance to snatch a bite.

"Tired?" asked one of his friends.

"Not a bit. Never get tired. Once in a while, when the trip is long, like the one I made from Canyon City to Baker City by mountain wagon and train, I get a bit sleepy, but I don't wear out."

And Then to Office Business.

And when he arose to speak in the theatre before one of the biggest crowds that had been gathered in Eugene he certainly gave no signs of wear and tear. About 10 o'clock he left the meeting; then there were conferences with Chairman Travis and other committeemen until a late hour.

About 11:30 one of the men said:

"Well, governor, you'd better get to bed and enjoy a night's rest. Your train leaves at 6 o'clock."

"My train leaves at 2:45," said the governor. "I've got to get to Salem and do a lot of work tomorrow morning. And I've got to be in Portland tomorrow to receive that beautiful monument that was raised to the memory of our brave boys who fought and died in the Philippines."

That was one day in the life of a candidate.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN

Jay Gould Talks Tennis to a Journal Correspondent

(By a Staff Writer.)

IT is a far day from the time that Jay Gould sold rattraps to the farmers of the east and the moment that this other Jay Gould faced the champion tennis player of England on the courts of the crack Queen's club.

The descendant of the first Jay Gould, whose childhood, early manhood and sturdy old age were spent in a desperate battle to gather wealth, and who for the greater part of his years never allowed his mind to wander from his life purpose, has none of his ancestor's money-grubbing peculiarities. True, Jay Gould is a sport—a golf player, a polo-ist of note, a swimmer—but first and foremost a tennis player. That is how I came to meet him and get his views of English and American tennis, shortly after he suffered his one defeat in this country at the hands of the English champion, Eustace Miles.

Young Gould lost no honor in the match; he made a splendid fight, but didn't have it in him to upset Eustace.

Congratulates the Winner.

The young millionaire sportsman was the first to congratulate his clever opponent.

"You're good," he said. "I gave the best I had, but the better man won. I'll try you again, though."

"Good for you," said Miles. "I'll practice up."

Young Gould probably had a shade the worst of it. New conditions of courts, weather, crowd and balls make a difference.

I asked him to tell me for The Sunday Journal how the English game compared with the American.

"The games are identical as to plays, courts and everything but the balls. I find that the English ball cannot compare with ours. The American tennis ball is filled with twine, whereas the English one is stuffed with bits of rag. This makes it slow and misleading. It is not so well made nor as quick as ours."

"What are the main differences between American and English tennis players?" I asked.

English Players Careless.

"English players, as a rule, do not seem to conserve their energies as well as they might," replied Gould; "they knock the ball about the court more or less promiscuously, whereas American players try to make every stroke count.

"The Americans are swifter and more skillful in serving, and play a snappier game altogether. Some of the English players, however, put up magnificent tennis, and I have had to work very hard to win as many victories as I have. I only began playing tennis four years ago. I have a fine court at Lakewood, and learned under the coaching of Forester, who accompanied me to England.

"I am very enthusiastic on the subject of tennis," continued Gould, "and have given up polo and all other games for it.

"I intend going to France, where I will meet the well-known French champion, M. de Laize. He is a left-handed player, and will have a decided advantage in this respect. He meets and plays against hundreds of right-hand players; but I have never played a left-handed man before. However, I feel pretty confident of keeping my end up."

Young Gould did not seem worried about meeting Miles, the world's amateur champion. As the encounter demonstrated, the American has a brilliant future. He beat Miles in the first part of the game, the score standing 6 to 6 in favor of the younger man; but Gould's extreme youth told against him, and in the end it is conceded that Miles won by sheer hardness of muscle and staying po[illegible].

JAY GOULD AND HIS CONQUEROR, EUSTACE MILES

The Best Ways to Escape Seasickness

JUST now, when thousands of persons are planning their first voyage across the ocean, seems a proper time to present the best attainable information about seasickness, and how to limit, at least, the force of attacks of that distressing malady. Even so-called "seasoned" ocean travelers and sailors themselves do not escape these seizures. Lord Nelson, the great British naval commander, confessed that he never started on a voyage without suffering in this way.

Scientifically, the cause of seasickness is the disturbance of the pneumogastric nerve actuating the digestive tract caused by the change from the firm and stable footing furnished by solid land to the yielding and insecure surface of a ship's deck. Many persons experience the same symptoms while traveling in a rapidly-moving, swaying train.

The effort to maintain the body's equilibrium in these changed conditions brings on nausea.

In the first place, common sense should direct one, at the outset of a voyage, to seek that part of the ship that is least affected by the motion of the sea. This is amidships, where a gentle rising and falling motion is nearly always apparent, even in the calmest weather, but where pitching and rolling motions are the least noticeable.

But in taking such a position, on deck or in a stateroom, one should be careful to keep away from greasy and disagreeable odors from the engine-room. When on deck, the companion-way is especially to be avoided.

Persons endowed with strong minds and great powers of concentration may often cheat this terror of ocean travel by walking the deck steadily during the first hours of the voyage, persistently yielding their whole body to the motion of the vessel, thus creating a sense of being a part of it. A great many travelers find that this practice is certain to render them immune during the whole voyage.

Another method, which demands some sacrifice of dignity, is to lie down at full length on the deck, preferably on the back. Directly this position is taken the pitching and tossing seem suddenly lessened, and the dreadful premonitory symptoms generally pass off.

To enable passengers to keep the horizontal position on the roughest sea some successful experiments were carried out on two of the English channel steamers with a self-leveling sea bunk.

By means of an automatic electrical arrangement, the berth is kept perfectly horizontal, even in the heaviest sea.

While some passengers successfully ward off the dreaded attack by lying full length, or by reclining with eyes closed in a deckchair, others find it better to remain erect, to fix the eye on the horizon or a distant ship, to walk about, hum a tune, talk, breathe deeply, timing the inhaling and exhaling of the breath with the rise and fall of the ship. It is, however, a bad thing to fix the eyes on the water rushing past the side of the vessel, the noise of motion thus aroused often upsetting persons who would otherwise have undertaken the voyage in comfort.

A remedy which has stood nearly half a century's trial is the spinal ice-bag invented by Dr. Chapman. After carefully studying the subject, he came to the conclusion that the vomiting was caused by an excess of blood in the nervous centers of the back, "especially in those segments of the spinal cord related to the stomach and the muscles concerned in vomiting."

To lower the temperature, and so lessen the amount of blood locally, he designed a long, narrow bag with three pockets, so that the ice should not fall to the bottom of the bag. The mouth is closed tightly by a clamp to prevent the escape of water, and the spinal ice-bag is attached to the back by means of tapes.

A more practicable remedy, and probably a more efficacious one, is the wearing of a tight abdominal belt. Medical men are agreed as to the necessity of compressing the abdominal regions, at least in the early stage of the voyage, until the stomach has become accustomed to the pitching of the vessel. An ordinary [illegible] will do equally as well, provided it is [illegible] very tightly.

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