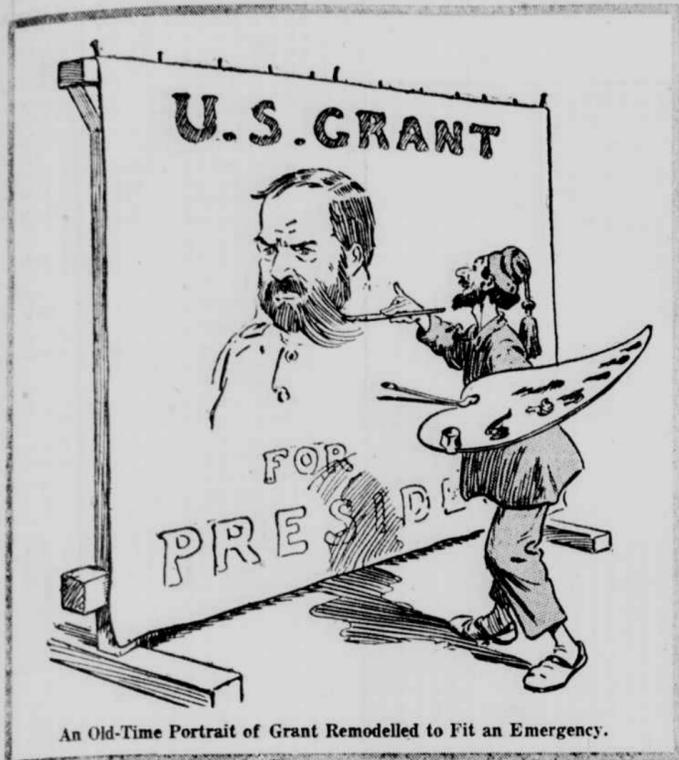


HIKING WITH HUGHES; A CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

"Stop the Train," Cried the Local Candidate for Congress. "If You Don't, I'm Ruined;" but the Special Went On and On

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD
Illustrations by L. M. Glackens.



An Old-Time Portrait of Grant Remodelled to Fit an Emergency.

you with rage. Your consummate, your sole desire is for rest and privacy.

A Candidate may have no desires. Hughes knows that. If West Berlin demands him upon exhibition at 5:43 a. m. he must be ready, smiling and loquacious. No matter if he did have to stay on show last night until long after midnight because the M. S. L. P. Q. was two hours late and Centropolis, having no need to take thought of the morrow and having been promised words of cheer from the Nation's Chief Travelling Exhibit, lingered about the Union Depot. Centropolis has votes. And so has West Berlin. A thousand Centropolises and a thousand West Berlins and you have the balance of the voting power. Where is one to risk breaking that delicate balance rod?

At 6.30 o'clock Louis, the coffee-colored porter on our car, was tapping at my stateroom door.

"We'll be at Ellis in fifteen minutes," said he softly. "Governor's going to give them a little talk."

FORTY MILES AN HOUR—AND A STATION PLATFORM FILLED WITH VOTERS.

Western Kansas was slipping past at forty miles an hour—wheat fields, corn fields; ranch houses, trim schools and churches dotting them. It was that early hour in the morning which requires mental effort as well as physical for dressing. But the Candidate was primed and ready, as fit as for a walk down Connecticut Avenue in the days when he was still an associate on one of the most distinguished law courts in all the world.

And if the Candidate was ready, how about his hearers? They must have been up before the dawn, driving their little cars—sometimes their milk trucks, too, out from their trim little houses to get to Ellis in time to see the man who would be President. They were at Victoria, where we stopped forty minutes later. They were at Russell, where we did not stop. And therein tragedy began.

The Special shot through Russell at twenty-five miles an hour, and the local candidate for Congress shot into the

fences. He had slipped aboard the special back at Ellis.

"I'm a gone goose if this sort of thing goes on," he said to me, sadly. I took a second look at him. He was immense—a stage Congressman—as Tom Wise might rig himself to fit the part. Large of feature and figure, this B.; his boots decently black and honestly square toed, his derby squarely blocked, his broadcloth expansive, his black string tie and Senatorial collar, together expressive. Upon his golden watch chain there dangled the emblems of many of the fraternal orders of Kansas. B. was impressive—ordinarily. Ordinarily, he knew he was impressive, telling of his fat Kansas acres and how he had grown up with "his people." Just now he was not impressive. He appeared to be both badly scared and badly rattled.

THE TRAIN MASTER PULLS THE EMERGENCY CORD OUT OF SHEER PITY.

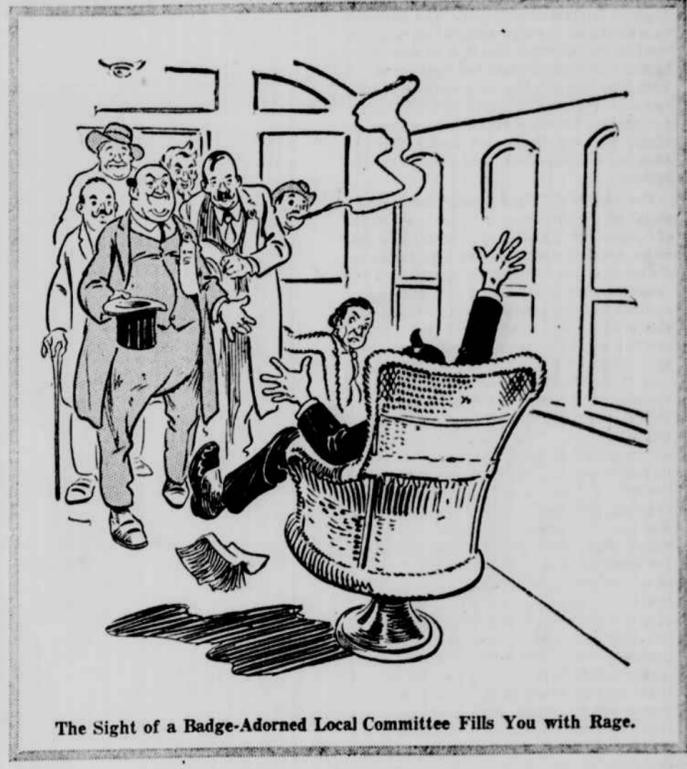
Another town showed itself. There were more folks at the yellow depot, but the Special hesitated not. The Congressional aspirant was close to tears.

"My Lord," he groaned, "stop the train. If you don't I'm ruined."

The train master, who sat at breakfast coffee in the car, was human. He had a heart. He reached for the emergency cord and pulled it twice. We stopped—almost abruptly. The men, the women, the girls, the boys and the little children came running down the right of way. The Candidate pushed aside his oatmeal; his wife did likewise. They made their way to the observation platform of their car. There was applause, the waving of small flags—then the customary speech for three-minute stops.

But before we were well away from the little town the Candidate's manager was in the business car. He was perturbed—to put it mildly.

"Who stopped this train?" he demanded. "The Governor isn't going to wear out his throat talking to every crossroads in Kansas. He isn't peddling soap or making a house-to-house canvass. You stick by the schedule hereafter."



The Sight of a Badge-Adorned Local Committee Fills You with Rage.

It was Fate that drove me East with the Hughes party. Over the entire land rested the shadow of a railroad strike, overwhelming in its dimensions, awe-inspiring in its possibilities. That shadow was driving the tourist camps of Colorado into a near-panic. Folk were flocking down into Denver from the recesses of the Rockies; they were lining themselves four deep around the counters of the city ticket offices of the east-bound railroads. A man from Cleveland was the proudest thing in the whole length of Seventeenth Street. He had two whole staterooms—two—whole—staterooms—he said it slowly in the excess of his pride—on the best trains all the way from that city to his home one. He had reason for pride. Women were begging uppers and rejoicing when they got them. All the while the Pullman people were hurrying extra cars up to Denver. But it is a long distance there from Chicago or San Francisco and the other centres of reserve equipment. The tourist panic was comparable with that in Europe two years ago, at the outbreak of the great war. For the strike peril had come atop of the usual eastbound Labor Day rush—in itself the largest seasonal railroad traffic in America.

AN OFFER OF A WHOLE STATEROOM WHEN UPPER BERTHS WERE AT A PREMIUM.

In such a dilemma what was a mere man—an expressman at that—to do? Fate and the Hughes party saved me. A railroad man, a kindly soul, was to convey the party East from Denver to Kansas City on Thursday night. His business car was to be attached to the train. If I cared to go, there would be a stateroom in the business car for my exclusive use. He spoke a few words in modest praise of the cook upon his car. Would I care to occupy that stateroom from Denver to Kansas City?

Would I care to ride in that big, airy stateroom? Does a duck ever take to water? On the spot I nailed that railroad. And that night at 8:45 I found myself on one of the long train platforms of the Union Station in Denver. A pompous little switch engine was backing the special into place. It had come down late that afternoon from Loveland, where the Candidate had been sandwiched in between a horse trot and a loop-the-loop aeroplanist. And while its cars were being cleaned and iced the Candidate was being whirled out over the streets and parks of lovely Denver.

Finally he was back. The newspapermen who followed resolutely in his wake also were back. The entire party were cluttered aboard the train and we were off. It was not the first time that I had run into the Hughes party. For four weeks I had been cutting in and out of the big Northwest and Hughes had been in evidence. When I started West and made my first stop at Detroit I noticed that the City Hall bore a large canvas representation of the Candidate—evidently an old-time painting of U. S. Grant remodelled to fit an emergency. Certainly those whiskers upon the tower of the City Hall of Detroit were not the

whiskers of Hughes. But the welcome that Detroit held for the Candidate more than overshadowed the art of its most eminent sign painters.

At Spokane the artist had run closer to tradition—and to fact. There was no mistaking the bewhiskered Hughes image which remained pendant in the lobby of the Davenport, rosetted by flags and flanked by flowers—flowers in the regal abundance so peculiar to the Northwest. And when I was come to Portland the Candidate—all the members of his party too—was being whisked out over the Columbia River Highway. To go to Portland and not to take that glorious ride out upon its new highway to Multnomah Falls and beyond is to commit *leze majesty*. For the Candidate to have missed that drive would have been political suicide.

IT HAS BEEN TRULY SAID THAT A CANDIDATE HAS NO MORE PRIVACY THAN A GOLDFISH.

That is one of the worst of several bad features of being a Candidate. You may have no desire to see the local attractions—not even a marvel highway which ties itself into double bowknots and does other stunts of a similar nature in an evident desire to be rated as the eighth wonder of the world. Your own



Every Blessed One of Them Hot Under the Collar and Ready to Vote for Wilson.

desire is probably to bar the door of your hotel room for an indefinite number of hours—against office-holders, office-seekers, reporters, camera devils, all the rest of 'em. You want to be alone. You remember that it has been written that a Candidate can have no more privacy than a goldfish and you now know that this was not humor, but grim truth. You are sick of boulevards, bored with parks, surfeited with fancy foods—the mere sight of a badge-adorned local committee begins to fill

Union Pacific's business car at only a little slower rate of speed.

"Three hundred people at the depot," he wailed. "And every blessed one of them hot under the collar and ready to vote for Wilson now."

It was serious business for the would-be Congressman. He was anxious to get to Washington. He had a strong anticipation, if you please. He had fought hard for nomination; he could not let election go by default. The aspirant—call him B.—was building his nice, new

"Why can't he just come out and show himself, without speaking?" demanded B.

The manager turned upon him—with a fine scorn that comes from many years of seasoned campaigning.

"That would be a swell thing to do," he muttered. "Get him out there like a scarecrow and have some hick on top of a boxcar yell: 'What's the matter with his whiskers? Can't he talk?'"

Thereafter the Special swept by most of the little towns that dot the path of

the Union Pacific across Kansas. Sometimes we stopped and sometimes there was a band. Other times we did not stop, and disappointment was written upon the faces of the folk who had come down to the depot. But the Candidate was not to be blamed, neither was his manager upon the train. It was impossible to stop at all the little towns. But the thing was not right. And the correspondents from the daily papers were telling what a quick decision the Governor had made back to Utah. A limousine had been provided for him to ride in from the railroad station to the hotel. A nice sort of vehicle that for a Candidate who was giving the West its first opportunity to gaze upon his features. Hughes acted with characteristic promptness. He ordered his police escort out of an open touring car and into the limousine. He rode in the open car. His whiskers waved proudly in the Mormon Valley and the day was saved.

MORE THAN SCENERY IS REQUIRED IN THE MAKING OF A FIRST-PAGE STORY.

The newspaper correspondents were a study. They filled two sleeping cars in the centre of the train, the big observation car—the *Constitution*—being reserved for the Candidate, his wife and their immediate entourage. One of

was immense. To garner in the reporters of a group of the leading papers of the country and show them the scenic wonders of a truly beautiful place would mean first page stories. But, alas! only one first page story came out of it. On the day that the Candidate first arrived he had gone down to the dining room of the hotel, only to find that it was operated on the American plan and that its doors were already closed. He had had some little difficulty in getting breakfast for his wife and himself. The correspondents put that upon their wires. Thereafter they sat back and cursed the hotel and all that had to do with it.

The trouble was not with Colorado, not even with the hotel. There is no lovelier place in the entire Rocky Mountain district. The real trouble was that a full blooded, wide awake newspaper man, with his nerves keyed to tension and his appetite for real news, has little use for scenery of any sort. He wants stories. He is not a descriptive writer. He is a reporter. And the twenty alert men fumed while the politicians rested. Thereafter they were out of humor until the Missouri River was reached and the expedition began to be full of "pep" once more.

KANSAS POLITICIANS ADORN THE LUNCHEON TABLE OF THE CANDIDATE AND HIS WIFE.

At Topeka—some sixty miles west of the Missouri—the enthusiasm began to assume sizeable dimensions. All the way down across Kansas it had been rising. At Salina and at Abilene, where the Candidate spoke during train stops, the crowds were more than friendly. At Topeka there was a genuine demonstration. We had been warned of it. For throughout the entire day the train had been thronged with advance agents telling of what Eastern Kansas would do. They buttonholed the correspondents in their little cubby-holes and they marched unabashed into the Candidate's private car. That car was supposed to be a refuge for the Candidate. But the Kansas politicians were obdurate. They swept through it in obstinate tides, at times fairly hanging over the luncheon table of the Candidate and the Candidate's wife. Finally, in desperation, he appealed to his personal Secret Service man.

"I can't stand it any longer," he whispered to him. "I've got to have a little rest."

And the Secret Service man went on personal guard at the door of Governor Hughes's stateroom, and never relaxed his vigilance all the way into Topeka.

There were times on the tour when the advance arrangements for the reception of the Candidate were anything but complete—that incident of the limousine back there in Utah was all too typical. Recriminations had been passed. The local committee would blame headquarters back in New York and New York would point its finger toward the National Committee. There was no need for recriminations at Topeka. An unusual welcome had been