

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE, HIS WIFE AND SNAPSHOTS TAKEN DURING CANDIDATE'S STRENUOUS DAY IN PORTLAND.

PRESS CLUB LIKES MR. HUGHES' WAY

"A Regular Fellow" Is Sport Writer's Comment and Fellow-Workers Agree.

BRIEF TALK IS HUMOROUS

Escort of Editors Accompanies Distinguished Visitor From Hotel. Scores Are Presented—Publisher Complimented.

"Say, boys, he's a regular fellow." This spontaneous exclamation by Richard Sharp, a second assistant sporting writer on one of the local papers, immediately after he had been introduced to Charles E. Hughes, at the Press Club reception yesterday afternoon, just about presents the composite private opinion that the newspaper men and their friends gained of the candidate in the half hour that he was their guest.

Governor Hughes spoke only briefly at the Press Club meeting. He devoted most of his time to a handshaking excursion into the hearts of his hosts. It was an occasion when members of the press, regardless of their political beliefs and oblivious of the political preferences of the papers they are working for, joined in a tribute to one of the foremost private citizens of the country.

Editors Form Escort. Mr. Hughes was escorted from the Benson Hotel across the street to the Press Club headquarters in the Elks' building by O. C. Leiter, president of the club, and Horace E. Thomas, city editor of The Oregonian. A great crowd filled Broadway. They cheered his exit from the hotel and pressed around him as he ignored a waiting automobile and covered the short distance on foot. A squad of policemen had to open the way for him.

On entering the clubrooms he was conducted to the club's register and signed his name on a page of the name book that contains the signatures of the three men who immediately preceded him in the office to which he aspires. He was conducted through the billiard room and onto the platform in the assembly room through a rear door. Loud cheers greeted his arrival. President Leiter called the crowd close up to the platform and was about to introduce the candidate when a precocious youngster wearing a big Hughes button and standing in the very front row insisted on a personal presentation. Mr. Leiter picked the lad up in his arms, and Mr. Hughes took both his hands in his and beamed a broad smile through his justly celebrated whiskers.

The boy is Perry Gardner Sheldon, 5 years of age. He is the son of Mrs. Eleanor G. Sheldon, of 322 Halsey street.

Press Speech Humorous. The Press Club speech demonstrated Mr. Hughes' keen sense of humor. It was a speech bristling with delicate witticisms at the persistence with which the newspaper men pursue the fortunes of a man in public life, but without, contained a distinct vein of kindly sentiments for the men of the profession and an appreciation of the service they perform.

"The newspaper men," he said, "are intensely loyal and patriotic. They are skeptical, of course, and observing, but fundamentally sound."

After less than 10 minutes of formal speaking Mr. Hughes descended from the platform and shook hands with some of the personal comment with which he greeted various individuals reflect not only his keen wit but aptly illustrate the character of the man.

"How is Salem? Sorry I can't stop there this trip," he observed to Mayor Louis Lachmund, of the Capital City. "That would be too much of a good thing," he said to J. P. Finley, who wished him "eight years in the White House."

"So you make newspaper men to order," he said to J. P. Dymont, professor of journalism at the state university. He paid particular comment to the volunteer soldiers when L. A. Farnsworth, a newspaper man who has enlisted for service on the Mexican border, was presented. Mr. Farnsworth urged him to attach the Democratic party's stand on the Mexican border.

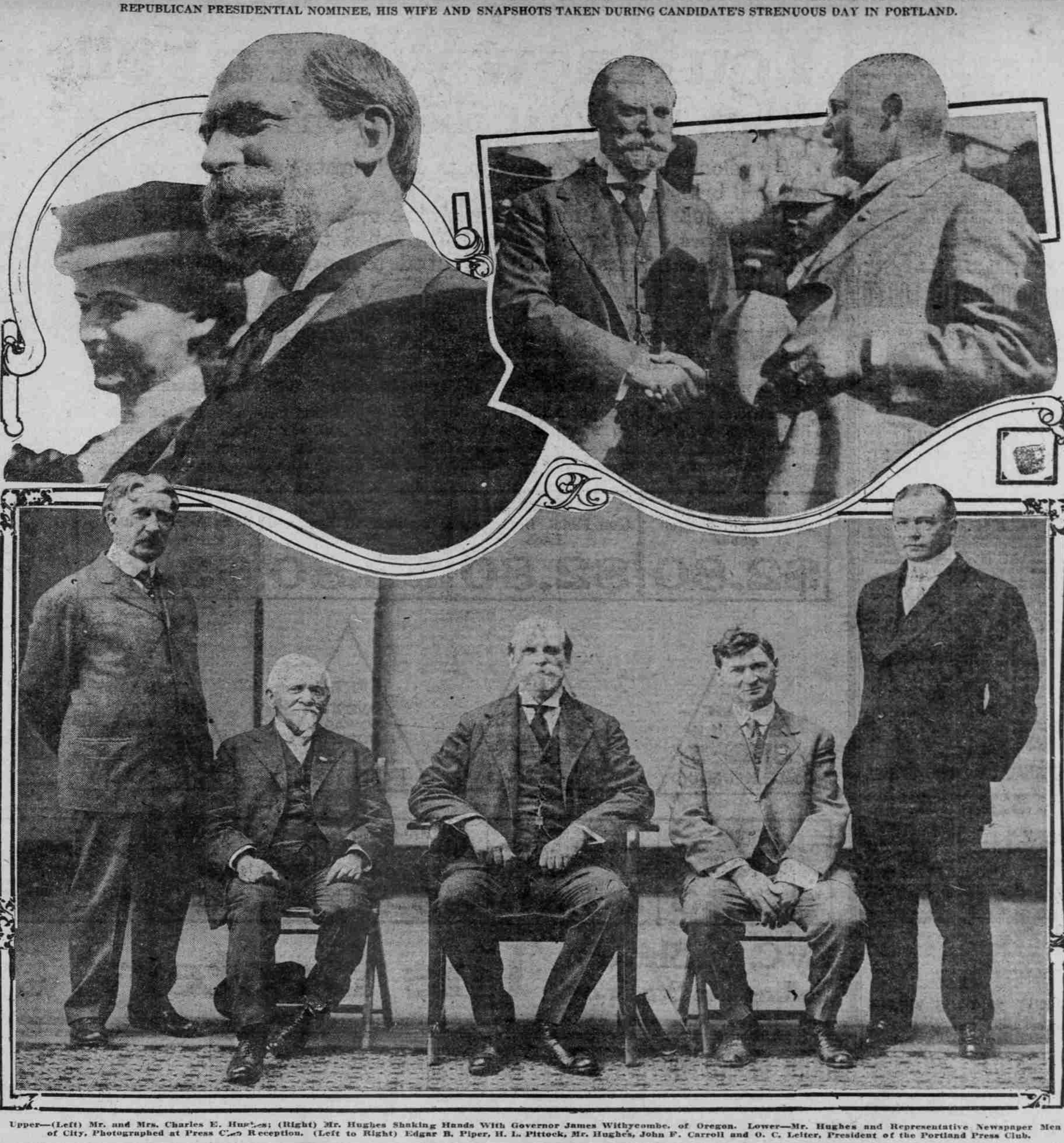
"Did you read my speech in this morning's paper?" he replied. "Well, I'm glad to meet the Democrats," he laughed on shaking hands with Emeritus Verasteg, well-known Democratic warhorse. Equally cordial was his greeting to Judge Sam White, Democratic state chairman, and Judge Thomas C. Burke, Collector of Customs.

"Yes, I've seen your work," he said to "Tige" Reynolds, cartoonist on The Oregonian. "That's a record to be proud of," he said to Addison Bennett, who was presented as "the best-known newspaper man in Oregon."

He held a brief private conversation with Ralph R. Dunaway, who studied law under Judge Hughes at Cornell University. "Why, I've met you before," he called out as Frank S. Grant came in sight. Mr. Grant argued a number of cases before the United States Supreme Court when Judge Hughes was in Portland and Mr. Hughes was a Supreme Court Justice.

Publisher Is Complimented. He held an extended conversation with H. L. Pittock, publisher of The Oregonian, who appeared as one of the newspaper men, and he complimented Mr. Pittock on his many years of successful newspaper work. Afterwards Mr. Hughes was photographed with Mr. Pittock, Edgar B. Piper, managing editor of The Oregonian; John F. Carroll, editor of the Telegram, and O. C. Leiter, president of the Press Club and city editor of the Oregonian.

The full text of the Press Club speech follows: "I really did not come here to inflict upon you a speech, but to have the opportunity of meeting you personally. These are days full of demands for the Press Club. I have years of retirement in the only place on God's footstool where a man prominent in public life is free from the demands of the newspaper world (laughter). I left that place to step into the position in which I am constantly enjoying the friendship and companionship of most of the Press. "I was nominated on June 16, and they put me to bed that night and got up the next morning. I (laughter) have been with me ever since (laughter). I found myself when I was nominated in a position of extraordinary exposure. I was organized for a life of quietude. Suddenly all of Washington was at my door, and I told my wife I must get back to public life. So I went immediately for the mid-night train to New York, and I do not think my friends of the press knew that I was going to take a midnight



Upper—(Left) Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hughes; (Right) Mr. Hughes Shaking Hands With Governor James Withycombe, of Oregon. Lower—Mr. Hughes and Representative Newspaper Men of City, Photographed at Press Club Reception. (Left to Right) Edgar B. Piper, H. L. Pittock, Mr. Hughes, John F. Carroll and O. C. Leiter, President of the Portland Press Club.

THRONGS LINE TOUR

Newspapermen Say All Cities Enthusiastic for Hughes.

HIGHWAY GAINS NOTICE

Portland's Welcome of Nominee Is Declared Equal of Those Elsewhere, but Cordial Greeting Is Had at Every Turn.

RIDDLE TO HEAR MR. HUGHES

Republican Nominee Promises to Speak From Train.

RIDDLE OR, AUG. 16.—(Special.)

Through the personal effort of F. W. Riddle, the Riddle banker, who is a personal friend of Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee for President, Mr. Hughes has consented to make a two or three-minute speech from his private car to the people of Riddle on Thursday morning, August 17, at 10:55 A. M., on his way to San Francisco. Mr. Riddle wrote him at Spokane, Wash., asking if he would favor this village, and received a telegram from Mr. Hughes that he would. The Riddle band and all the people will be at the train to greet Mr. Hughes. Local sportsmen are combing the hills to obtain for the Republican nominee a ham of juicy venison.

TRAVELERS NEVER DELAYED

W. R. Van de Bogart is a passenger agent of the New York Central lines who is in charge of the three special cars that carry Governor and Mrs. Hughes, his physician, secretary and the corps of newspaper correspondents that accompany him on his swing around the circle.

MANY SEEK SITES IN WOODS

United States Forest Service Making Summer Homes Popular.

RED MEN ADDRESSED

Mr. Hughes Makes Brief Talk Before State Meeting.

POLICE GUARD MR. HUGHES

Portland Bluecoats Keep Close Watch While Visitor is in City.

ADMITTER IS THANKED

Governor, I'll remember this occasion as long as I live," said another man. Mr. Hughes thanked him. "Governor," said an elderly man, "I am mighty glad to meet you. I was married by your father, Rev. Mr. Hughes, at Oswego, N. Y., November 24, 1868. My name is J. J. Kennedy."

SECRET SERVICE WHISKERS PUZZLE

One of the secret service men accompanying Governor Hughes, Sylvester Brierton, temporarily on leave from the New York Post and Telegraph, wears whiskers something like those of the nominee. He stood directly opposite Governor Hughes, helping to keep the line moving. Some folks got a bit twisted and tried to shake his hand by mistake.

CHILDREN ARE GREETED

"Hello," was his friendly greeting to many of the boys. "how are you?" One tiny youngster, sitting in his father's arms looked big-eyed at the Governor as Mr. Hughes reached out with a smile and patted him on the cheek.

EIGHT POLES TO BE REMOVED

BAKER, Or., Aug. 16.—(Special.)—To co-operate in the improvement of Main street when the new combination single standard and cluster lights are installed, the Eastern Oregon Light & Power Company has agreed to remove all its poles from the street.

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GREETINGS WARM AT LOCAL RECEPTION

Mr. Hughes Shakes Hands of 2000 Persons Heartily and Says He Likes It.

ATTITUDE PLEASAS CROWD

Prominent Democrats in Throng Extend Good Wishes—Former Student Presented—Secret Service Whiskers Puzzle.

It is no exaggeration to say that Governor Hughes shook hands with at least 2000 persons while he was in Portland yesterday. And just about every time he shook hands, he made a vote then and there unless, of course, it was a vote that was already his. "Well, hardly. Nothing like that in the heartiness of the Hughes hand-clasp, the warmth of the Hughes smile and the kindly, humorous glint about the corners of his eyes. A twinkle like the Hughes twinkle could only come from plenty of twinkling of those same eyes for a good many years. One must get pretty tired of all this, but I do want to shake the hand of the next President," apologized one man of some 1300 persons who shook hands with him at the public reception in the Hotel Benson lobby just after his arrival here at 9:20.

"Tired? Not a bit of it. I like this," shot back the Governor. And he certainly appeared to like it. The faster they came the more he smiled and the more his eyes twinkled. For half an hour he smiled by him at the rate of from 25 to 35 to the minute, just as fast as two Secret Service men could keep them moving, and at the end of it Mr. Hughes apparently was as fresh as in the beginning.

Two Receptions Held. There really were two receptions. The first began at 9:21 and lasted until 9:51, half an hour exactly. Mrs. Hughes stood with her husband and shook hands with at least 1300 persons.

That was supposed to end the handshaking, but it didn't. Half an hour later so many persons had gathered in the lobby of the Benson and were fairly demanding a chance of meeting him that word was sent to Mr. Hughes in his suite upstairs. "I'll come down at once," he said, and he did.

This time Mrs. Hughes did not accompany him. The second reception lasted from 10:25 to 10:57, or 32 minutes. In the two receptions he shook hands with at least 1300 persons. One of those who waited in line to shake hands with Mr. Hughes was George A. Leveloy, Democratic National committee man to the St. Louis convention. There were other Democrats, too. One of them was Benjamin Brick, Democrat, of Salem, who came all the way to Portland to meet Mr. Hughes. He did more than that. That bright little eye of Mr. Hughes caught him right in the eye, warmed him, and, well, Benjamin Brick, Democrat, the next instant was wishing Governor Hughes the very best of luck and success.

Admitter Is Thanked. "Governor, I'll remember this occasion as long as I live," said another man. Mr. Hughes thanked him. "Governor," said an elderly man, "I am mighty glad to meet you. I was married by your father, Rev. Mr. Hughes, at Oswego, N. Y., November 24, 1868. My name is J. J. Kennedy."

"Well, I am glad to meet you," responded Mr. Hughes, with an extra handclasp. "I'll remember this occasion as long as I live," said another man. Mr. Hughes thanked him. "Governor," said an elderly man, "I am mighty glad to meet you. I was married by your father, Rev. Mr. Hughes, at Oswego, N. Y., November 24, 1868. My name is J. J. Kennedy."

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