

Money Makes the Donkey Go

By Jay Lovestone

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MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, Convention Hall, New York, June 27.—It was again a day of the dead at the Democratic convention.

If Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland and Wilson were available, they would win the nomination in a walkover. Not even the fastest or blackest steed would stand a chance against this quartet of dead heroes.

Even Jess Smith was recalled from Hades to lend a background of realism to the invocation of the spirits and to bring us up to date.

Temporary Chairman Harrison's flowery oratory was of no avail to him in getting the hothouse in order. There was much less enthusiasm and spirit amongst the delegates today than the little displayed yesterday.

Bankers Join Prayers.

The Right Rev. Thomas F. Gallor of Tennessee got right on the job and showered his daily dozen of blessings upon the heat oppressed delegates and galleries.

"Save us from every evil way," was the keynote of the heavenly address. On the platform well-fed bankers joined in the prayer for forgiveness.

Their appeals to Jesus were at times audible enough to give one the impression that God and Mammon had openly established a united front to save the Democratic party from evil spirits and sinister influences in the coming election.

Play for Woman Vote.

Mrs. Leroy Spring of South Carolina made the report of the credentials committee. It was unanimously adopted.

The play for the women's votes that the democratic machine is making was rather crudely evident when the temporary chairman made a plea for the unanimous consent of the convention in behalf of Miss May Kennedy of the Bronx, New York, being made permanent vice-chairman. He excused this procedure on the plea of his not having had a chance to see all his colleagues on the committee for action on his choice. Harrison's request was acceded to as planned.

Teapot Hero, Chairman.

Then Thomas Walsh, the Teapot Dome investigator, was introduced as permanent chairman of the convention. The oleaginous strategy of the democratic machine was obvious. It could be scented in every whirl of the wheels of the smooth running machinery of the convention.

But it required quite some effort to stir up for Walsh even as much enthusiasm as the announcement of Harrison for temporary chairman, evoked yesterday. The delegates seem to have lost their wind. The well-kept cliches seem to lack energy. Goading is necessary to get them into action and applause.

"A real democrat and the greatest investigator in the history of the country," shouted Harrison as the chosen committee escorted Walsh to the platform. After some delay the prepared demonstration got under way. Texas, Georgia and Iowa jumped to the front leading the hesitating procession. Alaska joined the fray to lend some woefully lacking enthusiasm and heat to the somewhat cold outburst. Hawaii soon got on the map.

California—the oil king Doheny's own satrapy—made a desperate effort to limp along in the march. Wyoming, sacred home of the Teapot Dome, pushed the Californians into line.

All in all, the parade betrayed weeks of preparation, which was apparently inadequate.

Walsh Invokes the Dead.

When Senator Walsh mounted the rostrum, he followed in the footsteps of the temporary chairman, his colleague, Senator Harrison, right after the dead. In mingling his appreciation of the dead leaders of the Democratic party with words of concern for the masses of the country, Senator Walsh exerted himself with visible and strained excess in such words:

"The nation expects you, yea demands of us, a leader who exemplifies the principles of government associated with Thomas Jefferson, a leader whose heart is attuned to the pulsations of those who labor on the farm and in the field, in the mills and workshops, at the forge and in the mines, at the desk and in the household, who heeds the cry of all the people for a larger life, rather than the plea of the few, the favorites of fortune, who are eager to exploit their fellows."

The permanent chairman then developed a trotting pace in his speech. Veiled praise of Wilson, the nailing of Hanna's and Aldrich's hides to their coffin covers, a bitter denunciation of Forbes, Fall, Daugherty, Felder, Mannington and Means, followed in quick succession.

A plea to return to the 14-point ideals of Wilson, was the occasion for another demonstration. This time the marchers displayed better discipline. To the ancient martial tune of "Over There! Over There! the Yanks Are Coming," Georgia, the Canal Zone, Kansas and Oklahoma fell in line for another hike around the Garden. Then someone in the galleries let loose a white dove. The innocent bird was rushed out as a symbol of the Wilsonian peace, as the personification of the peacemaker, who helped prepare the vicious Versailles treaty.

Hits Coolidge.

Walsh was really democratic in throwing bouquets at his friends, dead and living, big and small, and in throwing brickbats at his republican competitors of yesterday and tomorrow. He wallowed in a somewhat ineffective repetition of the republican corruption stories recited by Harrison yesterday. Coolidge was charged with having shielded delinquents "From the public odium which their derelictions have subjected them by joining in the hue against the investigations. His message on the subject had for its plain purpose the suppression of an inquiry into the official conduct of a member of his cabinet."

The time dishonored democratic tariff buncombe was offered as the remedy to end the agricultural crisis, in which 40 per cent of all farmers in South Dakota, 42 per cent in Colorado, 62 per cent in Montana, 51 per cent in Wyoming, and 25 per cent in Iowa and Minnesota were driven into virtual bankruptcy.

Flirting With "Progressives."

Additional light was shed on the tactics of the Democratic party towards the LaFollette insurgents. The democrats are angling to liquidate what is left of LaFolletteism after the last congressional session, in which the insurgent Republicans surrendered their identity and played into the hands of the senate and house democrats.

Referring to the "progressives," Walsh declared: "With their aid the democratic members of the congress wrote the revenue act lately approved in defiance of the recommendation of

the president and his secretary of the treasury. They encouraged, promoted and actively aided in the investigation of the executive department in conjunction with the democratic members and co-operated with them in securing appropriate action touching the revelations made by the various committees. They revolted against the choice of the majority of their party for the chairmanship of one of the leading committees of the senate and elevated a Democratic member to that place."

Little Love for League.

In harping on the further differences rending the republican party such as the lack of a uniform attitude toward the world court and the friction between Butler and Slep over campaign management, Walsh let the delegates look thru a key-hole, as it were, on the League of Nations plank of the democratic platform. He declared: "It is not necessary that we immediately join the league as it is that we abandon foolish antagonism to any world movement."

The address was closed with a formal plea for the return to the policies of Wilson in the name of the honor and the prosperity of the country.

Police Offer Free Air.

New York Police Commissioner Enright then rattled more skeletons and came to the rescue of the exhausted audience with an invitation to enjoy a thoro airing by taking a buss ride to the grave of Samuel J. Tilden, a dead democratic leader who was once president.

Motions on the organization of the national committee, the adoption of the rules of the convention with the two-third provision intact, and a vote of commendation for the keynote speech delivered by "the brilliant militant Mississippian," were quickly adopted.

Fireworks Begin.

Now it was time for the fireworks to begin. Victor H. Hanson of Birmingham, Ala., was the first to go to bat. His speech for Underwood was a scathing, tho covert, denunciation of McAdoo. Underwood was hailed as "free from embarrassing or entangling associations. His only employer for the past 25 years has been the people of the United States. "Very faint applause punctuated the address. Hanson assured the bankers seated behind him and all around him that Underwood would guarantee them foreign markets. A lame defense of Underwood's liberalism was the sole mask for his reactionary record. Senator Underwood is an open-shopper, a labor-hating southern steel magnate.

Klan Denounced.

When Hanson played his trump card, a denunciation of the Klan by name, a reading of the Underwood resolution against the hooded hooligans, there was a vigorous outburst of applause. However, it must be stated that the demonstration was participated in by nearly all the state delegations, among which there are said to be at least 100 Klan members. It was a most instructive piece of political camouflage and strategy to see Louisiana, the scene of the Baton Rouge Klan murders, Arkansas, Indiana, Ohio and other Ku Klux strongholds cheering lustily. But when the march started, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming first kept away and then were very slow to join the procession at all. When the Colorado standard-bearer attempted to fall in line he was pulled back into the fold. The band hastened the end of the performance by playing "America."

Interpret this anti-Klan demonstration as one may, it reveals one fact: McAdoo will come very near breaking his political neck before he will be able to hurdle his Klan affiliations as a barrier to his getting the nomination.

Charles H. Brough, of Arkansas, followed with the nomination speech for Senator Joe T. Robinson, a dark horse, and a native son. At the close the crowd lagged after the band with a vocal rendition of, "Weep no More, My Lady," in "My Old Kentucky Home."

Banker Nominates McAdoo.

The introduction of James D. Phelan, who has just hurried back from the French financial alleys of the Quay d'Orsay, brot the California delegates to their feet. They cheered wildly. They waved small flags with an imprint of a bear, the state emblem. Phelan, who was chosen to make the nomination speech for McAdoo, is one of the biggest bankers in the United States. Ex-Senator Phelan is the president of the Mutual Savings bank, a director of the First National bank and the First Federal Trust company of San Francisco, and the First National bank of San Jose.

McAdoo For Big Business.

"It was he who made the United States treasury the safeguard of honest business," said Phelan of the sham progressive McAdoo. He quoted Wilson rather lavishly in favor of his nominee. Phelan's speech was an arid recitation of the so-called favors of McAdoo to the railroad workers, the women and the farmers. He admitted, however, that the workers were not given all they deserved and remarked in a rather embarrassed tone: "What will Wall Street say about that?"

The nearest the Californian came to meeting the Klan issue was in paying half-hearted, transparent respects to the abstract rights of freedom of religious worship, speech, press and assembly.

Phelan wound up his laborious effort to bring back to life his dead candidate by boasting of his nominee's irrigation exploits and dragging his audience thru the Hudson tubes of New York, with which Mr. McAdoo was associated as a lawyer and as a broker. Mr. Phelan did not mention or refer to Doheny even once.

Demonstration Well-Staged.

Cow bells, goat bells, flag-flying, jazz band exercises, straw-hat and Nile green kerchief waving (the official McAdoo color), yells and cheers of considerable volume and well-placed in various sections of the arena greeted the mention of McAdoo as a nominee.

Four men bearing a sweet looking girl bedraggled with the red, white and blue, with flowing golden hair, a native daughter of California, a Hollywood beauty casting her charming glances promiscuously, headed what is, so far, the best-staged performance of the convention. The demonstration waxed hottest in each section as the heroine approached the delegates found there. It was the most cleverly manipulated upsurge of the show. A Negro, carrying the standard of Texas, followed close behind California. Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon and a solid group of southern states, were trailed. Six Illinoisians struggled along. Even Pennsylvania joined in time.

McAdoo and Money.

There was a loud, clear ring of heaps of hard, cold cash; there was the glowing lustre of much gold in the whole display of McAdoo sentiment, which lasted more than an hour. McAdoo and money seemed synonymous.

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