

MARK SULLIVAN: "John W. Davis Gains Strength as 'Go-Between' Nominee for Progressives and Conservatives in Democratic Convention"

"Liberal and Courageous Enough to Suit Labor and Has Wall Street Backing to Appease Conservatives."

Washington, April 12.—The last two weeks have been marked by expansion in the amount of talk about John W. Davis as a possible democratic nominee.

The occasion for this discussion was a letter he wrote in which Davis took the ground that he would not sever his connections with his clients in New York for the sake of qualifying himself for consideration by the democratic national convention.

The letter was merely the occasion for focusing discussion on Davis. More fundamentally the reasons for the consideration of Davis lie in the fact that a good many democratic leaders have come to foresee that there is likely to be in the convention a tug-of-war between the south and west and the east and north. Forcing this division these leaders pass on to the assumption that the candi-

dates ultimately chosen will be some one not formally identified with either group and at the same time not repugnant to either.

Up to the time of the publication of Davis' letter politicians regarded him as disqualified by the fact that he is a leading lawyer in New York and numbers among his clients large corporations, some of them affiliated with the Morgan banking interests.

The assumption that Davis was put out of the running by having gone to New York to practice law came largely from the McAdoo type of democrats.

Wilson was not in office a month before his attention was attracted to Davis' quality. Within six months after Wilson was inaugurated he appointed Davis to fill a vacancy in the office of solicitor general.

In 1918 the office of ambassador to Great Britain became vacant, and Wilson again turned to Davis. As ambassador to Great Britain Davis

had the common experience of ambassadors in having to spend much more money than he received as official salary. He was not a man of means, for the period of his active practice in West Virginia before he came to congress had not enabled him to accumulate any considerable amount of money. The result was that when his term as ambassador ended in 1921 he was a poor man. He took up the practice of law in New York to practice a competence.

Probably the reason this labor union came to Davis to represent it lay in the recollection of all labor unions that Davis as a congressman had taken what labor regards as a friendly view of public questions in which labor is interested.

Another episode in Davis' career that brought him to the friendly attention of the labor unions was the fact that Davis, as solicitor general of the United States, made the argument in favor of the constitutionality of the Adamson eight-hour law, the statute which establishes an eight-hour day for railroad employees.

NEAR WINNER IN 1920

Davis is essentially liberal, and courageous. On the occasion of a strike in the West Virginia coal mines Davis acted as counsel for "Mother" Jones and Eugene Debs when they were charged with sedition and inciting to riot, an action on his part which called for a good deal of courage, considering the place and the time.

Several years ago when Davis was a member of congress, he acted as chairman of the democratic state convention in West Virginia, which put the first woman suffrage plank in any democratic platform in that state. This, too, was an act that called for courage.

In 1920, when the democratic national convention was being held at San Francisco, Davis was still ambassador to Great Britain. In the prolonged balloting over the names of Cox, McAdoo and Palmer, Davis' name was put forward, and it was the opinion of thoughtful observers that if that convention had lasted a few ballots longer Davis would have been the nominee.

The fact that a letter from Davis should be able to take, as it did two weeks ago, a front page in current

political discussion argues on the part of the writer just those intellectual qualities which give a man the right to be called a leader, in the sense of intellectual leadership rather than organization leadership.

The letter was not intended for publication. It arose in the most casual way. Davis said:

"I conceive it to be the duty of the lawyer, just as it is the duty of the priest or surgeon, to serve those who call on him, unless, indeed, there is some insuperable obstacle in the way. No one in all this list of clients has ever controlled or fancied that he could control my personal or political conscience. It is an vain enough to imagine that no one ever will. The only limitation upon a right-thinking lawyer's independence is the duty he owes to his clients, once selected, to serve them without the slightest thought of the effect such a service may have upon his personal popularity or political fortunes.

"I must stand by my philosophy. What is life worth, after all, if one has no philosophy of his own to live it by? If one surrenders to win an office what will he live by after the office is won? Tell me that."

"Recently Published Letter Reveals Political Independence of Former British Ambassador; Refuses to Forsake Corporation Clients."

In another letter, not a widely circulated, which Mr. Davis wrote to another friend, in which he said:

"I can only say that, while there are many sacrifices a man might well make to be president of the United States, I cannot imagine any honor within the gift of man that is worth the surrender of one's personal or professional freedom and independence.

"One who would sacrifice his independence in order to gain the presidency would certainly not hope to regain it after he had entered on that office."

Practically all the substance there is to Davis' candidacy lies in his capacity to give out such thoughts as this. That capacity is real leadership.

A man who by a single offhand letter not intended for publication can cause all the country to talk about him and command him leadership of the true south. Davis has a rare and able mind. When he applies that mind to any set of conditions he can probe a little further toward the essential truth than ordinary minds.

If Davis is to get the nomination it must come through recognition of his qualities on the part of the country and on the part of the delegates. In the sense of organization, of going up and down the country seeking delegates there is no Davis candidacy.

About all there is in the way of organization is the activity of one man, Clem L. Shaver of Davis' home state of West Virginia. Shaver has organized a "Home Town Davis for President Club" in Clarksburg, and does what he can to get leading democrats, delegates and newspapers to think about Davis.

AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN

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INJUSTICE TO DAVIS.

To lay emphasis on the banking and corporation clients Davis has had for the last three years is a short-sighted and inaccurate view. It fails to take account of some of the other

H. G. WELLS: "Vulgar Force Stifles Thought in Spain, 'Midst Jealous Passiveness and Apparent Sanction of World's Eminent Scholars"

"King Alfonso, After Outrage on Education, Would Still Receive Gala Welcome at Oxford; Occupational Respect Lacking."

By H. G. WELLS.

Author of the Outline of History. Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee, London, April 12.—There is nothing greater in the world than thought, science, literature, what other glories has man? Yet the company of men of science, letters and art forms but the feeblest of republics throughout the world, is insignificant socially and politically and wins only posthumous respects.

The time may come when men will have a better sense of the values of things, when the writer, the artist, will be accorded something of respect. But that day when the philosopher or discoverer or great artist will be a

butterfly net, why we listen so greedily to rumor of vice and wickedness in men of genius.

Ingratitude is better for the common man than servility. If we did not distrust or restrain the exceptional people in the world they might run away from us or run away with us until we became no more than animals under their direction and control. A king is the surest protection against regal personalities, and aristocracy against any rule of the best.

When I went to the secretary of the Royal Society in 1920 and told him of the poverty of such great men as Pavlov in Petersburg, the urgent need of Russian men of science for western publications, for instruments and material kept out by our blockade, I thought the society would take up the matter as a simple duty. It did nothing of the sort. It argued that Pavlov and others ought to have come out of Russia as white refugees.

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SPAIN NEEDS CRITICISM

And now in the scandalous case of Don Miguel Unamuno comes a fresh instance of the lack of any feeling of solidarity among the world's intellectuals. Here is a great writer, professor and ex-rector of the University of Salamanca, a man of undisputed eminence. He is a professor of classical learning, not one of the scientific or sociological fellows. He utters some lucid, deserved reproaches to the king of Spain.

As all the world knows, the king of Spain has consented to illegal usurpation of his government by a military junta with a dictator of straw, a sham Mussolini, Primo Deriviera. It is a dull, had government, chiefly concerned with the suppression of opinion of the maintenance of an endless war with the Moors. For if the Spanish generals have at times to display the backs of their brilliant uniforms to the Moors, they can at least keep a brave, overbearing front towards Spain.

No country was ever in such need

FEW PROTESTS MADE.

What protests have there been from that world? One might have expected vigorous outcries on behalf of Salamanca from Oxford and Cambridge, from London and the British academy, from Harvard, Yale, Chicago, a hundred and one universities and colleges of North and South America, an immense outbreak of indignation. I have heard of scarcely any. From the University of Paris there has been a fairly representative protest and Lisbon has spoken.

I have seen a few paragraphs in the highbrow weeklies of Britain and America. But the intellectual workers of our English-speaking world seem as a whole to have been little affected

"King Carnival With His Goggling Eyes Reigns, While Men of Science and Genius Are Treated as Door Mats."

By this exploit of the king of Spain's dictator. So far as they are concerned, he may shut up all the universities of Spain and maroon their entire staffs. The ordinary miner or transport worker has much to teach the university professor in the matter of occupational self-respect.

Meanwhile, Don Miguel Unamuno studies the seascape of the Canary Islands and so far as his opinion of King Alfonso goes, he has restricted conversation with the islanders. And if by any chance King Alfonso should visit England and go to Oxford or Cambridge, all the dons and deans would put on their fullest plumage to bow to him.

MEDIOCRITY EXALTED

Perhaps there is permanent necessity in our nature requiring us to exalt the common qualities we share and understand, to condemn rare gifts.

King Carnival, with his vast nose and goggling eyes, is the most natural of all human kings, because he is frankly a grotesque, common creature raised up and magnified.

JEALOUSY OF GENIUS

Exceptional men, because they are exceptional, have no flock instinct to hold them together for mutual protection against the crowd and its leaders. Nearly all men of distinctive gifts are jealous. They are driven by inner necessity to assert their own special quality against the aggressive, special qualities of their fellow.

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LLOYD GEORGE: "Great Nationalist Wave Sweeping Over France, Germany and Italy as Reaction From After-War Turmoil"

New French and German Parliaments, Surging With Rival Patriotisms, Must Deal With Report of Inter-Allied Experts."

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

Special Cable to The Omaha Bee, London, April 12.—There are three fateful general elections in Europe which may settle the fate of that continent. Two are in progress; one is settled. The Italian elections are over, the German and French are yet to be fought.

Politicians are apt to exaggerate the effect which will be produced by elections in which they are personally engaged. There is no other justifi-

Although we cannot judge calmly the effect of the electoral contests in which we are contestants, we can form a cool estimate of what is going on in foreign elections. Our information may be faulty, but our judgment is not clouded by excited and interested partisanship.

Nationalism Common Issue.

The Italian, French and German elections have one issue in common—nationalism. Nationalism against every other appeal, socialism, communism, liberalism, pacifism. The nationalist appeal is not intentionally reactionary. The domestic policy of Poincare is unpopular with the French masses. His aggressive foreign policy, on the other hand, finds favor with them. Up to his defeat in the chamber he relied largely upon the reactionary right for support. He has now swung definitely to the left. He has only given a more radical

direction to his domestic program. From a national Tory, he has become a nationalist radical. The royalists are sulky and the radicals not pleased. But neither will prevent France from voting for the Ruhr policy. The French are convinced that Germany is shamming insolvency and they are wholeheartedly for tightening the thumbscrews.

Those who expect a more conciliatory temper to come out of the French elections are likely to be disappointed. France means to drive the hardest bargain, without regard to the effect it may have on European appeasement.

Germany Now Reacting.

What about the German elections? A wave of reviving nationalism is sweeping over Germany. Moderation and wisdom on the part of the victors would have delayed its advent. There was deep anger in German hearts,

against the militarist system that was responsible for plunging their country into humiliation and disaster. The Germans were as indignant with the Hohenzollerns as the French were with the Napoleonic empire that led them into defeat and discredit in 1870.

For a generation, they might have depended upon to eschew militarism and all its ways. Germany had her advocates of revenge, but the nation treated them with derision. The invasion of the Ruhr, with its deportations, imprisonments and intrigues, have stirred up the embers of German pride.

The Ludendorff trial in Bavaria and the demonstrations in Berlin in connection with the funeral of a young German who died in a French prison has arisen in Germany during the last year. Prussian and Bavarian are most united in fierce hostility to

France. A flood of passion has inundated Germany.

Prospect Not Hopeful.

In this deluge, all pacific elements are completely submerged.

The spectacle is likely to react on the French elections, which will take place a few days after the German poll. These two new parliaments, surging with revival patriotisms, will be called upon, before there is time for the waters to subside, to deal with the report of the inter-allied experts. Not a hopeful prospect.

The Italian elections are a triumph for nationalism, fascism arose out of a contest with socialism and its method is anti-democratic, but its real inspiration is not derived from its antipathy to the economic doctrines of socialism, nor from its attachment to the idea of autocracy. It is true that Italy suffered more than any other allied country from

the tidal wave of socialist impulse. Its industries were at one time nearly swamped by it.

All classes were therefore ready to welcome any movement which put an end to the reign of industrial bullies. This is what fascists accomplished. All the same, their movement was in essence patriotic, not economic. It has gathered into its fold conservatives, liberals, capitalists, socialists, Catholics, freethinkers, protestants.

It represents a rally to the flag

the most striking fascist appeal to electors consisted of highly colored pictures, representing attacks by socialist mobs on the Italian flag, or outrages perpetrated by them on Italian soldiers who fought in the war.

The three elections, therefore, indicate that there is a revival in the spirit of aggressive nationalism throughout western and central Europe. The European nations are standing on guard for their menaced rights.

"France Means to Drive Hardest Bargain; Prussia and Bavaria Once More United in Fierce Hostility to France."

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O. O. McIntyre - - - On Being Weary

There comes that time in every life I think when we grow weary of it all. The futility of everything saps our energy and courage. Life outwardly goes on the same, but within dwells a storm of emotions. Such a period came to me recently. I was gravely perplexed about many things. My desires were unorganized and I could not bring myself to any definite course of action. I was discouraged, impotent, inarticulate.

There was no particular reason for all this mental misery save I had been working harder than usual. One morning after a night of troubled sleep dawn brought the answer. I was thinking too much of myself. Nearly everything that worried me had to do with my own comfort and happiness.

I was self weary. That morning my wife and I strolled down to the New York harbor. The sea is always inspiring. There is no stimulant like the surging break of waves upon the beach or the brackish, clean tang of salt air.

My thoughts cleared. I decided I was going to think of others for awhile and forget myself. That afternoon I left the district in which I live and wandered over among the tenements.

I visited an old scrub lady who had once been around our hotel, but who was incapacitated by rheumatism. I found her up three flights of rickety stairs. Her bed was little more than a straw pallet. A small patch of skylight kept the room from pitch darkness.

Here was a faithful creature—the mother of six—whose future was obviously a charity institution. Ravaged by disease and with a larger empty side was not thinking of herself. She was thinking of Mrs. Donlin on the second floor who had lost her job. Here I had been fretting about my consequential trivialities that encompassed only my well being. An old mother in real trouble was trying bravely to stem the tide.



"I saw children, ragged and ill clothed, who were shouting and laughing. My troubles rolled away."

In the same tenement district I saw children, ragged and ill clothed, who were shouting and laughing. My troubles rolled away and I went home refreshed.

It has been my observation that of all the people I know those of the stage are lightest hearted in adversity. Their heel is never on the road. Black times come to them frequently and as a rule they are improvident, but they never whine. When on the road they have to face long jumps,

Dutch proverb which runs: "Fortune lost, nothing lost; courage lost, much lost; honor lost, more lost; soul, lost, all lost."

He felt that through all his vicissitudes he had saved his soul and he was content.

There were several other experiences I had that made me ashamed of my own state of mind. I had gathered courage from those who were far worse off than I.

It strikes me most of us cling too much to our own little rut. If we step out and look about us we soon see how small our worries are and how brave thousands are in greater afflictions.

City of Discontent.

No city in the world perhaps has such a discontented people as New York. The constant hurry and rush soon frazzles the nerves. Every door will tell you he has more patients suffering with melancholia than any other ailment.

It is rarely you see folk smiling on the street. They are always spurred on by something or other. North and south—some sees faces that are wrinkled with worry among the young as well as old.

They try to be gay, but as a rule they need stimulant—stimulants that are brewed over night and which a few years ago staid men would have refused to empty to swine.

Everything is hurry, hurry, hurry. The motto is "Quick." On all sides you see it—quick lunches, quick bars, quick photographers, quick drug stores.

There are hundreds of delicatessen stores where wives dash up quick meals of canned soup, indigestible frankfurters and equally indigestible potato salad. Husbands devour it on the run—rush off to their club while the wives rush off to the theater or bridge.

Even the talk is brittle and staccato. There is no leisurely conversation about things worth while. When people go visiting they remain 10 or 15 minutes and do not learn to be quick

ABE MARTIN On th' Tobacco Habit

they are run down by motor trucks and mail wagons. Men who have fair little business enterprises are racing to expand. They seem to feel sloth means death.

New York Blues.

And this goes on until endurance is no longer possible and then comes mental stagnation—and the old-fashioned blues. I never visit a smaller community that I do not pity myself. I see people living a life that I believe is meant to be lived.

They have wholesome interests that the New Yorker never can have due to the insatiable rush and hurry.

The back fence gossip, the casual dropping in on the front porch, the small talk of the neighborhood might seem commonplace to them, but to the man or woman who has lived in New York a great many years they would be a welcome relief.

The stranger is often impressed by the way New Yorkers walk along the streets mumbling to themselves. The truth is there are times when they welcome the sound of their own voices.

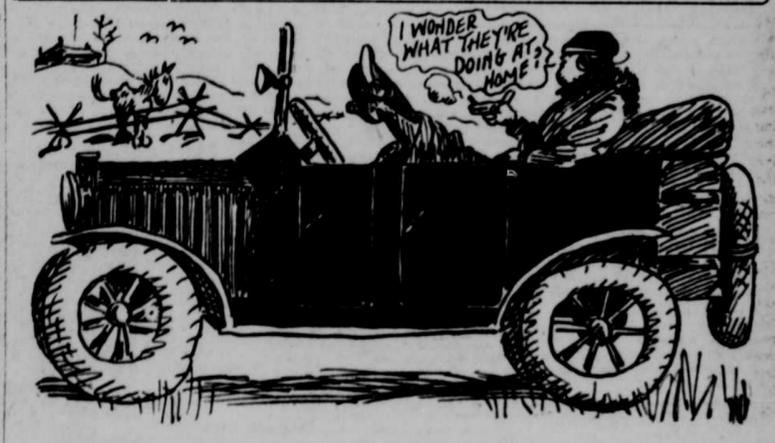
Most New Yorkers are galloping along in the hope of some day getting away from the grind and finding peace. But when a ripe time comes they want a few thousand more—and as a result usually die in harness.

Chicken Pox Halts Wedding.

London, April 12.—Chicken pox—that disease which generally is only a mild annoyance for children—has brought grief to London society.

The society folk were all set for a gay wedding party at the marriage of Miss Jessie Carlos Clarke and Lord Arthur Butler, son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, when chicken-pox fell to the lot of the bride-to-be.

Mrs. Carlos Clarke had to get busy at midnight, and she postponed the wedding, much to the disappointment of many who had stayed home from their night clubs in anticipation of a gay wedding party on the following day.



clerks that sneak out in th' alley, or down in th' basements, t' smoke cigarets! Look at th' folks who keep away from churches cause they can't smoke in 'em. Think o' th' poor people that puff away their meager earnings! Think o' th' society women that neglect their children an' sneak off t' th' attic t' smoke, or waste gasolene drivin' out in th' country where they kin puff with impunity. Think o' th' broads th' nickel cigar is makin' on efficiency, an' th' holes th' three for a quarter kind are makin' in salaries! Think o' th' rags an' waistcoats that are damaged by fire an' ashes! Think o' th' fabulous wealth tied up in cigars, holders an' briar pipes! Think o' th' great annual fire loss caused by cigarets! Think how many crooked politicians have climbed t' high offices by passin' out big black cigars! Think o' th' men an' boys that have stepped on our feet at th' ater goin' out between acts t' smoke! Think o' th' homes that have been wrecked on account of a mislaid pipe! Th' last thing a murderer does before goin' t' th' chair is light a cigaret, an' th' first thing a criminal does after he gets in th' lockup is ask for a cigaret. But terbacker has some powerful defenders, an' th' reformers I kin tell they've been a fight, if they ever try t' put it out o' business. We don't know what attitude big business 'll take on th' question. Th' workman that used t' get pickled ever Saturday afternoon an' be an economic liability 'till 10 or 11 Monday mornin', didn't lose half as much time at his work as th' smoker who fills a pipe, or rolls cigarets. But we do hope somebody 'll evolve a standardized nickel cig, that won't smell like a comb burnin' up.