

# MARK SULLIVAN: "Democratic Convention to Be One of Most Interesting Political Events of Generation"

## "McAdoo and Smith to Be Leaders at Start, Followed by Favorite Sons; Davis and Glass to Get Test Vote."

## "Ages of Ralston and Payne May Hurt Candidacies, But Many American Leaders Are Now Past 70."

By MARK SULLIVAN.  
Washington, April 19.—If the democratic national convention were to be held tomorrow it would be easy to foresee the course of the balloting for a certain distance. Many things will happen between now and the actual holding of the convention in June. There will be important primaries in large states, important moves made by candidates and their managers. Possibly, most of them will be such unanticipated events as the disclosures about McAdoo before the oil committee in February.

What would happen if the democratic convention were held tomorrow may therefore be quite different from what will actually happen in June. Bearing in mind this reservation, let us say that at the opening of the convention the very early ballots would be marked by a great scattering of votes among perhaps a larger number of candidates than has figured in any convention in either party for many years.

It may be that in the early balloting as many as 20 candidates will receive some votes. Governor Davis of Kansas will receive the votes of his state; Governor Bryan of Nebraska will receive the votes of his state. And so on as regards a large number of candidates.

After a few early ballots some will begin to drop out.

### M'ADOO, SMITH FIRST.

Throughout this first phase of the balloting there will be two candidates who will receive more votes than any others. They will be McAdoo and Governor Smith of New York. McAdoo is fairly certain to be the leader in the early balloting. After a few ballots various states will cease to vote for their "favorite sons" and will begin to throw their strength to one or the other of the two leaders.

### M'ADOO, UNDERWOOD.

What would happen in this third stage of the convention would be that after several ballots without Smith making any more gains, and several ballots without McAdoo making any more gains, it would be recognized that something else must be done. The managers of one or the other would make a shift. The managers and followers of Smith, let us say, the conservative democrats of the east and north, would drop Smith and begin to put forward their second choice. The second choice of this group would probably be Underwood.

Thereupon, if it happens in this order, there would be a prolonged strain between Underwood and McAdoo. If neither won then the next development would come. Probably the progressive democrats of the west and south would make the experiment of dropping McAdoo and putting forward their second choice. Who the second choice will be is not easy to say. It might be Senator Ralston of Indiana. If they should put Ralston forward there would ensue a sufficient test of strength between

Ralston and Underwood in demonstrating whether either could win. If neither of these men should win there would then ensue a series of events at present so vague that it would be idle to try to picture them with accuracy.

If there still should be no choice there would then come a stage in which candidates would be put forward from the side, candidates not formally identified with either group.

To name the men who might figure in this stage of the convention would be to call a roll of all the presidential possibilities in the democratic party—John W. Davis, Carter Glass and many more, up to, possibly, 12 or 15. In the order in which these men are put forward, in the shrewd siding of psychological moments, there will be a world of opportunity for the art of leadership on a convention floor, the understanding of the mass psychology of 1,903 delegates.

The coming democratic convention at New York in June will be one of the most interesting political events of the present generation.

It is probably correct to say that during these closing weeks of April, in the matter of guessing who may be the second choice of the progressive democrats and who will have the best chance to win in the second stage of the convention, there is more talk, especially among the inner circles of practical politicians, about Senator Ralston of Indiana than about any other one.

Senator Ralston is acceptable to many of the progressive and McAdoo democrats and is not as unacceptable to the conservative north and east as most progressive democrats would be.

At the same time there are two factors working toward preventing the choice of Ralston. One is the determination of the John W. Davis and Carter Glass shall be put forward in such a way as to give the convention ample opportunity to "size them up" and pass on them.

Another objection put forward against Ralston is his age. Ralston, having been born December 1, 1857, is 67. If he should be elected he would be over 68 before his inauguration and over 72 before ending his term.

### AGE ENTERS CONTEST.

Among the men who will be put forward when the balloting reaches a certain stage is Judge John Barton Payne of Illinois. Judge Payne is 69. To a Payne "rooter" who was emphasizing the judge's ability and fitness a Washington man raised

the objection of age. Throughout the Payne advocate dug up this remarkable record:

Judge Payne is one of a family of six living brothers and sisters. They are all in perfect health and bearing their usual responsibilities. Their ages are 84, 81, 79, 77, 71, 69.

Of this extraordinary family John Barton Payne is the baby. His friends claim that Judge Payne could manage the United States comfortably for 10 years yet.

The same man dug up the following record of the ages of men who now or recently have borne heavy responsibilities at ages greater than that of Judge Payne:

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, United States supreme court, 82.  
Clemenceau, ex-premier of France, 82.  
Justice McKenna, United States supreme court, 81.  
Senator Warren of Wyoming, 80.  
Elihu Root, 79.  
Judge Gary, president United States Steel corporation, 77.  
Thomas A. Edison, 77.  
Samuel Gompers, American Federation of Labor, 74.  
J. G. Rhoads, head of Marshall Field company, 74.  
Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, 74.  
Senator Cummins, Iowa, 74.  
Speaker Gillett, house of representatives, 73.  
Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury, 72.

To this was added a large number of business men whose names are not familiar to the public, but who, like Judge Gary of the United States Steel corporation, are comfortably carrying along great businesses at ages of over 70.

**Exploits of French Bad Man Provide Plenty Thrills**

"The Long Arm of Fantomas," a French "brain duster," is by Pierre Souvestre and Marcell Allain (The Macaulay company, New York). It deals with the exploits of a French master mind, known to the police as Fantomas. He certainly is a bad lot, with a little regard for the safety and happiness of those who work with him as for those he directs his crimes against. He assumes all sorts of disguises, baffles the police, flouts the government, bedevils the newspaper reporter who tries to run him down, and finally escapes, just when he has been neatly and effectively caught. And the French criminal who gets away is sure to provide another set of thrills some other day. So further stories of Fantomas may be looked for. One who likes to have crime served raw and open gets it here.

**Get a Pick and Shovel.**

I have become really so infatuated with art that I want to dig the expedition that is going to dig up the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Perhaps if we find what we expect they will quit talking about Hollywood. If every knock is a boost that town is Paris, Rome and New York all in one. The only excitement I ever noted there was when a flapper upset in the main street and jolted an Iowa farmer into rather blasphemous language—that is, blasphemous for one from Iowa.

There is something howlingly individual about the artist. He looks so far from a world of dollar grubbing in smock and tam. He is not looked after the elections. M. Miller and has seemed to threaten a dictatorship if the Poincare policy is defeated. I think Millerard will be better advised to try resignation.

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**SPOKE EMPТИLY.**

In the horrible language of English political discussion, Poincare was attempting to "dish" the left. He was trying to make his policy look as "left" as possible, while still remaining the same inflexible person. He had thrown over various associates from the right, brought in reasonable men from the left center to liberalize the effect of his reconstructed government. He was prepared to be generous to Germany, provided she paid the aftermath. He was prepared to seem to come out of the Ruhr while in reality sticking there. He spoke hopefully, brightly, emptily of the league of nations.

That is the quality of the new phase. Poincare is talking as liberally as he can. He exchanges compliments with Ramsey MacDonald.

**WASHINGTON FOLLY CITED.**

Like that supremely silly incident, the neglect to lower the German flag in Washington on the occasion of President Wilson's death, it is ugly, it betrays and it hurts. One may recognize the stream of injustices and disappointments inflicted on Germany in the last five years, yet one may find it hard to forgive these sentimental, dangerous, reversions toward monarchism; above all, that petty folly at Washington.

It has been a great disappointment to those who have worked for a reconciled Europe, to note how feeble has been the collateral movement in Germany. Where is the liberal intelligent Germany today? It is begging its bread, but I do not see why it should concentrate all its energies upon begging its bread.

## What I Know About Art

Someone has written to me that I should devote a little of my Sunday prattle to art. It is a lovely subject and offers rare opportunities to use words I know nothing about.

I can speak offhand about "realism," "creative consciousness," "aesthetic fanaticism" and "flaunting idiosyncrasies" just as though I hadn't looked them up beforehand. This will give the readers the idea I'm one of those sensitive souls and might perhaps—O, let us hope—inspire editors to send a memorandum to the publisher to make the check bigger. Being "arty" I might at any time in a burst of temperament refuse to work.

Just recently I have been dabbling in choreography with a side dabble here and there in tracing the descent of the Swedish ballet. Choreography is something quite new to me. I am still unable to grasp it as I should, but that is the way. Art is long and time is fleeting.

The most impressive thing about art is its innate refinement. Whenever you hear people discussing the latest canvas you can almost bet a cookie they can trace the genealogical line back to the Mayflower.

I have always wondered if any of my folks came over in this boat, but have never been able to get a complete copy of the passenger list. Judging from the descendants I have met, the Mayflower was a triple Leviathan and was packed to the guard rails.

Before I began to know who art was all about I was considered a good mixer, so that has helped. Also I have been done in oils. (Wall street please notice.)

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**TALES FOR THOSE WHO LOVE THE ROLLING WAVE**

"BAHAMA BILL," by T. Jenkins Hains, L. C. Park & Co., Boston.



"One thing I would like to do to improve art is to write better titles."

eat. Really! I have in mind one pale dresser I invited to dinner one night. We had discussed the matter and he spouted a few verses of poetry. Then there was talk of mysterious, purple hills and the grandeur of the ocean tide.

Finally they brought on the food. The way he cut into that steak was scandalous. He wolfed a couple of slices of potatoes and three slices of French bread and wound up with a big slab of hot mince pie. It was disconcerting. I had imagined he would nibble at a few sprigs of water cress like a frightened rabbit and sip a spoonful of weak tea. I thought I was a good two-fisted eater, but this fellow shamed me.

One thing I would like to do to improve art is to write better titles. You see them captioned "Lady with a Fan," "Nude Descending a Stair," "Man in a Carriage" and the like. Once I went to an exhibit with King Lardner and after viewing many of the canvases he saw one of an old Russian with the bushiest beard this side of Moscow. Lardner wrote on a

card: "Man Climbing Out of Fern Dish" and stuck it in the frame.

Back in our town the man who was known as a painter wore spotted overalls, carried a ladder and bucket and worked by the hour. In New York the painter is quite different. He wears a little ba-ba-ba beard, flowing tie and rakish velvet hat and his job is to fill the aesthetic void—whatever that might be.

Our town painters could paint a henhouse in a morning if they did not run out of chewing tobacco. But it takes the New York painter months to decorate a four by four bit of canvas with a vase and an apple. Then it is carried to a gallery and everybody who sees it gasps at the "perspective" and the "feeling."

**First 100 Years Hated.**

Art is never concerned with the ever-present now. It is always galloping back to the dim past to excavate things amid the ruins of a decadent culture.

Antique fans would rather have a worm-eaten chair from some early period than a handsome plush sofa

## By O. O. McIntyre

as bright and polished as a newly minted coin. A dread relic of a vanished age such as a frayed dollie is considered a wonderful heirloom of a colorful past. It is put into a glass case and treasured as a miser treasures his hidden pot of gold. Frankly, I don't get this at all.

Art lovers are unaccountably cruel. They refuse recognition until the artist has passed away. Only the other week a celebrated artist died in semi-poverty and four days after his funeral his pictures tripled in price. In a year they will be much higher still everybody fighting for them.

Down in Greenwich Village just now there is a new medium of expression for art. It is called Sclata—which means finished product, may mean anything. It is in black and white and it looks as though it were done with a moth eaten shoe dauber by a man in the throes of St. Vitus dance.

The Cubist and Futurist are passé. The furore that they caused is mild compared to the reign of the Sclata. In a short while it will be smothered by something newer. So it goes.

One thing that interests me is the New York art gallery. There is one I have passed frequently during the past 10 years and have failed to see a single customer there. Yet it occupies a store space that has a mammoth rental value. There are at least a dozen salesmen—studious looking men in frock coats and patent leather shoes who just stand about, it seems to me, hating each other.

I suppose if they sell three or four pictures a year they make big profits. The art salesman is somewhat akin to the bridge salesman.

I had started out to be a bit facetious about art but all the seeming cavil is just because I do not belong to the intelligentsia. Slang for wise ones!

The truth is that the most interesting people I know are keenly interested in art. Art in the final analysis is a profound appeal to man's heart through his mind.

The man who loves a fine picture is as a general rule a fine friend. He has appreciation of human virtues above the average. He has certain spiritual adjustment that is heartening.

Even those of us who laugh at the long-haired men and short-haired women down in "The Village" hold them in secret admiration. The earnest ones there are at least sticking to their ideals no matter what the physical discomfort may be.

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# H. G. WELLS: "German Liberal Intelligensia Still Asleep at Most Strategic Time to Strike for Leniency From Allies"

## "France More Open to World Co-Operation Than Ever; Britain Was Never Less Imperialistic Than Today."

By H. G. WELLS.  
Author of "The Outline of History."  
London, April 19.—I was in Paris the other day when M. Poincare reconstructed his government and I heard him make his declaration of policy to the chamber of deputies. I had never seen him before. It was a dramatic, amusing occasion and I conceived for Poincare the same warm, hostile affection I have for Winston Churchill and Lloyd George. He has an entirely delightful personality. He has all the charm, much

of the appearance of a wire-haired terrier. He even barks.

"The chamber of deputies is in a semicircle, like Roman theater there is none of the waste and confusion of effect one gets in the gothic oblong of Westminster.

The public is present by ticket. Mostly it was ladies, well-dressed. Poincare read his intentions in a hard, audible voice. His opening sentences went to much applause and interruption. The chief scene came when, enumerating the ways in which France proposed to restore and preserve its solvency, he referred to an intensive exploitation of its colonies. "Our colonial policy," said he,

"Sarraut," cried the left—a fine wolf-like sound, "Our colonial policy," said M. Poincare, with increasing firmness. "Sarraut!" Our colonial policy," Poincare repeated, in small capitals, so to speak. "Sarraut!" Much louder—the left is enjoying itself. Poincare brought up unexpected vocal resources. After five repetitions, honor was satisfied and the statement went on.

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neither of them meaning anything whatever except a desire to pass the time and be in fashion. Poincare is getting ready for the elections in May and is proceeding to betray his consciousness of the movement away from the adventure in nationalism and militarism towards sanity.

France is becoming powerfully reasonable. It thinks less of glory, more about the future. It is more open to day to ideas of reconciliation, disarmament, organized international co-operation than it has been at any time since the war.

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**TALES FOR THOSE WHO LOVE THE ROLLING WAVE**

With the peace-intending forces of France and Britain coming rapidly into accord, Germany begins to manifest her least agreeable traits. The recent Munich trials, the acquittal of Ludendorff, the public demonstrations of sympathy with second rate nationalist reactionaries, come as a shock to our hopes of approaching German reconstruction.

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arisen, no leader nor group of men stands out yet to embody a new Germany in a new Europe.

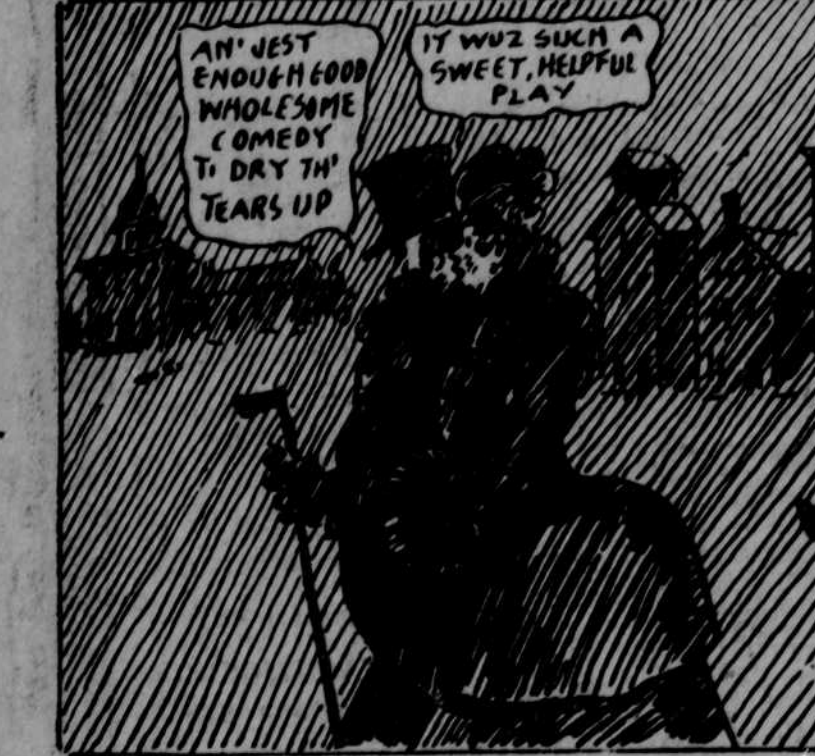
I write without any profound knowledge of things German. There may be deeper currents in German life which find no adequate expression in the German press.

But with the French elections drawing near it is time that good Europeans in Germany, if there are good Europeans in Germany, should make themselves heard and felt. The impression I have of an unhelpful, uncreative, irresponsible Germany, cheated, disappointed, but lapsing far too readily towards sullen unhelpfulness, is a general impression in France and Britain.

France is under urgent necessity of retrenchment, ready to abandon her futile aggressiveness. Britain was never less an imperialist than she is today.

Is there no German initiative to meet this new occasion? (Copyright, 1924.)

## 'ABE MARTIN



Highly Pleased an' Still Retainin' Ther Self-Respect After Seem' "Hazel Kirke" in 'th' 66.

When allus been critter o' th' stage, even way back in th' ole times when women wuz allowed 't act, an' female characters wuz impersonated by men. An' even before that, when one actor spoke all th' parts an' slippers, or sandals, were scattered around th' stage 't represent th' other characters o' th' play. In th' early years o' th' stage actors wuz looked on as rogues and vagabonds, an' they've been called of ham fatters in our own time. Th' histrionic profession has known some tough times, an' while th' stage seems 't have ever' thing purty much its own way 'd day, there's still a consid' erable number o' people who believe that it hasn't contribut'ed very much toward makin' th' world better. A few years ago th' atrical producers used 't try 't furnish entertainment for all classes, but 'd day all th' efforts seem 't be concentrated on one single idee—'t please th' tired business man, 't pick out an' old worn-out vaudeville team, or burnt cork comedian, an' surround 'em with 50 or 75 foxy lookin' women an' a lot o' silk drop curtains, an' call it a "New York success." Most any kind of a show with a lot o' long-legged women join stay in New York as long as it kin loose a theater, fer it's patronized almost exclusively by transients any-how, people who go 't any kind of a show just 't be goin', an' jest to come home, an' tell about it. Not so long ago ever' city had a drama theater fer high class plays an' stars, a melior drummer theater fer shootin' an' robbin' plays, an' off down th' street an' down an alley, ther wuz a burlesque theater, where th' musical shows held forth, where women in old-time burlesque—theaters have closed as they couldn't compete with th' big New York musical and bed-room play successes." We hear a lot o' talk about managers givin' th'

## On th' Theater

people what they want as an excuse fer some o' th' present day troupe. Good, ole, clean "Way Down East" tramped up an' down th' country fer years an' years an' turned people away. "Th' Bird o' Paradise" does th' same thing, while "Lightnin'" is as poplar as ever. An' ther's other plays, usin' long skirts and delightin' th' audiences. We know several business men, we don't know jest how tired they are, but we do know they all 't see a decent play occasionally. All this talk about art, an' all things bein' pure to th' pure, is all hoax. A scantily clad woman is a scantily clad woman, whether she's carryin' a spear, or hoppin' lightly in her bare legs over a green baize carpet with a woods scene background. Th' only thing that's th' matter with th' stage 'd day is wuzen. Ever' play is writen around th' infidelity o' some wife, ever' comedy has 't do with th' indiscretions o' some flapper, an' so-called musical shows would starve 't death without ther full quota o' bare women

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