

Logic and Ballyhoo By

WILL it be Hoover or Dawes to oppose Smith?

Has the West cried "Wolf! Wolf!" too often?

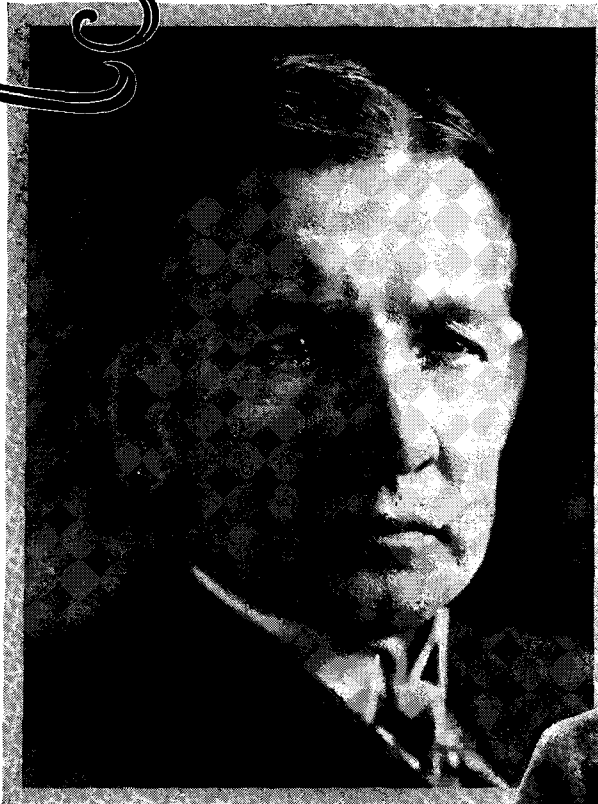
Are business men more concerned than farmers with "farm relief"?

Is the Republican party really the child of destiny?

Will we have four more years of "heaven on earth"?

Of all the political observers whose business it is to keep their ears to the ground, Mr. Gilbert's ears are most receptive to what passes for sound in Washington, and his pen the most incisive.

In this article he gives you all the information you need to have in order to set up in business as a prophet.



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Dawes, logical East-West candidate

THE 1928 Republican situation, now that President Coolidge has eliminated himself, has been boiled down to two candidates, Vice President Dawes and Secretary Hoover. Or, let us get away from personalities and say that the two outstanding candidates before the Republican party are Logic and Ballyhoo. And it is part of the irony of Republican politics that Mr. Dawes, who would love to be Ballyhoo, is cast for Logic, with only deaf ears listening to him; and Mr. Hoover, who would be cast so well as Logic, is Ballyhoo, smiling amid the roaring plaudits of those who do not stop to think politically. It is no reflection upon either of the candidates to call them by these two names. The names don't fit the men. They fit the forces that are pushing them toward the Presidency.

Several months ago I wrote in this enlightened weekly that the end of the last session of Congress made it unlikely that Mr. Coolidge would run again, and left Mr. Dawes the one man on whom the Western and Eastern Republicans could best unite with hopes of success in 1928. Nothing has happened since to change that situation.

Several Signs Point to Hoover

WHETHER the experiences of last session had anything to do with it or not, Mr. Coolidge has since that article appeared eliminated himself, though I was moved to look about for patches for my prophetic robes when the President went West, acting for all the world like a candidate. And logic still calls loudly for Mr. Dawes as the one man who can hold together the West and the East.

Popularity, however, points to Mr. Hoover, not to the political Thespian who sits in the Vice President's chair. The multitude ought to be applauding the underslung pipe. It ought to be

captivated by the voice that shifts from an emphatic bass to a titillating falsetto. It is appealed to by the greatest show-off in politics, but in vain. Mr. Dawes has logic on his

side and not much else.

Since 1920 a lot of people have been trying to nominate Mr. Hoover for the Presidency, sometimes as a Democrat, sometimes as a Republican, and if there had been any other major parties they would have tried to nominate Mr. Hoover for the Presidency in them too. Well, this is their chance. The way is clear in 1928 for what was attempted in 1920. The Republican editors are mostly for Mr. Hoover. The women are mostly for Mr. Hoover. The business men—all the way up to, but stopping short of, the topside, high-hatted, frock-coated businessmen—are mostly for him. Only the farmers of the West are against him. He will run like a steer fresh from the branding iron in the direct primaries, except in the corn belt.

Logic views the situation with a certain alarm.

If it were incumbent upon me to make a prediction at this moment, several months before the Republican National Convention assembles, I should say that Ballyhoo would win. Understand, however, that there goes with this prediction six or eight "ifs" and a round dozen "probablys."

The party in power has such a habit of success, such reputation for supernal wisdom, for doing the right thing always, that it is invidious to compare it with the Democratic party, which "can

always be counted on to make an ass of itself." Still, there is a certain similarity in the situation in which both parties find themselves.

The Democratic party has one leading candidate of great popularity, with great elements of strength, but with serious, some would say fatal, elements of weakness. The Democratic party cannot escape from the dilemma which this candidate

presents. The Republican party has one leading candidate of considerable popularity, perhaps not for personal reasons, but because his career justly arouses much admiration, but with a considerable—it would require a bold prophet to say a fatal—element of weakness.

The Democratic party has no alternative candidate. The Republican party has one alternative candidate, of no great popularity, with no positive elements of strength, but with no definite element of weakness. It is rapidly heading toward a situation in which it will have no alternative candidate, in which it can nominate no one but Mr. Hoover—although the whole history of national conventions shows that parties prefer negative candidates against whom nothing can be said to positive candidates for whom a great deal can be said but against whom inevitably a great deal is said.

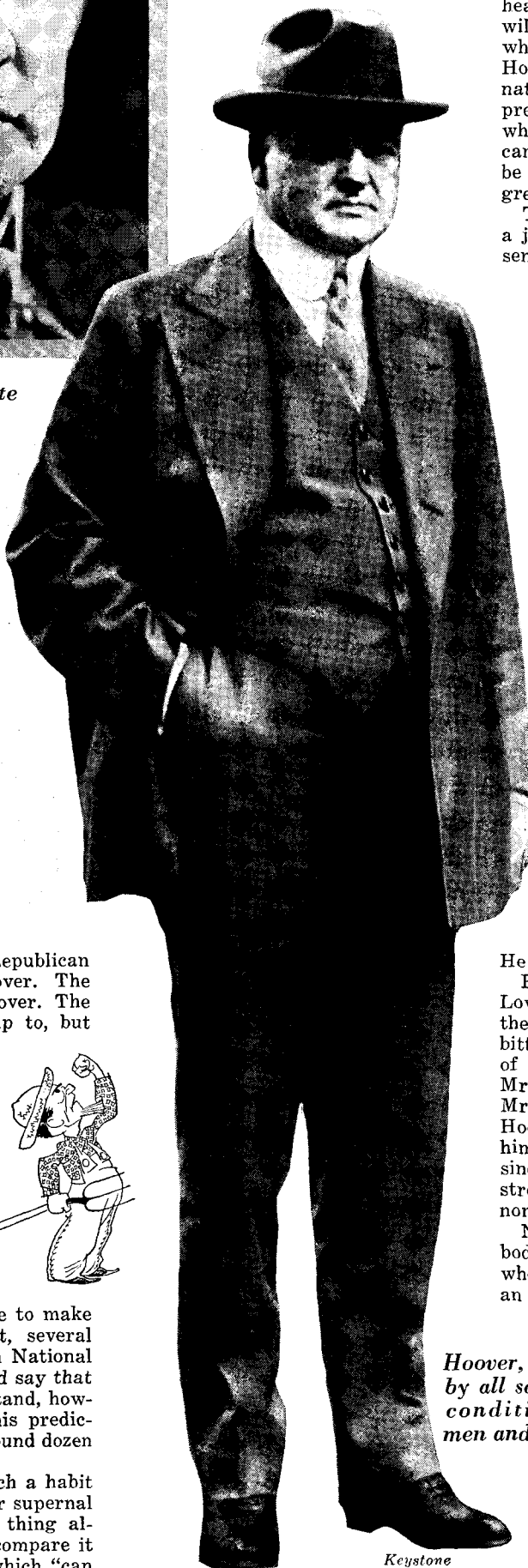
The Republican party is getting into a jam, so that when the convention assembles it probably will not be able to decide soberly and coolly in the sight of God whether it can win best with Mr. Dawes or Mr. Hoover and so maintain heaven on earth for four years more.

The Republican party, like the Democratic party, is cursed with sectionalism. No section of the country is so passionate for Secretary Hoover as is the urban East for Governor Al Smith, but it may turn out that the agrarian West is as bitterly opposed to Mr. Hoover as the backwoods is to the offspring of the side-walks of New York. What will happen in the plowed field is on the laps of the gods, unless, as I have said, the shriek of logic for Mr. Dawes is heard and attended to.

Ex-Governor Lowden is the inevitable candidate of the disaffected West. His partisans support him with all the passion of an abused minority. And Mr. Lowden has earned his right to be the hero of the aggrieved farmers. For him to withdraw would turn an emphatic protest into a piece of political expediency. He is an essential figure in the politics of 1928. He is the Western candidate.

For Mr. Dawes to run while Mr. Lowden is a candidate would be to split the opposition to Mr. Hoover, to arouse bitter enmities, to weaken the emphasis of the Western protest, and to make Mr. Hoover's nomination certain. For Mr. Dawes not to run is to leave Mr. Hoover without a real candidate against him during all the hunt for delegates, since Mr. Lowden is not by the widest stretch of the imagination a possible nominee.

Now, of course, you cannot beat somebody with nobody, and it is a question whether you can beat somebody with an if-when-and-maybe somebody. And



Keystone

Hoover, boomed by all sorts and conditions of men and women



CLINTON W. GILBERT

that is what Mr. Dawes is: an if-when-and-maybe candidate.

Mr. Hoover is a hard man to beat with a conditional candidate. He appeals to the imagination of the country as a man of large experience in public affairs, a man of brilliant achievements, a man who promises more constructively than almost any one in the political world, and a man who has been extremely well advertised for, lo, these fourteen years. More Republicans want to see him nominated than want to see any other Republican nominated.

Before Mr. Coolidge made his withdrawal definite and final Mr. Hoover was bound hand and foot just as much as Mr. Dawes is bound hand and foot today. He too was an if-when-and-maybe candidate, and between the two, with the situation persisting until convention time, the delegates would be in a position to choose coolly with all the facts before them.

But with the withdrawal of Mr. Coolidge came a very perceptible rush of politicians to the standard of Mr. Hoover. It wasn't exactly a stampede, but it was a very sizable huddle. The reasons for it were obvious. He was the only candidate in sight, with all the advantage that that brings. He had a great deal of popular support, which meant that state leaders feared that rivals would beat them in hoisting the Hoover banner. The opposition to him had to depend upon uninstructed delegates and favorite-son stopgaps: that is, it was disorganized and trying to beat somebody with nobody. There were direct - primary states in which Mr. Hoover, if he once got started, might be expected to score important triumphs.

Politicians are an immensely suggestible lot, and from now on till the convention assemblies they are going to be, so far as anyone can now see, subject to the suggestion that Hoover will win in the convention. That suggestion is sometimes known as the parade of the band wagon. The parade of the band wagon has started.

Now, so as to understand the fundamental situation, let us stop and inquire what was the significance of the hysterical demand for four more years of Mr. Coolidge, a phenomenon without parallel in American politics. That feeling that no one could save us but the President throws a flood of light upon the state of mind of the Republican party.

Al is a Political Convulsion

THAT party is confronted by something unknown in Governor Smith. He isn't Mr. Davis and he isn't Mr. Cox. He is a political convulsion. The Republicans think they can beat Governor Smith, but they can't classify him; they can't measure him by any of

the old yardsticks. His consequences are as unknown as are those of the side-wiping of the earth by a comet's tail. And all our fears are inspired by the unknown. He worries the Republicans in the East in regard to New York, possibly New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, states which they usually count upon as certainly their own.

The party is confronted by something equally unknown in the farm disaffection in the West. There is a revolt that has never come off. There is a pistol that has been pointed at the head of the Republican party ever since 1922. You know the adage about the man who goes around carrying a gun; he is sure to shoot somebody in the end. This is another unknown, inspiring a little less terror than the other unknown because of its familiarity, but still threatening enough to cause an awkward chilly area around the spinal column.

Now, the Republicans and the business elements which favor Republican rule know they could win with Mr. Coolidge. They realized that the country was obsessed with the occupant of the White House and calculated that the obsession would last at least till after November, 1929.

They did not feel certain they could

didate who is weak in the disaffected West. He should not be weaker there than Mr. Coolidge, but he probably is, for there is not any hypnotism working in his behalf.

In Mr. Dawes it has a candidate who has little positive strength except in the West. There is not any loud demand for his nomination except from logic. He is the greatest common divisor of East and West, and political logic always favors these greatest common divisors. He would have to be sold to the country, his own salesmanship of himself having left a little of the impression that salesmanship, whether of

known who the candidates are and what the platforms of the major parties propose for the aid of agriculture.

What I have described as the unknown factor in the East is not capable of analysis and is not likely to influence the choice of a Republican candidate for President. Guesses at Governor Smith's

strength in the East run all the way from predictions that he will carry New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut to predictions that he will carry none of these states.

The Republican party can do nothing to meet the Smith strength in this region. Governor Smith will probably run like a jack rabbit in this section or run like John W. Davis. A few votes more or less as between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Dawes are not worth considering, and will not be considered.

It seems to me a fact of first-class importance that the bankers and business men of the agricultural states generally are ready to turn against the Republican party. One big banker, a Republican, of a state beyond the Mississippi, told me the other day that 100,000 business men in that region were ready to vote for Al Smith against any Republican for President who was not a farm-bloc candidate. The reason is obvious; they are left holding the bag, the depreciated paper of the farmers and the declining market due to the loss of farm purchasing power.

The Republicans incline to take comfort from what happened in 1924, when the farmers went on the rampage and still cast their votes for Mr. Coolidge. But there is a difference between this year and 1924, when the Western business men were frightened at the so-called radicalism of La Follette and cast their influence for the Republican ticket.

G. O. P. Faces a Double Revolt

THIS is the first time the business men of any considerable section of the country have been ready to break with the Republican party.

Now for the second major development in the West. The spread of farm distress east of the Mississippi is a phase of the agrarian political situation of great importance. In Illinois Governor Smith will carry Chicago, and if the farmers, country bankers and rural business men of the state turn against the Republican candidate, Illinois becomes a doubtful state. The same logic applies, with perhaps less force, to Indiana and Ohio.

And, as the preachers used to say, thirdly, the present session of Congress will be the station from which farm discontent will be radioed all over the land. You cannot tell what importance to attach to the two facts I have mentioned above—the dissatisfaction of Western business men and the spread of farm distress to the older and more populous states—until Congress has adjourned with its failure to enact a farm-relief law written in the Congressional Record.

Congress will fail to put such a law on the statute books. In the Senate the Republicans have a bare majority: one that they cannot control. It is to the interest of the Lowden senators to insist upon the passage of another McNary-Haugen Bill. (Continued on page 53)



Wide World
Lowden, first choice of the disaffected West

books or bonds or life insurance, proverbially leaves upon its victims.

That explains the lifting up of voices in prayer for four more years of Mr. Coolidge.

Now let us consider the danger to the Republican party in the threatened farm revolt in the West. It will turn out to be the determining factor in the choice of the next President, and it may turn out to be the determining factor in the choice of the next Republican nominee for President.

Three things are to be observed about the Western economic situation. First, the bankers and business men in the agricultural region are angry at the Republican party, much more angry at it than the farmers are. Second, the agricultural depression is spreading to the older farm states, such as Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. And, third, the chances of any farm-relief legislation in this session of Congress are almost

nil, and you cannot estimate the political consequence of the agrarian dissatisfaction until it is brought home to the farmers that the Republican party has once more failed them and until it is



"Al," hope of the urban East

win with anybody else. They hoped they could, they thought they could, but they did not have the comfortable assurance of another four years of power in the bag, that they probably felt they would have with Mr. Coolidge as their candidate. The hysterical demand that Mr. Coolidge be drafted, therefore, measures the uncertainty which the Republican party and the business elements supporting it feel over Mr. Hoover and Mr. Dawes as possible candidates.

If the party had had in sight a stronger candidate than Mr. Coolidge, it would have handed the President his hat without emotion. If it had had in sight a candidate as strong as Mr. Coolidge, it would have wept a little over his going but made no audible protest.

In Mr. Hoover it has a possible can-



Muddy Water

Archie and his faithful mule

"YEAH—P! Yeah—p, Dungeon S.!" And the old mule veered slightly to the right, at the same time keeping steadily forward so the stream of warm, loose dirt continued to flow from the shovel-plow wing and wrap around the freshly hoed young cotton stalks.

Any man or woman on the place could have looked at the perfect furrow and told that Archie Spears had plowed it. Archie and old Dungeon S. The furrow was straight, and the dirt lay against the tender plants gently and neatly, but with a certain rugged forcefulness. For Archie Spears was an artist when it came to dirting cotton. He used his plow for his brush, the warm, black, river-bottom dirt for his paint and the straight file of cotton plants for his canvas. Each furrow was a picture that satisfied the soul of Archie. Archie and old Dungeon S.

"But dat's all he kin do," declared Ida Bell, a hoe woman.

"And he couldn't do dat," supplemented Big Link, "ef'n de mule he plow wa'n't a piece er ha'f-da'ed buzzard bait."

It was the natural truth, and Ida Bell knew it. But a girl cannot afford to agree too readily with a man she likes until something more definite than pleasantries has passed between them.

"But he sho' kin dirt a harmful row of cotton," she insisted.

Link did not like for Ida Bell to praise anyone but him, so he drove on down the row in silence.

The field was small, as Louisiana plantation cotton fields go. It contained less than twenty acres and was cut off from the other fields by a narrow strip of cane and briars, which, when the river was high and water seeped through the levee, became a marsh. The only way to gain access to the field during high water was by a path along the top of the levee, thence across a "levee row" of weeds and briars which also was wet with seep water.

BUT the field yielded twenty bales of cotton every year, and Mister Jeems saw to it that Archie Spears himself was the man who followed behind the hoe women and turned the dirt back against the cotton before the blistering sun and the swamp steam blighted the plants.

Big Link could scrape the rows to a narrow ridge, and any three or four hoe women could chop out the grass and thin the cotton to a "stand," but only Archie—Archie and old Dungeon S.—could be trusted with the dirting.

Dungeon S. was what generally passes in Louisiana as a Maury County mule, there being some myth that mules from that particular county in Tennessee are endowed with super-intelligence and infinite patience. He was tall and rangy,

and as old age crept on his bones became prominent and his ears flopped to the horizontal. In his youth, Dungeon S. had been regarded as one of the spriest plow mules on the place. But time and experience had taught him to conserve his energy, and he became poky at all times, and not infrequently he was balky. All the other field hands spurned him, and Archie, being too undersized to protest, drew him.

But Archie made the best of it—which was pretty good. Year after year Archie and Dungeon S. paired off. They came to understand each other and to acquire similar traits of character. It was pointed out that the old roan kept to himself in the barn lot and could bray louder and do less work than any mule in the barn. And Archie—well,



everybody knew that Archie plowed three months of the year and spent the rest of the time bragging about how good he could plow.

"Hit sho' is a slam on de po' mule," Ida Bell vouchsafed as Big Link drove by next time, "but ef'n ole Dungeon don't favor Archie in the face—well, I done gone blind in bofe eyes and I can't see."

Big Link stopped his mule and chuckled. "Dat what make Archie love him so good," he said. "He favors him in de face."

"Do dat make?" Ida Bell asked.

"So dey say." Big Link felt that the time was right to say something to Ida Bell about what was on his mind.

"And"—he cut his eye at her—"I got me a notion which says I and you favors some too."

Ida Bell did not miss the roundabout wooing, and she giggled. Big Link was a man and a big man. "I ain't sayin' what you favors in de face, you big, ugly scound'el," she laughed. "But I seed a black stump in de field wid two hen aigs on top, and I says to myse'f, I says, 'Well, I be doggone!' I wonder what old Link doin', settin' out hyar in de field?"

Although the words were anything but complimentary, Ida Bell's laugh was assuring, and Big Link knew he was on solid ground with his wooing.

"You kinder black yo' ownse'f, baby," he reminded her. "I'd hate to hunt for you in de dark."

"No trouble findin' you in de dark," Ida Bell retorted. "Cause you's so black you make de dark look like sunshine."

The other hoe women joined Ida Bell and Link in the laughter. Everybody understood that all the words were plain "funning," which usually precedes some form of ardent wooing.

While they still were laughing Archie drove up and stopped. He had missed the joke, but he wanted to be in on it.

"Y'all kind er good-timin', ain't you?" he asked pleasantly.

Big Link frowned, and the women ceased laughing. "No mind what us is doin'," he said. "You and yo' ole buzzard bait ain't good-timin'."

ARCHIE clucked meekly, and Dungeon S. moved forward. Big Link was awfully uppish; he must be trying to court Ida Bell right there in the cotton patch, Archie figured.

"But hit ain't no use to shawt-tawk me," he declared to himself. "I ain't studyin' ole Ida Bell. Let him cou't her to he busts. I don't keer. Yeah—p, Dungeon, yeah—p!"

He plowed to the end of the row, turned and started back in a new furrow. "Big Link got no call to shawt-tawk me," he grumbled. "I gits even on him ef'n I kin."

Down the furrow again and abreast of the women, Archie plowed in silence. Past them he broke out, quite impersonally, in a personal song:

*Ida Bell, Ida Blue—
I got a gal name Ida, too!*

That ought to show Link what he thought about him and Ida Bell. Then, to his surprise, he heard Ida Bell giggle!



"Don't you know how to git married?"

Illustrated by
HARRY
BURNE