

# Cash

Rurton Holmes, from  
Ewing Galloway



DeCou  
© Ewing  
Galloway

*Above: This ambulant two-arm lunch is the Sumatra equivalent of the railroad station eating house of the States. When your train rolls into a station and the conductor allows you have ten minutes for luncheon—well, you can take your pick between fried chicken or bananas. Lavish, that's what the menu is, lavish!*

*Above: Buying bread is a casual thing in Hungary. Bread sellers stroll about with mounts of loaves, and they'll hew you a slice or a carload on order. Your appetite guides the knife*

Brown Bros.



*Left: A haberdasher who keeps on the move and cuts down the overhead. If some passer-by tosses a careless cigarette there'll be a brisk fire sale*



Ewing Galloway

*Left: "See, lad-e-e, ver' prettee!" Yes, and what's the use of hiring a shop with a window if you've got a stout pair of arms—and a brisk pair of feet?*



# and Carry

*They do the carrying and you pay the cash. Some traveling salesmen who don't write daily reports*

*Below: "Pay me one piecee chow-chow, chop-chop!" Which, unless we've forgotten the lesson the much-traveled Major Eames taught us, is an understandable order to this walking candy shop in Mingpo*

*Right: A Turkish rug merchant out for trade. But it's silly to suggest that that's part of his stock on his unengaging head*

*Ewing Galloway*

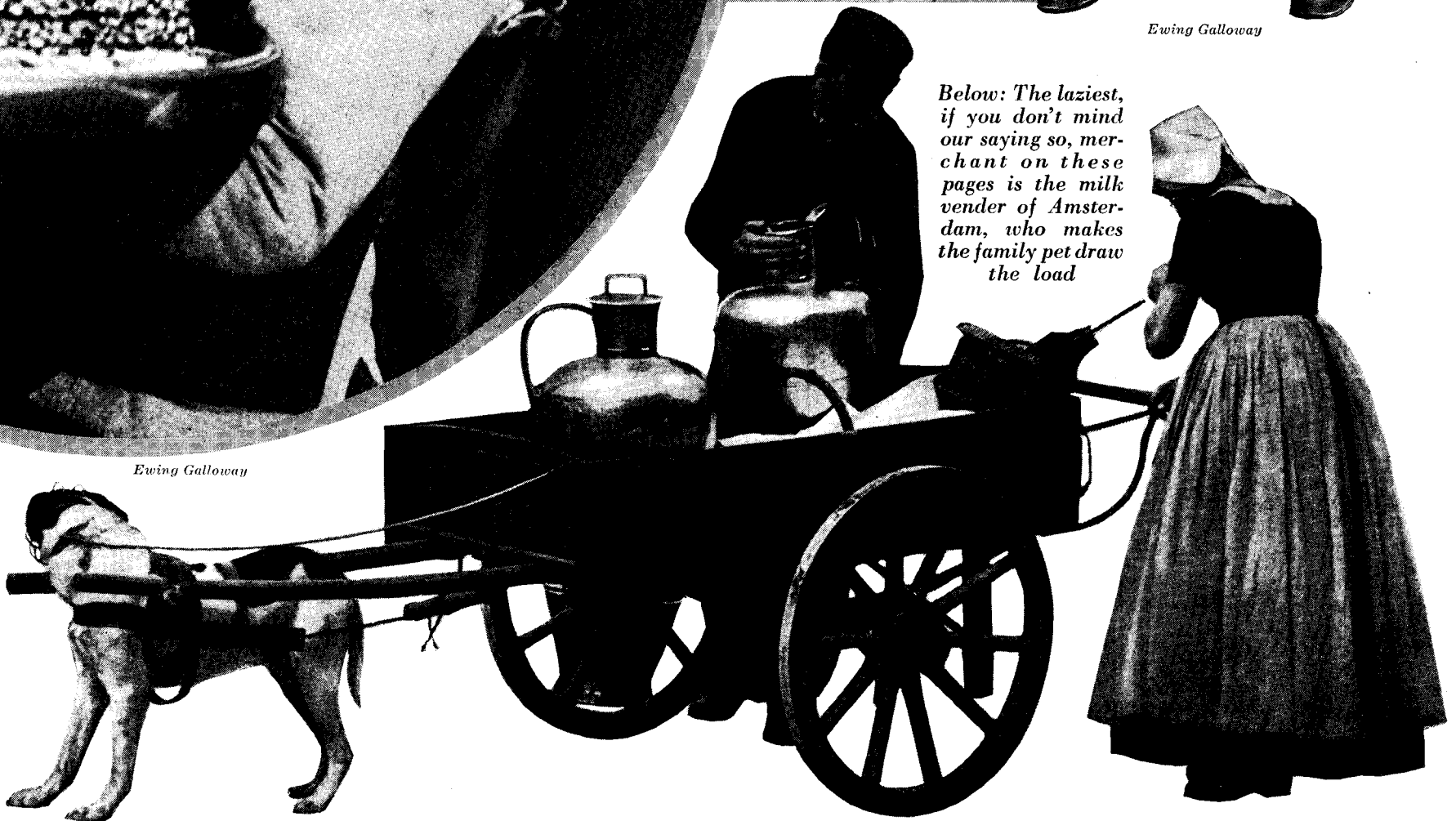


*Ewing Galloway*



*Ewing Galloway*

*Below: The laziest, if you don't mind our saying so, merchant on these pages is the milk vender of Amsterdam, who makes the family pet draw the load*

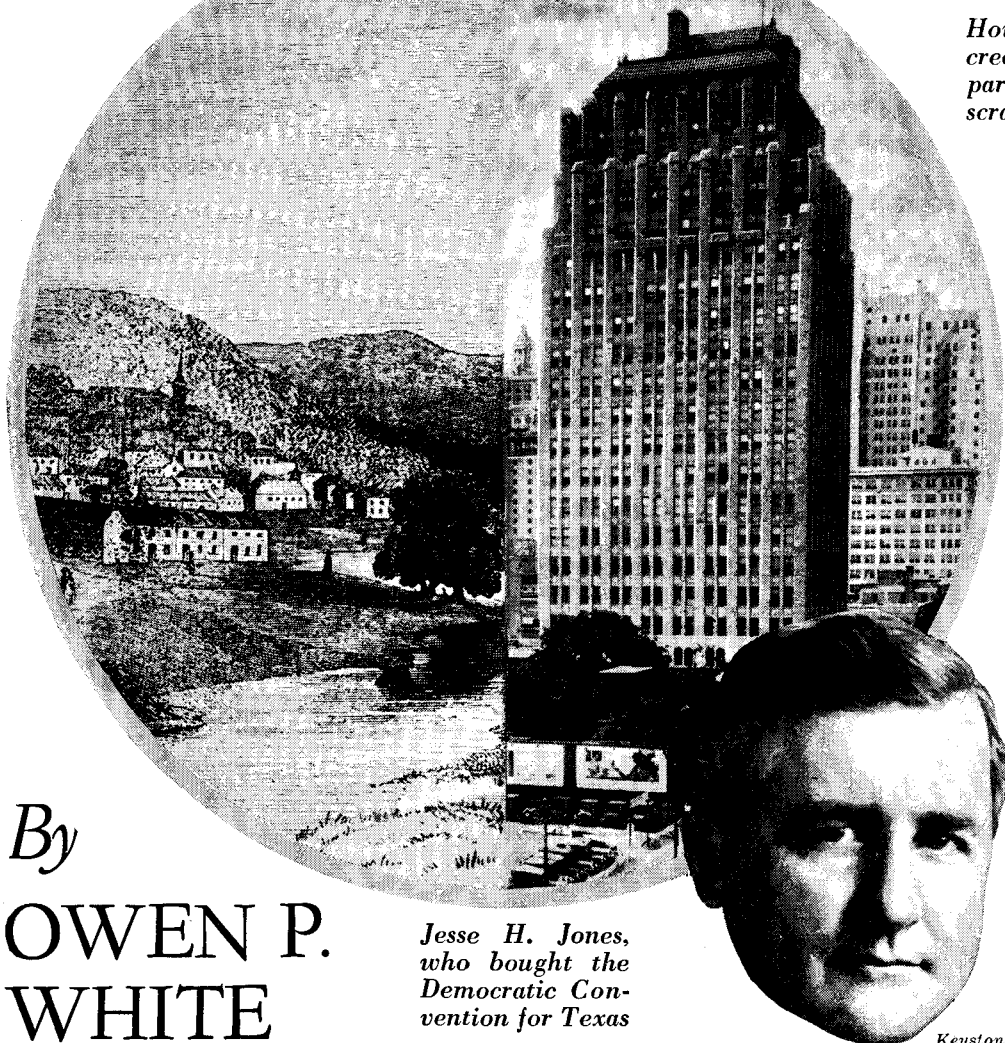




# A Tale of Two Cities

*How Houston on the creek (1825) compares with the skyscraping city of today*

WELL, there's one thing certain about the conventions: down at Jesse Jones' Jamboree in Houston and at the Republican equivalent in hilly Kansas City there'll be beauty and bombast and booze. And both communities will profit greatly thereby.



By  
**OWEN P.  
WHITE**

*Jesse H. Jones,  
who bought the  
Democratic Con-  
vention for Texas*

Keystone

ACCORDING to old lady Hildebrand, who used to run a hotel called the Oasis, with a bar attached, in my home town in Texas, and who therefore knew her onions, a delegate to a political convention was a man who blew in wearing a clean collar and with a five-dollar bill in his pocket, and who never changed either from the day he lit to the day he lit out.

This good old lady, of course, has long since passed on to the Hotel Keepers' Reward (if any), but delegates to political conventions have not. No. They are still with us. They still come up in per-, bi- or quadrennial varieties, and as they are now of both sexes they are more numerous today than ever before. In one of the respects, though, referred to by Mrs. Hildebrand, one element among them has not changed. I mean the male element has not changed its collar. As a class, because with it he can travel light and appear respectable, the male delegate to a party fracas still clings to the old-fashioned, hard-finished, slick-tread detachable. Without his aid and comfort the great American Collar Button Trust, and Troy, N. Y., would long since have passed out of the memory of man. But how about his spending habits?

## One Donkey vs. Two Elephants

AS MRS. HILDEBRAND diagnosed the species, a political delegate was an alleged personage, who, as soon as he pulled the pen out of the potato and wrote his name on the hotel register, became a potential local financial liability. In other words, her idea was that in her day, when the wearing of a badge conferred upon a man the happy privilege of getting stewed on tick, the alternative privilege of packing him up and shipping him home, charges prepaid, only too often devolved upon the

community which had furnished him with his entertainment.

This sad condition of affairs, however, no longer exists. Due, in a slight measure at least, to their own efforts it is not now possible for even a badge-flaunting personage to buy stimulating liquid refreshment on credit. He must now pay cash, and lots of it, for the necessary bottled eloquence sold by the purveyors, and hence it is that the modern delegate to the modern convention, if he is at all desirous of making a real success out of his pilgrimage, must approach his party's shrine carrying with him either "his own" or else a large, flat purse with good green bank notes lined.

Under this new arrangement, then, which can properly be chalked up as a hitherto unsung achievement of prohibition, the political delegate has ceased to be a liability to the community he invades. He is now an asset; individually and collectively he now has a real cash value, but, strange to say, according to the figures established at the last national auction, Democratic delegates, taken either by the piece or in gross, are worth just exactly twice as much as Republicans.

For the fixing of this astonishing ratio, which he may have based on the idea that when a Democrat gets a sentence to attend a national convention he is in for a good long term, Mr. Jesse Jones of Houston, Tex., is personally responsible. Unaided, unabettled and all alone this young man came out of the West, projected himself boldly into the haughty presence of the Demo-

cratic National Committee in Washington, and, although the Republicans had sold out their circus to Kansas City for the paltry sum of \$125,000, he hopped in and purchased all rights to the Democratic oratorical orgy for just twice that amount.

Now please note that in chronicling this interesting achievement—because this is the first time in American history that any one individual has ever personally owned a national convention—I have done so by saying that Jones bought the rights. And that's what Jones did do. It was his own idea, it was his own show, and the first thing that Houston knew about being a host to the Democratic National Convention was when along came a wire from Jesse telling the boys to get busy and dig up a quarter of a million for the original purchase price, and on top of that another \$150,000 for the erection of a hall in which to stage the difficulty.

Houston, however, was not astounded. It never is at anything that Jones does, and therefore, with an energy which must be characteristic of a community which has fooled the geographers, and the Almighty also, by turn-

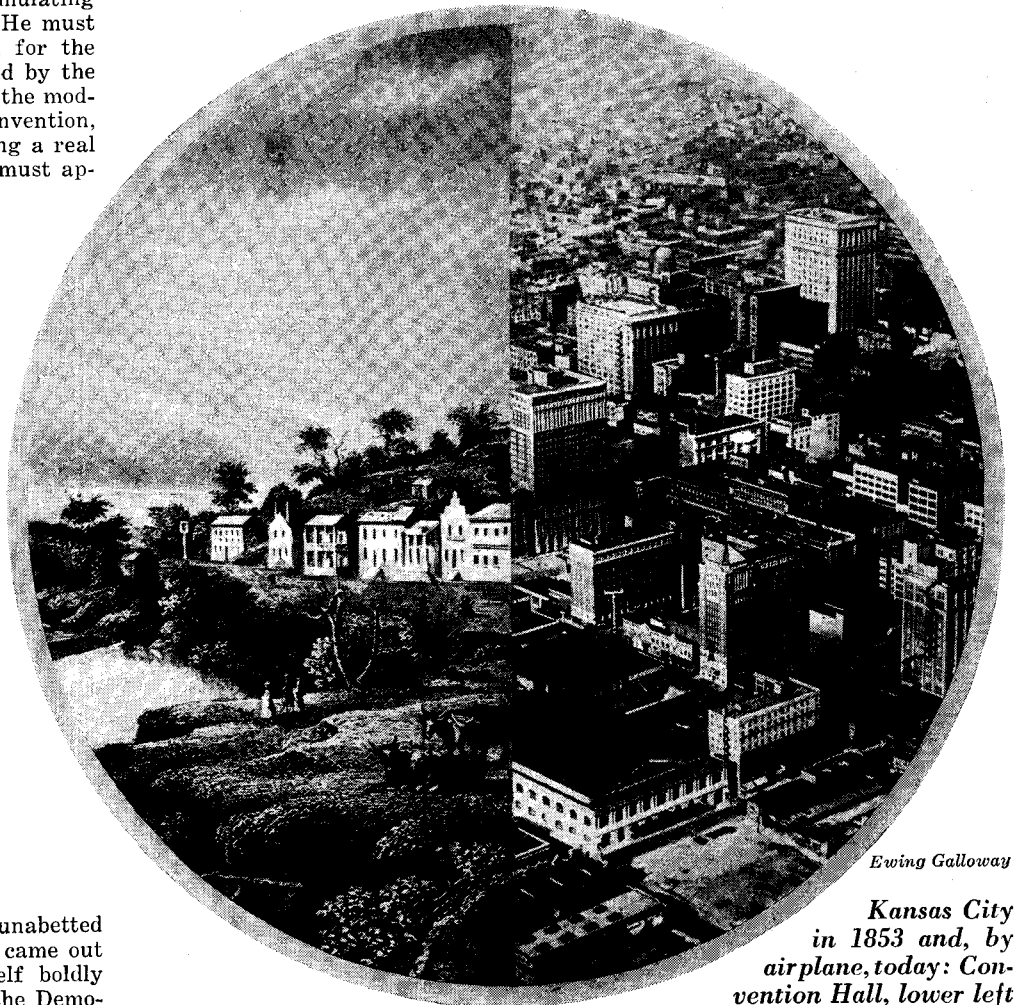
ing itself from an inland town into a seaport, it flew at the job.

Taking Jones' word for it that he had made a good buy—one that would produce a large cash profit, and much notoriety, for their town—the Houstonians got busy and in no time at all, with every man, woman and child in the city wearing a blue and white "Me Too" button, for which more or less money had been paid, they did a lot of things.

## Great Fleets 50 Miles Inland

THEY appointed all kinds of committees, raised the required funds, adopted plans, purchased a site for the forensic arena, tore down the buildings thereon, and when I arrived, just six weeks after Jones had consummated the original deal, they were unloading building material and selling hot-dog privileges.

All of this, however, is exactly in line with Houston's record. Concerted effort, down there on Buffalo Bayou, is the secret of success. But why mention Buffalo Bayou? It no longer exists. In the place of the old slough, once the abiding place of water moccasins, mud hens and alligators, there is now a ship channel up and down which steam the cotton and oil fleets of the world, and at whose inland end, almost in the heart of the city of Houston, there is a great turning basin surrounded on all sides by piers, wharves, docks and all the other intricate and amazing paraphernalia of a seaport. It is really an astonishing sight and represents an astounding (Continued on page 51)



Ewing Galloway

*Kansas City  
in 1853 and, by  
airplane, today: Con-  
vention Hall, lower left*