

WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

PROBABLY everybody wonders why William G. McAdoo should be the most prominently named Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1924, or even why he should have been named so prominently in 1920. All his affiliations had been capitalistic, yet the labor men were for him. He was strong with Labor, yet Capital liked him. If he runs in 1924 he won't be the candidate of a bloc. He will be a Democrat. Yet the blocs, strange to say, like him. Nobody hates him. In spite of that, he is a strong man who ought to incite hatreds. Strange man. His like has not been seen in America, because not even Andrew Jackson had that faculty of winning blocs, and Abraham Lincoln, who did, preferred not to.

The poor asses who attributed McAdoo's ground-swell to the fact that he was the President's son-in-law knew little about him. He is as different from Wilson as day from night, and when he courted Eleanor Wilson, it is a ten-to-one bet that Wilson did not like it, whatever he may have said. Wilson could not brook a strong man near him. What made the thing worse was that McAdoo had the nerve to disagree with Wilson on most of the President's dearest policies, a thing he could not stand, even from Colonel House or Old Watch-dog Joe Tumulty. These things have only come out since the letters and diaries of Walter Hines Page, and above all of Franklin K. Lane. We know now that the Cabinet was a solid bloc against the President, even at the last Josephus Daniels plucking up courage to stand with McAdoo and Lane. The President's son-in-law was one of the chief leaders in the exposition of

the opinion of the American people as against that one obstinate man.

As for Eleanor Wilson, the President and the first Mrs. Wilson had trained up all the Wilson girls to think for themselves and fight their own battles. Wilson himself was more or less indifferent to the choices his girls made of their lives. They were all strong-minded and each lived her own life. When Eleanor Wilson picked out McAdoo, many years her senior, for her companion in life, if she told her father it was merely as an afterthought, and this although she was still in her early twenties and McAdoo in middle age. Such a son-in-law could not have been any great slave to a father-in-law who accepted him in an inconsequential dream. Wilson's mind was all full of international visions. McAdoo was a practical statesman, much bent on internal affairs and Eleanor Wilson had a mind which followed her husband, rather than her father.

For all that, McAdoo followed his chief in foreign affairs and remained loyal to the League of Nations idea. Somehow it did not seem to queer him with the opponents of the League in the Democratic Party. It has been the marvel of his career that though he never withheld his mind on any subject he never offended anybody and always had all sides behind him.

This is all certainly due to the quality of the man. There is a strange magnetism or personality or individualism—it is hard to give it a name—which has made him equally acceptable to everybody. Just how good he has been to the Labor outfit it is hard to say, yet they are for him. There is a lucidity and clarity about the way he states his views and a fairness about the way in which he goes after them that generally brings everybody into line. He is, for instance, a friend of Samuel Gompers, and all the big men of the A. F. of L. seem to have swung in line behind him. It must be that they all like, admire and respect him.

This is no mean achievement. Most of his days before his entrance into the Cabinet were spent in service of corpora-

tions, a thing which doomed Senator Knox and Elihu Root, both single-hearted servants of the public.

McAdoo, though, was a self-made man. The great achievement with which his name is linked was the chaining up of the New York and the Jersey shores. That was capitalistic, but it was not McAdoo's money that went into it. What made that wonderful enchainment was McAdoo's ability to make people believe in him. He himself was nothing but a comparatively young lawyer out of Tennessee with an appealing gift of gab and a marvelous personality. He was not rich, he came of a war-broke Confederate family, and had had to quit his college at eighteen because he could not raise enough money to complete his course. He had worked after that at such political jobs as he and his father's influence could pick up for him.

He had gone to New York, as so many Southerners have, to open his oyster with his sword. Many a young lawyer, Southern or otherwise, has tried that and failed. The young Tennessean had imagination as well as personality. He used to ramble down on the New York shore and look across at Jersey, twinkling away so near and yet so far, or at the big ferry-boats lumbering heavily across the river. The vision grew and took stronger and stronger hold of him. He could see the thousands of passengers sliding under the river and far up under New York without either the uncomfortable ride or the extra cost.

Well, it was one thing for William Gibbs McAdoo to think these thoughts and dream these dreams and another thing to get the cold, hard bullion that would transmute them into railroads. He had not been in New York for long, however, without making the men of millions acquainted with that powerful personality of his. If he needed more, it would be enough for him to introduce himself. The same magnetism that had struck the first batch would strike still others.

It is not fair, however, to call the McAdoo influence by such names as "popularity" or "magnetism." Unfriendly

critics called it "McAdoodledom." It matters nothing that the name had a hostile origin. It was still simply a recognition of a quality so rare in American politics and business that it called for a new name. The name was characteristic and stuck. McAdoodledom may have been meant hostilely, but it hung to the target like Old Hickory or Tippecanoe and Tyler Too.

ON A POEM THAT NEVER APPEARED IN PRINT

By JOSHUA KOPOLOV

All poems are but epitaphs
Of beauty fed or beauty starved;
Along the rushing world's wayside
I sought to have one carved.

Along the rushing world's wayside
Where people pass and laugh and cry;
"But no," they said, "there is no room
Beneath the open sky."

Then sleep in peace, frail haunting wraith,
Though I can never carve your name
Deep in a hidden place in me
I feel the words of flame.

O sleep in peace, the winds are far,
And far the rushing world's wayside,
No one would know that you have lived,
No one shall know you died!