

Convention Sidelights

By ROBERT T. SMALL
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New York June 23—Scenting the battle from afar, Democrats have been rushing into New York far ahead of their scheduled time of arrival. Word has come that the arrival of various special trains has been advanced in some cases as much as a day. Everybody apparently wants to get in on the fray as early as possible and all this would indicate there would be no hurry to get away from New York if the convention is long drawn out.

The early arrivals have embarrassed a number of the big hotels, particularly the Waldorf where the National Committee has its headquarters. Most of the convention reservations were made from Sunday, but thousands of delegates and visitors had arrived by Thursday.

There were other conventions in the city last week—New York is seldom without them—and one of the biggest was at the Waldorf—the Retail Credit Men's Association. How to get the credit men out and the politicians into the same room space has been a problem difficult to solve. Follies always has made strange bed-fellows, but maybe the credit men have objected. By Sunday the tangle will be ended and then everything will be set for the long grind.

There are to be such tremendous demonstrations when William Gibbs McAdoo and Governor Al Smith are placed in nomination before the convention the managers of the big show are wondering if the two events can be pulled off the same day or the same session. It may be necessary to have an adjournment in between times to stop the cheering, the parading and the general racket.

McAdoo will be the first of the big two to get before the convention, thanks to California coming so early on the list of states.

The Smith managers are arranging to be close behind and the chances are that Connecticut will yield to New York when her name is called. Connecticut had figured on presenting the name of her favorite son, Homer S. Cummings, but Mr. Cummings has been elected as chairman of the convention committee on resolutions and has asked his brothers of the nutmeg state not to offer him. His wishes will be respected and as Connecticut's second choice is Al Smith the yielding will be a simple matter.

Thanks to residing in Alabama, Senator Oscar W. Underwood, will have the honor of leading all of the other candidates to the convention polls. The Underwood supporters are very much in earnest and believe there will be a great deal of enthusiasm in the convention for their favorite son.

Ohio has not asked any of her sister states to yield for an early presentation of the claims of former Governor James M. Cox and probably will wait patiently until her name is reached on the list of states. The Cox movement is being kept wholly a Buckeye affair up to this time, although substantial headquarters have been opened for him in the Waldorf hotel. This headquarters really is Ohio delegation headquarters. The Ohio special train will arrive Sunday morning and with it will come the famous Cox campaign song which resounded through San Francisco from the opening of the 1920 convention until that early morning hour when the son of Ohio finally won the day. This is the way the song goes:

O-HI O- O-HI O
The hills send back the cry.
"We're here to do or die";
O-HI-O O-HI-O.
We'll nominate Cox.
Or know the reason why!
In San Francisco the Cox boomers had a brass band with them. They will not bring one to New York. The Cox boom is not a brass band affair this time. His supporters say they are for him to the end and believe he will win.

The selection of Homer Cummings as chairman of the resolutions committee means that the friends of the League of Nations will have a strong ally at the head of the committee which is to draft the platform. Many of the delegates who will attend the convention this year remember the masterly oration delivered by Mr. Cummings at San Francisco. His tribute then to the work of Woodrow Wilson in the war and at the peace conference was a striking piece of rhetorical sincerity.

Mr. Cummings feels at this time that the party is under greater obligations than ever to its dead president and the platform references in that respect will be awaited with the keenest interest.

There is no chance that this convention will be permitted to evade the League of Nations issue. And thus far there is no indication among the arriving delegates of a desire to evade it. They say that Mr. Coolidge's recent speeches all show an "international trend" and they believe the Republicans will stress the international aspect of the country's affairs.

Coincident with the arrival of the first Southern delegates, Georgia watermelons have made their appearance in restaurant windows and fruiterers' shops. Some Georgia peaches also have arrived.

There is something quite inspiring about the sumptuousness of some of the Democratic aspirants, for the

Political Boss



Thelma Parkinson, 25, Smith College graduate, has become political boss of Cumberland county, N. J., and thus became New Jersey's delegate-at-large to the Democratic Convention.

presidency. Mr. McAdoo is living at the Vanderbilt. Governor Smith is at Biltmore. Both had humble beginnings but their present surroundings are the last word in luxury.

The Waldorf lobbies had a real thrill today. It was reported that Jim Haw Lewis, of Chicago, had arrived in all the glory of his pink whiskers, curly locks and pearl fedora hat. The rumor proved unfounded. The gentleman was from Porto Rico but he promises to run Jim Haw a close second as a senatorial and pulchritudinous idol of untried Democracy.

The Hon. Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, is busy these days trying to impress upon his interviewers and all and sundry, that he is not a "boss" in any sense of the word and that the Democratic party is not bossed. Mr. Taggart poohs the talk of a "Big Four" in the Democratic Convention and says he is having no "truck" with any blocs, cliques or other combinations in restraint of presidential booms.

Mr. Taggart knows of only one candidate in the race, Senator Samuel Ralston, a Hoosier Grover Cleveland. He likes Al Smith; he likes a lot of people but he vows and declares he is not in the bossing business and never was there.

All the talk about the visits that George Brennan, of Illinois, and the late Charles W. Murphy of Tammany Hall, used to make to him at French Lick Springs, was pure "bunk" according to Mr. Taggart. This triumvirate did not meet together to settle the affairs of the party. They did not meet to turn thumbs down on certain candidates. The last visit Mr. Murphy made to French Lick was said to have been for the purpose of vetoing Mr. McAdoo as a candidate. That was all wrong, says Mr. Taggart. All the triumvirate did was to play golf, take the baths and lounge around in the evening enjoying life and indulging in social pastimes.

The "Big Four" of today is popularly supposed to consist of Messrs Taggart, Brennan, Guffey of Pittsburgh, and Al Smith, of New York, as the successor of the late Tammany chieftain in Democratic leadership of his home state. There is no doubt there exists a strong "community of interests" between these four gentlemen, but Mr. Taggart is consistent in saying that from the first he has been for Senator Ralston, regardless of what the other sides of the big four may think, and he believes that among the dark horse element, Mr. Ralston has a leading position.

The latest official bulletin from headquarters of the "dry" force sent here from Washington to "mop up" during the convention period, announces that contrary to general opinion in the great American hinterland, New York really, is not now and never has been since prohibition became a law a really wet city.

"It's just damp in spots," explains the regional director.

Never the less and notwithstanding, fate has been kind to the bootleggers these last few nights pre-

ceding the convention. Heavy fogs have fallen with the evening shadows and in the sheltered seclusion of the gray mists the swift motor craft of the whiskey merchants have been playing ducks and drakes with their natural enemy, the revenues. Several battles have taken place in the fog blanket, but for the most part the liquor runners have safely reached their destination with the forbidden cargoes.

Thus far the bootleggers have kept their agreement not to raise rates on the Democrats. They said they would abide by the decisions of the hotel men and the restaurateurs to charge only normal fees. If the

convention should prove to be a long drawn out affair, however, there may be a chance, for it is axiomatic that all rules fail in "dry" weather.

The police have arrested two swindlers charged with trying to sell bits of glass as diamonds. It is denied that any of the visiting Democrats were the victims of the game.

Here's an evidence of what the New Yorkers themselves think of the convention.

The New York City delegates are deserting their outlying homes and taking quarters at a hotel right in the middle of what may be called the convention loop. They do not want to miss anything by going home nights.

The Al Smith forces scored an early scoop on their rivals of the McAdoo camp. Smith headquarters produced the first band. And there is just one guess as to the name of the first tune. You are right. It was "The Side-walks of New York." "Rose O'Grady" and all the other familiar airs of the olden days followed in their proper places.

All this arranging of an extra special session of the convention at 9 o'clock day light saving time, Tuesday evening for the delivery of Senator Pat Harrison's "keynote" speech must mean that the Senator has certainly written himself a piece. "The boys" who have seen the piece say it will make everyone sit up and take notice. Senator Pat does not believe in loving his Republican brethren or dwelling in unity with them. Sock 'em in the jaw is his philosophy of politics.

They have even gotten out packages of paper matches urging everybody to vote for Al Smith for president.

"Give us another Lincoln" say the match covers.

The matches, by the way, are of safety variety and won't explode suddenly.

To Service—

The Albemarle Pharmacy
—adds Quality

MOSQUITOES



It kills them!

Bee Brand Insect Powder won't stain—or harm anything except insects. Kills Flies, Fleas, Mosquitoes, Ants, Roaches, Water Bugs, Bed Bugs, Moths, Lice on Fowl. Household sizes, 15c and 35c—other sizes, 70c and \$1.25, pump gun 75c, at your druggist or grocer. Write for free booklet—a complete guide for killing house and garden insects.
McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Knowledge that Pays!

You gain a degree of satisfaction just in knowing things—what Einstein believes, how radium burns which kings are still holding thrones. Yet such knowledge gives you little more than just that satisfaction.

By reading advertisements, you gain knowledge that pays . . . that pays you definitely in time, money, comfort and convenience.

Each day in these pages, advertisers tell you of products devised to make you happier. They seek to arouse you to improvements that will enrich your home, lessen your work.

By reading the advertisements, you can know where to secure the best and most serviceable for you. You can avoid inferior goods and uncertain shopping. You can save.

Read the advertisements. You owe it to the advertisers who are trying to serve you—and to yourself.

There is a dependability about advertised Commodities

IF SHE'S WORTH WHILE,
SHE'S WORTH WHITMAN'S
The Good Candy
at
THE APOTHECARY SHOP

A PAIR TO SPARE

The man who has an extra pair of Oxfords so that he can change about every day or so enjoys a lot more shoe comfort than the man who wears his pair continually. These Oxfords with a prong strap make a really good extra pair. They give you style, variety and Oxfords that will look right with sports as well as business clothes.

DROP IN TO-DAY

OWENS SHOE COMPANY

Energetic Gasoline and Good Oil, Too
You'll get both of these at the
CENTRAL FILLING STATION
Road and Matthews Street. BALLOON TIRES.

DON'T FORGET

Your Refrigerator For It Is
Now Time To Buy
Quinn Furniture Co.

H. C. Bright Co.

Jewelers. Hinton Building.

Capital Stock \$250,000

Member Federal Reserve
HERTFORD COLUMBIA ELIZABETH CITY
Dr. A. L. Pendleton, Pres. Geo. R. Little, Cashier.
Gurney P. Hood, Vice-Pres. R. C. Abbott, Vice-Pres.
CAROLINA BANKING & TRUST COMPANY

THE OLD HOME TOWN BY STANLEY

ILL GO OVER IN THE MORNING AND BORROW A CUP O' SUGAR THEN ILL FIND OUT ALL ABOUT IT!
WONDER WHO'D BE SEENING A TELEGRAM THIS LATE AT NIGHT?
ITS TH TELEGRAPH OPERATOR SURE ENOUGH!
GET DOWN SHEP YOU'LL GET ALL MUD NICE DOG COME!
TELEGRAM MISTER ROBBINS!
OLD MAN ROBBINS WAS SO EXCITED WHEN HE TOOK THE MESSAGE FROM THE NEWS CORNER TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AND STATION AGENT DAD KEYS, HE DROPPED THE OIL LAMP—