

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1920

CHICAGO IN THE CONVENTION DAYS

Whole City Meeting Place of the Republicans

Pen Picture of Scenes in Windy City in Its Giddy Whirl of Political Activity Over Choosing of Presidential Candidate.

By Elizabeth Miner King in the New York Evening Post.

Chicago, June 14.—All in readiness for the formal opening of the Republican National Convention. The Coliseum encompasses it like a section of sky reserved for Republicanism. But the convention merely has swarmed. For the moment it has adjourned from the streets and the hotels. The whole city in truth is the convention hall; the Coliseum is merely the present point of concentration.

Chicago in the throes and clutches of this convention is something no man will forget. Every thread of life, from the high-minded interest of the greatest banker to the business of the blind fiddler and his big dog, apparently is entangled in the web of this great pulsating assembly called, so it firmly believes, to name the next President of the United States.

All the facilities and resources known to Chicagoans have been drawn upon to heighten the splendor of another Republican birthday. The city has been handed over, Lake Michigan for the time being belongs to the G. O. P., and all the outlying districts have contributed their bands, flags, bunting, tapers, and movable signs of political opulence. Chicago is a great sight; greater than the Republican party. Enough bunting decorates the city to reach from Herald Square to the Battery in New York. Enough "Welcome" signs embellish the streets to welcome every tramp on the Bowery. Enough money is being spent to buy a world war for a time. Bunting "Welcome" and money represent Chicago with the convention in her lap. This port of the Lakes, which H. I. Mencken now tries to prove even the literary centre of the United States, is giddy with the excruciatingly hilarious, irresponsible, distracted and not overcareful air of any individual or group suddenly finding itself the centre of the universe.

Liquor Only Thing Missing.

It seems as if the last thing that could be settled in this political jungle would be the presidential candidate of a great party. The state of mind here is not that of business. The place is en fête. Delegates themselves express the very tilt of the red and green feathers of the Wood campaign worn cocked in their hats. All Chicago needs to go plumb crazy is a supply of intoxicants. Michigan avenue now is a whirling, seething mass of the body politic, with wives, children, fathers, canes and a display of badges and buttons sufficient by extensive and glittering to have purchased the lake country from the Indians in the old days.

(There goes a negro delegate with five large emblems on his frock coat, a political vaudeville artist is coming along carrying a black umbrella with a flag

at the mast and two scared white doves of peace fighting to get away from their moorings. The sides of the umbrellas are covered with large pictures of Lowden.)

Convention in the Avenue.

This is the real convention—here on the avenue. Irvin Cobb—much thinner—is looking over the prophecies and broadsides in Hiram Johnson's front windows at the auditorium. Speaker Gillett nearly runs into him. Senator Edge hurries this way. Senator "Pat" Harrison, in the pink of democracy, steps along. Alice Roosevelt and Senator Borah jostle in the crowd. As far as Michigan Avenue is visible through this Illinois Central smoke, so dear to the Chicagoan (what a fuss New York would make if Fifth Avenue were similarly disgraced), this grand old convention is in the street, pouring in and out of hotels, stepping into automobiles, standing still, laughing, talking, speculating, accompanied by crashing bands and set off by the Fourth of July and firecracker atmosphere of a riot of flags and posters.

Taxes in the heyday of their old age, dart in and out and around corners like Mark Twain's gallant craft that raced a comet on its way to the hereafter. They stop as if struck by lightning, lake in a group and are off to the Coliseum. The convention crowd moves in groups. A knot here and a clan there appear to have business abnormally differentiated from each other. In the hotels where the real work of the convention is cut and dried these groups form a centre rush and the weak in numbers go in the direction of the strong.

Big Hotels Thronged.

Nobody ever guesses what a real mob can be like before trying to preserve personal peace in these hotels. Elevators have as little effect upon waiting throngs as a sieve for the sands of the ocean. Every corridor and nook and corner contains just people trying to express themselves individually but lost in the political composite. The Congress, Auditorium and other large hotels are conventions in themselves, with their walls covered with the signs of State delegations, candidates, committees, and programmes, and with their own melodious celebrations day and night, when auditoriums resound with stampees and applause for some candidate, bands with unexcelled Chicago jazz and male quartettes blaze away far into the night. Every campaign has been synopsized. "Hiram Johnson, You're the Man," and "A Business Man With a Business Plan, Lowden," have an up to date ring that savors of the new poetry and Chicago itself.

But what really creates all this political riot is the fact that at this convention the country witnesses not the old-fashioned variety but four or five of the old familiar political conventions going on at once because of the large number of well-to-do candidates. The whole entrancing spectacle only emphasizes the splits in the party. Each organization is mature enough to stir up the dust. The omnipotent Republican confidence of a few months ago has been increased tenfold, but has been broken up into these one-man factions. Once in a while you meet an old hand not at all carried away by the convention magnificence. Two congressmen were talking, "The greatest mistake we can make is to assume that there will be no fight next November, that the naming of the candidate this week will finish the work."

"Yes, we are full of factions, and I don't believe we can pull together," added a bystander. "There is nobody to do it. The first thing you know, we will be outgeneralled. They (Democrats) are all to gether."

This is not the general feeling here. The spirit of the crowd is all powerful.

HARDING IS REPUBLICANS' CANDIDATE

(Canadian Press Despatch.)

Chicago, June 13.—Warren G. Harding, United States senator from Ohio, was nominated for the presidency last night by the Republican national convention after a dead-lock which lasted for nine ballots and which finally forced out of the running all the original favorites.

As his running mate, the convention named Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, upsetting a plan of combination of the Harding backers to nominate for the place Senator Lenroot, of Wisconsin.

The collapse of the forces of Governor Frank G. Lowden and their transfer in large part to Senator Harding put the Ohio candidate over.

General Wood lost heavily, however, when the Harding drift began and Senator Johnson, the third of the trio of leaders on the early balloting, also went steadily downhill.

Entering the convention four days ago as a candidate distinctly of the "dark horse class," Senator Harding got only six-four votes on the first ballot and on the second he dropped to fifty-six.

When the convention adjourned Friday night, at the end of the fourth ballot, he had sixty-one.

As the tenth roll call began delegates quit Wood and Johnson right and left and the big hall was in almost continuous applause as state after state announced accession to the Harding standard. It was reserved for Pennsylvania to add the crowning touch of enthusiasm. When the Keystone state was reached, the Ohio senator needed thirty-two votes to nominate him and Pennsylvania gave him sixty.

It was Governor Sprout, himself, the candidate of his state on every preceding ballot and mentioned many times as a possible dark horse, who broke the dead-lock when he announced the big Pennsylvania vote for Harding. Entering the coliseum floor for the first time since the balloting began, he made his 1896

way to the Pennsylvania standard, and amid cheers, released the delegation from longer supporting him. Then he took a poll, got the floor and threw in the winning Harding votes.

The final check up showed 692 for Harding, with only 120 left supporting Lowden, 157 for Wood and 80 for Johnson. At their best, earlier in the day, the Wood people had mustered 312 votes and the Lowden forces 311. Johnson's high point was 148, recorded on the third ballot on Friday.

Both Born on Farms.

Senator Harding is a resident of Ohio and has represented that state since 1914 as a senator, but in private life he is owner of the Marion, Ohio, Star, having acted in all capacities on that journal. He was brought up on a farm near Blooming Grove, Morrow county, Ohio, having been born there Nov. 2, 1865. His father was a Scotchman while his mother was a descendant from a Dutch family. He was graduated from Ohio Central College and as editor of the college paper his talent as a journalist was displayed. Senator Harding is also closely connected with many other businesses in Ohio, including many manufacturing plants and the directorate of a bank. He is a trustee of the Trinity Baptist church.

Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts is well known throughout the country, having displayed great judgment and wisdom in his method of quelling the police strike in Boston several months ago. He was opposed to policemen and firemen belonging to a union but entirely in favor of labor unions outside of public servants. He was born on a farm in Vermont and after a college education under difficulties he practised law and moved to the state of which he is now governor, eventually becoming a member of the legislature. He was twice elected to the governorship of Massachusetts.

Presidential ballots in G. O. P. conventions.		
Year	Nominee	Ballots
1860	Lincoln	3
1864	Lincoln	1
1868	Grant	1
1872	Grant	1
1876	Hayes	7
1880	Garfield	36
1884	Blaine	8
1888	Harrison	1
1892	Harrison	1
1896	McKinley	1

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