

WOMEN BLAMED FOR DEADLOCK AT FRISCO MEET

Coy Girls From Missouri, Colorado and California Refuse to Change Their Mind.

By WINIFRED BLACK.
(Written Especially for International News Service.)

San Francisco, July 5.—"Mother, may I go out to swim?" "Yes, my darling daughter; hang your vote on the hickory limb 'But don't go near the water." That was the battle hymn of the republic—I mean the republican convention as far as the women were concerned—so one of the women delegates to that convention told me today when we were talking about the hitch here which is keeping the democratic convention so much longer than anybody expected it would last.

The women there were like guests at a house party, beautifully treated, dined, flattered—and that's all. The democrats have issued a general invitation, let down all the bars and megaphoned to all who wished to hear "come on in girls, the water's fine." And the girls came in hundreds of them—but after they got in they horrified the male delegates by refusing to be taught to swim. They have actually had the boldness to say that they could swim very well themselves, thank you, and as for the diving, they didn't need any assistance in that line either.

Refuse to Be Led.
And the men don't know what on earth to do about it. They may talk of this discussion and that discussion as much as they like, but to my point of view it is woman, lovely woman who is holding back the convention as much as anything.

There's the Missouri delegation, for instance, in Kansas City there dwells a good natured and highly efficient person called Joe Shannon—he's accustomed to delivering the goods, for Joe Shannon, and here he is at the head of a delegation that simply will not be delivered.

Mr. Shannon, for instance, is a wet of the wettest variety of the women of his delegation are members of the W. C. T. U. and the Christian Endeavor and various similar societies, and they simply will not listen to Mr. Shannon when he begs, implores and demands that they let him hand over the votes to Cox, the wet candidate beloved by all the wets.

Up Against a Snag.
They don't argue, they don't sulk, they don't say much—all the best talkers in the other delegations come and labor with them, but the Missouri women sit back and smile and go right on voting each for her own particular candidate chosen for her own particular reason.

The Colorado delegation is in the same fix, so they say is the delegation from California. Nobody can do a thing with the women. Nobody can tell what to say to them that will have the least influence and there the whole convention is sitting waiting for mother—not to make up her mind—but to change it. And mother doesn't see any sense in changing it at all—and there you are. The male manipulators of the convention have run up against a snag and that snag is the "I won't" of the women.

Something Has Happened.
The great convention hall looked Saturday like a block party on a Saturday night, where everybody takes off her hat and makes herself at home. All the women are quite at home in the convention now. Mrs. J. Borden Harrison wears a new and a more astounding dress every day. Yesterday it was brown chiffon, flowered with blue—Mrs. Brown, she that was Izetta Jewel, came to the party Saturday night in a white chiffon party dress and a pearl necklace.

Mrs. George Bass relaxed her strictly business-like demeanor long enough to look rather interesting in a black dinner dress and all over the house the women had beautiful coiffures and nicely massaged faces, but for all that they knew their own minds and they don't intend to be bossed, so goodness knows when this convention will end.

Some time in a month or so, the practical politicians of this country will awake to the fact that something very important has happened and that it began to happen in San Francisco when the women put out their foot in the door and insisted on having an active and practical part in the deliberations of the democratic party.

Prince of Wales in Wreck
Bridgetown, West Australia, July 5.—A train on which the prince of Wales was traveling was derailed here today. Two of the royal catches were thrown off the tracks but nobody was injured.

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Don't streak or ruin your material in a poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes." Easy directions in every package.

GIRLS! LEMONS BLEACH; WHITEN
Make Lemon Lotion to Double Beauty of Your Skin

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White which can be had at any drug store, shake well and you have a quartier pint of harmless and delightful lemon bleach for few cents.

Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, then shortly note the beauty of your skin.

Famous stage beauties use lemon juice to bleach and bring that soft, clear, rosy-white complexion. Lemons have always been used as freckle, sunburn and tan remover. Make this up and try it.

Cooler Gambler Of All At Big Demo Lottery Is Daughter of Gov. Cox

Demonstration of Delegates at Mention of Father's Name Phases Her Not—Calmly Tallies Votes of Her Own—Breaks All Traditions of Women's Emotions—Sings Praises of Folk in Home State.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD.
(Written Especially for International News Service.)

San Francisco, Cal., July 5.—I have been lied to so much by the folks who give-out news here in San Francisco that I am not going to write any news today. All the news that a correspondent gets talking with these politicians is wrong. The republican politicians in Chicago were just as bad as here and I am not going to risk my reputation on writing any more news about what's going to happen, or even what has happened.

The most fun I have these days is watching Mrs. D. J. Mahoney in the convention hall. She's a very pretty girl of French type. She sits not in the galleries with the distinguished visitors, or up in the organ loft with the aristocratic lady politicians, nor even on the floor with the delegates. Her seat is in the press stand. Few folks notice her, but she is more entertaining to me than all the hubbub of the convention.

Mrs. Mahoney is Governor Cox's daughter and from her seat in the press stand during the endless balloting she has seen the White House beckon and beckon, each time more earnestly with every repeated ballot. If you can think of any higher stakes than gambling have ever played that this young lady with this tremendous stake in view is one of the coolest gamblers I have ever seen.

Even the old timers at Monte Carlo, hardened to the vagaries of fate, did not seem to me quite as cool as this young lady from Ohio, who during two days has seen the White House advance and then retire, only to advance and retire again.

No Sign of Emotion.
She sits next to Mrs. David Lawrence, wife of a Washington correspondent, and between them they kept track of Cox votes. I watched her several times while the hall went mad with shouts of her father's name. She did not join the demonstration. She did not even rise in her seat like other reporters to look at the scene. When she did arise during the hubbub it was to leave the hall and go out into the restaurant to take a bottle of milk and a ham sandwich.

On the 16th, 17th and 18th ballots Saturday, when her father's score was climbing and then falling, someone in the press stand offered her a package of gum. She immediately put this with vigor to its intended purpose. It was a relief to see her doing something, even if it was gum chewing. Beyond any doubt, pent up in her woman's mind, was a perfect storm of emotion, of hopes and fears and pride and doubt, and her only way of venting these in anything approaching a seemly fashion was in innocent gum chewing.

A man, under similar circumstances, her father in Ohio for instance, or Woodrow Wilson in the White House, or William G. McAdoo in New York—would have been pacing the floor or figuratively snapping their fingers and crying, at least to their friends: "Come on you 728 votes, come on you 728," did not seem to me quite as cool as this young lady from Ohio, who during

met her in the hallway during one of the demonstrations and tried to discover how her concealed excitement could be brought out. It could not. This Buckeye girl had herself so well in hand that she broke all traditions in regard to the emotions of women.

"Have you ever kept such close tally on your father before?" a by-standing reporter asked her.

"No," she said, "I went to the democratic convention at Baltimore and kept track of Champ Clark's vote. My father's name wasn't mentioned there, but I think I was more excited then than I am now."

"You don't seem at all excited now," I suggested.

"I don't let myself get excited. This is too big a thing to get excited about."

"Do you keep your father informed about what's going on?" a friend asked her.

"Oh, yes, I send him a telegram every day, but he's a newspaper man, you know. He has a newspaper in Dayton, O., and he watches the wires. He knows what's going on here all right."

"You don't live very far from Harding's town, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Mahoney. "Marion, O., isn't very far from our place. You take a street car to Columbus and then you take another street car from Columbus to Marion, but I've never been to Marion."

"Wouldn't it be funny if your father were nominated and two candidates for the presidency came from the same little spot in the United States?" someone suggested.

"The Ohio folks would be shooting machine guns at each other," said somebody else.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Mahoney.

Be Young In Body, Mind and Looks Despite Your Years
How often you have wished that you could indulge in the strenuous exercise of out door sports with the vigor and enthusiasm of youth! But the end of the week finds you all in—you are tired, listless and lack the energy to go out for a vigorous walk or a round of the links—or any other exercise that requires much physical exertion. Many a man, even in his middle forties, has a vague feeling that he is "getting old"—and right at a time when he should be at his very best physically. And he is growing old, not in the sense that the years are pressing heavily upon him—but in the sense that his vital forces are wasting away faster than Nature replaces the worn out tissues.

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It enriches the blood—gently stimulates heart, liver and kidneys to normal activity—brings back your pep, punch and mental vigor—chases away that tired, worn-out feeling and replaces it with a spirit of buoyancy. LYKO is a distinctive preparation, scientifically correct in its combination of medicinal ingredients, and there's nothing more invigorating, more strengthening or more rebuilding. Specially beneficial for invalids, convalescents and run-down people of all conditions. Get a bottle from your druggist today—tomorrow you will feel better for it.

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PALMER'S WIFE PREPARES EGGS FOR BREAKFAST
Nervous and Excited, But She Still Endeavors to Start Day Right For Husband.

By LEOLA ALLARD.
Chicago Tribune-Omaha Bee Local Wire.
Auditorium, San Francisco, July 5.—The wife of A. Mitchell Palmer, candidate for president, is nervous and very much excited over the deadlock in the democratic convention, but what interests her still more is getting her husband exactly the kind of eggs he likes for breakfast. So Saturday she bought a little stove on which she can do the light housekeeping necessary to start the candidate's day right.

The chef at the Palace hotel knows how to cook eggs, but he doesn't know how important to the success of the day is the Alexander Mitchell Palmer hen fruit, done to a turn.


Suffrage interests Mrs. Palmer. Her husband says she is a born suffragist because in the Quaker code women are equal with men from the day of their birth and there never has been and probably never will be any question about it. Active Mrs. Palmer has taken no part in the campaign. With her little

Penn Delegates Are Under Fire for Ignoring Women
San Francisco, July 5.—The Pennsylvania delegation to the democratic national convention is under fire of the women. This delegation has thus far failed to name a national committee woman.

Mrs. J. W. Renshaw of Pittsburgh appealed to a meeting of democratic women to take action to force Pennsylvania to appoint a woman to the national committee.

Distinctive Dress for Childless Wives Urged
Paris, July 5.—Compulsory wearing by childless wives of uniforms with skull and crossbones painted on them was urged by the provincial section of the League for Large Families in the Chamber of Deputies.

MOTHER!
"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."

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\$19.50	Garments	Now ...	\$ 9.75
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\$29.75	Garments	Now ...	\$14.75
\$39.50	Garments	Now ...	\$19.75
\$49.50	Garments	Now ...	\$24.75
\$59.50	Garments	Now ...	\$29.75
\$65.00	Garments	Now ...	\$32.50
\$75.00	Garments	Now ...	\$37.50
\$89.50	Garments	Now ...	\$44.75
\$95.00	Garments	Now ...	\$47.50
\$110.00	Garments	Now ...	\$55.00

Be Here Early