MOLLIE NOT ONLY ONE WHO WISHES 'IT WAS ALL OVER'

Congress Hotel Maid Voices Sentiment of Everyone From the Presidential Candidates Down.

(Copyright [illegible] by [illegible])

By Edna Ferber

Chicago, Ill., June 17.—Mollie (that's only pinup red with white is good) [illegible] on the handle of her [illegible] sweeper, waved wearily [illegible] motor brow and stared [illegible] portiled the [illegible] White Sox [illegible] languor in her movements and when [illegible] ened the white cap that sat [illegible] a-tilt over her left ear.

"My dawd," said Mollie, "Ain't this simply faise? If it was only over! I ain't temperamental, but honest, it's getting on my nerves."

And in saying just that Mollie, the Congress hotel housemaid on duty just outside the gold room, and the confidante of that finest gave expression to the sentiments that are being entertained by everyone connected with the Republican national convention. It's getting on everyone's nerves, beginning with Mollie, who has weathered two previous conventions—but never anything like this one, she'll tell you—and working right up through reporters, special writers, delegates, committeemen, confidential advisers, campaign managers, senators, governors—(we're getting warm)—to the very presidential candidates themselves, and we ought to know, having one right on the grounds.

Michigan Is Main Street.

Michigan avenue is Main street this week. Not that alone, it's Main street on a busy day. With Roosevelt in town, a sprinkling of ex-vice presidents, including Fairbanks to help fill out—which he does—latitudinally—and with governors, statesmen, bands and marching clubs galore, it was a poor kind of a shoe clerk, who couldn't give his girl a dizzy Sunday afternoon. Once inside the Congress hotel, it was impossible to get out. Once outside, it was suicide to force a way in. It was nothing like those sane and simple gone days when you could tell a Republican from a Democrat within shooting distance, because every man was either a Republican or a Democrat and bragged about it.

In one of the inefficient and insufficient little elevators that crawled cautiously up and down from lobby floor to the various political headquarters upstairs, was a tiny, gray-haired old lady of the black-silk-and-lavender, knitted-shawl type. Her hair was crinkled primly away from the forehead, and her black bonnet would have been much more fittingly in its element than in that crowded, blatant, blaring hotel crowd. The crowd pushed its way into the elevator. The door was shut. The overloaded lift began its ascent. A constant roar came up from the crowd below. The second floor reached the swarming mob that crowded the Florentine room. Roosevelt headquarters took up the roar, until the sound swelled and boomed and deafened. The little old lady peered out with a sort of delicious terror and a half-wicked, half-delighted gleam came into her eyes. She clung to the arm of the starlart young man at her side and, "My," she piped, excitedly, "My! This is not a bit like Sunday."

Little Jaunt With Crowd.

And no, it wasn't. Starting with the Cummins headquarters—where it did look like Sunday—the crowd surged its way to Taft headquarters, where it looked—well, like Thursday evening at prayer meeting, say; then to the Roosevelt stamping ground, where it looked like the middle of next week. Curiosity was writ large upon the features of the visitors. They passed up one corridor, and down the other, for all the world like a procession viewing the remains.

The ferns and cut flowers that made bower-like the various state headquarters, lent something to the effect. Oh, it was a big day—a sort of mixture of circus day, Fourth of July, Elks' convention and auto meet, only with more thrills in it.

The men who ought to know are still saying that nobody knows. There's no doubting that the crowds have gone mad—for Roosevelt. Every time it calls him "Teddy" it does so as though it was figuratively slapping him on the back. It wouldn't dream of calling Taft "Bill." Yesterday there was enthusiasm. Today there is something that can only be called confidence.

Strain Shows on Faces.

But Mollie's nerves aren't the only set that begins to feel the strain of it. It shows on the faces of the men—the really big men of this unequalled convention gathering. Their faces are beginning to have a worn look. They look wilted, frazzled, and that before the convention proper has even begun. It isn't to be seen so plainly on the faces of the men one sees downstairs, on the street or the hotel lobby, but it is stamped unmistakably on the features of those others who have stuck close to the Taft and Roosevelt headquarters, arranged interviews, pulled wires, managed and marshaled the forces that are to meet in battle at the Coliseum Tuesday morning.

Meantime those who have press badges are actually wearing them inside their coats for the perfectly good and Chicago-bred reason that if they did not they would run a very grave chance of having those precious ornaments of bronze and enamel torn from them, so hungry is the crowd for a sight of the convention hall proper.

Not So Busy as They Look.

It takes a half holiday of mingling with the political powers to discover that they're not all as busy as they seem. After the eye and brain have accustomed themselves to the bewildering, shifting, jostling mob of strangers, all looking as though weighted with the secrets of state, there comes a sneaking suspicion that what they are doing isn't always so hair-raising, after all.

At the northwest corner of the Congress lobby are the long distance telephone booths. An important looking personage with eyeglasses and a breastplate of badges and medals adorning his coat lapels rushes up to the operator. He gives his number. He wants New York. A curious little group of onlookers gaze at him respectfully.

"This is important, understand?" says the personage, addressing the operator. "Get 'em for me right away. I'll stick right here until you do." The operator bends all his energies to getting the New York call. The important personage stands by and twiddles his fingers and glares at his watch.

"Probably going to talk to Taft, or somebody," whispers some one around the switchboard. The personage's number is called. He rushes into booth four. One of the over-eager listeners edges near the door. He holds his breath. This is what he hears:

"Hello, Mary, thought I'd telephone instead of writing because I wanted to hear the sound of your voice. You and the kids all right? Say, it's hotter than blazes here. I'm just going to dinner, and, say, Mary, I'd give ten dollars if I could just set my teeth into a piece of your fresh cherry pie."

"Dunno," Says Listener—"Cypher."

He comes out of the booth, still looking important and mysterious. "What'd he say?" demanded the little crowd of listeners. The one who had overheard shakes his head. "I dunno," he says. "He was talking in cipher."

The California headquarters are in the Auditorium. California sends two women delegates to the convention. Seeing Mrs. Isabella Blaney, of Pasadena, talking to a little group of women, any one with a news nose would scent politics and suffrage, at least. The look on their faces is earnest, rapt, intense. The thing to do is to gumshoe up, looking carefully the other way, as though searching for the friend at the other end of the lobby, and drink in the conversation.

"If I'd only known sooner," says one woman, in a half wail.

Really Sounds Newsy.

Now, that sounds newsy, doesn't it?

"We might have known the change would come now. It was to be expected after all these months," another woman in the group put in, ruefully.

A third speaks up. She shows real spirit.

"Perhaps it isn't too late, even yet," she says. "Something might be done."

"No," says the first woman, firmly, "it is too late, but I thought they'd surely be successful. That's why I had mine made that way. I was sure that after wearing 'em so tight you couldn't sit down in 'em all last summer and winter that the pannier effect would take. But it hasn't and I had my green made that way, and you can't make a hobble out of a pannier."

Oaks Rink, now skating; big crowds.*

RIVAL LEADERS OF REPUBLICAN FACTIONS

Senator Moses E. Clapp at left and Senator Elihu Root. Senator Clapp is known as the "Black Eagle of the West," and is one of the most energetic leaders of the Roosevelt forces in Chicago. Senator Root has been elected temporary chairman of the national convention, and will be placed in the chair permanently if the Taft supporters are in control.

MOVE TO WIN ALL TEXANS FOR TAFT

Organized Attempt Being Made to Take Over Solid Delegation From That State.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Chicago, June 17.—An organized attempt was begun today to get the solid Texas delegation for President Taft. The men behind the movement insisted that they will stay and that Taft will get the entire delegation before the vote is reached in the convention. This was planned by the Taft managers as their answer to attempts the Roosevelt men are making to get the negro vote of the south for the colonel's candidacy.

The meeting of the Taft delegation from Texas today marked the passing of Colonel Cecil Lyon, for 12 years the national committeeman from the Lone Star state. Lyon's successor is H. F. McGregor, who was chosen at a meeting of the 26 Taft delegates from Texas at their meeting today.

Improve Orenco Schools.

Orenco, Or., June 17.—At the annual school election to be held this afternoon, the voters of the district will decide on enlarging the school facilities of the town. The present building is only partly occupied, the two rooms of the lower floor being used. It is planned to finish the two rooms on the second floor and employ an additional teacher or two for the coming winter.

PICTURE TAFT WITH ARMFUL OF EGGS AND T. R. GRABBING

This, According to George Fitch, Is Situation at Chicago; Cummins Stands With Apron Spread Beneath.

By George Fitch.

(Copyright, 1912, by The Associated Newspapers.)

Chicago, June 17.—Sunday was the quietest and consequently a quiet day around the political crater of the United States, located at present in the Congress hotel. It was the lull before the storm. The brass bands died away almost completely, no features were doled in the corridors during the discussion. There were informal speeches in the Moose pen, formerly the Florentine room, where the Roosevelt delegates gather, but they were mild in type almost disappointing, in fact.

Any man who spoke could have eaten his words without burning out his digestive organs.

Viewed with the practical eye of a war correspondent, the situation on the eve of the most notable political convention we have had since Garfield's nomination, is as follows. The preliminaries are over. The delegates have been apportioned or grabbed, depending on the way you look at it, and each candidate, with his arms full of said delegates, is glaring somewhat breathlessly at the other's pile.

Try to hold 540 eggs in your arms with some other fellow jogging your elbow and you will be able to appreciate the full intricacies of the job.

Taft Has Long Reach.

President Taft, who has a large reach anyway and has had some one to help him pile, has 530 delegates in his arms that is, he had the last time he counted them. They reach up over his chin and he is using every finger and both elbows to retain them. He has been picking them off of Colonel Roosevelt's pile until he can't see over the top of the bunch and now it wobbles like thunder. Now and then this fellow Roosevelt makes an illbred grab and picks one off from under his arm. Now and then one slips down between his wrist and his waistband. Now and then he shifts the whole load cautiously over into Roosevelt's pile, where he picks up a handful. It is promoting a lot of hard feelings on both sides.

Roosevelt has threatened to kick Taft's whole pile into the mire if there are any more grabbings, and everyone knows that he will do it, for when he comes to politics he is no lady. It is very distressing to everyone but Senator Cummins of Iowa, who has been standing under the two rivals for the past three days with an apron, exhorting them in loud tones to fight.

Source of Worry Developed.

Sunday developed one great source of worry to President Taft. His brunette eggs began to fall over his forearm with alarming rapidity. While he was making an unostentatious and tentative reach for a few million votes in the preliminary skirmishes an entire Black Minorca setting from Georgia and Mississippi slid overboard with a great crash and the colonel deftly gathered them up. The loss has not been tabulated, but it will be close to 15.

The dark eggs are awfully hard to hold. Make a noise like a majority in the distance and they will roll off in spite of everything. A speckled egg fell off yesterday, too, when Timothy Woodruff of New York pushed his historic polka dotted vest into the Roosevelt camp and declared in no uncertain tones that appropriation of Texas by Taftites has made the recording angel yell for a barrel of tar and a marking brush.

Situation Really Critical.

All of the events have made the situation very critical. Mr. Taft's supporters are talking of putting up unit rule sideboards in order to save the rest of his dark eggs, and Mr. Roosevelt, who keeps most of his eggs in his pocket anyway, is preparing to grab more seriously than ever tomorrow.

It is mussing up the convention frightfully and there is a distinct smell of certain things in the air.

The Gideons put up a fine show with their lamps and pitchers before they waded into the Midianites and took them entirely out of the census returns. And if is very likely that the parade of the amalgamated steam roller patrols as they escorted the well known Mr. Roosevelt of New York to his rooms in the Congress hotel will take its place in history alone with other pungent processions. And at any rate, it ought to. The steam rollered patriots put up a good enough show.

It has been a long, hard week for these men. They have had to endure a lot. Coming to Chicago alone and unprotected they have figured chiefly as material experiments in paving material. Where they had expected to upholster convention seats they have found themselves carpeting the road to Washington for the hostile candidates. They have fought and perspired and have remarked about the injustice of the whole thing in casual manner now and then, but it has done them no good. The perfectly manicured opposition has merely laughed in a well-bred manner as their victims shrieked in the roadway and has run the roller back over them to smooth them down from the other end.

Things Change as T. R. Comes.

But things changed as Mr. Roosevelt neared Chicago. You could see these depressed ex-delegates bracing up and taking a new interest in life just as a certain bunch of badly shotup soldiers once did when word was received that Sheridan was only 10 miles away and pushing on the reins. Roosevelt to the Roosevelt forces meant relief, rescue, revenge, retaliation, rebellion, restitution and a lot of other roaring, reverberating and revolving things. They cheered when word came from Cleveland. They yelled while the train was making up time through Indiana, and when the Lake Shore Limited disgorged their candidate they went crazy with joyous abandon and took him home to camp.

It wasn't such a long procession but it was expressive. You could tell what it meant by the tunes. There were three favorite ones and there were three bands that were going all the time. "Cheer, Cheer, the Gang's All Here," was the opening remark.

"Everybody's Doin' It."

"Everybody's Doin' It" followed and the last one, full of menace and cheerful hostility, was "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." California lead the van. California is madder than any two Roosevelt states. It insists on being just this mad. It is a policy just like England's two power policy. When Washington or Pennsylvania shake out a new reef of indignation and show signs of cornering the cuss words, the California delegation holds a caucus with Heney and Johnson as chief stokers and pile on the fuel until the state turns red on every railroad folder in the Congress hotel. By virtue of its supreme and unparalleled indignation, California had the place of honor around the colonel, and as he rode slowly down Michigan avenue igniting aetnas of enthusiasm with his long suffering crush hat, the Californians growled menacingly and hideously like a Roman mob with its thumbs pointed straight down. Straight to the hotel the scared and suffering, but happy, ex-delegates led the way. The last block was so badly coagulated with cheering patriots that progress was difficult, but nobody cared—except the people who progressed over. It took four downs to get the colonel into the lower lobby and a couple of mass plays to wedge him into the elevator. But eventually he got upstairs and after his friends on the outside had subsided a little for the want of water—jacketed larynxes—he stepped out on the balcony and made a little speech.

Candor compels the statement that this speech was disappointing. The trouble is that Colonel Roosevelt has been in quiet, little old New York, where nobody has to say unkind things except before the grand jury. In these afternoon prayer meetings, led by Deacons Filus, Heney, Johnson, Lindsay and others, have been thing up so many new words with which to describe the national committee that when the colonel made a few remarks about "naked theft," "pure steals" and receivers of stolen property," the anxious hearers shook their heads sadly.

"Colonel's Taming Down."

"The colonel's taming down a lot, isn't he?" one Oklahoma delegate remarked to Another.

Nevertheless, it is freely predicted by good judges of form that when Colonel Roosevelt sits in at the regular Chicago meeting—which he declined to do Saturday because the bath tub won the caucus—he will catch the spirit of the times and become more candid in his assertions. All the Roosevelt camp is joyous. The signs in the headquarters have caught the spirit. "We'll take a bite out of their old steam roller" was a favorite one. "Now watch us finish" is another. The torn and mashed up skirmish line is resting easily tonight and the whole camp is waiting eagerly to see real dauntless, dentless, two-fisted and hob-nailed fighters get into action.

But enough of war and unrest. At 5 o'clock or thereabouts it was whispered in the headquarters of Chairman McKinley that Colonel Roosevelt was in town. The man who did the whispering might as well have wig-wagged it from behind a door. Nobody heard him. If they did they restrained their curiosity. On all hands in these restful rooms it was conceded that Roosevelt might be in town, also that the Coliseum would probably be crowded, likewise that corn is a little late this year.

The McKinley men are great conceders and true sports, too. Fearing that the hotel was a little crowded and that sturdy American citizens who have neglected to make reservations might be compelled to sleep on the billiard tables, Mr. McKinley kindly released the presidential suite for the use of anyone who might come in and who well liked paying $100 a day for it. This was lucky, because the colonel happened along just about then.

Calm as the Taft people are, they have conceded another point. Thus far the contest, to put it briefly, has been one between wind and steam, the Roosevelt men furnishing the former and the dauntless engineers on the Taft side keeping the latter away up with the negro delegates sitting on the safety valve. But the Taft people are now going to add a little wind themselves. The great gold room at the Congress hotel is being reinforced and prepared for oratory and henceforth there will be two rival storm centers in the hotel, steam and wind vs. wind and teeth.

That is the program from now on.

NEBRASKA DELEGATION REPUDIATES ROSEWATER

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Chicago, June 17.—Demand that Victor Rosewater either change his attitude on the contests or resign was made by the Nebraska delegation in an executive session today.

Rosewater was informed that such a step was contemplated, and left the Nebraska headquarters before a vote was taken, later refusing to comment on his repudiation.

The resolution affirmed "unwavering allegiance to Roosevelt."

A cash register that a Californian has invented not only records the sales but automatically makes change for any coin as numbered buttons are pressed.

Journal Want Ads bring results.

Holtz' Corner, Fifth and Washington

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Phone us your orders — Marshall 4900, A-6665 — Phone us your orders

12½c Pillow Cases at 10c

Made of good grade of muslin; torn and hemmed ready for use; 46x36 inches; regular 12½c values priced here at **10c**

15c Pillow Cases for 12c

Made of high-grade quality of muslin; torn and hemmed ready for use; 45x36 inches; 15c values priced here only **12c**

Holtz' Corner, Fifth and Washington Sts. Phones: Marshall 4900, A-6665 Holtz' Corner, Fifth and Washington Sts.

We say "Great" advisedly and with proper authority. "Great" because of the quantity, there being thousands of yards. "Great" because of the values—these positively the best ever shown here. Come, then, tomorrow, prepared to find bargains of first star magnitude. We'll guarantee you against disappointments.

98c Embroidered Flouncings at 43c

Fine quality Swiss Embroidered Flouncings, 21 inches wide; dainty patterns in eyelet and openwork designs; fast edges; deep, well-worked patterns; reg. vals. to 98c at **43c**

50c Embroidered Flouncings at 24c

Embroidered Cambric Flouncings of good, serviceable quality; deep, well-worked designs in openwork and eyelet patterns; edges that wash and wear well; reg. to 50c at **24c**

$1.98 Allover Em. $1.19

45-inch Swiss Embroidery Allovers, eyelet patterns, very fine quality of cambric, neat designs; extremely popular for dresses and waists; regular $1.98 values here for only **$1.19**

35c Emb. Galoons 14c

Swiss and Nainsook Embroidered Galloons in a large variety of patterns up to 3 inches wide; good qualities, regular values up to 35c, priced here for tomorrow's selling at low figure of **14c**

$1.50 Allover Emb. 98c

27-inch Swiss and Nainsook Embroidery Allovers, dainty patterns in eyelet, blind or openwork designs; ideal for waists, lingerie, etc.; regular $1.50 value priced here for tomorrow's sale at **98c**

60c Sheets at 49c

Full Bleached, Seamless Sheets, soft finish muslin, 72x90, torn and hemmed ready to use; 60c values for tomorrow, ea. **49c**

70c Sheets at 59c

Full Bleached, Seamless Sheets, double bed size, 81x90 ins., free from all starchy dressing; best 70c values tomorrow for **59c**

Six Specials From Our White Goods Section

10c India Linen at 6c
An evenly woven fabric, sheer and dainty; good value at regular price, 10c; offered special for tomorrow's selling at, the yard **6c**

15c Dimities for 8c
Only a limited quantity, choice of the popular baby checks, suitable for underwear and infants' wear; 15c values, sale at only **8c**

12½c Long Cloth 9c
We offer for tomorrow's selling 75 pieces of 12½c Longcloth. A very good quality, offered special for tomorrow at only, yd. **9c**

20c-25c Dimity at 12c
Full line of all the popular checks and plaids and lace stripes; greatly used for underwear, dresses and infants' wear. Our regular 20c and 25c values, at only **12c**

25c Persian Lawn 12c
45-inch wide sheer, evenly woven, without doubt the greatest value ever offered. You'll say so when you see it. Regular 25c values, tomorrow, a yard **12c**

20c White Linare 14c
This is the fabric you see advertised so much in the women's journals, and it's seldom you can buy under 20c; here tomorrow at, a yard, only **14c**

Pure Food Specials

Our Model Sanitary Grocery offers the best values in Staple Groceries — something everybody needs every day — and our prices are always the lowest.

Gold Dust Washing Powder Large Package **17c**

Citrus Powder, Large Package 19c
Pearline Powder, Large Package 19c
Economy Soap, 10 Cakes for 39c
Sunny Monday Soap, 7 Cakes 23c
Bon Ami, Now Offered at, Cake 7c
Borax Chips, Large Package at 21c
P. & G. Naptha Soap, 10 Cakes 41c
Babbits Soap, 10 Cakes, Only 39c
Lard Absolutely Pure. No. 5s Offered Tomorrow, Only **64c**

Four Delicatessen Specials

Cheese, Imported Swiss, Special at the Pound **33c**
Bar Le Duc Jelly Genuine Imported Special, the Glass **at 19c**
Dill Pickles, Very Special, Doz. 13c
Ripe Olives, Reg. 35c Qt., Only 25c

Four Bake Shop Specials

Cookies—Assorted—the Dozen, 8c
Nut Cakes, Special Price, Each 21c
Citron Cakes, Special Price, Each 21c
Cup Cakes, Special the Dozen, 12c
Sugar, Pure Cane 100 Lb. Bag. Lowest Price for the Season **$5.60**

Fine Wines and Liquors

Sauterne Souvenir Large Bottle, Case $6.89 Cresta Blanc, Bottle 69c
Catawba California, Special, Per Dozen $5.00 Large Bottles, Special, a Bottle 42c
Champagne G. H. Mumm & Co. Large Bottles Only **$2.98**

Few Candy Shop Specials

Walnuts, Shelled Halves, Pound, 42c
Assorted Cream Fudge, Pound, 15c
Gum Drops, Old Fashioned, Lb. 13c
Soda Fountain **Cafeteria**

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