

TWO-THIRDS OF NATION'S WEALTH SEEN AT CHICAGO

By Marica E. Pew
 Coliseum, Chicago, June 10.—(L. N. S.)—There was grim fighting stuff in the air when the third session of the grand old party pilgrims was called to order today by Chairman Henry Cabot Lodge, who is now provided with a stout, but pathetic little oaken table placed on the platform bridge, to beat his stone-hatchet gavel upon.

Poor little table. You are now in dreadful peril of a pounding that will shiver your timbers, for all the bumps of the present raging conflict of opinion as to party foreign policy and party candidates is to fall on your head.

As if scintillating gunpowder the delegates poured in earlier than heretofore, but every son and daughter of them seemed more bewildered than ever and were only mildly entertained today by the devices of the noisemakers, both raucous and harmonious, and it doth appear that these Republicans are going to get awfully enthusiastic only when they are scrapping.

The same brilliant scene opened to the view of the spectators this morning. The Republicans are a well set up lot—most of these delegates have a ready money atmosphere stamped all over them and Uncle Charlie Edward Russell, the economist, says that two thirds of the entire wealth of the nation is directly or indirectly represented within these four walls.

Wholesale Price of Shoes Takes Drop

St. Louis, Mo., June 10.—(U. P.)—Leading shoe manufacturers have announced price reductions of from 25 cents to \$2 on the wholesale price of shoes designed for the autumn trade. "Tight money" was given as the reason for the price decline by A. C. Brown of the Hamilton-Brown company.

Emma Gets Her First Thrill Mrs. Fosseen Women's Ideal

By Edna Ferber
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 Chicago, June 10.—Until 9 o'clock this morning I had always thought of Minnesota, when I thought of it at all, as a well behaved state, with a neat, oblong figure except for those two indentations, which look as if some giant of nature had taken one large bite and a medium sized nibble out of its eastern side. So much for its shape.

As to its temperament and disposition, I knew in a large, general way that it was full of wheat, Scandinavian farmers, snow and prosperity. Of course, Featherston petticoats had always done a good business there, but that state had never been in my territory. Pressed still further, I might have responded automatically with St. Paul and Minneapolis. But there it ended.

KEEPS FIGURE INTACT
 From now on, whenever I think of Minnesota, I'll think of Mrs. Manley L. Fosseen.

Mrs. Manley L. Fosseen is the ideal woman in politics, and I had breakfast with her this morning. If this Mrs. Fosseen (her first name is Carrie) could be duplicated by 5000 or 10,000 women we wouldn't have to strain our eyes for the first faint glow of this dawn of a new era that we've heard so much about, and of which we've seen so little, in the last week.

I used to think I wasn't such an utter failure when it came to combining what they call the womanly qualities with a man-size job.

I did sell petticoats successfully on the road. I did bring up a fine four-year named Jack McChesney. I did keep a household going with one hand while I earned a living with the other, managing somehow, meanwhile, to keep my hair, complexion and figure fairly intact.

But compared to this Minnesota woman, I was as modern and efficient as an early Victorian vestal who wore hoopskirts and black lace mitts and considered herself ungladylike if she fainted less than twice a day.

After Tuesday's session at the Coliseum, I made up my mind that I was going to get my thrill early Wednesday morning before the convention convened. I wasn't going to take another chance. It was a canny decision, and it worked. I didn't think she'd do it. She had never heard of me. But I had made up my mind to risk it anyway. I telephoned her and said, "My name is Emma McChesney Buck. I'm a delegate to this convention. I think you're an interesting woman. You gave me a real electric thrill at the Coliseum yesterday, when thrills were at a premium. I'd like to talk to you. Will you breakfast with me?" And Mrs. Manley L. Fosseen said, "Of course I will. Is there any place to this town that's decently quiet?"

ONE LONELY THRILL
 Now, you know and I know that the average woman would have jammed down the receiver and called the police. In the waiter of heat and headlines you may have forgotten that it was this Mrs. Fosseen, delegate-at-large from Minnesota, who stood up just before the adjournment of Tuesday's session, and in a nice, clear voice with just a normal natural tremor in it, made a motion about the appointment of the committee on resolutions. There's nothing remarkable about a committee on resolutions. There was nothing remarkable in what Mrs. Fosseen said. Certainly the way in which she said it was quite commonplace. But the fact remains that by the simple act of rising and uttering a sentence or two, addressed to Temporary Chairman Lodge, Mrs. Fosseen injected the only real dramatic incident into a dull and profitless morning. For never before in the history of the United States has a woman been in a position to rise in a national convention assembled and address the chair as a delegate.

PERFECTLY NORMAL MEAL
 It may be that she won't go down in history. It may be that little Oswald and Mary Louise won't speak pieces about her as they do about Barbara Fritchle and Florence Nightingale and Susan B. Anthony. But she made history in a perfectly well-bred, quiet, self-possessed way—this handsome Minnesota woman made history, and don't you forget it.

If you like those intimate gastronomic details, I'll say that her breakfast was prunes, bacon and eggs (turned over), coffee and buttered toast. And she's

just as normal as that right through. And almost any Minnesota will acknowledge that this Carrie Fosseen has more real power and influence than any other woman in the state.

Having disposed of the breakfast details, it's only fair to describe her costume. Because, after all, you can't have the same feeling for her that I have if you suspect her of a dowdy hat, a plain silk waist and a suit whose sleeves are in wrong. A dozen or so words will do it. Smart blue feather hat. Dark blue embroidered tunic suit. White blouse with point d'Alencon collar and one of those sly pink satin lingerie bows just peeping out at you. That sounds like a just-between-us-girls description, and you men are free to skip it, but I'm gambling you won't.

LONG YEARS OF SERVICE
 The Manley Fosseens have been married for 23 years. And in all those 23 years Mrs. Fosseen had handled a great

big job outside her own household. She taught school for three years after her marriage. She did away with basement school rooms in Minnesota. She has been identified with every progressive, up-reaching, intelligent movement in her state in those 23 years. She belongs to a dozen women's organizations. And she has never held office in one of them. Get that, because it's important.

She did not want to hold office because she would not have felt so free to work without obligation or interference. She says she doesn't want to hold political office. She didn't seek her appointment as delegate-at-large from her state. She was chosen by acclamation.

Here's a clear-eyed, pretty, well-dressed woman who, as a chairman of the women's division of the Republican party, organized her division perfectly. And she likes pale pink and pale blue evening dresses. And she drives a car, and she can cook because

her husband says so, emphatically.

KNOWS POLITICS WELL
 She's the mother of two sons, Freeman Fosseen, 21, and Ralph, 14. They think their mother's a winner and they're right. She runs her household with the same capable hand that organized her political division. She's the kind of a woman who keeps a maid for years and years, even in these troublesome days when the species is practically extinct, like the bison. When she's through with this convention she's going out to their farm seventy miles north of Minneapolis. If you don't think it's a practical farm, talk to her about blooded stock and farming.

For the rest, she lives in Minneapolis. She ought to know about politics, state and national. For 12 years, her husband, Manley L. Fosseen, lawyer, was a Minnesota state senator. For 18 years Mrs. Fosseen has known and entertained every member of the state legisla-

ture and every legislator's wife.

NEED MORE LIKE HER
 She says that she thinks that women will introduce the human element into politics. That sounds like one of those big, mouth-filling statements without any meat in 'em. But when you say, "For instance," Mrs. Fosseen answers quietly, "For instance, compulsory education. There are 3,500,000 citizens in this country who can't read or write. For instance, the appointment of a secretary of education. Also separate citizenship for women, equal pay for equal labor rendered; labor laws protecting women and children in industry."

She sounds formidable but she isn't. You know she was the first woman delegate to be appointed by popular acclamation. But you know, too, that she'd rather dance than do anything else in the world. She's a combination of brains and heart. Of intelligence

and intuition. Of training and human impulse. She's the type of woman in politics that we've dreamed of. If there were a few thousand like her that dream would come true.

Jerome Johnson Estate
 Circuit Judge Taswell on Wednesday appointed H. C. Dekker as administrator of the estate of Jerome Johnson, who died on June 1, leaving an estate valued at approximately \$450,000.

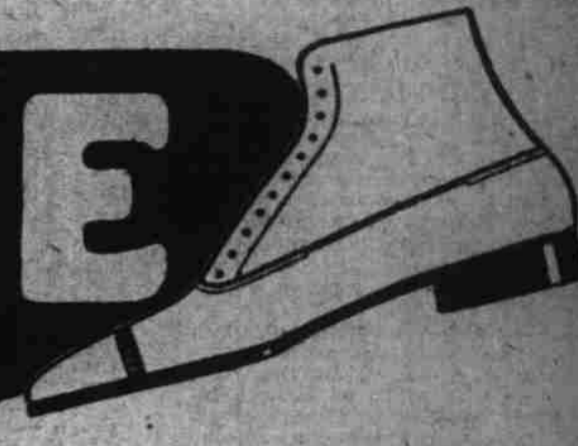
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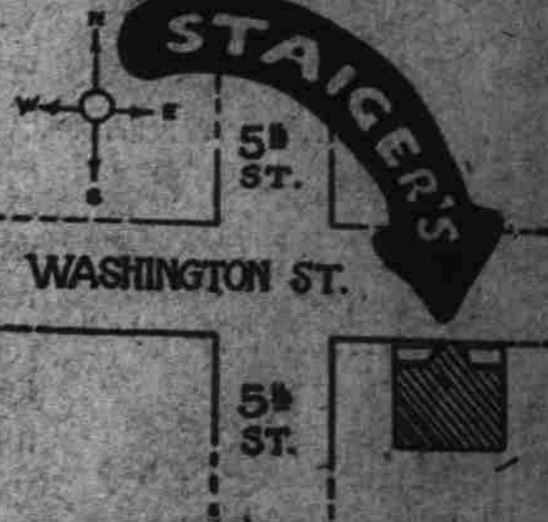
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- Group 3**
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 Tan Blucher Cut broad toe Shoes; Tan Elk Bals with brass eyelets; Black Calf, blucher cut, medium toe; Black Kid; blucher cut, Oxfords; also tan blucher MUNSON last shoes.
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