

PRESIDENT WILSON CONGRATULATED ON HIS LEADERSHIP

Auditorium, San Francisco, June 28. — The Democratic convention, amid great enthusiasm, Monday afternoon unanimously passed the following resolution introduced by Governor Frederick Gardner of Missouri, commending President Wilson:

"The Democratic party, assembled in national convention, extends to the president of the United States its admiring and respectful greetings.

"For seven of the most fateful years in the history of our country, Woodrow Wilson has occupied, and by his character, learning and power, has adorned the highest office in the gift of his countrymen.

"He has initiated and secured the adoption of great progressive measures of immeasurable value and benefit to the people of the United States.

"As the commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States, he has led the patriotic forces of his country through the most momentous struggle in history, and without check, reverse or retardation to an honorable part in the immortal victory for liberty and democracy won by the free nations of the world.

HEARS ENEMIES' SLURS

"We hail those achievements, sir, and are proud that they have been accomplished under your administration.

"We rejoice in the recovery of your health and strength after months of suffering and affliction which you have borne with courage and without complaint.

"We deeply resent the malignant onsets which you have most undeservedly been called upon to sustain from partisan foes, whose judgment is warped and whose perceptions are obscured by a party malice, which constitutes a lamentable and disgraceful page in our history.

"At this moment, when the delegates to this convention from every state in the union are about to enter upon their formal proceedings, we pause to send you an expression of cheer, of admiration and of congratulation."

Woman Leads Wets at S. F. Rich Not Thirsty, She Says

By Edna Ferber
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San Francisco, Cal., June 29.—It's my belief that if you can sell a bill of goods before breakfast you're just that much ahead of the day. It used to work pretty well on the road with Featherbloom petticoats. I don't see why it shouldn't apply in covering a national democratic convention. Most people are more completely themselves at 9 a. m. than at any other time during the day. They may have dozed off their clothes at that hour, but they haven't had time to assume their disguise. And that's the moment for catching them. I claim no originality for this theory. It's just a clumsy version of the bird-and-worm proverb.

"I woke up at 7 o'clock this morning, (due to a life-long habit and the noisy ones whose bedroom is just across the court from mine at the St. Francis). "Emma McChesney," said I, "here's your chance for what they usually call scoop. What's the use of being a newspaper correspondent if you can't get an exclusive story?"

MOSTLY SILENT ABOUT IT

Now, there's just one topic that is being pushed up in the hotel lobbies. They slide over it carefully at committee meetings. If it serves to pipe a feeble cheer in any of the state headquarters (Nebraska excepted) it is choked and buried out into the hall, and the door is slammed after it.

That topic is the wet-or-dry plank. Everybody is in and out of San Francisco knows that William Jennings Bryan is the foremost champion of the dry plank and that he has announced his intention of making it to the platform even if he has to put on overalls and do the job himself.

But everyone doesn't seem to know that the wattlest and most determined delegate in opposition to the great Nebraska is Elizabeth Marbury of New York, Paris, and the well-known world.

BETH STILL IN BED

She's a delegate-at-large from New York. She used to be publicity manager for the Vernon Castles—remember? She used to be a dramatic agent. She's the concentrated essence of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. And in all San Francisco, the city of contrasts and extremes, you couldn't find two human beings more sharply contrasted than Elizabeth Marbury, wet delegate-at-large from New York; and William Jennings Bryan, dry delegate-at-large from Nebraska.

The rest was simple.

You wouldn't think, would you, that they'd talk to me? But they did. And there's where the plot begins. Because at 9 a. m. Elizabeth Marbury was having breakfast in bed. And William Jennings Bryan was having his down in the main public dining room along of Brother Charley and the rest of the folks from Lincoln, Nebraska.

BATHER LARGE WOMAN

You're met at the door of Elizabeth Marbury's room at the St. Francis hotel by a French maid in black and white, and with a regular first-act accent. It is she who answers the telephone and tidies madame's room. I chose Elizabeth Marbury first because I wanted to get contrast. I got it. It's hard to explain how any woman could look militant while sitting up in bed in a pale blue breakfast jacket and a white lace cap with a quivering blue satin bow, the whole propped up against a nest of inscribed pillows such as are not furnished by any hotels, even the accommodating San Francisco kind.

Now, Elizabeth Marbury is built on the general lines of—well, say, Amy Lowell. And of a photograph of the last named lady it is always said, "Reading from left to right—Amy Lowell." Therefore, in spite of the pale blue bows

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no mood to be told so. She handed to Nanette—and Nanette handed to me—a sheet of hand-written statement. One glance at it showed that it bristled with phrases like "individual rights" and "the poor as well as the rich."

I took it and fled, leaving the friend of the dove-trodden laborer reclining exhausted among the Madeira embroidered pillows.

Down in room 230 Charlie Bryan, of Lincoln, Nebraska, was doing the Nanette-ing for Brother Bill. The home folks were all milling around in the front room eating California cherries and spitting the seeds sociably and impartially into the wastebasket, the nearest straw hat or the vase of California flowers. The women at the Nebraska headquarters were wearing the wrong kind of blouse. And the hands of the men were brown, and the tan of their faces was the brown that comes from work in the fields during sun and rain.

BRYAN'S GENIAL SMILE

But, "come in," says Brother Charley. "He's talking to somebody just now, but he'll see you in a minute. Oh, land, yes. He's been up hours. Six o'clock every morning."

The door of the adjoining room opened. In I whisked. There were 20 people behind me, waiting their turn. There probably had been a hundred ahead. "I'm going to ask you some questions about your dry plank."

"That's all right," said William Jennings Bryan and beamed genially at me. Wet or dry, you can't deny there's something warm and friendly about that Lincoln, Nebraska, smile.

"Do you know Elizabeth Marbury?"

BRYAN CONFIDENT

The smile and the genial look vanished simultaneously. "I don't know the lady. I don't want to know her."

"How important do you think the dry plank is in this convention platform?"

"I think it is so important that it must be included in the platform. It will be included."

"But—excuse my mentioning her again—but Elizabeth Marbury says that a law unenforced is no law at all."

The Commoner folded his hands across his waistcoat. The smile returned. "I was in Detroit a few weeks ago. I was informed that one thousand automobiles had been stolen in the last year. But that's no reason for abolishing the law against stealing automobiles.

"No, but you could let everybody have an automobile and then they wouldn't steal." But that was no argument for an interviewer to present to a distinguished statesman, of course. I glanced at the roomful of cherry-eaters just behind me. Brother Charley was using all his Lincoln, Nebraska, tact to keep from saying, "This way out." And it wasn't until I found myself irrevocably in the corridor that I remembered that the Great Commoner hadn't once mentioned the common people with which Miss Marbury, among her pillows, had been so chummy.

Robinson Is Placed In Nomination by Mrs. W. A. McDougal

San Francisco, June 28.—(I. N. S.)—The following permanent organization slate, chosen by a committee last night, was carried before the Democratic national convention today for ratification:

Chairman—Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas.

Secretary—Edward G. Hoffman of Indiana.

Assistant secretary—Edward C. Burton of North Carolina.

Executive secretary—W. R. Hollister of Missouri.

Mrs. W. A. McDougal of Oklahoma in an eloquent tribune, put Senator Robinson's name in nomination. When she had concluded, representatives from practically every state in the union leaped to their feet and tried to beat the other in the race to second it.

Governor Samuel Ralston of Indiana, who served as temporary chairman at the meeting, then craved on Robinson's qualifications, and the word "thunderer" apparently expresses the greeting given his remarks.

YOU'LL GET BIT, W. J. BRYAN TOLD BY BURLESON

By Fred S. Ferguson
(United News Staff Correspondent)
San Francisco, Cal., June 29.—It was in a room in the St. Francis hotel. Time Monday. Present were William Jennings Bryan, Postmaster-General Burleson and one or two others. Burleson had just been credited with a statement favoring light wines and beers. Bryan, the grim old fighter, opened up a discussion of the subject nearest his heart—the adoption of his strong "dry" plank in the Democratic platform.

"I have just been reading my Bible," said Bryan. "As I read it, more and more I am convinced of the necessity of our party taking this stand against alcohol."

DUE TO GET 'BIT'

"I feel as Daniel must have felt as he entered the den of lions. I know that in stepping into the convention with this fight I will be entering the lion's den."

"Yes," Burleson commented slowly, "and you're going to get hell bit out of you."

And this sums up the "wet" and "dry" when the resolutions committee convened to draw the platform upon which Democracy's candidate for the presi-

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