

FOREIGN CAPITALS AND OTHER CITIES CONTRIBUTE

SWIRL OF SOCIETY ENGULFS WASHINGTON OFFICIAL LIFE

Visit of M. Clemenceau to Capital Most Prominent of Numerous Occasions Made Brilliant by Their International Colorings.

BY BETTY BAXTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9.—(Copyright, 1922, by The Oregonian.) Gracious, what a week it was! It was a regular three-ring circus, no more like five-ring circus, and it made one dizzy trying to take in all that was going on. There was the conference on Central American affairs, Clemenceau's visit and the lectures conference under the auspices of the International Lyceum Chautauqua association, which brought just oodles of notables from all parts of the country here. Any one of these things would have kept things in a whirl by itself, much less all in one week. And they were not all, either.

The Central American conference resulted in much entertaining, individually and in groups, most of the embassies and legations of the countries represented acting as hosts. The president gave a large luncheon in their honor Monday, the first entertaining he has done of a formal nature since Mrs. Harding's illness, which is the best sign I know of that she is far advanced on the road to recovery.

Then that evening Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes entertained about 3000 of the social elite at a reception in compliment to the delegates at the Pan-American Union building. The conference probably will last about two months—perhaps more—and parties galore are yet to come off for them. Secretary and Mrs. Hughes are planning two dinners for them soon.

I think perhaps Clemenceau's visit aroused greater interest than any one thing. He stopped with the ex-ambassador, Francis, Henry White, and Mrs. White. Mr. White was also a member of the Paris peace conference. All our delegates and chief officials at that conference—Woodrow Wilson, Robert Lansing, Colonel E. M. House, Mr. White, General Tasker H. Bliss and Admiral W. S. Benson—greeted Clemenceau some time during his visit. It has been whispered to me that Clemenceau was the means of bringing Wilson and Colonel House together again, they hadn't seen each other since June, 1919, you know, until they actually did get together this week—and I've been told that they did.

Then there was the reception last Wednesday which the Finnish minister, Axel I. Astrom, gave to celebrate the fifth independence day of Finland, another one of those birthday parties of various sorts which are always on the social calendar here. It ended with a dinner of about 400 guests, mostly diplomats and state department officials. Mrs. Jussara, wife of the French ambassador, gave the toast of welcome here. It ended with a dinner of about 400 guests, mostly diplomats and state department officials. Mrs. Jussara, wife of the French ambassador, gave the toast of welcome here. It ended with a dinner of about 400 guests, mostly diplomats and state department officials.

LIFE OF SENATOR CAMERON IS ROMANCE OF ADVENTURE

Solon From Arizona Turns From Vocation of Seafarer to Merchant and Exploits Grand Canyon for Gold.

THE natural impulse for adventure makes the life of Halph H. Cameron, Senator from Arizona, read more like a book of fiction than one of facts.

Unable to resist the restlessness that stirred within when a lad of 12, he shipped on a tramp vessel bound for Cape Horn from the little town of Southport, Me. Excelling in the crafts of the sea, even at that age, he was a valuable addition to the crew.

His parents had reconciled themselves to the belief that he had been drowned at sea, when one morning he appeared at the door of his home. The whole village turned out to welcome him. He was the hero of the hour.

He turned his attention to the sea and followed the fortunes of a fisherman until he was 16. Then he went to Boston to find a higher type of work, and tried being a silk salesman for a while. But a silk-tinted existence was not his idea of life or action. It was impossible for him to adjust himself to the silk-tinted atmosphere. He wanted to see tomahawks fly, hear bullets sizzlin' round his ears. He longed for the war whoop of an Apache, so he resigned his position as a silk clerk and set his face westward. His money carried him as far as Kansas.

At that time at Flagstaff station there was in full operation a big sawmill managed by Mr. Lord, a retired multimillionaire. Young Cameron hired out as handy man in Mr. Lord's lumber camp, engaged in the making of railroad ties.

When Mr. Cameron was elected to the senate one of his first congratulatory letters was from his friend, Mr. Lord, the text in part reading: "To be a tie king means nothing to me, but to be a maker of a senator is indeed a true honor."

The lumber camp with its few scattering houses, a couple of stores, several saloons, located in the toughest place this side of hades, was not to his taste. So Mr. Cameron decided to go on to "Frisco," which he did. There he acted as a store manager for a while.

The manager had a sick wife, whom the doctor had ordered south. Mr. Cameron agreed to stay six months, but as the wife of the man failed to regain her health he stayed on month after month until the time lengthened into six years. Eventually he purchased the store. But this life failed. The spirit of adventure claimed its own and the then senator-to-be sold out and went prospecting for gold.

He is one of the pioneers who descended the Grand canyon with Indian guides and cowboys. The blood and tackle was brought into use again and again to make this descent possible. The coveted gold put lay buried 9000 feet down an untraveled abyss. It was just a hole in the ground which no one knew about. It took two days to climb down or up the canyon.

A gold mine is valueless and would be an idle find unless you can get your gold to the market. So without any schooling or engineering skill Ralph Cameron set to

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE JUDICIAL STOCKING INSPECTOR? HERE'S ONE.



MISS RUBY ADAMS DISPLAYING HOSIERY IN QUESTION AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE THOMAS F. PRENDERGAST. During a lawsuit regarding the durability and proper fitting of gilly, elaborately patterned lace shoes, Justice of the Peace Thomas F. Prendergast of New York announced that he needed expert testimony. Following his announcement, the court officially summoned Miss Ruby Adams, a beautiful chorus lady, to serve as a commissioner of the court, or, in other words, official hosiery tester.

kept busy traveling down and up the mountain trail with eager eighteenthers on their backs.

Mr. Cameron then conceived a bolder vision. He wanted a railroad on that trail.

While he was away trying to interest some eastern capitalists in his scheme the Santa Fe railroad was the only other American woman in the receiving line, which, by the way, reached clear across the width of the wide road. Not being content to build the road, he grabbed the land title that included his trail.

For 20 years a legal war was waged, resulting in a compromise to the Concho county.

Mr. Cameron has made fortunes and has spent them. He stands today as the man who has done more to place the great scenic splendor of the Colorado canyon before the people of the world than any of his followers.

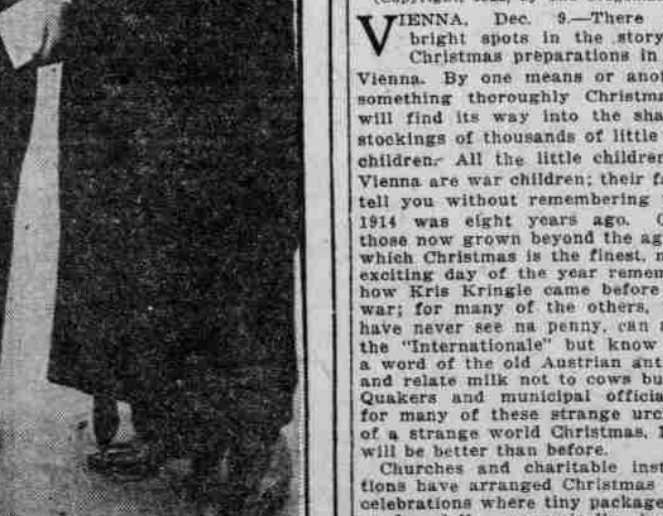
It is said of him that he is loved by the poor and knows no enemy.

One graphic anecdote stands out conspicuously in his struggle to hold his gold mine claim at the foot of the Colorado canyon.

Returning from a trip to raise more money while he was building the burro trail he got wind of two prospectors who had jumped his claim. He immediately set out on horseback and after hours of sleepless travel he came upon them sure enough squatting on his claim. He waited until they had put aside their guns and gone down to the stream to wash up. Then he slipped up on them and ordered, "Hands up!"

The surprised men turned to look into the muzzle of Mr. Cameron's pistol. He curtly inquired of them, "Where do you prefer to go, out of this canyon or to—?" The men did not choose the latter place. Mr. Cameron is still the owner of this coveted claim. He has experienced thrills that would make the movie hero green with envy during his years of service as sheriff of Concho county. He was known as the "go-getter" of the criminals.

Today Senator Cameron bears all the earmarks of a polished lawmaker.



MRS. PEARL KEATING INTERVIEWING RALPH H. CAMERON, SENATOR FROM ARIZONA.

FINANCIER BUYS \$200 DOLL FOR CHILD AFTER CRASH

Chicago Man Declares It Impossible to Explain to Daughter That Money Is Hard to Get.

BY MARGARET NORRIS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—(Special.)—There are two classes of customers for toys, answered Mr. Gibson, whose recent financial crash was the moment's sensation of "the street," did his Christmas shopping today. It consisted of a single purchase and was made in the toy department of Marshall Field & Co.—a \$200 doll house for little daughter Betty.

"The world knows we are broke," Jones explained to his protesting wife, "and that means a less Christmas for you and me. But how are we going to explain that to Betty?"

"This incident," declared R. C. Gibson, toy buyer for Marshall Field store, "is merely one of hundreds of its kind which prove that the toy department there is 'no such animal as a loan Christmas.'"

If there is any economizing to be done, it is the grownups who must do it, for no matter how tight money is, the child always will be milking the dollar for its rights.

"Volume of business which we do here at Christmas time is no business man who hopes to close a deal with father, the uncle Billies and grandmas, bless their hearts—who don't care how much they do it."

"It is this latter group who buy Betty the French doll that walks, talks, though she would be just as happy with raggedy Ann, which she can love to death and hurt against the wall in her childish rage. It is these who buy the junior the miniature six-cylinder car, though she would have just as much fun riding a kiddie car around the block."

"One devoted Grace Bill came to me the other day with tears in her eyes, leading a 4-year-old nephew by the hand. The only thing he wants in the store is one of those palatial doll houses," he mused. "I am perfectly willing to pay the price—but think of how they will kid him about it when he grows up."

Many and odd are the experiences of this kind in toyland. "What is the highest priced toy you ever saw or heard of?" I asked, my curiosity still unsatisfied. "It was a fully-equipped merry-go-round with electric drive, a hand-cranked automatic music. It was made in Germany and was bought by an American department store for display purposes. It cost \$1500. Since he Germans have been too busy making bread and butter to duplicate such a toy there are a number of toys to be had today on which the price tag is as high as \$700."

CHILDREN IN RED VIENNA TO HAVE HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Toys Whose Faces Depict World War to Receive Gifts From Churches and Charitable Institutions.

BY NORMAN H. MATSON.

VIENNA, Dec. 9.—There are bright spots in the story of Christmas preparations in red Vienna. By one means or another something thoroughly Christmasy will find its way into the shabby workings of thousands of little war children. All the little children of Vienna are war children; their faces tell you without remembering that 1914 was eight years ago. Only those now grown beyond the age in which Christmas is the finest, most exciting day of the year remember how Kris Kringle came before the war; for many of the others, who have never seen a penny, can sing the "Internationale" but know not a word of the old Austrian anthem and relate milk not to cows but to the Quakers and municipal officials—for many of these strange arches of a strange world Christmas, 1922, will be better than before.

Churches and charitable institutions have adopted Christmas trees, celebrations where tiny packages of candy, dolls economically improvised, but appealing, and books will be given to the children. The shabby workers, whose wages, thanks to the stubborn policy of their unions, have kept pace with the cost of living, will manage to make the day a pleasanter one than others for their kinder. The middle class, the men and women of fixed incomes, will find the day almost as difficult as will the poorer workers and the growing armies of unemployed, except that many of the middle class still have damask table cloths, silver candlesticks or furs to pawn.

Grownups Not So Gay. For the grownups generally, except the millionaires and the handful of foreigners, it must be a drab Christmas with thoughts of the bitter winter just begun, coal piled high at the railroad station, but in price out of reach of the majority; and thoughts of that problematical foreign credit.

GREAT WOMEN RECOGNIZED AND ACHIEVEMENTS NOTED

Heroine Worship New and Spreading Cult—Statues and Monuments to Feminist Leaders Rising Everywhere.

BY CAROLYN VANCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9.—(Copyright, 1922, by The Oregonian.) Heroine worship is a new and spreading cult. More incense is being wafted in the names of women of achievement than ever before. And the votaries are women. Reverently they are picking out batches of great women—some to a batch; they are erecting statues and monuments to great women and they are hanging pictures of feminist leaders all about their homes.

The long-heralded list of the 12 greatest living women soon is to be announced by the joint congressional committee, with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt leading. The Women's Universal alliance has just purchased a million-dollar estate in Washington upon which it proposes to erect an "Acropolis to womanhood," honoring particularly the great dead of the feminine sex. The Federal League of Women's Clubs is now engaged in furnishing its new headquarters in honor of Julia Ward Howe. The Women's democratic club of Franklin county, Ohio, has sent for Mrs. Emily Newell Blair's picture to hang upon its walls. These are the leading items that indicate a growing fad.

"Rubbish" Swept Away. The Franklin county club flatly refuses longer to entertain pictorial reminders of mere males on the walls of its clubhouse. These rubbishy "defenders" of the club must be swept away. The club brushed them like cobwebs from the walls. She writes to Mrs. Emily Newell Blair at the national democratic headquarters.

"We have removed all pictures of noted (?) men who decorate our walls. We are anxious that the pictures of our first women, national and well-known women be hung in these spaces and write to ask you to send your picture that we may claim you among our first women." Our reply from the women's bureau was embodied in a tactful rhyme. "Be gentle, ladies—even though I am a man—don't step too hard on the poor male worm."

The picture of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt occupies a bit of wall space on a line with that of Abraham Lincoln in the Cleveland, O., headquarters of the League of Women Voters, says Miss Belle Sherwin of that city.

Women Must Be Shown. Lucretia Mott and Susan B. Anthony have spaces also. "I don't think women will go so far in their heroine worship as to carry 'The Women of the Hour' about on their shoulders as men do their heroes," said Miss Sherwin. They have too much sense for that. But they are very loyal to the past.

"We will honor the great women of the past," said Mrs. Clarence Critchfield, national president of the Women's Universal alliance, "by inscribing their names in marble in these memorials. I don't think women will ever erect statues to the greatest among living women, but women have never obtained their fair share of honor and glory in the past."

SOFT DRINK MEN ORGANIZE TO RESIST "HICK" RAIDERS

Cincinnati Dealers Being Forced to Pay Tribute to Villages Who Detail Agents to Make Arrests.

BY NAIN GRUTE.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 9.—(Special.)—The worm has turned. In this case the worm being the Cincinnati proprietors of soft drink establishments in Cincinnati. They organized today to resist the constantly increasing tax on their pocketbooks by raiding country ministers. These have been in the habit of sending deputies into Cincinnati to find violations of the anti-liquor laws. Where the discovery is made the offenders have been dragged into the courts and fines imposed.

Throughout Hamilton county, it was revealed today, cash registers have engaged in this lucrative business. From their little courts in such villages as Milford, Loveland, Terrace Park, Montgomery and North Bend, they send their representatives into the city, from which they seldom return empty. So great a pest have they become that

no soft drink proprietor nowadays sees his front door open without visions of a raid coming before him.

Business Proves Lucrative. Statistics compiled at Columbus indicate the lucrative nature of this business. Total sales of soft drinks in Hamilton county last year were \$1,000,000. Situated on the line dividing Hamilton and Clermont counties, it enjoys peculiar natural advantages. Should Mayor Scott desire to move the town's revenues he moves his chair across the room and secures Hamilton county jurisdiction. As judge of the village of 1800 people, he last year imposed fines on liquor violators totaling \$38,000, of which \$38,000 was collected. This exclusive of costs which are added to his expenses and that of the constable. Most of the money came from Cincinnati café proprietors, who have been caught in possession of intoxicating liquor.

As a result of the windfall represented by the sale of liquor, funds into their coffers as the result of liquor raids, the villages have embarked in the new enterprise of employing undisciplined property. Streets that formerly were mere ruts are now bristling with thoroughfares, while town halls put on airs in fresh coats of paint and other village adjuncts show similar evidence of opulence. The convicted men say that they would not care so much if Cincinnati, the city which supports their industry, were getting the fines, but they do hate to see the money going to "hick" burgs. They are abundantly fortified with hard cider and white mulish.

Legislation to Be Sought. It is that feeling of resentment rather than any hope of being able to escape regulations, that has prompted organization. The new outfit is called the Hamilton county protective league. The league has 234 members, all of them proprietors of soft drink cafes and restaurants. They have engaged counsel, John B. Molloy, ex-judge of the Cincinnati police court, and announce that they will combat in the courts to the last technical detail every raid upon any of their members pulled off by a county magistrate.

"If we must be pinched, we insist upon being pinched in Cincinnati where the fines imposed will do the city some good in its present poverty-stricken condition," is the motto of the league.

Restriction of the issuance of search warrants is one of the things for which the league is to fight, according to its constitution. The organization will try to have laws passed, making it much more difficult than now to search one's home or place of business. It will ask that search warrants shall be decreed void unless served within 24 hours after issuance. It will also ask for the repeal of laws authorizing mayors and other magistrates to try cases from jurisdiction other than those of their own municipalities or townships and for a law requiring that dry officers shall be residents and electors of the township in which they serve.

Bulbs Ready for Distribution.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The season for congressional distribution of bulbs is at hand. It is something that isn't talked about a great deal. But somewhere there is tucked away in an appropriation bill a tidy sum to be used in the shipment of narcissus, tulip and other bulbs for fall planting. The bulbs are done up in neat rectangular packages ready for shipment by members of congress. They send them out to admiring constituents.

Photo by Underwood.

JOHN WAXMAKER. This is a recent and characteristic photograph of John Waxmaker, oldest of America's living merchant princes, noted for his daring innovations in advertising and merchandising practice, who is seriously ill at his home in Philadelphia. He is a former postmaster-general.