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"Without or with offense to friends or foes I sketch your world exactly as it goes."
—Byron

Two Elder Statesmen Pass

Within a few hours of each other, death Sunday summoned two of the world's elder statesmen, each of whom had played important roles in the history of their respective nations for over half a century. Georges Clemenceau, who as the fighting, victorious premier of France brought the world war to a successful conclusion and Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, who held all records for length of service in the United States Senate and was a leading figure in national affairs.

Clemenceau, physician, editor, politician, scholar, duelist, twice premier of France, whose public career began with the Franco-Prussian war and ended with the termination of the greatest of all wars, was a world figure and one of the most picturesque of characters. Warren, who won the congressional medal of honor for gallantry on the battlefields in the civil war, has been continuously in public life since 1873 when he was elected president of the Wyoming Senate, 56 years, of which 39 he served in the United States Senate, the longest tenure in history. During all of this time he was foremost in the political affairs of his state and of his party.

Clemenceau was an extraordinary personality. His combativeness, his tenacity, his ferocity won him the sobriquet of "Tiger" but turbulent as such characteristics were in parliamentary life, they were just what was needed to save France in her hour of peril and turn the defeatist complex into one of victory. As to his personal appearance, we quote from William Bolitho who depicts in a recent article in the New York World his impressions at Versailles after the signing of the treaty:

Tall, or only giving the impression of size, Clemenceau has the most unexpected head in the whole gallery of Europe. For he does not look like a European at all. In his coloration, the bent of his expression, and strength of all in an indefinable, unmistakable allure—probably not acrimony in his features, which may be why all the pictures miss it—he is a Mongol.

Not, please, a Chinaman, still less a Japanese, but some stronger, coarser, older branch, let us say the vanished tribe of Attila, of Genghis Khan. The French usually have a legend to account for this, about a lost squadron of Hunnish cavalry who took refuge and rooted in his native province, La Vendee, after their last battle, ages ago. Really a mighty face, and a dangerous face.

I think the only other detail that matters is his eerie habit of gray wool gloves, which no one for generations has ever seen him, morning or night, without. This thick gray padding of his hands, whatever it conceals, makes all his gestures seem blundered, or groping, even the famous hats half closed on the table.

Clemenceau began public life as Mayor of Montmartre, the blood pool of the Commune. Previously he had practiced as a physician and taught school in the United States which gave him his American outlook. He was a member of the Paris municipal council until 1876 when he entered the Chamber of Deputies as leader of the Radical party. Thence followed his long career of cabinet wrecking, periods of power and the smash over the Panama canal scandals in 1893. In 1880 he founded the famous "La Justice" and in 1903 the daily "L'Aurore" wherein he defended Captain Dreyfus.

In 1906 Clemenceau became premier, losing out in 1909, but retaining his senate seat. In 1912 he brought about the overthrow of Caillaux, and in 1913 wrecked the Briand cabinet. On the outbreak of the war, he entered the Viviani ministry and in 1917 he became prime minister, retiring in 1919. He ruled as a tireless, remorseless dictator in coordinating the forces of victory.

Warren, on the other hand, despite his early exploits as a soldier, was a hero of peace rather than war, a product of the colonization, exploitation and commercialization of the wilderness. He was as much a symbol of America as Clemenceau of France. He served as legislator, mayor, state treasurer and governor of Wyoming, both as a territory and state. For over half a century he dominated his party in his state and played an important role in national affairs, as chairman of major committees.

Despite his long record of achievement, no halo of glory enshines the memory of Warren—for he had no great role to play and was never thrust into seats of the mighty. He never developed the leadership to lift him out of the ranks of the near-great. Which, however, does not blemish a long record of useful public service.

Hoover's S. O. S.

President Hoover, in his desire to coordinate all construction forces for the maintenance of prosperity has telegraphed the governors of the 48 states urging their cooperation by "the energetic yet prudent pursuit of public works by state, municipal and county authorities". He declares:

It would be helpful if road, street, public building and other construction of this type could be speeded up and adjusted in such fashion as to further employment.

Governors however, have little to say about such expenditures. They are the product of legislatures and none of them are in session. The suggestion is along lines of previous recommendations by Mr. Hoover for the stabilization of employment by timing public works for seasons of industrial slump, regardless of the fact that the taxpayer, who foots the bill, is least able to pay additional taxes during periods of depression.

It begins to look as if Mr. Hoover is over-emphasizing the result of the Wall Street stock debacle and so despite his assurance that business conditions are fundamentally sound, will create the opposite impression, that they are not, and that hard times are really here. Thus he is likely to defeat the psychology of confidence he aims to establish.

Such prosperity as we have had has been largely spotted, and much of it as mythical as the billions of paper values that evaporated in the stock market crash. The fact that half a billion dollars of taxpayers' money had to be appropriated for relief of agriculture, proves general prosperity a mirage. And for a long time, the textile, oil, coal, lumber, paper and other great industries have suffered depression due to the same cause as agriculture—over-production. Other industries are threatened with the same situation, because production has passed the point of market saturation and either an orderly curtailment to suit absorption must be enforced, or depression ensue, as the law of supply and demand enforces itself. It cannot be artificially flouted for ever. It is over-production, not Wall Street losses, that causes concern.

Georges Clemenceau

"The Tiger of France"

EDITOR'S NOTE: If ever the story of a great man's life read like a novel it is that of Georges Clemenceau, French war-time premier of France, which the Capital Journal herewith presents in a series of short installments written by a staff writer of the Associated Press.

Georges Clemenceau, generally characterized as the most forceful personage the French nation has ever produced, lived up to that estimate of him until his end. Although he retired from active participation in French politics in 1919, after his defeat for the presidency of the republic, he did not regard his life's activities finished, notwithstanding that he was then 78 years of age. Later he disclosed that he had planned work which would take 15 years to complete. After his retirement from public life, Clemenceau selected as his home for his remaining years a little farm house overlooking the sea on the wild coast of the Bay of Biscay, a few miles from where he was born. There he lived virtually the life of a recluse—a rather unique experience for the Tiger of France and, for that matter, for France itself. The only time he appeared before public audiences since then was on the occasion of his visit to the United States in the latter part of 1922.

Clemenceau—physician, editor, politician, scholar, duelist and twice premier of France—had an active public career of more than 50 years. It really began with a great war and terminated with the greatest of all wars. And in between he fought many battles in the political arena and on the field of honor—he always loved a fight—and never let slip by the opportunity to engage in one. His indomitable courage had become a byword in the land. Nothing daunted him.

Hence, his self-elimination from public life caused the French to wonder whether defeat in his advancing years had broken the fighting Clemenceau spirit. They recalled his "I'll see this war through to a finish" hurled defiantly at those who demanded his resignation only a year before. They could not reconcile retirement in defeat with such a defiant spirit. But Clemenceau remained silent. He did not disclose his plans. After he had been in retirement a few years publishers on both sides of the Atlantic sought to bring him to the fore again with tempting offers for his writings. He would not be tempted.

"I cannot accept," said the old statesman to one agent. "If I write anything for you I must write what I think, and if I write what I think it is certain to create a whole lot of trouble. There is enough trouble now. Why cause more?"

About that time friends disclosed that the Old Tiger, since his retirement, had been occupying himself with a little garden to produce vegetables for his meager living and writing his memoirs. Clemenceau's memoirs! That announcement caused varied emotions among the public men of France—curiosity, joy, indignation, fear—according to their relations

with the Tiger during his lifetime. For whether accused by his enemies of having imposed upon France a dictatorship of Napoleonic insolence or hailed by his followers as the "Saviour of France" and the "Father of Victory," he was widely discussed, hated, admired and loved; Clemenceau left no one indifferent.

Clemenceau was 76 when he was called to pilot France through the darkest days of the World War. For the first three years of the conflict he had been a bitter critic of the government. A master of epigram, he made his pointed phrases as much feared as his arguments and gave further vent to his caustic criticisms in signed articles in L'Homme Libre, a daily newspaper established at the beginning of the war for that purpose.

While in the senate Clemenceau was a member of the military committee and wielded powerful influence on war politics. He saw the ministries of Viviani, Briand and Ribot collapse and when the Poincaré government began to quiver under his attacks he started the famous drive against "Bololet" and it was on that issue that that cabinet fell.

The Tiger succeeded the man whose downfall he caused and took the helm when the stoicism of the nation was undermined by treason, dissension and intrigue. The aged statesman injected a new interest in life for France. He gave new heart to the all but discouraged people who had defended France in three years of conflict such as the world had never seen. The Tiger knew the enemy of France and possessed the will to destroy him. All other evils he regarded as nothing compared with surrender.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUNDOWN STORIES



WINTER SLEEP

By Mary Graham Bonner
It was very, very quiet. The Little Black Clock had not said a word but he had led the way to a field by a patch of woods. Peggy and John followed him, making hardly a sound. They felt the Little Black Clock wanted them to be very quiet.

After they had reached the field he sat down, and they sat down, too.

"There!" he said, after a moment. "It's all right now."

"Why have you been so quiet?" John asked.

"I only turned the time back a very little bit," the Little Black Clock said. He had, you know, the magic power of being able to turn the time backward or forward when

he took the children off for adventures.

"I didn't want to disturb any of them," he explained.

John and Peggy hadn't the slightest idea what he meant, but the Little Black Clock continued speaking.

"The members of the woodchuck family, the members of the prairie dog family, the frogs, the bears, and many, many others have gone to sleep for the winter, and I did not want to disturb them."

"When they go to bed for their winter sleep they do not wish to be awakened until the early spring, so I thought we would be very very quiet. But they're all sound asleep by now and some one is coming here to see us." And he caught the children's surprised glance.

"I arranged the meeting place. He's coming now! Do you see him?"

"Where?" the children asked, as they looked about them.

And just then the visitor appeared.

"Tomorrow—"The Chilly Visitor."

MRS. MATILDA BROWN PASSES AT STAYTON

Stayton—Matilda E. Jeter Brown, 71, died here at the home of her sister, Mrs. Anna Stayton, Monday, after an illness of six weeks. She was the widow of the late J. L. Brown of Dallas, where she had lived for the past 30 years, until the past six weeks when she came here to the home of her sister to remain during her illness.

Matilda Jeter, well known to a host of relatives and friends throughout the central Willamette valley as "Aunt Tee", was born in Gentry county, Missouri, June 25, 1858, and came to Oregon in 1885 with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. William Jeter. Rev. Jeter was a pioneer Baptist minister, well known among the older residents of the valley.

Matilda Jeter resided at the old home near the present town of Stayton until 30 years ago, when she was married to the late J. L. Brown and went to Dallas to live.

Surviving relatives include two sisters, Mrs. Anna Stayton, of Stayton; Mrs. Blanche Goin, near Jefferson; two brothers, Elais H. Jeter of Portland, and James B. Jeter of Stayton, and a number of other more distant relatives and friends.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the Weddle funeral chapel in Stayton. Rev. D. Q. Barry, pastor of the local Baptist church will officiate. Interment will be in the Brown cemetery at Dallas.

HEAR 101 GUNS FOR CLEMENCEAU

(Continued from page 1)

to the populace that the body of Georges Clemenceau, father of victory, had been lowered to its last resting place in the hills of his native Vendee, near Mouchamps. The roar of the guns, located on

the parade grounds of Des Invalides, reverberated through the city, and good Frenchmen stopped and raised their hats in their own salute to the statesman who died Sunday morning.

Paris could not hear but every French battery throughout the republic and its possessions and every French warship on the high seas joined in the same salute of 101 guns.

The body of Clemenceau, left the capitol at 2 a.m., enroute to its last resting place in the quiet of a wood in the province of Vendee.

There was no muffled drum beat, no oratory, no acclamation to speed the body on its last journey. Instead the former premier's last behest was carried out to the letter with all the simplicity and calm he desired.

A hearse drove up before the light in front of the departed statesman's door, the only light kept shrouded in the dimly illuminated street. Four men dressed in black went inside the courtyard and in a few minutes emerged with the light oak coffin, which they placed reverently inside the hearse.

Only a little group, constituted of General Henri Gouraud, Prefect of Police Chapppe, the artist Gilbert Bellan, and a few neighbors witnessed the removal, so impressive for all its simplicity and lack of ostentation.

After the hearse four automobiles drove up and 30 guests, those invited by the dead man himself in his last hours, emerged from the house and, saluting the little group of spectators, found their places inside the covey.

An automobile containing the special police commissary, Dupin de la Fourcade, took the lead and the cortege started on its 250-mile journey while an adjacent clock struck.

The group on the sidewalk, hatless, watched wistfully as the procession receded into the night.

A few minutes later the conveyance passed the Porte d'Orleans, a southern exit from the city. Both routes to be followed to the place of interment, at Mouchamps, and the hour of burial were kept secret by the

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government, so anxious it was to carry out the last wishes of the deceased.

As M. Clemenceau desired his body was not embalmed. It was placed in an inner shell of pine lined with white satin, with his cane and a little bit of earth from the battlefield at Verdun. The shell was sealed up in a lead covering and the whole enclosed in a light coffin with gilt handles on it, and a brass plate bearing the inscription, "Georges Clemenceau."

FUR MUFFS AGAIN?

Paris, (AP)—Fashion experts predict that fur muffs will come back into popularity among women this winter. Their belief is so strong that they are taking the risk of manufacturing muffs in large quantities and exclusive furrers in the Rue de la Paix are showing them in their windows. They are dainty and multi-colored, with a slightly lazy effect created by the mixing of different colored furs.



Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted. They let a cold "run its course." They wait for their headaches to "wear off." If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

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Thanksgiving

No people on the face of the earth have more reason to be thankful than we, the people of the United States of America. From the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, Thanksgiving Day was commemorated with feasting and surely no celebration is complete without plenty of good things to eat. Our store is filled with the good things to help make your dinner a success.

Turkeys

An especially fine lot of corn fed Turkeys raised in the hills of Polk County. They are all spring birds and even the small ones are plump and fat. Any size you might want, 8 to 10 pounds.

Also a fine assortment of Geese, Ducks, Capons, Hens, Rabbits. A blue Ribbon Steer Beef for the occasion. Olympic and Eastern Oysters.

Roth's Fruit Cakes and Plum Puddings

For years our puddings and fruit cakes have been part of many of the Thanksgiving dinners in Salem. The cakes are from one to five pounds each at 75c per pound and Plum Puddings made from an old English recipe are one pound each at 40c a pound. Then we have Crosse & Blackwell's Plum Pudding at 45c for one pound, 85c for the two pound and \$1.25 for the three pound. Martha Rush's Hard Sauce will add to the zest of your pudding, in 50c and \$1.00 jars. The Dromedary Cranberry sauce is ready for the table at 25c per can. Chestnuts for turkey stuffing at 20c a pound and our own make of mince meat at 20c per pound or the pies ready to serve at 35c each and the pumpkin pies at 40c each made as you would make them at home.

Vegetables and Fruits

Stacks of fine crisp vegetables, some local but on account of the frost most of them are shipped in. Solid Head Lettuce, Sweet Potatoes, Celery, Celery Hearts, Cauliflower, Brussel Sprouts, Fresh Peas, Spinach, Cabbage, Parsnips, Carrots, Turnips, Hubbard Squash, Tomatoes, Cucumbers. We have just unloaded a car of Yakima Potatoes, 50 lb. sacks \$1.62, 100 lb. sacks \$2.92.

Have plenty of Apples on hand, we have a nice lot of Jonathans in small sizes at \$1.35 per box, also the Delicious, Grimes Golden, Rome Beauty. Oranges in all sizes at 20c, 30c, 40c, 60c and 80c dozen. Texas Grape Fruit at 10c and 2 for 25c. Grapes at 15c pound and Cranberries at 25c pound, 2 pounds 45c. New Crop Cluster Raisins at 30c a pound package and new Brazils and Filberts at 2 pounds for 45c, Walnuts at 25c and 30c Pound.

A Few More Suggestions

Ripe and Green Olives, Burr Gherkins, Tillamook, Swiss, Brick and all varieties of Kraft and Brookfield Cheese. Our cakes grace the tables of many dinners—Lady Baltimore, Chocolate, Mocha, Nut, Coconut, Prune, Angel and Sunshine, Apple, Mince, and Pumpkin pies. The frozen fruits are also delicious, strawberries, Raspberries and Blackberries, 25c pound carton.

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