

"DON" CAMERON DIES AT 85 YEARS

Former U. S. Senator and Secretary of War Succumbs to Long Illness

HAD NOTABLE CAREER

Had Turned Over Vast Fortune to Children Four Years Ago

Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 30.

James Donald Cameron, former Secretary of War and four times chosen a United States Senator from Pennsylvania, died early today, after a long illness at his home, Donegal Farms, in Donegal township, this county. He was eighty-five years old.

He was born May 14, 1833, in Middletown, Dauphin county, a son of General Simon Cameron, who, in his long political career had been United States Senator, Secretary of War and Minister to Russia, and for more than a generation the acknowledged head of the Republican party in Pennsylvania.

Senator Cameron owned extensive farm lands in this county, and also a great tract along the Miami River in Florida. He had extensive railroad and other interests in this State and throughout the country, and a few years ago his fortune was estimated at \$4,000,000.

In 1865, when he was in Scotland, where he had leased a hunting lodge, Mr. Cameron was seriously injured in an accident that impaired his vigorous health. Only a few weeks ago, when he was very old, he watched fire sweep one of his choice farms, and it is believed that the excitement hastened his death. Although he lost hundreds of thousands of dollars on his farms, Senator Cameron always contended that it was cheaper to build new barns than to carry insurance, and never held a fire policy.

Senator Cameron in his early life was far more interested in business than in the political arena in which his father was a conspicuous figure even in those days. Upon his graduation from Princeton in 1852 he entered the Middletown Bank as a clerk, and rose to the post of cashier, and subsequently became its president. In 1854 he was chosen president of the Northern Central Railroad, and in this capacity had considerable part in the transportation of Union troops to the front.

His first active appearance in the field of politics was in 1848, when he was elected a member of the Republican National Committee, of which, in 1879, upon the death of Zachariah Chandler, he became chairman.

The Cameron Dynasty

The election of "Don" Cameron to the United States Senate was one of the two instances in American history where a son succeeded his father in that office and was the fulfillment of the latter's ambition to establish a political "dynasty" which, however, in the family sense did not survive the public career of the younger representative of the "Lochiel Clan." It was paralleled only in the case of the Bayards of Delaware, in which James A. Bayard resigned his seat in the early part of the Civil War rather than take the oath of allegiance then required of Senators, his son Thomas F. Bayard, being chosen to replace him.

Cameron's assumption of the Senatorial toga was a characteristic coup of his sagacious size. Prior to that, in May, 1878, President Grant had appointed him Secretary of War, which post he held until the end of Grant's term. He fully expected to be retained in the office on account of the seal shown in promoting the Presidential campaign of Hayes, and in the turbulent scenes that attended the disputed election. This expectation was not fulfilled, and when it became known to the elder Cameron that his son was to be retained from the cabinet, the general conceived and executed a Cameron coup. This was his resignation of his seat in the Senate to make way for his son. Before announcing his purpose to retire General Cameron, then an octogenarian, went to Harrisburg and, in conference with Governor Harrard, Robert N. Mackey, Matthew S. Quay and others of his chief lieutenants arranged for the election of his son Donald as his successor. When the Legislature was called to choose a Senator for the unexpired term of the elder Cameron, sundry aspirations for the honor learned to their chagrin that the place had been pre-empted, and James Donald Cameron was elected without a serious struggle, taking his seat October 15, 1877. He was re-elected by the Legislature of 1879, 1885 and 1891.

His Free Silver Valued Cameron was not a speculator, but he was a man of remarkable executive ability, keen insight in political and national affairs and of unflinching determination. These qualities made him a forceful influence in the Senate, as was shown in his resolute opposition to what was known as the "force" bill, to which the majority of his party was committed, and which he was instrumental in defeating. He astonished his friends in the early days of the "free silver" craze by coming out boldly for unlimited coinage, a speech which he made in its favor being denominated as a "political suicide," but Cameron stuck gamely to his guns. This attitude marked his final appearance in the political arena, as he was not a candidate for re-election in 1897, his retirement being denominated "voluntary," but it is doubtful whether he could have been re-elected had he so desired. Boies Penrose succeeded him in the Senate.

"Don" Cameron, Senator Roscoe Conkling of New York, and General John A. Logan of Illinois, were the nucleus of the famous "306" in the Republican National Convention of 1889, the "Old Guard," whose zealous devotion to the fortunes of General Grant marked an incident in politics that had a potent influence in preventing the nomination of James G. Blaine for President. Blaine and Conkling were bitter personal enemies, and Cameron a staunch ally of the New York Senator. It was not doubted at the time that a nod from Cameron to the Pennsylvania delegation would have swept it to the support of the man from Maine, who was the real choice of the people of this State, but that nod was not forthcoming. Blaine won the nomination four years later. It was only to go down to defeat by Cleveland. Cameron's lukewarmness in the campaign of 1884 was unexplained, although Pennsylvania returned an impressive majority for the "Plumed Knight."

One of the peculiarities of James Donald Cameron was his fear of great heights. According to City Statistician E. J. Cattell, the Senator would never go above the fifth story floor of any building. Because of this fact many of the political conferences here in which he was a dominant figure had to be held on the lower floors of office buildings. Doctor Cattell in one of his most interesting stories tells that he never went above

BRITISH ARMY CHASES FLEEING GERMANS

Continued from Page One

In the night and flung eight-inch shells among its dead trees, so that the enemy fled from its terror. Three men did not escape, but slept stolidly like dead men through all the gunfire until awakened. Yesterday morning, when the Welshmen went in, I saw coming down the road from Longueval under escort three white-faced fellows who still looked drugged by sleep, but were sheepish as they passed.

I have had many strange and thrilling experiences on the battlefields of the Somme from the time when the British fought yard by yard in 1916, so that every foot of the ground was the arena of a new battle and every clump of shell-trees, every ditch, every mound and heap of ruins was the scene of some terrible episode until a few days after March 21, when I saw the British coming back across Poperinghe ridge with the enemy in close pursuit and German shells falling in old places which for years had been immune from fire.

Old Emotions Return

But yesterday many of those old emotions were returned by the good sense of being able to go on once more up the Albert-Bapaume road, past La Boisselle, and through Contalmaison to the ridge at Longueval and Deville Wood, with the wonderful feeling that once again some foul spell had been lifted from these fields and that there was room to roam in them again. These places that are held by the heroic valor of the British now that the enemy has been driven back to his vanishing line of retreat.

To us who have followed this war in body and spirit those upheaved and mangled fields are sacred ground, strewn with the graves of men who fell there. Their graves are still, with the white crosses put up to them still standing above the turmoil of earth. The enemy had not touched them and the British shellfire had not destroyed them.

So far as I could see, the only difference since the enemy sprang back here and stayed a little while and then was flung back again is that many bodies of gray-clad men lie among the shell craters and that the roads and tracks are littered with dead horses, so that the air is pestiferous with foul odors, and everywhere among the old trenches and new, with their white, upturned chalk and the litter of barbed wire, are fresh German notice boards pointing the way to firing lines and observation posts and giving the directions of tracks—such Mametz, such Longueval, such Ghinchy. They had tried to camouflage some of their tracks by screens made of rushes and had dug deep shelters under banks and in old trenches in order to escape from the harassing British fire.

In shell craters and ditches lie their helmets, gas masks, rifles and equipment, and here and there is the wreckage of a field gun or limber, untouched but abandoned by the enemy in their flight and strewn over all the ground are vast numbers of unexploded shells.

British Batteries Far Forward

Yesterday morning on the Somme battlefields, the British batteries were in action far forward, having been brought up in the night, by unresting gunners and others, getting into positions in places which yesterday were in German hands. Officers rode their horses on the way to find good emplacements for heavies or field guns along tracks where it would have been death to ride a short time before, and they called out cheery greetings to infantry officers, who were upon foot.

There was some scattered but feeble shelling round about Martinpuich and over by Morval, but for the most part the German guns were silent, trekking away to safety, and it was the British artillery that made all the noise of battle. The long snouts of the six-inch guns that had been brought up somehow by the spirit and strength of men, and horses, tired but eager to get ahead, were belching out their menace to the retreating Germans. Field gun hammered out their shots and spent their shells almost as fast as the ammunition could be brought up by the transport columns, which

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find it hard to follow so quickly but never fail.

The road menders are already at work, gallant pioneers who make the ways straight and true. It is surprising how good the old British roads are after all the stress of advance and retreat. I took my car to the edge of Longueval and broke no springs, and could have driven into the German lines without trouble, except the inevitable one that #ndastall trouble.

The storm clouds of Wednesday had cleared and the sky was blue. Over the Somme battlefields there was a golden light, which glinted on the trunks of the dead trees in Devil's wood and Mametz wood, and those thin rows of charred masts which were once "Trones wood and Bernafay, where many British fought and fell two years ago. The open battlefield stretched away as far as one's vision, and across it the British were trudging. The Germans creeping away before them, or holding the line with machine-gun fire until the British were on them, and through them.

British Casualties Moderate

The British casualties still remain quite moderate, but here and there men fall, caught by those bullets from the German rear guards. I saw how some of them, walking in single file, were caught down one track. They lay there with their steel hats lying beside them at intervals of a dozen paces.

For them there was peace and the journey's end. By good luck most of the wounded are only slightly touched, for machine-gun bullets are cleaner than clouds of shells, and the ambulances that stole down the winding tracks, with the sun deepening the redness of their crosses, were bearing men who have "slight" wounds and will be well soon. For were smoking cigarettes as they lay and grinned through the flaps, and there were not many in my direction who lay still and unconscious under their blankets.

For this last lap of the German retreat from Ghinchy to Guillemont has been a stampede without fighting and the British have followed on like shepherds rounding up their sheep. Elsewhere the fighting has been severe. Wednesday night there were two counter-attacks against the Canadians in the neighborhood of Artillery Hill, between Boiry and Jigsaw Wood.

The German command must have hated to lose Jigsaw Wood and Sart Wood, which were taken Wednesday and the day before. They used the cover of this chain of woods on high ground beyond Monchy and above Wancourt in order to bring their men up and feed their line. The loss of them is a grave blow and they tried to goad their men to get back to them yesterday.

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MANY JOIN POLICE STRIKERS IN LONDON

Metropolitan Force Leaves Area Outside City Proper Without Protection

By the Associated Press

London, Aug. 30. London, outside of the little square mile composing the city proper, has virtually been without police protection since midnight, when the famous metropolitan police force went on strike for increased pay, recognition of their union and reinstatement of discharged men. Traffic usually so well looked after, was left to regulate itself until special constables—private citizens enlisted for the duration of the war to assist the regulars—turned out in hundreds to do the work of the "Bobbies."

Before the heavy traffic appeared on the morning wore on only a small number of the older men remained at their posts. An hour's tour of the metropolitan area during the early hours of the day found very few policemen on duty. The police strike became worse as the morning wore on. Only a small number of the older men remained at their posts. An hour's tour of the metropolitan area during the early hours of the day found very few policemen on duty.

The British are marvelous, highlanders or cockneys, Welsh or South Country, Lancashire or Yorkshire men. During the last three weeks they have defeated storm divisions of the German army, wiped out all the enemy's gains since March 21st, from Amiens to Bapaume and from Arras to the Somme and forever destroyed all Germany's hopes of victory by the strength of their bodies and by the last light of human pluck, fighting most of all against fatigue and the desire for sleep, more terrible than the enemy ahead.

AMERICAN WITH FRENCH DIES

Volunteered at Start of War. Won Cross

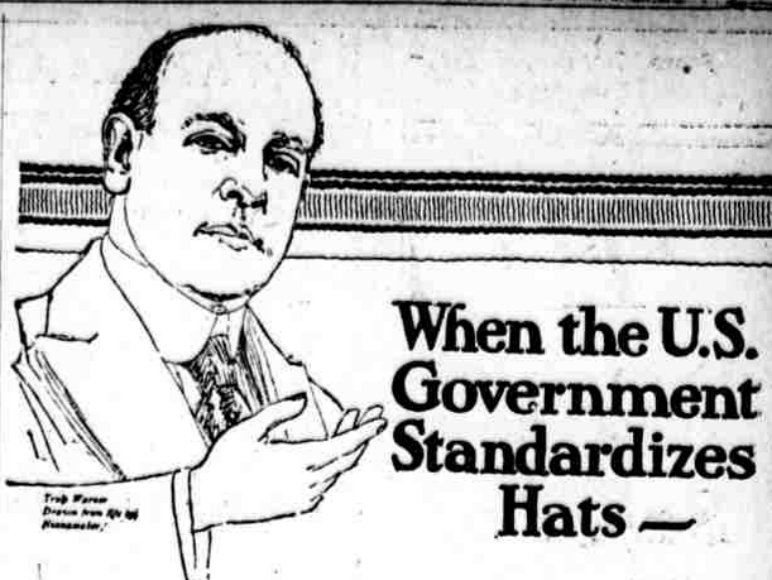
By the Associated Press

Paris, Aug. 30.—Henry Segwick Berend an American, who volunteered for service in the French army at the beginning of the war and was in the aviation branch, has been killed at the front.

He was a son of Rodrigues Berend and a nephew of Senator D'Estournelles de Constant. The war cross which had been awarded him was placed in his coffin.

Since the 23d, the London troops have been fighting big battles and have made astonishing progress. They are the troops whose actions I described yesterday without being able to mention their names. It was they who stormed through Boyelles and Boiry-Bequerelle, taking 700 prisoners, on the way to Croiselles, where some of them had to face a terrible fire from massed machine guns.

With Scottish troops they broke the Hindenburg line across the Sennese



When the U.S. Government Standardizes Hats

Do you think the Government will accept your Standard?

If you have been paying more than is necessary to get all you want in a hat—before the War—Uncle Sam will show you how to avoid wastefulness and extravagance and how to get along without a few unnecessary luxuries—before the War is over.

The War Industries Board have standardized shoes for next year and they had a conference with hat manufacturers a few days ago in Washington to do the same thing in the hat business.

I haven't any inside information but I think they will come pretty near adopting my standard, when they decide to make a serviceable hat, with plenty of style, at a reasonable price.

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