

'TIGER' SEES PIGS DIE AND CHATS OF COROTS

Chicago Shows Clemenceau Her Stockyards, Art and Her Opera.

HE LIKES THEM ALL

Stockyards Butchers Fascinate Him as He Sees Their Prowess.

FROM THEM TO PICTURES

Fluent on All Topics, He Shows Wide Range in His Very Busy Day.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD. CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—This morning Clemenceau saw the killing of pigs at the stock yards. This afternoon he reviewed dreamy landscapes of Corot in the Art Institute. From pigs and paintings he passed on to the stuffed elephants of the Field Museum. Tonight the opera. Such was his last day in Chicago.

They showed him everything at the Armour packing plant, led the Tiger into the midst of the jungle. He insisted on following the whole disassembling process—just the reverse of Detroit's—from Western cattle feeding blissfully in their pens to the exit of the last particle on its way to market. He specially insisted on seeing the killing. Rest rooms? Restaurants? Shower baths? All very good, "but let me see the beasts killed," he said. So they spared him nothing.

He saw huge Polish executioners knocking steers between the eyes with sledge hammers.

"The first blow usually does it," said Laurence Armour, vice president of the company, one of Clemenceau's guides.

The Tiger saw the luckless animals rolled from the killing pen to the floor, trussed upon chains, moved along by a

Clemenceau Thankful for Kind Reception

CHICAGO, Nov. 29 (Associated Press).—George Clemenceau, touring the United States in an effort to forge closer bonds between this country and France, tonight dictated the following Thanksgiving message:

Deeply touched by the kind reception granted me and the attention given to the delivery of my message, there is much I am thankful for.

He has a Little List.

"Ah!" He mused, watching the procession of suspended fates to a vat of boiling water and then closing one eye. "I think I have a little list of people I should like to see arraigned like this. I hope—this to a workman—you are not going to make a mistake and put me there?"

He remarked on the celerity of it all, the practiced certainty of the men who wielded the shining knives.

In one of the rooms he exclaimed, "Ah! corned beef, I shall never fear to eat you any more."

He asked more questions than a Wu Ting-Fang. How long did it take to send a hog from the pen to the refrigerator? "Twenty minutes," answered M. D. Harding, general superintendent of the plant. "Marvelous. I saw once a plant in Buenos Aires, but it was not like this. Perhaps the beasts were different, too. How do you get your beasts?" Harding explained how they came from the ranges to Packing Town.

In the mutton department they showed first the later stages of the routine. "Very good," said Clemenceau. "Let me see the sheep killed."

He seemed not surprised when told that the men work only eight hours a day.

In the pork department he caught sight of a huge tray of pig ears.

"What do you do with them?"

Armour explained that some persons, negroes especially, considered chitlings a great delicacy. Clemenceau would have it that they must be dead persons; he said he could well believe the magic of Chicago could make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. And if there was anything in the packing house America could not use please send it to Europe.

"And now, if you please, let me see the pigs killed."

The Eye Closes Again.

He looked into the shower and locker room and the restaurant where the men have their luncheon. "Ah!" said he, "they change their clothes twice to eat."

He was assured that they ate in their crumpled working clothes, just as he

saw them. This information made him close one eye again.

"In skinning the steers we have to be careful," Harding told him. "If the knife makes a cut in the hide a dollar is lost."

"Ah! the workman loses the dollar?"

"No, the company does."

Another question was, "What do they do with the blood?" He learned that it was processed into albumen and fertilizer.

His foemen, the photographers, were waiting in one of the lethal chambers. "My faith," he cried, "are they not like the pigs—never satisfied?"

Then to Mr. Armour, "How many beasts arrived to-day?"

Armour gave the figures—107,000 hogs, 26,000 sheep, 25,000 cattle. To Clemenceau this seemed sufficient. He shook hands with the officers of the company and rode back to the residence of his hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer. He ate luncheon with relish—but it was eggs.

His guide in the Art Institute on the lake front in the afternoon was here present, Charles L. Hutchinson. Here Clemenceau was at home. During several of his years of journalism he was an art critic. He did much toward making the reputation of his contemporary, Claude Monet.

In one of the galleries to-day he spied several Canes. With one of them, "The Bridge of Trysts," he was delighted.

"Here is another one that is considered very important," said Mr. Hutchinson, stopping at Corot's "Opheus Salutating the Light."

"But I prefer the first one."

"So do I," Clemenceau said. "This one—artificial."

Chavannes's painting "The Sacred Grove" brought a smile. There were nymphs on the bank of a pool and angels flying over it. "Too much like heaven," was Clemenceau's comment. One of the pictures disclosed Spanish girls dancing in a cafe. Clemenceau said he had seen the dance in Spain and it was vulgar.

A room of Dutch masters came after the French. There was a Van Dyke granddame at whom the tourist shuddered. "She looks like a mother-in-law."

But he was ecstatic over a portrait of Edouard Manet. "Off, it's beautiful," he cried. "Exactly like him. He was a very witty man."

A group of visitors, following Clemenceau and chuckling over his candid comment, saw him pause at a gold lacquered shrine in which sat a bronze Buddha.

"Ah, poor Buddha," Clemenceau sighed. "He never said he was a god, he always said he was a man. But when he died they made a god of him."

Next he stopped in at the Anderson Art Galleries to see an exhibition of the works of French artists and then went to the Field Museum of Natural History, where Stanley Field met him and Mrs. Palmer. Clemenceau's heels were dragging so that their shuffle was audible on the marble floor, but he would not quit. Before him loomed two of Carl Akeley's African bull elephants in battle array, one menacing the other with his tusks.

"You have seen elephants in the wild?" Field inquired.

"Yes, in Africa one day I saw a troupe of forty-five," Clemenceau paused, and like one who could a tale unfold added, "and they were looking at me."

A group of wild turkeys in a glass cage caught his eye. "Ah," he cried, "to-morrow." And those musk oxen, what did they eat? Stanley Field informed him that they gnawed the snow for buried moss. Clemenceau, pondering this, came to the conclusion: "Well, they seem to like it." So he shuffled along from room to room, as eager as a country boy seeing his first menagerie. But they did not show him any tigers.

Last night Clemenceau delayed his bedtime two hours when he discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, in their collection at home, have many of the paintings of his old friend Claude Monet. He told a story of how Faure, the Parisian barytone, visited the garret of the young and unknown Monet and seeing a painting of dawn on the Seine said: "If you will put some more paint on that thing I will give you fifty francs for it." Monet refused. Years passed. Monet was famous like Faure. The singer visited the studio of the artist, and there was the same painting of the misty river. Faure said: "I will give you 50,000 francs for that." "No," said Monet, "you once insulted that painting. It would cost you your fortune to own it."

Clemenceau, ending the narrative, ex-

claimed: "A great man, Monet. I shall cable him at once that I saw his pictures here" which he did.

A troop of Boy Scouts gave him a salute and a "tiger" yell as he stepped out of the Palmer residence this afternoon. Last night he sent a telegram of thanks to Samuel Gompers, who had wired that he was "in entire accord" with the speech last week in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

"I am very glad," Clemenceau telegraphed. "I hope it will find its way to the heart of the American people."

He is much pleased by favorable comment on his Chicago speech in most of the newspapers here.

The opera to-night was "Snegourotchka," sung in French by the Civic Opera Company at the Auditorium.

Clemenceau will leave Chicago at 10 A. M. to-morrow; will visit the tomb of Lincoln, in Springfield, and then go to St. Louis. Change in the schedule permits him to spend several hours in Baltimore next Monday before going to Washington. He will return to Chicago on December 11 for a convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation. Reaching New York December 13, he will have only three hours there before sailing for Europe.

W. I. BULLARD TELLS OF 400 FOOT FALL

Boston Banker Back From Rio de Janeiro Describes Smash on Incline.

W. Irving Bullard, textile manufacturer and vice-president of the Merchants National Bank of Boston, arrived last night on the steamship Pan American of the Munson Line from Rio de Janeiro and gave the details of the accident in which he was injured when an incline railway car collapsed.

He was met at Quarantine by Dr. E. G. Brackett of Boston, who after an examination said he was comfortable and improving steadily. Mr. Bullard was removed from the ship to a private ambulance and was taken to the Grand

Central Station, where he was put on the midnight train for Boston. He was accompanied by his wife and two children. He was injured while going up one of the hills near Rio de Janeiro in an incline railway car.

Mr. Bullard said he was on his way up the mountain to visit Col. A. Crawford, vice-president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who has a home on the summit. When the cable car was about 400 feet from the landing on a steep incline the cable broke, and Mr. Bullard was precipitated to the foot of the incline. He was buried under the wreckage at the foot of the mountain, and remained there for two hours before he could be extricated. His son, Edward, who was in the car with him, was only slightly bruised.

His left leg was broken in six places, his right shoulder broken, and his body badly bruised.

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ALDERMEN STAND BY FOREIGN LANGUAGE ADS

Turn Down Request of National Security League.

The Board of Aldermen yesterday denied a request of the National Security League to compel advertisers in the subway, elevated and surface cars to append an English translation to all foreign language advertisements. Alderman William T. Collins, chairman of the rules committee, said:

"In the judgment of your committee any legislation along this line could only serve to annoy and harass a very considerable portion of the population of this city who wish to address their fellow citizens in their native tongue. Your committee is of the opinion that any suggestions along the line proposed in this resolution is simply an aftermath of war hysteria, and that it should not only be refused enactment into our code of ordinances, but that all existing legislation along similar lines and with the same Lusitanian purpose in view should be repealed."

ANSWERED!

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We merely feel that it is our duty to tell the truth. Somebody's got to do it.

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