

M. Clam Discusses American History.

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WASHINGTON, U. S., Jan. 3.—What shall we think of one nation that is fickle toward her heroes? We of the France, who thrill with passion when we hear the names of terrible Frenchmen of fame—what shall we think of these United States, which forget so quickly? With amazement I look upon that procession of American heroes, escaping so quickly into the oblivion of oblivion? Bah! Those heroes are thrice fortunate if they reach the oblivion safely. Many of them are pursued with the hiss, the jeer, the egg of decay, the old shoe of contempt!

In those rapid changes of heroes I see again the fever of America, the quickness, the impatience! The hero blossoms and withers in America with great swiftness. Always those Americans cry to their heroes, "Step Lively!" If the hero steps one moment to smell the flower of popularity, it turns quickly to cabbage, and rots at his nose! Those hands of brass begin always "Hail to That Chief," but the music ends with that dirge most solemn, "Down Went M. McGinty." One hero marches proudly with that band of brass, but soon he discovers, with chagrin, that he is marching ahead of one fresh here—where? Toward the graveyard! It is the quickest of great joy at the first, but at the last it is the race to bury the dead! In America those people are always waiting for the moment psychological. No one knows when this moment will come, but all people know when it has arrived. Instantly, when the moment psychological appears, those people tear down one hero and set up another. When the hero is blushing while those people frantically crown him with the laurel, one bystander feels the approach of that moment psychological and shouts: "That hero, he is a dead one!" Then those people cry "Hurrah! The moment psychological is here! It is now time to change!" They begin to tear off those wreaths, and on all sides are mutterings. That hero, if he is wise, instantly turns and runs to seek oblivion. If he is foolish, and lingers with that smile of expectancy, those people are infuriated. They cry: "We are ashamed! The world will call us hero worshippers. Bring tar and feathers! We will show this hero that he stays too long! Get a rope! Is that grave ready? Why this terrible delay?"

Yet I cannot learn of any hero who has been lynched. This to me is the grand mystery. How does the hero escape the fury of those people? The law of the lynch, perhaps, is not for heroes. Perhaps that moment psychological passes too quickly. Perhaps those people have such excitement over the new hero that they do not remember to lynch the old one. I cannot tell. This is one other of those mysterious Americans.

gates who had nothing to lose but their life, and this was worth not much to anybody. Thus M. Coxy marched to be hero until one other hero could be made, and then escaped safely. This was the only volunteer hero of America. All those others were made by the people.

This America is most cruel to her heroes while they are alive. If one hero is once safely dead, he need fear no more. But he must not permit those people to know that he is alive. This is one crime against the fresh hero.

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Many times those Americans say: "When shall we have the great novel American? Who shall write it? We have the great anxiety to make the hero of him." Every week those newspapers find one new novel, and then they cry: "Here, at the last, is the great novel American! It is 'The Devil Fish,' by M. John Smith." Those people shout: "Hurrah! Now we shall be literary! Quick! Give us that Devil Fish! Hurrah for John Smith, our hero!"

Soon those newspapers say: "It is a mistake. The great novel American is 'The Green Oyster,' by M. Thomas Brown. This is surely the great novel American, because it is the best seller this week." Those people become frantic again. They say to themselves: "Have you devoured that Green Oyster? Bah! You are behind those times! It is simply grand! How glad we are that the American literature is so magnificent! M. Brown is the true genius!"

In one week those newspapers say once more: "Forgive us, dear readers. We made the grand mistake. That great novel American is not 'The Green Oyster.' 'The Green Oyster' is one foolish piece of botch-work. It is worse than the wretched 'Devil Fish.' That plot is most ridiculous, and those characters are gross caricatures upon the human nature. Also, the book is not one of those best sellers this week. Yet we have now the good news. M. Julius P. Bolivar McCabe, of the Indiana State, has just completed that masterpiece which he began on the last Wednesday. He has decided to name this novel 'Her Third Divorce.' We have read 'Her Third Divorce' with unusual ease, and we pronounce it the great novel American. At 3 p. m. those department store returns indicated total sales of \$79,000. If that demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That moment psychological approaches. M. Julius P. Bolivar McCabe is about to become the hero! One corps of hawks is now at work, and 'Her Third Divorce' will be dramatized by midnight. It will be given in matinee to-morrow by Messrs. Tabasco, Clawhammer & Schwartzberger, those great Yankee impresarios.

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These people say: "Aha! Nobody can fool us all the time! We knew 'The Green Oyster' was not the best seller, after we had read it. How could one common man named Brown produce that great novel American? Does he live in the Indiana State? Well, then! Has his book been stolen by the pirates? Not very well! Let us make the hero of M. McCabe. Hurrah for 'Her Third Divorce!' We shall now make the rush upon those department stores!"

Ah, what shall I think? It is four weeks in which I have seen great novels American, yet they disappear quickly as everything does in America. At my hotel I give much offense to those intoxicating American belles if I say I know not the best seller. It is three difficult to keep up with that literature hero. Who is today the hero? I blush! I cannot tell!

Already I discover that those millionaires are in danger. If one millionaire is caught by those people and made the hero—bah!—it is the catastrophe, the mob of the kodak, the call for the rope! Always those millionaires try to escape to France. Until the last Friday, M. Rockefeller, the most rich man in America, was safe, because those people were in pursuit of M. Pierpont Morgan to make the hero of him. To-day M. Rockefeller is in hiding! He endeavors to prove that he is dead, so that he may save the life! Those terrible kodaks lie in wait. Those sheriffs are with them. What is M. Rockefeller's crime? It is to be too rich according to the law written. Those murderers are not pursued by the kodak. Why? Because they obey that unwritten law. Yet if one man becomes a millionaire according to the written law, let him beware the lynch.

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Those people to-day shout with violence for M. Rockefeller to come out. That moment psychological has arrived. His time to be one hero is past. To-morrow, if he is discovered, all will be lost!

To-day I have the happy luck to save poor rich M. Rockefeller. Why should those millionaires suffer if those murderers escape? Instantly I

M. Rockefeller.

M. Rockefeller, this is because, United States. Why do you not say you became rich by obeying that unwritten law? That would save you! That mob would fight for you!

Ah, I have disappointment! M. Rockefeller has not the courage. His reply: "M. Clam, Washington. I have been the hero once. It is too much. That unwritten law is good only for murderers. I prefer to remain dead."

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To-night those people are looking for the new hero. Perhaps M. Rockefeller escape. All those millionaires tremble. They say: "M. Rockefeller, he is the most rich man. Overlook us, and lynch him!"

In the politics, it is the same. Those heroes spoil quickly. In the last April when the San Francisco was quaked, Maire Schmitz did perform marvelous things. Those people did not wait. Instantly they made him the hero. Those newspapers said: "Maire Schmitz, he makes good! He is the man of the hour, but not the man of the day or week. Soon those people of San Francisco become deadly sick. It was as if their hero was poison to them! He fell! But soon he returned and gave up himself. Now those people say: 'Shall he be poison or the lynch? We must dispose of this hero quickly!'"

In the France I read of M. Jerome, that terrible District Attorney of New York. Those newspapers said: "At the last we have the permanent hero. This is the only honest man. He tells those people they are asses. Is not that the truth? He says no man is honest. Is not this the word of one honest man? Hurrah for Hero Jerome! All parties are rotten. Therefore let them unite on our hero!" Those people said: "It is all true. We are asses. We are rotten. Jerome is right. Hurrah for our hero!"

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Thus all those people elected M. Jerome. But now—bah! Those newspapers speak with cruelty of this honest man. He has that sleeping sickness, yet those people are not polite to him in his distress. When I arrived in New York, I said: "Let me now see M. Jerome, the honest man of New York." My friends curled the lip at me! It was the sneer, the contempt. I had humiliation. I said: "But why is it wrong to look upon one honest man?" The reply: "Bah! M. Jerome was our hero two weeks ago!" He is now the dead one. Do not speak of the painful things.

I said: "Did he not call you the asses?"

The reply: "Yes, and he was right. That gives us the great pain now. Please do not talk any more!"

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Here, in Washington, are many men who were once heroes. They become very pale if they see the crowd. Yet there is no danger—the crowd does not know them now. If those heroes do not seek for trouble, they are safe. But there is an unwritten law concerning heroes, which I shall tell to my countrymen.

We remember that terrible war between these United States and Spain with agitation in France. I read of those exploits. When I read of M. Hobson striking that vessel Morbrino almost right, and how he would have shed heroically if those cowardly companions of his had not let stand, our flag knotted at my throat with emotion! I saw a noble super-illustration of M. Hobson! After, when I read of those intoxicating American belles always reported to kiss him, he became the truest hero. Yes! I thought with pain: "No, my dear Clam, you shall never behold M. Hobson!"

Very well! M. Hobson became the hero American, and then suffered like them all. Those people became jealous when he was kissed by the ladies! With hatred they plotted against him. At the last, one malignant genius said: "Aha! I have it! Let us send him to the Congress! Then he shall not escape the oblivion. He will be the permanent dead one!" "Hurrah!" cried those cruel people. "Hobson goes to Congress! Now forget him!"

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One day, when I strolled along the Avenue Pennsylvania, not thinking of much—Mon Dieu! What should I see but M. Hobson! I had agitation! Should I salute my hero? I waited. I watched. M. Hobson shrunk from those people. His head was haunted look. Yes it was he!

Impulsively I ran toward him. My heart hopped. I cried: "Hurrah for M. Hobson! Those people turned with surprise. M. Hobson started. I cried: 'A Frenchman salutes one hero!' M. Hobson became pale. Those people muttered. Condescendingly, with extreme agitation I embraced that hero. He struggled with diffidence. With delight I kissed him on those cheeks. Those people? Bah! What do I care for them?"

One policeman ran up to me, "Come

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