

# M. CLAM GETS RICH BUT---

(M. Clam, the renowned Parisian journalist, writes that he won a million dollars in Wall street, but discovers that in the American metropolis riches have wings.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—In one week I have learned much more of the United States, which I shall tell to my countrymen of the France. All is excitement, with extreme desire to be rich quickly. I, too, have been rich quickly, yet again I am poor quickly also. One day in the week I have been the millionaire. Today I am safely poor. In these United States the problem is to become rich, and also to remain so. One-half of this problem I have solved with ease, yet that other half is thrice difficult for one Frenchman to solve. Those people make grand obstacles.

One day after my dear friend M. John W. Gates did sell to me those 16,000 shares of the Company's Box Constructor I sat in my hotel sipping my chocolate. Languidly I look at those newspapers. "Diablo! What do I see? One picture of M. Clam, myself! With agitation I read: "Rothschild's gobble Box Constructor! Gentle Mining Deal Consummated by John W. Gate and M. Clam, Agent of French Syndicate! Shares Shoot Upward!" Parbleu! I seize one other paper. It says: "Felic of Prosperity! Wall Street Welcomes Frenchman with Real Money!" I see one other picture of myself also. Mon Dieu! Eagerly I scan one other newspaper. Yes, here it is: "M. Roosevelt to Investigate Box Constructor Trust!" Ciel! Many other papers have pictures and headlines most terrifying!

While I read these things, with my remaining hair rising to his feet, one messenger comes from M. Gates with this note:

"My dear Clam—Come quickly to Babel building with Box Constructor and get your million. In haste, JOHN."

Sacré! Instantly I am in excitement. Hailing a fiacre, I drove rapidly to my friend. Those elevators do not frighten me. Do not my own fortunes shoot to the sky? M. Gates embraced me warmly. "Quick!" he said. "Those shares!"

I gave to him those ten thousand shares. One young man took them and run away. M. Gates conversed with the telephone. In five minutes that young man returned. He gave to M. Gates a paper. M. Gates gave it to me. One thousand thunderbolts! It was the check for one million of those dollars! I reeled—I saw ten thousand faces of M. Gates—those dollars did dance with legs of joy before my eyes—all was black—I swooned!.... Yes, yes, it was not one dream! When I awoke that check was yet in my hand. M. Gates said:

"You, my dear Clam, should not have the excitement. Bah! What is one million? This, to me, is the bagatelle! While you make one, I make forty. Go with this young man to the bank of M. Morgan before that check comes too old to work."

With gratitude I embraced my dear friend. He said: "Bah! It is nothing!" That young man conducted me to the M. Morgan bank. To the cashier he said: "This, Billy, is our dear friend, M. Clam. He will now cash one check."

With great pleasure I write my name on that check. That cashier counted the dollars with yellow and green backs until he was tired, yet more was mine! What should I do? Where should I put it? This, to me, was the question most serious. Yet, after two days more that question was solved for me by those people of New York.

I said to that young man: "You, my friend, shall not be forgotten. This, then, is for you!" I gave to him one paper with yellow back, whether little or much I do not care. Taking two rolls as large as my hat, I leave the rest with the M. Morgan bank.

Outside that young man called to one stranger. "This," said M. Gates' young man, "is M. Hungerson, that tax collector. All those swollen fortunes must pay the tax. It is the law of M. Roosevelt."

What do I care for the tax if the fortune pays it? "Ah, very well!" I said. "How much?"

That stranger muttered to himself, "You and me, six times three, rich man poor man, beggar man, thief," and then he said: "You, M. Clam, shall pay one thousand dollars. It is the law."

I said: "Very well!" Counting ten of one hundred dollars, I gave them to M. Hungerson. He was thrice polite, but in great haste to collect other taxes, and I did not see him more.

M. Gates' young man talked with two more young men who approached. "Yes," he said, "this is M. Clam."

"Ah, M. Clam," said one, "will you kindly step down to the jail? You have not paid the poll tax."

With violence I protest against the indignity, the humiliation of the jail. "I do not know the poll tax!" I cried. "Do me the kindness to permit me to pay it now!"

With hesitation those young men accepted of me the five hundred dollars for poll tax. "It is against the law," said one. "Do not tell this to any person. We do this favor because you are the friend of M. Gates."

I promise to remain silent, and they left me with great politeness. M. Gates' young man said: "Let us now hurry to the lunch!"

I replied: "Very well! Yet do not introduce me more. I shall prefer to be unknown."

How foolish to think I should remain unknown! All those people did know me. On all sides they did speak to me politely. Many gentlemen did rush up to shake my hand and embrace me. Those reporters followed me, asking many questions as I hurried. "Did you see Pierpont Morgan? Are you married? What do you think of Harriman? Are those Rothschilds buying Amalgamate? What do you think of New York? Do you drink whiskey or stick to absinthe? Why do you wear checked trousers? Is Box Constructor the good buy? Is it true that you bet one million with John W. that it would snow before morning? How old are you? Are you writing the book? Are you going to see Tom Lawson? Why do you advocate trial marriage? Have one cigar? When is Senator Platt going to resign? Do you deny that you are engaged to Miss Lillian Russell? What do you think of America? What will be your next lecture? Why did you change your name?"

Ten thousand devils! I ran quickly to escape. Some of those questions did sting me to reply. They were grand lies! Yet I dare not stop. Already I saw those kodaks gathering!

With haste I run with M. Gates' young man to one restaurant. There I take the private room and turn the key. Almost it was too late. Those reporters looked through the windows.

M. Gates' young man said: "Let us call up M. Van Bibber, the press agent for M. Gates. He is one good fellow for the lunch."

I replied: "Ah, that is the good thing. M. Van Bibber shall tell me of the press agents. I must employ one agent also."

In five minutes M. Van Bibber appeared. With him was my friend M.

# ARE YOU FROM MISSOURI



Whether you are or not drop in as soon as a possible and

## LET US SHOW YOU

To see is to believe and we do not wish you to believe us until we have shown you.

These low prices will not last much longer, you had better come early and get your share.

### THREE GREAT SPECIALS THIS WEEK FINE SUITS

A few broken lots of fine suits \$25.00, \$27.50 and \$30.00 values

Special \$18.40.

These are the finest we have in the house. You should not overlook a good thing.

### Fine Overcoats

The fine Scotch Tweed Rain Proof coat, especially adapted to this climate. For special inducement this week we offer the \$25.00 value \$18.00, \$22.00 value \$16.00, \$20.90 value \$14.25.

All other Overcoats reduced 20 per cent.

\$9.85 Special

One lot of \$15.00 Suits in All Wool Oregon Cheviots!

Special \$9.85

Remember we have no old goods to sell you. We are selling only Bright New Merchandise at the very lowest prices.

# BROWNSVILLE WOOLEN MILL STORE

E. C. JUDD, Proprietor. 684 Commercial St. Between 15th and 16th.

Gripberman, that grand financier of many companies and syndicates. I was delighted! With warmth I embraced them.

M. Gripberman said: "Be cheerful, M. Clam! I bring the good news. You have been chosen the director of the Universal Bucketshop Securities Corporation, the Metropolitan Straphanger Syndicate, the Widows' and Orphans' Trust Company, and the Consolidated Belgian Hare Promotion and Development Concession! Business before pleasure, my dear colleague! Sign this acknowledgment of your election, my dear Clam, and then to lunch!"

With thanks I signed acknowledgment of these new honors. Then I said:

"You, my dear friends, are acquainted with the business, but I am more familiar with the cuisine. Let me, I pray you, order the lunch!"

I conversed with the garcon, who was one Frenchman. The cook, too, was one countryman of myself. Well! To the garcon I give one yellow backed paper and to the chef I send one more. Instantly the establishment began to prepare my orders. I studied my guests with care and wrung my brain for the happy ideas. Good fortune followed me. I was able to devise one lunch most exquisite of proportion, thrice delightful to my friends. They were astonished, amazed, stunned! In New York, I think, never was one lunch before like this. The proprietor wept with joy and embraced me when he perceived the skill with which I contrived this feast. The garcon was speechless. The chef was purple with importance and delight. "Morbien!" he said, "Here, at the last, is one son of the France! Ten thousand thunderbolts! What a soup! What a gravy! And the sequence! What a genius! My God, what a happy day for the France!"

For myself, I was happy to see my guests half crazed with delight! Before we leave I have engaged M. Gates' young man, M. Smoothery, to be my press agent. At his kind suggestion I give him plenty of dollars with which to entertain those reporters. Also, during the lunch M. Van Bibber did tell me how to make additional millions by purchasing stock in that Little Standard Oil Company. I did so with pleasure, paying to him fifty thousand of dollars. M. Gripberman, also, did consent to give me shares in many of his grand syndicates.

After paying those tips and assisting the excellent proprietor of that restaurant to lift one heavy mortgage

it was necessary to return to the Morgan bank for more money. This time I took three large rolls, and darted into one fiacre to escape those reporters. "Talk with M. Smoothery!" I cried to them as I disappeared to my hotel. M. Smoothery conducted those reporters to one saloon and did tell them many things of myself which I did not know before.

At my hotel the fame of me had arrived. Those clerks were most polite. They insisted that I should occupy that grand bridal chamber. It was made of almost solid gold. Those bellboys did run back and forth with telegrams to me from M. Gripberman, M. Van Bibber, and M. Smoothery. I sent to M. Gripberman the fifty thousand dollars to be deposited as security for good behavior as director of those syndicates, according to the law of M. Roosevelt.

Many persons sent cards to me. Some of them I detected to be scoundrels and swindlers. Others I did not detect at that time, but after they got much money I detected them. They did sell to me automobiles, clothing, mining shares, apartment houses, tunnels, theatrical companies—everything! Yet was much tired of such business, and refused to become more rich as they told me. I longed for the refreshment.

M. Van Bibber did dine with me that night, and we went to the theatre. Those speculators took much of my money, yet I had enough remaining for many ushers, porters, drivers, bellboys, clerks, and waiters. After supper we walked upon the Broadway, so brilliant, so animated with beautiful women! All of those women did know me! I had surprise, yet pleasure. One beautiful brunette did smile to me, and asked me to step in that doorway out of that horrid wind. With pleasure I excused myself to M. Van Bibber, who looked with eagerness into those shop windows. In the doorway the lady burst into tears telling me of many troubles with the brutal man who pursued her for alimony. With pleasure I gave to her one hundred of dollars. She was happy instantly, and impulsively embraced me....and my yellow-backed dollars, I think. They were gone when we arrived at my hotel. M. Van Bibber did kindly tip the elevator man, who then consented to take me to that bridal chamber.

Those newspapers on the next morning did frighten me. My picture was everywhere, with the interviews on all subjects. More reporters did send cards to me for denial of these interviews. M. Smoothery appeared. I did give him the check upon the M. Morgan bank for fifty thousand of dollars.

He returned in one hour with terrible distress. His pocket had been robbed! Ah, what a city of thieves! His heart was broken, yet I told him to have courage. Soon he recovered his spirits and we went again to the bank. I took out all that was left. To M. Smoothery I gave one-half for safekeeping and the other half I pinned inside of my waistcoat.

We looked at that ticking machine to see how those millions were to come to me. Languidly I read many things. Diablo! What is it I see? "M. Gripberman, Wall street operator disappears! All companies financed by him forced to the wall! Warrant out for arrest of M. Clam, who is supposed to have some money left. Wall street determined to get it!"

One stranger politely tapped my shoulder. I shudder! It is the arrest! Yes, I am not mistaken. I read that warrant. It says: "M. Clam shall pay all those debts of companies, syndicates, and corporations of which he is director, if he is able. If he is not able, he shall disgorge all money he has or go to the Sing Sing for eternal life. This is the law of Wall street."

Instantly I turn to M. Smoothery—but he is not there! He is gone! I rush to the telephone for M. Van Bibber, but there is no Van Bibber, all people say! That stranger says: "Very well, let us catch the boat to Sing Sing!" Desperately I tear open my waistcoat and tell him to help himself. After After taking that roll the stranger looks into my mouth and pinches my shoes for more. There is no more! At the last, I am not one millionaire! With politeness that stranger bows and turns the corner. I return to my hotel. Those clerks do not know me! I go to that gold chamber, but it is locked! I search, but my baggage is not anywhere! That hotel detective scowls at me and says: "Skiddoo!" I think this means something very bad.

Instantly I walk to Wall street to find my friends. I cannot find that Babel building! Those policemen will not reply to my question.

Those elevated railroads run over me, those automobiles nearly kill me several times. Once I almost fall to death in the deep hole in the earth. All people do not know me! What should I do? Where should I go? That is the question.

In despair I search my pockets secretly, when no New Yorker is looking. Ten thousand thunders! I find one yellow-backed paper, crumpled in one corner! It was one hundred of dollars! Those people of New York were the fools, after all! They did not get it

all! This was to me the grand comedy, and I laugh completely. Instantly I place that money in my pocket, clasped in my hand. No one shall know it! I write this to my countrymen in one little restaurant, after making the bargain with that proprietor. Then I shall leave New York, if I am not detected to have money. I shall not remain one night more in this city. Those people may discover too much. To my countrymen I say au revoir. I shall write to them from one other place, where those millions are not so quick to come and go. CLAM.

#### ALL THE WORLD

is a stage and Ballard's Snow Liniment plays a most prominent part. It has no superior for Rheumatism, stiff joints, cuts, sprains, and all pains. Buy it, try it, and you will always use it. Anybody who has used Ballard's Snow Liniment is a living proof of what it does. Buy a trial bottle. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Hart's drug store.

#### HOW TO CURE CHILBLAINS.

"To enjoy freedom from chilblains," writes John Kemp, East Otisfield, Me., "I apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Have also used it for salt rheum with excellent results." Guaranteed to cure fever sores, indolent ulcers, piles, burns, wounds, frost bites and skin diseases. 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

## GRAND MASK BALL

BY

SONS of HERMANN SATURDAY, FEB. 2 1907

FOARD & STOKES HALL

GRAND IES



MRS. C. E. FINK

### Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is an honest, tried and true remedy of unquestionable therapeutic value. This medicine made from native roots and herbs contains no narcotics or other harmful drugs and today holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any medicine the world has ever known, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the laboratory at Lynn, Mass., which testify to its wonderful value.

Mrs. C. E. Fink, of Carnegie, Pa., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"I wish every suffering woman would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write to you for advice. It has done me a world of good and what it has accomplished for me I know it will do for others."

When women are troubled with Irregularities, Displacements, Ulceration, Inflammation, Backache, Nervous Prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

#### Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of her vast volume of experience she probably has the very knowledge that will help your case.

### HEALTH OF WOMEN

In this nineteenth century to keep up with the march of progress every power of woman is strained to its utmost, and the tax upon her physical system is far greater than ever.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers few drugs were used in medicines. They relied upon roots and herbs to cure weaknesses and disease, and their knowledge of roots and herbs was far greater than that of women today.

It was in this study of roots and herbs that Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., discovered and gave to the women of the world a remedy more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.