

M. Clam Interviews M. Roosevelt

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(M. Clam, the renowned Parisian journalist, is invited to call at the White House, and it is with astonishment that he writes to France of his interview with M. Roosevelt.)

WASHINGTON, U. S., March 2.— I shall now tell to the people of France much that I can not understand of that marvelous M. Roosevelt, President of the United States.

A few days before, I did receive one command to attend the reception of M. Roosevelt at that White House. Eagerly I prepared for it. With thousands of Congressmen, lobbyists, and other great Americans, I presented my card and was placed in one long line. My heart did leap when I did see Roosevelt shaking those hands, poking the ribs of those great men and smiling with all his teeth.

Soon I stood before him. Turning from one senator, M. Roosevelt did see me. Sacre! The hair of me did stand upward when those eyes did strike me! Also I had disturbance when M. Roosevelt did give me one complete smile.

He said: "Ha! Ha! How are you, M. Clam! Come to see me! I will talk with you! Be ready! Are you a good husband and father? Are you worth your salt? Look out!"

Those people behind me did push me away. M. Roosevelt did grab another one by the hand and say: "Ha! De-lighted to see you Senator! Your speech it was the corker!"

For one hour I did wander among those grand Americans of renown. Here I did see Congressmen from mighty cities; cattlemen who own millions of acres of the public land; sheriffs from the Texas state; One billionaire of the Alaska; M. Dooley, of Chicago; colonel of those governors' staffs most brilliantly uniformed; that new literary hero, M. Uriah Clapsaddle Boggs, the author of that best seller, "The Lynch of Lawrence L. Lancaster."

Also many intoxicating American ladies, with collures more dazzling than those Christmas trees. Almost I was dazed with greatness and beauty when I did return to my pension.

Three days afterwards I did receive this polite note:

"My dear Clam: The President will talk to you at the 4:30 o'clock. Brace yourself, old man.

LOEB."

Precisely at the 4:30 o'clock I did appear at the executive office. This is one small building near that White House. To me it appears without the dignity of one grand republic, yet all Americans do tell me it is the surest politics to show simplicity. They say it does fool some of those voters. Yet if all Americans did understand how it does fool them, how they are fooled? This to me, is most perplexing.

Handing my card to the Negro-American attendant, I was received M. Loeb, with one embrace. He said: "M. Roosevelt will soon be ready. Only twenty-six visitors remain."

I did hear those doors slam and the shuffling of feet. In five minutes, one door opened, and M. Roosevelt did approach. "Welcome! M. Clam, he said." With warmth he did embrace me. "Come, you!" He said.

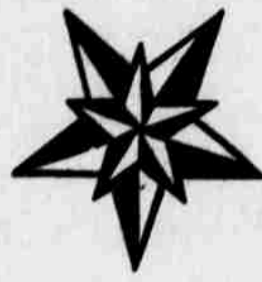
I did follow him to the private cabinet. Inside one stenographer did stand, with book and pencil. "Excuse me, you!" said M. Roosevelt to me. I did bow politely, yet M. Roosevelt did not see me. He was dictating to that stenographer. He said:

"Take this, you! M. Scipio Snodgrass, President Afro-American Roosevelt League, Columbus, Ohio State: My dear M. Snodgrass: It is impossible for me to attend the banquet prepared for me. Yet, my heart is with you. All men should be good and fathers, if they are worth the salt. Also, all men should pull their own weight. In the long run all comes down to this. We must treat all men alike, or much more so if possible. Yours truly." Also take this telegram: "His Majesty Mutsuhito, Tokyo: Everything bully. California knuckles. Thanks for war scare. Two big battle ships secured. When you want me to threaten war, just command me. T. R." Also this telegram: "Wright, American Ambassador, Tokyo: Tell Mutsuhito to let up on war talk. We've got all we want. T. R." Send for Taft. Tell Shaw to come over in five minutes. Tell Loeb to have reporters to come back at five. We'll have another sensation for those papers. Now my dear Clam while I change my clothes, let us have the quiet chat. What do you think of those new discoveries in Jerusalem.

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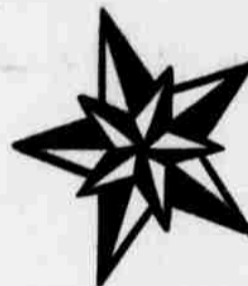
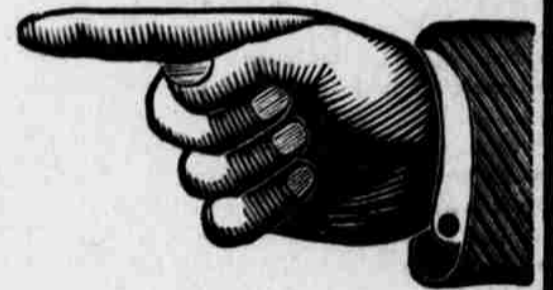
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M. Roosevelt did whisk off those clothes and reach for his riding jacket. I said: "To me, M. le President, those discoveries,—"

"Exactly! Ha! You, M. Clam, shall see! Just wait till Taft comes! Yet, excuse me, you!"

Soon M. Roosevelt disappeared returning with those riding breeches! Almost I thought of prestidigitation! Also M. Taft did appear.

"Ha! you, Bill!" said M. Roosevelt, with the smile. "What did those Senators say? do you get the appropriation?"

M. Taft did reply: "I did try hard"

"Wait!" said M. Roosevelt, with the scowl. "Tell Senator Cullom to come in!"

M. Cullom did appear, with a hunted look. He did whisper to M. Roosevelt.

"Yes, Yes!" said M. Roosevelt, very loudly. "Yet, this man Jones is the crook. I cannot give him that job, Senator. Yet, if you have one good man for minister to Slam, I shall appoint him. But we must have that appropriation for Hawaii. You promise it? Bully!" With smiles M. Roosevelt did grasp M. Cullom with both hands and shove him outward.

"Where, Bill, is that message you were to write?" asked M. Roosevelt.

M. Taft did hand over one paper, at which M. Roosevelt made one glance. Seizing the pen, he said: "You do not put the ginger in, Bill! I shall add: 'You, Congress, forget that I am responsible to those people. Fall to pass this bill at your peril! You are cow-

ards! There! Now make copies for those reporters, and tell them not to say where they got them. What does that Third Term League say now?"

M. Taft says: "They say you must not refuse to be President more."

"Bully! Here, you!" That stenographer jumped. Take this: "M. Richard Higgins, President Roosevelt Third Term League, Chicago: I shall do something desperate if you insist upon making me candidate for President again. I defy all you people in these United States to make me President. Yours Truly! There! That will make the agitation greater. These people will never be satisfied until they do conquer me, if they think I am defying them. Loeb! Loeb!"

M. Loeb appeared. "Loeb, get those gloves, and hold the watch. Mill, take your corner!"

M. Roosevelt did don those boxing gloves. M. Taft, with agitation did also put on the gloves and stand ready. "As I was saying to M. Clam," said M. Roosevelt, "Fitz overlooked one beautiful stroke in his fight with Jeff. For example! Biff!"

"Biff!" "Biff-biff!"

M. Taft did throw up his hands. "I got it," he said with faintness. "I see the point."

M. Roosevelt said: "You see now, M. Clam, where Fitz made the blunder. When Jeff made that left hook, Jeff should have sidestepped and undercut. If he had done that history would now have been different in these United

States. Oh, sometimes I wish, but we can't all have our wish. All men cannot be champions of the world."

M. Roosevelt sighed with pensive melancholy. Yet, soon he did cheer upward again. "Is Elihu here?" he asked.

Instantly M. Root appeared. "Ha, you!" cried M. Roosevelt, smiling. "What new scheme today, Elihu?"

M. Root did glance toward me much as to say I was the stranger.

"Never mind, never mind," said M. Roosevelt. "You know all men who do talk of their affairs, are liars, yet M. Clam he cannot write of the affairs American, if he does not know me. What's up, Elihu?"

"One cablegram says Nicaragua and Honduras wish to quarrel," replied M. Root. "Yet, I think it does not amount to much."

"You make that mistake! Tell Metcalf to send one battle ship to that spot! Also, make the peace overtures. Ask M. Diaz to join us in preserving the peace, if we fight for it. Thus, we shall have the credit for all. How Elihu, can you be so stupid? Have you prepared those demands upon the Sultan?"

"What demands?"

"Why Elihu! Didn't I tell you to make the bellicose note to Turkey, and to give it to those reporters when I was not looking? If I did not, I meant to. How can we keep up the navy if we do not keep it busy before Congress adjourns? Bah!"

"But M. le President I have great business interfering with the Congo!"

"Ah, yes, yes! Tell me, have we got well mixed up in that affair?"

"Yes, soon we shall have more news for those reporters."

"Bully! You, Elihu are the brick. Yet do not be too cautious. Stir up those animals! The whole world is before you. Keep those ships moving. Good-bye! Look here my dear Clam!"

Quickly I did look out of that window. "Do you see that nest? Well, is that the nest of one robin, or the scarlet breasted tanager? You do not Today I did hear the note of that Ag-know? Bah! It is neither! Listen! ricultulus Simpsoni, yet snow is on the ground! What do you think of that? Ha! You have astonishment! You M. Clam are the corker. Write down for me what you think of our American birds, also, our fishes. I have delight to chat with one who has studied deeply. Good-bye Bill! Keep at those Senators till you get it. You, Elihu, must stir up those diplomats. Ah, Cabot!"

With pleasure M. Roosevelt embraced M. Cabot Lodge, who appeared with riding breeches and coat. M. Lodge did bow to me politely.

"I was telling M. Clam my dear Cabot, that Franklin signed the treaty with France in 1798 instead of 1797," said M. Roosevelt. "Am I right?"

"Why, certainly, M. le President," replied M. Lodge warmly. "You are always right, especially after you have talked it over with me first."

"There!" exclaimed M. Roosevelt, with delight. "What did I tell you dear Clam? Next time, will you presume

to dispute my memory of history? Never mind you need not apologize. We all make mistakes. Cabot, you! How can we keep this Thaw case from taking the limelight from us?"

"Well," replied M. Lodge, rubbing the chin of him, "you know, Theodore, that Congress will adjourn soon. We have done very well I think."

"Never mind! I shall hit upon something!" Come! Let us take the ride."

"Oh, M. le President!" said M. Loeb. "Do you forget those reporters? It is the 5 o'clock, and they wait for the sensation!"

"Let me see! Tell them that orders have been given to send war ships somewhere. Telephone to Metcalf to look wise and say nothing. Those reporters will do the rest. Come Cabot! My dear Clam you have given me delight. Come to see me, and we shall chat some more of that ancient Gaelic revival, also of the race suicide."

Presto! Alone I stood! With astonishment I found my way out of that office executive. Was I dreaming? I looked into that tree. Yes, there was that bird's nest. It was all true. Yet, much as I think of those things more am I perplexed that I offend M. Roosevelt with my ideas of those discoveries in Jerusalem? What will he think of me, if I make the mistakes in history? Is he angry with me when I say something about those birds?"

Ah! Almost I can understand now, how many good men turn out to be liars when they go up against M. Roosevelt.

CLAM.