

THAT MONSIEUR CLAM

He Finds the American Woman a Puzzling Problem--He Enlightens the France on the Matter by Describing the Bellamy Storer Affair.

M. Clam, the renowned Parisian Journalist, concludes the American woman is one of the most puzzling of American problems, and in attempting an explanation, presents a hitherto unpublished version of the Roosevelt-Storer incident.

Washington, Dec. 26. MANY things in these United States cause astonishment to one journalist of France. It is three difficult to comprehend all of these things at the one time. Everything is so fast, so quickly disappearing. How shall I judge of them with the justice? Yet I shall tell to my countrymen the truth; as she appears to me. I beg my friends in the France to remember that the truth moves swiftly in these United States, like everything more. She does not wait! Always it is hurry, hurry, to overtake the lie. The lie travels by automobile; the truth follows by the stagecoach. It abandons that automobile, and jumps to that airship; the truth follows, breathing more hard. The lie flies to the wireless telegraph; the truth gasps, and throws up the hands!

I, too, am ready to gasp, and throw up the hands! Yet I must be calm! There are problems. What, for the illustration, shall I say of those women of America? Sacre bien! This is one terrible problem. Those women are as everything more in America—they are so quick! I cannot understand those women. It is yesterday the divorce, tomorrow the fourth husband. Those women take all the money for themselves, yet cry for more! Always they talk of the clothes, the woman in America is everything. He is nothing! He will keep shut the mouth and hurry to make the money, very good! But if he will try to tell his wife something, she is the divorce for intolerable cruelty and the grand inability to make enough money quickly. If the husband disobeys the wife, those people call him the monster. If he obeys her, he is called the shrimp. Always it is wrong for him. Those women in America are very tall, very strong. They can dance without fatigue all night, after the spending of money all day. Yet one deadly



DID ACTUALLY PAY ME ON THE BALD HEAD.

illness attacks all women if they do work in the house. It is the nervous malady. Only one cure has been found for that strange illness. Those women must wear out the nerves by the shopping. If they do not, they are lost. All women avoid that nervous work at the house. So they have the good health and grow taller and bolder every day. I am intimidated by those great women, those terrible tall girls! At the ball, the reception, the dinner, everywhere they are so bold! There is no escape if they see the man first. At one reception given by my dear friend M. Fairbanks, one beautiful girl did actually pay me on the bald head! I was furious, but always polite. With exquisite sarcasm I said: "You teach me many droll things, Mlle."

The reply: "Oh, you follow me, M. Clam, and I'll put you wise!" Follow her, for what should I follow her, also she does not like the dog? I am again furious. I remember it is the American in France I should look for her brother, to kill him instantly in the duel. Madly I look for her brother. When I find him, we take the highball together, after the style American. Yet I think daggers, scorpions, serpencers!

Those American men do not say much of the danger of women. I think they have the chagrin, the great apprehension. Already, in some states, there is the sex war. In some states, they have all the wrongs! We shall have all the rights! They have seized the ballot in some places! In the Colorado state those women are in that legislature, chewing the tobacco, with the heels on the desk, swearing at that governor!

In the Utah state many women have no husbands, yet the woman has the vote. Now they pass the law against housework for women. The husband must make the money for those wives. He must wash those dishes alone. The new law will soon make the trial marriage for women, the life marriage for men! Those Mormons began the numerous wife habit at the first with grand pleasure, but that retribution is terrible. One Mormon man, M. Smoot, is a senator in Washington. Those women try hard to put him back in the Utah, so that a woman shall be the senator. But all men in the senate say to their wives: "My God, we cannot punish M. Smoot so much. Have pity!"

In Washington life is not so bad. There is no vote for women. Those men are glad to go without the vote if those women will not agitate for it. I have seen here many men who are the cooks, the laundries, the nurses, but all is not lost. Those women of the high world make little disturbance to the public. They remain always in their clubs, smoking, drinking and debating the problems of clothes, race suicide, alimony, trial marriage, bridge whist, and one mysterious thing called poker. In those clubs no men are seen. No one knows what those women will decide. Yet fear is widespread among men. I ready the highball, the cigaret, the dinner downtown, the late cab, the latch-

key—these have been seized by those women. What shall be the next?

When I arrive in Washington I look the congress as one august assemblage. Bah! It is to laugh! It is nothing! Those women's clubs and that great convention decide everything for everybody. Each year there is one grand convention, called the Daughters of the Annual Revolution. After those clubs have discussed the problems that An-



YET HE WASHES HIS FACE DISK ALSO

cial Revolutions considers them and decides for everybody. Those meetings of the Annual Revolution are terrible, because of the importance. Those women march right the duel and make riots. The police dare not look inside—it is the law! For one week the fighting goes on with fury. It is the death struggle. At the last, those ambulances carry away those who are unconscious or dead. Those victors crawl to the out-

side, and their husbands take them home and nurse them again to the life. Then, I think, the congress passes those laws that are approved by the Annual Revolution. If it does not, always it wishes it had.

Mr. Roosevelt, he is the hope of all men in this crisis. Those women do not pay attention to M. Roosevelt. If they are afraid, I do not see the fear. Mr. Roosevelt talks to all people of those duties of women. He sees clearly the calamity that comes to all men if those women are paramount. Yet Mr. Roosevelt is not the hairbrain, the maniac. He will not make the open sex war—it is too late! He will use the diplomacy with discretion most admirable he says to those women's clubs: "Back to the fireside! Save the nation by raising the large family, dear ladies!"

The reply: "Bah! What does M. Roosevelt know of our problems? He is the mere man! It is the quality, not the quantity." Cut the cards, and give me the light!

In the diplomacy those women of America are terrific powerful. Until they have secured the full control of the government, which comes quickly, they work thru the husband. But in one year or two those ambassadors will all be women. These United States are excited over the quarrel between M. Roosevelt and Maria, the ambassador to Vienna. All those letters on M. Roosevelt's side have been published. Maria has still a few.

When that quarrel is not furious Maria publishes one more letter, and that excitement is refreshed. What is in those letters to come? Ah, no one knows but M. Roosevelt—and Maria. M. Roosevelt, he is ready to call it the closed incident. But Maria, she opens that incident always again. "Dear Maria: Go and tell the pope to make quickly one cardinal of Mgr. Ireland Keep mum!"

The reply: "Dear Theodore: I shall see the pope. Please, please make us the envoys to that wedding in Spain! I shall do everything. I keep mum about the cardinal. I tell only my dear friends about it. Get my letters back from Rappallo, if I wrote any! But M. Roosevelt's second letter: "Dear



MARIA HAS JTIHL A FEW

Maria: Bellamy will make the corking ambassador. He knows nothing, and he has a smart wife. Get that, red hat quickly, Maria, but have care.

The reply: "Dear Theodore: I have seen the pope. He says: 'How many cardinals does M. Roosevelt want? I do not understand. I ask Cardinal Merry del Val. He says: 'One other cardinal has asked for one other cardinal for M. Roosevelt!' All confusion! Those terrible reporters follow me! Oh, Theodore! How could you trust a woman?"

M. Roosevelt's third letter: "Dear Maria: Somebody does not keep mum! Read those clippings! I did not tell you to see the pope! Avoid those terrible reporters! Get my letters back from Rappallo, if I wrote any! But I never did write any! If Bellamy

obeys the instructions he will have to resign instantly!"

The reply: "Dear Theodore: I said nothing! The pope did all the talking. He told those terrible reporters everything! Why did you trust that woman? Who is she?"

M. Roosevelt's fourth letter: "Maria: You are the marplot! Bellamy has followed instructions again. Why do you permit this? Bellamy must resign!"

M. Roosevelt's first cablegram, the same day: "Maria's Husband, Vienna: Please resign instantly! Any excuse will do!"

M. Roosevelt's second cablegram, the same day: "Maria's Husband, Vienna: Never mind resignation. It is not quick. I dismiss you instantly! Maria, too, is dismissed!"

These letters make great excitement in America. Maria's husband says: "I was the dunce. I followed the instructions always. But my wife, Maria, she is smart. She did not follow the instructions. Why does M. Roosevelt write letters to my wife? If it is this which boils my blood when I think of it three years after."

M. Roosevelt says: "It is ungentlemanly to publish the private letters which I never wrote to Maria. This shows to those people that Bellamy is not diplomatic enough to be trusted by me."

Maria says: "We created M. Roosevelt. Can we not do with him as we please? I have a few letters more. Some people say: 'Bellamy should not write for publication. We shall not judge from the private letters, but from speeches. As M. Roosevelt he asked the pope to make the cardinal. As the president, he punished himself severely for such interference. Maria's husband is a diplomat, yet he tells the truth! Bah! If those diplomats always tell the truth, why are diplomats?'"

Other people say: "It is the woman. She is to blame. Those women spoil everything. M. Roosevelt is to be pitied, not blamed. How could he know Maria would betray him to those reporters? Yet we agree to this: Maria's husband was one ass."

I, too, agree that Maria's husband is the goat who cannot escape. But for the rest... it is not proper to judge until all those letters are published. Let us be patient under that terrible suspense.

(—lam. Copyright, 1906, by S. S. Cline.)

THE FRENCH IMITATE AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES

And Suddenly Beat All English Records for High Railroad Speed--Done over Inferior Roadbeds--A Revolution in French Railway Speeds.

By Sterling Heilf. Correspondence of The Journal. Paris, Dec. 20.—The body of a dead American has made the fastest railway run of the world. Cook's agents hanging round the Paris Gare St. Lazare tell the story. Some say it was the mortal remains of Mrs. Strong, the daughter of John Rockefeller. Others say it was the body of an American, a millionaire. I never heard his name before. The French railway company says nothing; because to admit the facts would be confession that the French law 75-mile per hour limit has been broken. Hagarty, over long distances, by a special train, on the

to would be chiefly caused by the improvement of French roadbeds and the straightening of lines where there are now curves that would frighten even the bravest American engineers. Grade crossings are numerous. The rails are not "chaired" as in England, but pinned to the ties in the American way—only there are not nearly so many ties; and while heavier rails have been put in of late years, there are as yet no stretches of specially prepared high-speed track like the sixty miles between Camden and Atlantic City.

The nearest France has to the Atlantic City flyer's seventy miles per hour break is the Paris-Amiens run of the "train de luxe facultatif" already

negotiate at never less than sixty-three miles per hour. It was between Bayonne and Dax that the now historic accident took place. The Sud-Express simply ran off a curve at a tangent--no satisfactory reason has ever been given. I have heard it said that ballast had been undermined by water from a spring that had suddenly begun trickling thru the rocks at one side. In any case, it was a very serious accident. The inclusive speed of fifty miles per hour.

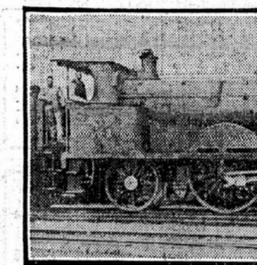
You see, the story begins with a kind of makeshift. Somewhere around the year 1900 two of the French government-run railways found themselves in the predicament of being refused locomotives by all the French makers. Sure of having the business, they refused to enlarge their plans or work overtime, and told their customers to wait.

The French government is not to be turned down like that, nor is the Orleans railway; and so, before the arrogant English and American makers were happening, both the State and Orleans lines had bought up a certain number of the up-to-date high-speed American locomotives. They were, naturally, of the compound variety, four or six driving wheels, coupled with leading bogies and other novelties for France.

They were a revelation alike to French railroads—and French contractors. Only a few years have passed; but how great was the scramble may be judged by the fact that the "American Compound System" is now used for fast trains on all French lines; the French constructors turn out their "Atlantic Types" by working day and night; while one company—that of the North—seems actually to have hit upon what it considers an improvement on the American idea.

These latter—I may say in passing—are the jealously-guarded "Chocolates," so nicknamed of the Lille Express. No one has even been allowed to photograph them. No one is allowed to examine them. But, if you have been correctly informed by my French railroad friend, their story is something as follows:

Up to the arrival of the four-cylinder American compound machine, the persistent French idea had always been enormous driving wheels. The American machines were found to turn smaller wheels with enormous quickness; yes; but the compound variety, still regretted the force lost in the greater levers. On the other hand, enormous wheels had always meant a high-perched machine, threatening to lack stability. Sticking to the compound principle, therefore, the constructor of the "Chocolates" found means to put gigantic driving wheels on a very low locomotive. The whole trick of the mysterious "Chocolates" seems to be in this device.



A FRENCH "ATLANTIC" LOCOMOTIVE ON AMERICAN MODELS.

ations render it yet more remarkable to American eyes. The first is that these French lines have not yet adopted pick-up water-troughs. The Northern company intends laying them both on the Paris-Calais and the Paris-Lille trunk lines; and some of the locomotive tenders are already equipped with the necessary scoops; but there is no sign of the troughs. The other drawbacks are what Americans would call the hindrances of the rolling-stock and loading-gage, and the comparatively light ballasting, and the frequent curving of the lines.

As a result of high speed combined with these details, the famous Paris-Amiens break is done at the expense of some mighty picturesque swaying. There are some moments when the American tourist, innocently promenading, finds himself thrown into the lap of some lady, or sent staggering down the side corridor as if on a pitching transatlantic liner. In the dining room car the head steward told me that as shocks break something like \$10 worth of crockery per day on the two runs.

These great speeds on not completely prepared roadbeds caused the disaster of the Sud-Express and permanent sickness of the Orleans and Midi companies of scorching. Between Bayonne and Dax, for thirty-one miles, the Sud-Express averaged fifty-seven miles per hour; but the break Moreac-Bordeaux, sixty-seven miles in length, it used to

high-speed passenger machine is now practically common to the six leading companies and the staidest, nearest what they call the De Glehn four-cylinder compound with leading bogie and four or six driving wheels coupled, and trailing bogie and four-cylinder compound, the more recent examples a pair of trailing bogies and four-cylinder compound. The heating surface of the boilers of these mammoths is much greater than in any English locomotive. Their steam pressure is as high as 240 pounds, where only the latest French Western and Caldonian engines possess a steam pressure as high as 200 pounds. The "King of the Belgians' Own" weighs sixty-three tons, has driving wheels 6 feet 8 1/2 inches high. It draws the Northern company's express up inclines with such steady speed that the English practice of "coasting" down hill is quite obsolete. I draw the Northern I have already said, the French law limiting any speed over seventy-five miles per hour for no matter what speed is strictly enforced.

The Paris-Amiens express, which does its 184 1/2 miles in 180 minutes, thus compares triumphantly in several handicapped details with the fastest Great Britain and the fastest French, between Leeds and King's Cross. London, four miles, done at the inclusive average rate of 57 1/2 miles per hour. Again, from London to York is 188 miles. The crack Scotch express does it at the inclusive rate of 52 1/2 miles per hour.

Nothing on British railways can approach the magnificent performance of the Paris-Amiens express already mentioned, in its Paris-Arras break of 120 miles done in 117 minutes, at the rate of 61 1/2 miles per hour. And this is in spite of the English possession of truck-troughs on their trunk lines, straight heavily-ballasted roads, and a superior system of automatic signalling.

"How is it?" mused the English expert with whom I have spoken. "Taken all around, the French express rate is still well below the English. How, then, do they make these runs for their crack trains? Can it be that French engineers have suddenly surpassed our own in locomotive construction?"

It looks like it.

DRUGS BY ELECTRICITY

Parlisan Scientist Says He Has Discovery for Medical World.

Paris, Dec. 23.—Professor Stephane Leduc, whose experiments in the chemical production of life have been much talked about lately, came to Paris yesterday to present to the faculty two new inventions of great interest.

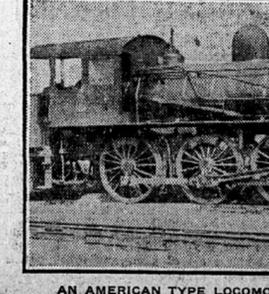
At the Broca hospital he explained a method which he has discovered for administering drugs by electricity—the scientific name of which is ionization. By way of proving his theory, French experiments have shown that drugs could be administered by the passing of an electric current, the professor shaved the back of a rabbit and put a compress of sulphate of strychnine on it. This violent poison did the animal no harm, but immediately after the passing of an electric current the rabbit died, the electric current having introduced the poison into its system.

Professor Leduc considers that ionization should prove extremely useful in the curing of rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia and paralysis. The professor also showed his colleagues an interesting experiment with electricity as an anesthetic. He put a rabbit to sleep by means of the electric current under the influence of which the animal could be put without feeling pain. The professor kept the rabbit asleep for ten minutes, and then stopped the current, and the animal opened its eyes and sat up.

This new method of producing anesthesia is likely, Professor Leduc considers, to replace chloroform and ether at a very early date, and is of immense importance to medical science.

MINISTER IS SHAIN.

Union City, Tenn., Dec. 29.—Rev. L. B. Hix, a Presbyterian minister, was assassinated last night at Troy, Tenn. His body was found near the railroad tracks.



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