

M. Clam, in Wall Street, Marvels at Millionaires.

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(M. Clam, the renowned Parisian journalist, visits Wall street and sees American millionaires in the making. He catches the fever and has visions of fabulous wealth.)

New York, 10 Jan.

To-day I have seen that place where millionaires are made in these United States! I have seen millionaires made in the twinkling of one eye. More! I myself shall be one millionaire to-morrow! Almost I was one millionaire to-day, but my friend, M. John W. Gates, tells me it is better to wait. I, too think it is better. Too much excitement in one day is not good, and to-day I have more than much. All is suddenness in the Wall street, where I have been to-day. It is the frantic life. All people run, dodge, talk fast! I have extreme agitation, with desire to run up and down the Wall street. Yet I must be calm. My duty to my countryman is the first. I shall tell them all.

The Wall street is the seat of government of these United States. All men here tell me this. In Washington, I looked for the government, yet I could not find it. Here, I think is the government. After I have looked in despair for that government in Washington, I speak to my friend M. Chauncey Depew of my trouble.

He said: "Bah! You, my dear Clam, know not where to look! I shall give you a letter to my friend John W. Gates. He will show you one thing or two."

Instantly M. Depew gave me this admirable letter:

"My Dear John—This will introduce to you my dear friend M. Clam, that renowned Parisian Journalist, who writes of the affairs American. Tell him of the Wall street, please. Also show him how to make the million dollars in one day. Then he will know more of these United States. My regards to all those boys. Yours, CHAUNCEY."

When I arrive in New York I am again attacked with that feverish desire. Those scrapers of the sky intimidated me. Those crowds were not polite. Everywhere was excitement. I saw riots, an accident, and the lynch. You thought I must be bold. Other men escape—shall I not also escape detection? Heaving a face, I drove rapidly to the Wall street. At the great-est scraper in the world I entered. Those people fought madly to reach the elevator. I was carried with them. To myself I said: "Do not forget that number, or you are lost!" Those elevators shot up and down. I find myself lifted to the sky! In desperation I cried: "The 767 number!" Yet it was too late. The elevator was already three kilometers in the air. With fury the guard threw all people out. The door banged, all ropes broke, and that guard fell instantly to the earth, one dead man!

No matter! Those people do not look at such things. They run to the other door and fight madly to enter. I was swept along. Again those ropes give way, and we fall headlong. I shriek. All those people turn to me. One man said: "This man, he has not the nerve. He is from Hohokus." Instantly those people laugh toward me. I am furious, but always polite. I said: "Will you be so polite to show me where is my friend M. John W. Gates?"

Instantly those people take off their hats. They bow to me, with apology. They whispered: "He's one friend of John W. Gates! Look out!" The guard said: "Excuse me, I did not know we had one millionaire here. This is the office of M. Gates."

I make the discovery quickly that all people in New York can be polite if they think they are speaking to one millionaire. After now, I shall always say first: "I am one millionaire. Will you step aside?"

In the office of M. Gates were many people. My card I gave to one young man. "I am one millionaire," said I. "Be so kind to tell M. Gates I have one letter from M. Depew."

Instantly that young man walked backward, bowing to me many times. Soon M. Gates appeared. With cordially he embraced me. He said: "Welcome, M. Clam! How is my dear friend

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"Chauncey? How are those boys in the Senate?"

I replied: "All is well, M. Gates! But how is the Wall street?" His reply: "Come with me. They are butchering Atchison. St. Paul is storky. London is all broke up and howls for help. Standard Oil, she is on the hog. Those grangers are wobbly. Harriman is fighting ghosts. I'll be in on the blink. You know Lawton? He's out with another line of copper dope. Why, I can't keep the money away! It rolls over me! You want a million? Come with me!"

With agitation I heard of these terrible things. St. Paul intoxicated! M. Atchison foully murdered! One earthquake in London! And those others, all in trouble! Yet M. Gates does not much care. All is money to him! Sure! What audacity! What aplomb!

Instantly M. Gates conducts me head long down one elevator. We arrive on earth safely, yet how we escape death I know not. One man in the crowd tries to stop M. Gates. He said: "Look M. Gates! Here is one roll of the yellow-backed money! Take it and make it bigger for me!" M. Gates said: "How much in that roll?" The reply: "One hundred thousand of dollars."

M. Gates said: "Bah! You are the thief! You steal my time! Get away!" With violence M. Gates knocked away those people who approached him with small money. I follow him, much agitated. On that street was the great crowd, excitedly talking. I hear one man say: "They've got Atchinson over a barrel. It's a barbecue for the bears." Bears! thought I. Do these people tie one victim to a barrel and give him to those savage beasts to devour him? Horrible! One other man said: "Ha! ha! The lums are in the slaughter house." More blood, more carnage, thought I.

M. Gates hurried along. Those news boys darted everywhere, crying the terrible news. Automobiles crashed over prostrate forms. Millionaires rushed hither and thither. All was excitement. M. Gates led me through a door. When that door opened I heard roars, cries, shrieks, howls of anguish! I looked downward into one pit. Diab! Thousands of poor millionaires were writhing in the torture. They were pasty pale. Their hands were held aloft, with those fingers spread apart in pain. Madly they struggled. One

seen, terrible power slowly sucked them back and forth. Occasionally one young millionaire would escape and rush madly away. But most of them were trapped. Ah! I felt the pity. Murder was being done, in front of my eye!

With excitement I cried to M. Gates: "How to stop this great crime?" His reply: "You, M. Clam, are right. It's a crime to take the money. Here you see what the prosperity does for these United States. These poor millionaires do their best to relieve those people of their wealth, but in vain. They cannot work fast enough."

I said: "If I become one millionaire, it will assist to relieve this congestion?" His reply: "Sure! It will be one great favor to me. I have here ten thousand shares of that Boa Constrictor Copper Company. If I do not hurry it from me I shall have more millions to-morrow. Already I have too much. In America it is well to have too much, but too much is dangerous. Those people are frantic against billionaires. M. Rockefeller tries to escape, but those people talk of the lynch. M. Rockefeller says M. Weyerhaeuser is more rich. Now those people cry: Let us lynch Weyerhaeuser! We can find him!" But they do not find him. Now, M. Clam, share with me this danger of much wealth."

I said: "With grand pleasure, M. Gates. I am young, yet strong. My courage is thrice superb."

M. Gates did then give to me those shares. I gave to him one hundred dollars with green backs, in mere formality with the law.

"Look!" cried M. Gates, handing me the tape of one ticker.

Quickly I looked. On this I read: "Boa Constrictor swells rapidly. Nothing can stop it. Tomorrow those directors will raise the price to \$100 a share to outsiders, lums, suckers, and foreigners."

To-morrow! I reeled, almost I swooned. I am the insider! I am the millionaire!

"Try to bear up, M. Clam," said my dear friend M. Gates. "Do not be frightened. Remember, you will have until to-morrow to prepare for this. Now let us leave this excitement."

With no delay we returned to the tallest scraper. M. Gates conducted me to his private office. Touching one

well, he asked the young man: "Is that K. T. M. G. & K. trust organized yet? No? Well, what makes this great delay? Send Van Bibber." Another young man he appeared, M. Gates said: "Now, Van Bibber, tell those papers that M. Gates has disposed of that Boa Constrictor trust to one French syndicate headed by those Rothschilds. Their special partner, M. Clam, to-day has closed the deal. To-morrow that stock will be worth \$500. Also, tell those reporters that M. Gates refuses to be interviewed regarding that great K. T. M. G. & K. trust which he has now organized, yet it is thought this will complete that missing link of the North Pole and Antarctica system. M. Gates, it is said, has been appointed Secretary of that Treasury by M. Roosevelt, yet he declines to be interviewed. Also, M. Gates turned on the heel when asked if he cornered the Standard Oil stock."

"Very well," said M. Van Bibber, walking backward and bowing low. "This, M. Clam, is my press agent," said my friend. "All millionaires have great perplexity to escape those reporters. Now we have the press agent who tells those papers what we do not wish those people to know."

"This," I replied, "is the plan thrice admirable. To-morrow I must hire the agent, also."

M. Gates did me the honor to be greatly pleased with this remark. With laughter he replied: "Not before to-morrow, M. Clam! Promise me that!"

Instantly, of course, I give my word. "Millionaires," said I, "must have honor amongst themselves."

His reply: "That, M. Clam, is true. Also it takes one millionaire to catch another."

With affection we parted, M. Gates and I. Tomorrow I shall see him again, my new friend. After I have escaped that elevator and those crowds I find time to breathe alone in one little restaurant. There, with my wine, I think, think. All is the great whirl of dollars in my head. Soon I have pleasure to see M. Van Bibber. He embraced me with kindness. He take the demi-tasse together, and talk much.

I said: "M. Rockefeller—he has the press agent also?"

His reply: "Ah, yes! One year past M. Rockefeller was hated much."

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