

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901.

## Plotters in Paris Cafes.

The city of Paris is a rendezvous of exiles. Every European who has got into trouble in his own land naturally gravitates hither. Every really up-to-date guide book to that city should have a chapter devoted to the 'Plotting Places of Paris.' These are mostly cafes, where sit the exiles of many lands, weaving over beer-stained tables combinations against the tyrants at home.

The waiter at the Cafe Soufflot in the Latin Quarter points out to you, if he is communicative, a dark, lezy-looking young man who smokes innumerable cigarettes and chats in a bored way with other dark, lezy-looking young men. To the waiter he is a personage.

'That' says the functionary proudly, 'is M. Sidi ben Hassan Bey. He is the chief of the Syrian branch of the Young Turks. Those are his lieutenants and his two secretaries there with him. They come here every night to conspire.'

The Cafe Soufflot is a noted rendezvous of Orientals. One sees there as many wearers of the fez as ordinary silk hatted citizens, and it is rare not to find a certain proportion of the customers arrayed in gorgeous robes. The newspapers kept for the customers are printed in five or six of the languages, whose characters look to the uninitiated eye like the trail of a light footed spider.

'We come here because we are practically lost among a nightly crowd of some 200 persons,' says Sidi ben Hassan Bey. Of course we, the chiefs, are known to the Sultan's spies, who abound in Paris. But we often have business instructions to communicate to members of our party, who are not yet known. They pass in here unobserved among so many Eastern people. If we met on the streets, or in an ordinary cafe, they would at once be entered on the bad books of the Yildiz Kiosk. That would increase our difficulties tenfold; for no one who has been seen talking to any of our leaders would be allowed to enter any Turkish port, or in any way to cross the Turkish frontier. His full description and a fanciful history of his doings would reach the authorities ahead of him, and he would be at once stripped of his papers and thrown into prison for an indefinite time.'

There seems to be some jealousy, or, at any rate, a distinct lack of sympathy between the young Turks and the revolutionary Armenians. Some of the leaders of the one are leaders of the other, but the rank and file do not appear at all anxious to be friends in the common action against the Porte.

Many of the most prominent members of the Armenian Haik Society foregather in a musical cafe, the Taverne Muller, in the shadow of the Pantheon, where to the light strains of the 'Blue Danube,' or of 'Traviata,' the Armenian leaders, the Tchobagians, Elmassians and Doritorch-oarians, lay their mines for the liberation of their remote mountain lands and for the avenging of their thousand of massacred fellow countrymen.

Those Parisian exiles for whom Kosciuszko fell to wit, the Poles have to wage a triple war. Some of them are German subjects, others are controlled by the white uniformed Austrians. They meet in Paris to plot against the three countries. They are engaged in striving by all means short of force to keep the Polish spirit still burning and to preserve the national language and customs against foreigners who, in those three different lands are trying to absorb and transform the Polish element.

In this the agitators are succeeding singularly. The three Powers are finding it increasingly hard to assimilate their reluctant Polish subjects. Wherever there are a few thousand Poles in a town the administration rapidly falls into their hands and the local acts are couched in the Polish language. The Paris Committee of the Sons of Kosciuszko, which meets weekly at the Cafe Napolitain, is making the digestion of their countrymen increasingly difficult to every Power that controls a concentrated Polish population.

Hundreds of Americans know every corner of a certain long, low roofed bar-

room within a stone's throw of the Madeleine. This is Old Pat's, though Pat Reynolds himself is now dead. Pat's was the rendezvous of extreme Irish revolutionists, Fenians, Clan-na-Gael men and members of all kinds of desperate little societies, that split off from these or hung upon their outskirts. Many a desperate plot was arranged in the little curtained recess at the right end of the room; many a brave fellow left that place to take ship for Dublin, carrying documents to the home leaders, or guns for a hoped for rising.

There is no Irishman or Irish American of note in the unwritten secret history of the Green Isle, among the early exiles of '48, the Fenian leaders of '67, or the Land-League men of the 80s, that has not passed into that little recess and talked Ireland to the fumes of Old Pat's curious whiskey.

There was a curious scene at Old Pat's several years ago. Arthur Balfour, the nephew of Lord Salisbury, who was then the incarnation in the Emerald Isle of the rigid repressive measures of England and was held in detestation by the people, was once brought to visit the Irish-American bar as one of the curiosities of Paris. The first man he saw, at a little table near the door, was William O'Brien, whose shaven hair had not yet had time to grow since he came out of prison, where Mr. Balfour himself had sent him under the Coercion act.

The English visitor made a hasty salute and passed along. At a little distance down the room he nearly fell into the arms of Michael Davitt, who, at the very moment, was wanted by the Balfour police on a coercion writ, which had forced the Mayo patriot over the straits. Had the Briton ventured a little further he would have fallen among an assemblage of Irishmen whose principles and plans would have made his hair stand on end; men in comparison with whom Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Davitt were as innocent babes of the revolutionary movement. But Mr. Balfour stood not upon the order of his going; he went at once, fleeing as it his own police were after him. Old Pat laughed to his dying day over Mr. Balfour's comically rueful face on this occasion.

Another English-speaking bar at which conspiracy—of a kind—has been hatched is the well known house in the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, where, two or three years ago, the late ex king Milan of Serbia used to hold his highly unkingly revels. Milan loved English ale and Scotch whiskey. When he had imbibed generously of both in turn he used to hold forth with eloquence on his doings and on the unfilial conduct of his 'usurping son,' and called upon all who happened to be there to join him in seeing justice done to a dethroned king and an unhappy father.

Sometimes he would conclude his incoherent orations with a request for the loan of half a dollar to go on with. It is a fact that he often ran absolutely out of cash through his reckless extravagance, though he had a princely allowance from the private purse of his son, the King, as well as from the Serbian House of Parliament. Lots of people lent him the half dollar or the 20 francs he happened to ask for; there is always a certain satisfaction in having a King among your creditors. Milan, of course, never paid. Sometimes, for a joke, some one would remind him of the debt.

'Sire, I had the honor of lending your Majesty half a dollar last week.'

The ex-King would draw himself up with a drunken dignity. 'Sir, you forget yourself. Sir, you do not know to whom you are talking. I am a King, sir; and a King never borrows money.'

If his creditor insisted Milan's wrath was sublime. He once said to a man who was taking a rise out of his drunken majesty. 'Sir you have been my friend; I would like to have been yours; but all is over between us from this day. Thank your fates that I do not wield the power of my ancestors. They would not have suffered this insult!'

His Majesty sublimely forgot that his grandfather, the first Obrenovitch had been a herder, tending pigs and on the Serbian mountain slopes.

That English bar has, all the same, seen some real conspiring. Milan was quite often sober about midday, and it was in the lunch room, over the English food he liked so much, that he met the discontented or disgraced officers and the intriguing deputies of the Sobranje, through whose efforts he hoped to dispossess his son and revenge himself upon Queen Natalie.

The grand cafe on the Boulevard des Capucines, just under the Hotel Scribe, where President Kruger put up during his triumphant visit to Paris, has long been a house of call for European chiefs of the Transvaal Republic Dr. Leyds, the young and active Boer plenipotentiary to the European Powers, was generally to be found at this cafe between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening when he was not at Brussels or filling a temporary commission to some foreign court. I have often seen him taking his appetizer at a table just by the window, talking the while to the members of his staff, who counted on finding him there, or to sympathizers with the Boer cause. It was here he made arrangements with the American and Irish pro-Boers who were sending volunteers to aid the daring farmer soldiers.

There is in Paris a little circle of the exiled adherents of Don Carlos who hope one day to aid him in snatching the crown from the head of the boy King of Spain. These exiled grandees are, truth to tell rather a shabby lot, though they are all dukes or marquises at the very least. Carlism does not seem to agree with them. At the little eating house off the Avenue de l'Opera, where they meet to play cards and presumably to do a little conspiracy, their dinner bills do not represent a fortune to the proprietor. They seem generally to dine on a bowl of soup, strongly flavored and scented with garlic, and a great chunk of bread.

But if their bill of fare is not extensive and their cuffs show frayed edges, their manners are those of courts. They salute each other like kings and they offer you a cup of bad coffee as if they were presenting you with Tokay in a golden vase. Always before breaking up their nightly card party they solemnly drink to 'King Carlos and his right.' Poor ragged dukes and grandees; there is something charmingly pathetic in their unwavering fidelity.

### KING'S VOICE CARRIES WELL.

His Early Training in Elocution and His German Accent.

The following paragraphs are from the London Daily Chronicle. It may be of interest to add that Mr. Tarver did not get rid of the Prince's German accent, which is still pronounced. Even the Duke of York's accent is not quite free from the same taint:

'Everybody hearing the King's speeches during the past weeks has remarked anew that his voice carries remarkably well. The House of Lords is easily within the common range; but the King's voice is one of the few voices that can make themselves heard at speaking pitch in every nook and cranny of the Albert Hall. This penetrating quality of voice—it is the result also of a great training and labor. As a pupil in elocution the Prince was taught young. There is absolutely nothing clerical about his intonation. All the same, his first master in the art of voice production was a clergyman, Mr. Tarver.'

Many stories were current in those days—stories which had the rare and unstable quality of being creditable to both pupil and master. One morning, when his reverence said, 'Go on reading,' his Royal Highness, with a frankness that has continued to be his characteristic, replied: 'I shan't.' Mr. Tarver, bowing gravely, left the room. Next day the Prince said: Mr. Tarver, I was very rude to you yesterday; permit me to apologize.' On another occasion the Queen came with inquiries about the pupil's progress. 'Well I regret to say that I can't get rid of the Prince's German accent; and when he is older, and has to speak in public, the people will not be pleased with it.' The Queen ruled that henceforth the future King should show his progress in pure English by a daily reading before her. The country now benefits in the result.'

The Bear proposed disarmament. 'Praying like a man, eh?' sneered the lion.

'No, I'm down on all force just now!' retorted the bear. Here the lion roared with laughter, having a traditional weakness for the drollery of a play on words.

## Just Lord Roberts's Way.

Private Miller, No. 3203, lay in the end cot. The big school room had been turned into a hospital, and the blackboards stretched around the walls like a band of premature mourning.

Once he had been a very big man, but now his hairy arms that lay listlessly outside the cover were almost the same size from wrist to shoulder, and every bone in his skull showed plainly through the skin. His hair had been clipped and so had his beard, but a thick stubble hid his big, gaunt jaws.

The doctor said that he was probably going to recover, but he did not look it. Enteric fever had made such a wreck of him that death seemed to be written in his deep sunken eyes and sound in the weak, hollow tones of his voice.

He was used to hospital life, having been down to Wynberg twice in the first six months of the war, with Mause holes in him. Then he got the fever at Natal Spruit, and this was all that was left to look at—the mere framework of the strongest man in the regiment.

It was very quiet in the bare little room. Occasionally a man muttered, but as a rule they all lay there with their eyelids closed, or else looking blandly up at the ceiling in a slow breathing, half waking sleep.

An army nursing sister came into the room quietly. Some of the men followed her with their eyes. She went to the little table near the window and put a little bunch of flowers in a glass. She wasn't very pretty; she was tall and angular, and had prominent front teeth that were continually showing but her very presence seemed to brighten the room. The little cap, with its long white streamers, appeared to soften the strongly marked face.

After she had arranged the flowers she turned to the end cot and straightened the pillow with a knowing pull here and a soft pat there. She was very proud of him, was Sister Potter, for twice they had put the little screen around his bed, behind which men are expected to die more privately, as it were, and make their exit as gracefully as they can alone and uninter-rupted.

But Sister Potter had determined to pull him through, if possible. Not that she was not determined to pull every one through who came into her hands, but this man especially, for the orderlies said that the end cot would soon be vacant. And there were plenty enough waiting out in the tents of No. 5 field hospital to fill it a score of times.

The volunteer surgeon who had charge of the ward declared that Sister Potter had saved Private Miller by sheer force of will. Every one knew she had a will of her own, and her word was law. But whatever it was, the screen had been withdrawn and the cloud of death had passed by the end cot to settle suddenly and unexpectedly on a light case near the doorway.

The sister had not said anything to her patient as she arranged his pillow. She had simply smiled at him, more with her eyes than her lips, which were open continually. She felt his brow with her long, cold fingers.

Number 3203 looked up at her. He did not smile in return, but started to say something, and after one or two efforts came out with it weakly:

'Is ta little mon 'comin' ta see me?' he asked.

The nurse did not reply at first. It was the same thing he had said over and over again in his delirium: When was the little man coming; why wouldn't they let him in? He was just outside there asking for Private Miller. Over and over again, in all sorts of way, it had been repeated; as a question a complaint, or a request. Now here he was without a degree of fever, and yet with the same words on his lips.

'Oh, he's coming soon, but I suppose he is very busy now,' said the nurse quietly, and as she spoke it was evident wherein lay her power and charm. It was her voice, so low and sweet and comforting. Many a poor fellow had listened to it and never known why he felt better. Many had found the secret, and questioned her for the mere sake of the sound of her reply. Private Miller only nodded his head slowly

two or three times, as if he was agreed and consoled.

In the evening as is customary with the fever, his temperature rose, and when the nurse came to give him his little bowl of arrowroot, he was a little flighty and would not touch it.

'He waud na coom,' he muttered. 'He's hard pressed wi' ta big fight that's comin' on. I want ta dee—he waud na coom.'

'No, he couldn't come today,' said Sister Potter, 'but perhaps tomorrow.'

Then she went out and told the volunteer surgeon; and that night he dined with a member of the headquarters staff.

The convalescents, in their light blue hospital suits with the broad, white trimmings, stood up and saluted. A little knot of red caped nurses in the corridor were in a flutter of whispering. The orderlies standing at the entrance of the wards froze into an attitude of attention. Sister Potter bent over Private Miller's pillow.

'He'll be in in a few minutes,' she said. 'Who?'

'The little man. You know you wanted to see him.'

'God guide us, I'm not fit to be seen! Caud na I get a shave first, eh? A'am sair unkempt.'

He put his weak fingers to his rough, hairy chin. 'I'm disreputable. But you're na meanin' it,' he added, weakly. 'He waud na take the trouble to see the like o' me.'

In reply the nurse gave a little soothing caress to his wasted bony hand.

Down the corridor came four or five khaki clad figures. At the head walked the volunteer surgeon and beside him, with a strong, quick step, walked a short, well knit figure, clad in an immaculately neat uniform, held in by a broad belt and cross straps. Above it rose a kindly, strong face, with a gentle, almost merry expression in the eyes. A firm mouth with strong downward lines, yet sympathetic as a woman's, a brow furrowed by care and work and a voice that, like the nurse's, made one's heart warm to him, completed the man.

It was the 'little man,' 'Bobs the beloved!'

The occupant of the end cot caught sight of him just as he entered. He struggled to rise, but Sister Potter's hand restrained him. He saluted none the less, with a swift movement at first, and then a drop to the counterpane, as if the effort had been too much for him. His face flushed and his breath heaved. For an instant the sister looked at him nervously. The other men in the room, who were all convalescents, rose to a sitting posture.

The Field Marshal took them all in with a sweeping, kindly recognition, and walked to the end cot quickly. He sat down on the edge and took the big, red, hairy paw in his.

'Well, Miller,' he said, 'I've come to see you. They tell me you're doing famously and soon will be out there sitting in the sun.'

The man could not reply. His eyes shifted from the Field Marshal's face to the hand that was holding his own. Two or three times his lips moved, but he could not speak. But the little man was talking again.

'And now I'm going to tell you what we're going to do with you,' he went on. 'As soon as you're strong enough, we're going to send you to England, to home, and then when you come back you're going to get your stripes, for your captain has spoken very well of you. You were wounded at Belmont, I understand, and at Koodesberg, weren't you?'

But Private 3,203 could not even move his head in reply. He just looked and looked; so the Field Marshal gave him a slight farewell hand grasp, then a friendly nod, and with a word that included all the others and an answer to their salute, he took his staff and his presence from the room.

As for private Miller, he looked up at the sister, smiled a wan smile and faintly dead away. But when he came to himself, the first words he said were these:

'D'ye ken the little mon: He took ma hand.'

And with that he lay there, looking at the almost useless member, as if it were a valuable curiosity.