FAUROT ON THE GENTLEMAN CRIMINAL

New York Criminal Expert Discusses Defectives.

Faurot Classes All Criminals in the Following Divisions:

The Born Criminal.
The Criminal by Contracted Habit.
The Criminal Madman.
The Occasional Criminal, and The Criminal of Passion.
You Are Likely, He Says, to Find "Gentlemen" Under Any One of These Heads.

DOES the gently-bred criminal exist today in real life?

Is crime almost entirely a question of heredity and environment and directly due to prenatal influence upon the individual?

Or are the Arsene Lupins and Raffles of the twentieth century the successors of the Jack Sheppards, the Dick Turpins and Robin Hoods of ages gone, simply the figments of imagination—never existing except in novels and border ballads?

These are questions that are perplexing the expert criminologists of today.

To the first of them, M. Bertillon, the great anthropometrist of Paris, at whose feet practically every student of criminal identification of today has sat, says, "No." He holds unqualifiedly that there are "no gentlemen in crime."

He declares that the cutthroat and crook of today and in past periods of time has always been an individual of low birth and breeding or with directly inherited criminal tendencies. And he admits of no exceptions to this rule.

In contrast to this opinion is the statement of Joseph A. Faurot, head of the fingerprint bureau of the New York police department, and foremost pupil of the great Frenchman in the science of criminal identification.

He takes issue with his former teacher, basing his opinion on his 16 years' experience with the most dangerous crooks in the world, and asserts that while the man of good family and gentle breeding rarely becomes a dangerous and expert criminal, he does so often enough to make the sweeping declaration of "le maitre," as M. Bertillon is known to his students, one that is too general to be scientifically accurate.

The Man Who Never Forgets.

Faurot—Inspector Faurot, to give him his full title in the New York police department—is a chubby little man, dapper as to clothes and with a boy-like expression of eye that is misleading, to say the least. For once you have passed under his gaze you will never be forgotten. And your fingerprints are as recognizable to Faurot as your features—it may be more so. His admirers go so far as to say that he has out-Bertilloned Bertillon, his one-time master.

But, however this may be, it is certain that Faurot retains a lively admiration and regard for his old teacher. So it was that he hesitated to express himself freely at first concerning the cabled reports of M. Bertillon's iconoclastic utterance, even though it tore down a figure so dear to the realist and romanticist as the gentleman in crime.

"Of course," he said, in response to an inquiry—and it was evident that he wished to qualify his first remark—"generally speaking, Bertillon is right. The average crook, burglar, swindler, criminal of any classification, is a person of low birth and breeding, coarse tastes and instincts and vulgar manners. No one can deny that. But, as I understand it from the cabled dispatches, Bertillon does not admit that there are exceptions.

"That is what surprises me. Can it be that the great master, growing old, has allowed his eyes to become blinded entirely to the sentimental side of the crime world; that his continual dealings with evildoers of the lower orders have lost for him all his illusions?

"If that is true, it is sad. Even a detective must cherish some illusions in his work, and I am thankful I still have some of those I started with."

Faurot stretched a hand over to a wire basket on his desk and began sorting half a dozen big blue envelopes marked with strange numerical combinations and caballistic characters. These were some of his evidence, his records, the weapons with which he was prepared to rescue the romantic creation of the well-bred crook from M. Bertillon's discard.

Dandies Who Are Robbers.

"Are you prepared to smash all the dear traditions of your boyhood," he went on, "and in the cold light of Bertillon's logic admit that Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon, was a roughneck—that Jack Sheppard was nothing more than an 18th century Monk Eastman?

"Do you refuse to believe that Richard Turpin held up the Dover mail with all the exaggerated gallantry of his day—do you discard your mind-picture of him as a powdered and perfumed dandy of the road who kissed a lady's hand and whispered a compliment as he clipped her purse—do you hold he was no better than Harvey Logan and the Hole-in-the-Wall gang of train robbers out in Wyoming? Well, that is what you must do if you accept Bertillon's theory.

"Human nature, I figure, has remained the same through the ages, and I do not see why there are no Robin Hoods, no Duvals and Turpins today. Their countertypes, I think, may be found in the 'gentleman burglars,' the silk-hatted cracksmen, the smooth swindlers in bogus mining stocks who put over their schemes in some of the best of New York's hotels; the 'sea serpents,' the crooks who practically live on ocean liners and take advantage of the let-down of the bars of social intercourse on board ship to extract easy money from travelers.

"These men are obliged to have address and polish in order to gain the confidence of their victims; they do have it, I know, and it is idle to jump at the conclusion that it is all assumed and faked. I know many of them are well born; that they came by their good manners naturally, and I know many instances where a crook's culture and his good taste were as genuine as that of any Fifth avenue clubman.

"Here's a case that may illustrate what I mean," and Faurot extracted a photograph and some typewritten slips from one of the blue envelopes.

The photograph was that of a man of middle age, an ugly face, but with aquiline features, a high brow, fine large eyes and a carefully trimmed Vandyck beard, such a man as you might see any day on Fifth avenue, in one of the more exclusive luncheon clubs, or in the club car of the 'bankers' special' that brings the more affluent class of commuters into New York each morning.

Robbery on Big Scale.

"That man," said the inspector, "is George Robinson, alias Harry Brooks, alias 'Gentleman George.' He looks like a scholar, doesn't he? Well, he was.

"When he was arrested and brought down here and searched, we found in his pocket, along with some burglar's tools of delicate make, a yellow, old edition of the letters of Madame de Sevigne—in the original French—and he asked permission to keep the book.

"Yet that man had robbed 39 houses in the Fifth-avenue and Fifty-seventh-street district in a little more than one year, and he got away with about $100,000 worth of loot. He confessed to $25,000 worth.

"And his was one of the few cases where we could never learn what he did with the stuff—that is, most of it; some of the silver and gold he melted down in a crucible and sold to the Government assay office in Wall street.

"Oh, he was a good burglar," and Faurot regarded the photograph with an expression of regretful admiration. "He scorned to operate east of Madison avenue, and often his work took him within a block of J. Pierpont Morgan's house.

"Yes, he wore evening dress when he went out on a job, but it was no affectation; it was simply because in the locality where he worked he was apt to attract less attention clothed that way than if he had worn an everyday suit. And for the same reason he lived well, although it was to be able to buy the luxuries of life that he became a thief; he stayed in fashionable hotels and boarding-houses, and he kept his wife at Lakewood and Long Branch and other stylish resorts most of the time.

"She, by the way, did not know until his arrest that he was a burglar. He never associated with thieves and we never found his 'fence.'

Thieves Not Philanthropists.

"Robinson's plan was a clever one. He would engage for a week or so a room on the top of some boarding-house or hotel in the block where he had planned to work, and he always went out over the roofs, often using a silken rope ladder. He never worked from the street, so it was almost impossible to catch him by surrounding a house or a block. When he had covered a locality this way he would change his quarters.

"There is one point on which I agree with M. Bertillon. This idea of crooks taking from the rich and giving to the poor is all nonsense. Your up-to-date thief of any class is no philanthropist.

"Raffles may have a streak of goodheartedness in him, he may even be generous to a small extent, but he won't go any further than occasionally flinging a dime to a blind beggar. No, sir; most of them would take candy from a baby, no matter how 'gentlemanly' they may be.

"A smooth swindler, and a cold-blooded one, if ever there was one, in the 'gentleman' class, who would never have attempted anything so rough as burglary, was Philadelphia Jimmy Hart. He was a good looking elderly person, who made a specialty of cheating women.

"His favorite stunt was the bogus employment agency, and he had a variety of tricks for getting the money. He would answer advertisements. In many cases he would say he had a most desirable position, one of great trust, but that the prospective employers needed a cash bond, insuring the integrity of the employe.

"The young woman, anxious that such a good place should not escape her, would move heaven and earth, as a rule, to raise the money, or a part of it. She would turn it over to Hart and then it was an easy matter for him to disappear.

"Frequently he would rent an office to put over one job of this kind, and his hauls from these poor girls have ranged from $50 to more than $1000.

Winning Confidence of Women.

"Another scheme was to tell a girl he had a position for her in a distant city, and arrange to meet her at the railway station. Then he would ask her for the money for her ticket, offering to buy it for her, and coolly disappear with the cash, leaving the girl stranded.

"Even as a prisoner, doing time in a Long Island jail, Philadelphia Jimmy did not lose his power to win the confidence of women. He recognized the power of advertisement, and he let it be known that he had invented a wonderful airship.

"All that was needed was the capital—great profits were sure to accrue. Somehow a wealthy widow heard of the invention and went to see Hart in jail.

"She was profoundly impressed—more, perhaps, with Philadelphia Jimmy's suavity and grand manner than with the airship, and she left the jail convinced that he was an innocent and maligned man. She immediately took steps to procure his release, and interested certain influences that brought him his freedom.

"Then, under an assumed name, Hart, as the head of a company for which the widow and a friend, a doctor of good standing in Richmond Hill, furnished the capital, started a factory for the manufacture of the airship. Everything went well until one day when the widow and the doctor called, and they were told that the inventor had 'gone West for aluminum.'

"Evidently he is still on the hunt for that precious metal, because his partners have never heard of him or the several thousand dollars of their money he took with him.

"Hart was a notable example of the well-educated, gently born and bred man with a crooked kink in his make-up that irresistibly impelled him to crime. He could easily have made a good living honestly, but he told me it was too slow—he needed the money to come in rapidly."

At this point the inspector took out the photograph of a boy of not more than 19, a well-dressed, athletic youngster, with all the outer marks of a college man.

"I cut thieves down to these classes," he said. "The born criminal, the criminal by contracted habit, the criminal madman, the occasional criminal and the criminal of passion. You are likely to find 'gentlemen' under any one of these heads.

Effect of Heredity.

"Take the born criminal, for instance. Here is the picture of a boy, well born, well brought up, who was given and who took advantage of a college course; the son of a well-known doctor, with a home in a fashionable quarter, and every influence calculated to make him a useful citizen and an ornament to society.

"Well, I found that boy had displayed certain criminal instincts from his childhood. No, he was not an unusually bad boy, but it was just certain peculiar naughtinesses, certain queer kinks in his childish makeup, that showed his mental and moral bent, and that, to me—although, of course, his parents wouldn't admit that anything but evil associates was to be blamed—accounted for his later criminal actions.

"Now, that," and the inspector spoke emphatically, "is heredity! He is the criminal born of fine, honest parents. Don't let any one tell you the theory of heredity is a myth.

"Become a detective, and you'll pretty soon find out why it isn't. And prenatal influence, too—that's another factor in the making of crooks, but it's too long and complicated a subject to go into now. But both that and heredity may furnish the explanation of that boy's going wrong. I am certain, from some bits of family history I learned, that inherited tendencies played a leading part in his case.

"This young man, whose father never stinted him in money matters, fell in with several women of a particularly vicious criminal type soon after he left college, and was implicated in numerous blackmail plots, notably the perpetration of the 'badger game,' one of the lowest forms of blackmail."

Gentlemen Burglars At Work.

Inspector Faurot went into his batch of envelopes again and picked out photographs of two young men, both in top hats and the "conventional black" of evening dress.

"Here are two silk hat burglars," he said; "regular Raffles. They always worked together and they always wore these togs. One night the wife of a wealthy citizen of New Rochelle heard a noise in her dining-room.

"Her husband had been compelled to remain in New York, and she was alone in the house. She was so frightened that she determined to remain quiet, and let the thieves get away with the 'swag.'

"She waited for a while, and when she heard the front door softly click she peeped from her bedroom window. To her surprise, she saw two men in high hats and Inverness coats, and each carrying a traveling bag, walking leisurely away from the house. She immediately called the police station on the telephone, and related her experience.

"Rather cleverly, she told the desk lieutenant that she presumed the thieves were bound for the railway station, because they carried traveling bags. The lieutenant took the hint and sent several men to the station.

"Sure enough, there were the two evening-togged men, calmly waiting for a train for New York, and they looked so like 'gentlemen' that the policemen hesitated about approaching them. But they made the 'collar' and the burglars, Ralph Taylor and James Harland, are in Sing Sing now.

"The softest spoken cracksman I ever knew—a real 'gentleman burglar,' because I know his family and what his early raising was—was Adolph Bertchey, also known as William Travis. His mother, a refined and cultivated old lady, lives in a fashionable section of New York right now, and never suspected until her boy was arrested that he had been 10 years a thief.

"Bertchey was executed in Trenton not many years ago for killing a policeman at Lakewood, and he became a Christian Scientist while in the death-house, in order, he said, to rob the electric chair of its horrors. I only know he died gamely and quietly.

"Although Bertchey was so soft-spoken, he was one of the most desperate criminals I have ever known. Once he had cracked a crib in a house on the outskirts of New Haven and had left and was walking along the road, when he noticed the man of the house following him, hot-foot.

"Instead of running, Bertchey slackened his pace, and when his pursuer was almost up with him, quietly slipped into the bushes at the side of the road. As he expected, in a minute or two the man reached him, and they stood face to face.

"The man had no weapon, and Bertchey displayed none, although he always traveled with a gun in each hip pocket. For a second the two looked each other over, and then Bertchey said in his low, gentle voice—I had the story afterward from the man who was robbed:

"'My dear sir, don't you think you have gone far enough? Don't you think you'd better go back?'

Detective Tales Are Rivaled.

"The man looked into Bertchey's eyes for a moment, and he evidently saw there that which decided him quickly. 'I guess I had,' he said, and turned and went back to his house. He told me afterward he considered himself lucky in having acted as he did.

"Bertchey also melted his silver and gold in a crucible, and sold it to the Government assay office, and he, too, was one of those whose loot has never been recovered.

"I could tell you of many more who deserve places in the Debrett and Burke of crime. There was Joseph Goldman, a scholarly German with schlager-scars on his cheek—the sign-manual of the Heidelberg or Bonn student—who operated a veritable crime trust, who hired and fired his thieves, who out-Fagined Fagin, and who drew plans for a robbery as a football expert outlines his team's plays.

"And there was Carl von Metz Meyer, the young Norwegian lieutenant, who broke into half a score of houses in the wealthy section of Brooklyn—a real Raffles, if there ever was one.

"Oh, yes, there are lots of these well-dressed, well-spoken and well-educated crooks and thieves, and Doyle and Hornung have written few stories that cannot be rivaled and duplicated in the cold facts of police records. They are the silk-stockinged thieves of stage and story, and while, as I said before, they are to be ranked distinctly as exceptions, they are, none the less, realities and very tricky and difficult ones for us to deal with."

The Gentleman Criminal—1912 Model.

STUDY OF THE MAN WHO GOT BIG THINGS DONE

Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain's Genius First Showed Itself in Mimic Warfare With Toy Soldiers—How He Made First a Fortune, Then a Name, for Himself.

ONE day about seventy years ago a little girl and her small brother were playing at soldiers. The game was to see which of the two could first knock down the other's toy warriors, pea-shooters doing duty for cannon.

The little girl made excellent practice, but the boy's soldiers would not fall, though hers did as soon as they were hit, and consequently the boy won the battle. When the defeated "general" made inquiries as to the meaning of this strange phenomenon she found that her brother, with a foresight odd in one so young, had glued his soldiers to the floor.

That strategical child grew up to become the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, three times Mayor of Birmingham, England; president in turn of the local Government Board and the Board of Trade, Colonial Secretary and maker of history.

Joseph Chamberlain was born in 1836 at 188 The Grove, Camberwell, London, S. E., his father being a boot and shoe manufacturer in the city of London, and a Unitarian. In 1850, when he was fourteen years old, he was sent to University College School, London, where he remained for two years. When he was eighteen he entered business with his father; but at the age of twenty he went to Birmingham to make his fortune out of the Chamberlain patent screw.

Until then screws had no points, and therefore a hole had laboriously to be bored before the screw could be driven home. Joseph Chamberlain patented a screw with a sharp point and grew rich out of the idea.

In 1867 he retired, having disposed of his very valuable business interests in order to leave himself free to press forward the public questions dear to his heart. At first all his interests centered in Birmingham Municipal affairs. The schools were bad, the sanitation was unregulated, and there was no water system worth mentioning. Ashpits and cesspools were everywhere and they drained into the wells from which people drank. There were large slum areas inhabited by roughs of the worst kind. The Town Council seed to think there was nothing to be done.

Chamberlain took off his coat and went into Birmingham politics determined to alter all this, and he persuaded friends of his, men who thought as he did, to go in with him. He founded an efficient water system; he municipalized gas, which now substantially helps the Birmingham revenues, he saw to it that a proper sewage system was adopted, and he cleared away slums. All this not without opposition.

"To the Mad Mayor of Birmingham, backed up by a lot of addle-headed Councillors, who send spies as sanitary inspectors into a man's house," was the address on the cover of one letter sent to him. It was through him that Birmingham got its art gallery, its Council-House, its new parks and a school system second to none in the world. His was the driving force.

Before the improvements bill, under which the clearing of slums to make way for Corporation street was made possible, became an act there was a danger that the land would fall into the hands of speculators, who would profit by the reform. Chamberlain wanted Birmingham to profit. Till the passing of the bill no corporate funds were available. He subscribed £10,000, got other men to subscribe, and bought the land for the town before the town had the right to buy.

"He is not only Mayor," said an enemy; "he is the Town Council, too."

It was true.

"I believe in a leader who leads, but not with contempt on every line of his intelligent countenance," he once said.

No wonder Birmingham idolizes him. Speaking there in 1906—it was his last great speech—he said:

"During all this time" (30 years) "Birmingham has been behind me. Birmingham has cheered me when I might otherwise have been discouraged. Birmingham has strengthened my hands and given me the assurance of ultimate victory."

It was in 1875 that he first entered Parliament as member for Birmingham, after having been beaten in Sheffield the previous year. He was now some 40 years old and a Radical.

When, four years later, Gladstone invited him to join the Cabinet, Birmingham felt that Gladstone was lucky. But Chamberlain left Gladstone over the home rule question and sent the Liberal party into the wilderness for two generations.

In 1886 the Whigs were frightened by his Radicalism and were convinced that he meant to make himself the Socialist dictator of England.

By the Spring of the year he had taken the first step toward his later Imperialism. Fifty-five Liberal M. P.'s were pledged to support him. He had left office, relinquished his hopes of promotion under Gladstone, because he could not accept Home Rule and had founded the Liberal Unionist party, which only became merged in the Conservative party this year, 1912.

Speaking long afterwards about the taunts leveled against him for changing, he said:

"If you are alive you must change. It is only the dead who remain the same."

From 1876 to 1885 Mr. Chamberlain represented Birmingham in Parliament. From 1885 until now he has been the Member for West Birmingham.

Birmingham supports him through thick and thin. On June 1, 1886, he stood in his place in Parliament and doomed the Home Rule Bill. The Irish Members howled at him with a fury and vehemence which astonished everybody.

Chamberlain stood icily calm.

"This scene," said he, "may be taken as a fair sample of the order and decency which would prevail in a Parliament on St. Stephen's Green!"

This remark was a fair sample of his skill in debate, incisive, cutting and apt.

Nine years after leaving Gladstone he was Colonial Secretary in a Unionist Government, and he changes the conception of what a Colonial Secretary should be, for he treated the colonies as if they mattered, as if they were important. Until then they had been rather despised, and the words "Downing Street" were hated in every colony because of the idea of inefficiency they conveyed.

He took a firm stand against the encroachment of foreign countries, and his policy led to the Boer war. Whether the war was or was not a political crime is too vexed a question to deal with. It added the Boer Republics to the British Empire, and today the Boers are loyal.

"I have been threatened many times, but I have not been made afraid," was one of his sayings. The German Minister, Von Bulow, found it true when he rebuked the Colonial Secretary for what he had said in a speech. Chamberlain's answer was: "What I have said I have said. I withdraw nothing, I qualify nothing, I defend nothing. As I read history no British Minister has ever served his country faithfully and at the same time enjoyed popularity abroad."

He was not popular in Russia, either. When speaking of the Tsar he said: "He who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon. There was a diplomatic crisis, but Chamberlain had nothing to retract."

Among the uncomplimentary names given him at one time or another are "Artful Dodger," "Political Hamstringer," "Imperial Bagman," "Arch Diddler" and "Red-Herring Joe." "The First-class Fighting-man of Politics" and "Judas" are epithets applied to him, showing the vast range of feeling he has aroused, from adoration to venom. The African chiefs who met him during his visit to South Africa in 1903 named him "Moatlhodi," which means "The Man Who Gets Things Done."

He has been married three times. His first wife was Miss Harriet Kenrick, who died in 1863, two years after her marriage. Mr. Austen Chamberlain being her son; his second wife—1868 to 1875—was Miss Florence Kenrick, her cousin, to whom were born Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his four sisters; and his third wife, still living, was Miss Mary Endicott, the only daughter of Judge Endicott, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

ELECTING A PRESIDENT QUIETLY IS FRENCH CUSTOM

(Continued From Page 6.)

has often caused dissatisfaction. Theoretically (as Blackstone says of Parliament), it can do everything but change a man into a woman.

What Precedent Has Shown.

How shall a French President try to veto such a crowd?

The first was Thiers, made President in 1871. In 1870, on the eve or war, he made a great speech warning France not to undertake a struggle with Germany; and after the capitulation he was elected chief of the executive power of the new French Republic. As such, in the absence of a constitution, he became the true dictator of France, concluding the treaty of Frankfort, putting down the Commune and reconstructing the forces of his country.

His government was very personal. It was one-man government. He had been elected in 1871; and in 1873, two months after the National Assembly had offered him a solemn vote of thanks for "meriting well of the fatherland," its conservative majority gave him a vote of blame. He resigned.

MacMahon was elected and the present constitutional laws were adopted. Fresh from the personal government of Thiers, the makers of the constitution went in strongly for an "impersonal executive" borrowed from England. The President should have the right to choose his cabinet, but not to direct its members once they were accepted by Congress, and these must at all times be responsible to the Senators and Representatives, whose hostile vote must be the signal for their resignation. Then the President must choose another cabinet—and so on.

MacMahon remained in office six years and resigned on account of struggles with his successive ministers. Grevy was elected and did actually serve a term of seven years. Elected for another term, his cabinet told him to resign. He did it.

Then came Carnot—he was assassinated.

The next French President was Casimir-Perier, whose six-horse tournout I remember, and in whose family's bank I keep a small balance. He resigned after six months because his cabinet held meetings without inviting him.

Felix Faure died suddenly and mysteriously.

Loubet, who always agreed with his Cabinet, came, in time, to have real influence with it, realizing the formative words of Grevy when he explained to the Pope that he could do nothing:

"The French President ought to abstain from all personal acts in government measures. He can only offer his advice to his Cabinet. He can appear before the houses only by his Cabinet—which, like the houses themselves, must be obedient to their majorities."

Chary of Personal Power.

Fallieres followed Loubet's example.

"The French people were habituated to personal power," said Freycinet on his funeral eulogy of Grevy. "Grevy taught them to appreciate impersonal power—which did not mean indifference on the President's part. He sought to be the guide, counsellor and light of his Cabinet. He never imposed his advice; but he never refused it."

Personal power! Had not the great Napoleon been crushed by coalized Europe, had not Napoleon III lost Sedan, they would still be snug under personal power. And you shall see, in the end, how the great Napoleon's thrice-cemented beaureacracy, modest in the shadow, mends all!

The scarecrow of Bonsparte disasters and Royalist tyranny was used by Grevy in a famous speech before the adoption of the constitutional laws:

"The President's election by the people gives him excessive power. If he be a victorious General, or a scion of one of the families that once ruled France; if commerce languishes, if the people suffer, how do you know that an ambitious President may not arrive at upsetting the Republic once again?"

The reference, of course, was to Louis Napoleon, who, having got himself elected President, calmly proceeded to have a plebiscite elect him Emperor.

This speech, which had great effect, makes clear why the French people are not allowed, today, to vote for their President; and why, instead, a crowd of gentlemen in frock coats whisper in coteries, for one day only, up and down the magnificent galleries of Versailles Palace.

Carnot, coming immediately after Grevy, followed meekly in his footsteps; but the rising fortunes of reconstructed France permitted him to give the Presidency a more active exterior look. Felix Faure profited by Carnot's tip, making triumphal tours through France, and showing himself at the annual reviews and maneuvers of the army.

Felix Faure extended the trips to foreign countries. His memorable visit to the Czar, following on his reception of the Czar in Paris, gave him the look of a veritable sovereign. Loubet and Fallieres continued these tours, but more moderately. At historic Fontainebleau, Faure received like Louis XIV, and at Rambouillet gave hunting parties like Francis I. He had a fine job, capable of being enlarged, and he knew it. Most decorative of Presidents, he "hit the French in the eye," as they say. He was just beginning to test his popularity, going strong for Nationalism, when suddenly he died. Surely he would have worked up to "personal" government, beginning with the President's veto prerogative, had he been spared.

Bossed by Cabinet.

But he was not.

His successors have gone slow.

And there is just one reason why the French President can, in dignity, without jealousy or nervousness, earn the $120,000 a year salary and the $120,000 a year "expense" allowed him by the state, to be a great and loose "conciliator."

The famous French Parliament itself has its hands tied.

The President smiles in his beard.

His Cabinet bosses him—but it does not boss its own departments. The true masters of patronage and the daily routine are the obscure chiefs of a vast and permanent civil service.

Those old chief clerks are the President's revenge on arrogant Cabinet members who pursue policies behind his back.

If the French President can't have a policy, he knows his Cabinet don't dare have much of one either—it can't do much to oppose itself to the great silent-running government machine that is behind all things in France—bureaucracy.

Bureaucracy makes railway rates equal and judicious.

Bureaucracy makes corporations give up to the public good.

Bureaucracy collects the public toll from privileges and monopolies.

Bureaucracy is ready to ask of the Bank of France if there is gold enough.

Bureaucracy runs railways, fosters art and music, maintains theaters and ballets, beautifies the Paris streets, maintains museums in provincial towns, prevents graft, keeps police in hand—in a word, runs France.