

KATE CAREW CHATS WITH A NOTED SELF-EXILED AMERICAN

Richly and Still Young Bachelor, Who Has Been Much in the News Columns in Years Gone By, and Who Found the Call of Paris Too Sweet to Resist, Is Cornered at His Home in Passy and Yields Plenty of Words on No Subject at All.

BY KATE CAREW.

Paris, February 22. He won't let me mention his name (sheer modesty on his part) so we call him the Expatriate. I found him at Passy, which, I've explained to you before, is a sort of glorified suburb for those who want the life of Paris with a touch of the truly rural as well.

Passy is academic, Passy is scientific and Passy is American. There are well-known writers living out here. Anatole France, Jean Richepin and a host of others. You can rub shoulders with Bergson, the philosopher, on the street of a bright morning, to say nothing of a number of professors from the Sorbonne, and in the trimmest and neatest of all the trim little houses and flats in Passy are families from the U. S. A. who are staying there to educate their young.

There are in Passy—
stones dry with learning, the little red ribbon which spells Legion d'Honneur speckles the landscape, and if there were any welkins they would ring with the resonance of French-cum-American speech.

HE IS NOT OF IDLE MIND.
Well, this particular Expatriate has built his nest in Passy, though he has no young to educate. He is a bachelor, rich, still young, by way of being intellectual and deeply interested in questions of the day.

We miss him in New York. You know we do. He leavened things social, and Paris welcomed him warmly when he flung himself into her hospitable arms several years ago.
You remember the time he took his blue dishes and left little old lower Broadway, refusing to play any more in a city which had mixed him up in business matters and criticized him and made a general muddle of things for him?
Yes, he jolly well shook the dust of us off his long, aristocratic feet. He packed his household gods and set sail for Passy, and never even waved his hand to us from the steamer.

He is a great success here. No party is complete without him. He is the King Pin in several different circles. First and foremost, he is the Sovereign of the Expatriates—that is, he is the social leader in the American colony.

PROMOTED WORTHY SCHEMES.
Then he interests himself in intellectual pursuits and holds much intercourse with writers and thinkers. He entertains savants from America, and you all know that he gets of his wherewithal to further the scheme of having our great men come over and lecture to the French and Frenchmen go Americawards and lecture there.

He does not scorn the Playhouse. He is to be seen at the smartest Repetition Generales, and he sometimes has players of the highest rank at his dinners, in his castle on the heights.
Oh, yes, he keeps very busy, and I don't believe he misses us at all, if you ask me, though years have rolled away and the bitterness he felt against us has passed like a fleecy cloud.
Are you trying to guess who he is? Don't bother.

MAY PROVE A TEMPTATION.
Just take him as a more or less typical American living on the Continent from choice, as so many of us do nowadays, and I'll tell you something of how he lives and how comfortable you can be in Paris, if you have money and taste. Then maybe you'll want to come over also, when Mame has finished this last year at school and Jack is safely lodged in college for four times 35 days.
But I hope you won't.

Well, I wanted to have a talk with Mr. —let's call him Jekyll, because it isn't his name—about Americans in Paris, and why they all love it and never want to live anywhere else, once they have had a sample of it; so I was thrilled when he said he would be pleased to see me.
"Don't come to interview me," he stipulated, "for interviews I never give."
Now, girls, I ask you, why do they send for me if they don't want me to interview them?
After all, it is what I am on this cold earth for to do.

MAYBE—PERHAPS—WHO KNOWS?
Can it be that rumors of my charm have floated further than I wot of, and that the world is murmuring: "We must see Kate at any cost. Trot her along and we will deal with the wench?"
I don't know, I am sure; but one thing I'm certain of is that I am going to put my foot down on this interviewer-interviewed sort of game. I won't play it, that's all. I'm peevish, and I won't play it.

Still, like a weak woman, I went out to Passy to see how Americans do themselves in French suburbs, and I didn't go to the underground or in the tram car or in any of the buses that take you there, if you wait long enough.
Not I. I just lollyed back in a fiacre and rolled along, studying the landscape as I passed and getting views of the Eiffel Tower in profile, three-quarters and full face, for this ubiquitous gigantic horror fairly monopolizes the road to Passy.
All along were charming residences and stately apartment houses.

MADE AN IMPOSING ENTRANCE.
Then gradually these became scarcer and the stretches of gardens longer, and at last my coach gave a final crack of his whip, the ancient animal made a desperate spurt and we whisked up an avenue at a goodly speed and straight to a handsome, long, low, white stone house.
A plump retainer in livery opened the door at the sound of the wheels and walked down the steps to assist me to alight.

A second plump retainer in the same livery joined him and stuck his head into the cab to see if I was awake. I had left nothing, which I hadn't, so he ostentatiously banged the door and the coach drove away with one startled glance at me, as if to say:
"Alors! who would have supposed she was a woman of such importance, from her poubelle!"
Then the two plump retainers passed me to a third plump retainer, and by this time we were in the house and never a word had been spoken.

Then behold in the hall at the foot of the stairs was the major-domo of retainers, taller in his proportions than his brothers, sleeker as to hair, more buttoned fore and aft and with the dignity of a grand duke.

"This is too butcher for he," sighed modest Katie and gave a frantic look about for a way of escape.
None visible. Retainers to the right of her, retainers to the left of her.
Then the major-domo passed me on to a fifth retainer who appeared as silently as all the others and he pivoted me helplessly through a door into the drawing room.
All these manuevres were accomplished with the most delightful precision. I am sure at first they must have been practiced every morning with all the vigor of a musical comedy rehearsal.
It was charming, that drawing room. A real American room in a French house.

FRANCO-AMERICAN TOUCH.
Creamy, white walls, beautiful, graceful pieces of furniture. Here and there a rare vase or picture. Not too much of anything. Just enough to interest and soothe one.
That is the difference between French drawing rooms and Franco-American ones. The French ones are so overloaded with stuff that you don't get an effect at all. The Franco-American ones have just a few of the finest.

That fifth retainer had a terrible time acquiring my name. Kate Carew wasn't fashionable for French tongues. I know he nearly called a sixth and a seventh mental to help him, but in the end he decided to struggle on alone.
Then he came back, still unaided and led me to the room where Mr.—or—Jekyll was spending the early hours of the afternoon writing as diligently as any reporter in those last few moments before the paper is put to bed.

His back was toward me as I entered, and I had a momentary thrill of anticipation. Would he have changed much?

HE PROVED STILL THE SAME.
He was always so French in America; would he be for perversity's sake be American in France?
We used to speak of him as the most picturesque member of the 49; would he have lost that in a country where all is picturesque?

Then he turned and came toward me holding out a friendly hand in an American greeting.
No, he hadn't changed at all.
He is still picturesque, artistic, tout-à-fait Francais. He looks a little older, a trifle graver, but not a bit stouter, the same long, lean, loose-jointed figure.
He is very tall. I had almost forgotten how tall he was, but seeing him again recalled an astronomical observation of the past. You remember it, don't you?
When your Aunt Kate was a well-mannered child with a bow in her hair, it was the fashion to get behind a hedge or a fence and when a very lengthy person strolled past to sing out shrilly,

"Please hand me down a star." This to be followed by immediate flight. Not that the tall one ever resented the salutation, but simply that running away from possible danger imparted the desired dare-devil feeling.
Well, you want to say, "Please hand me down a star," to him, and especially so in this country, where tall men are quite the exception and a man of average height scores heavily.
He wears his beard just a little more in the French fashion than he did, more concentrated on his chin as it were, and perhaps he's a shade paler than in the



"RETAINERS TO THE RIGHT OF ME, RETAINERS TO THE LEFT OF ME."

days when he got plenty of fresh air coughing round and about New York. His once languorous dark eyes have the slightly tired look of one who burns much midnight oil in search of the muse of prose or poetry.
His thick black hair is brushed à la pompadour.
His clothes, Oh, let's take a separate paragraph for his clothes!
A beautifully cut morning coat, which he wore as it should be worn, and very few men are able to do that, you know. A white pleated waistcoat cut square, shepherd's plaid trousers that fairly seized one's attention, and a soft and glowing tie.

You can see he is quite as picturesque in the old days, when every one talked of him. Perhaps he is even more so.
Another thing he hasn't discarded is his American accent.
He greeted me in the most approved New Yorkese, and it was like a bit of home in a strange land.
Then he folded up his papers so as to give me his undivided attention, and I took a look around the room.

I think it was the dining room, and that the long table on which he was writing was the dining table. It was covered with a coarse broadcloth, which harmonized well with the old oak of the chairs and buffet.

GLIMPSE OF SPRING WITHOUT.
In the grate a cheery little fire was burning, but out of the glass window which extended almost across one side of the wall was a glimpse of spring.
The sun was shining down on a beautifully kept garden, and an early bird was twittering and thrilling from pure joy. The young grass was a pale green and there were tender little pink buds on the dark shiny twigs of some of the bushes, while a friendly ivy spread a heavy mantle over a nearby wall.
It wasn't a magnificent garden, but it was a delightful one. A restful place, a place in which to dream and forget the outside world, a place in which to watch the magic of spring among the early birds, the baby blossoms and the pale sunshine.

I sighed rapturously.
"Please let me exclaim over your view. It's so lovely. I'd like to paint it."
HE DIDN'T SEE IT THAT WAY.
The owner of it all glanced out calmly. It left him cold.
"I'm glad you like it," he remarked indifferently. "It doesn't impress me particularly."
"Ah, well, you're used to it, and it is yours to look at whenever you wish, so it probably loses its charm, but I am not yet satiated with these delightful French gardens, so you must forgive a slight gush on my part."

He threw himself back in his chair in an attitude of ease. He really slumped, and all his clothes slumped, too, somehow. That is, he went into curves and creases, and his long, slim arms and legs wound around themselves in a fascinating, serpentine fashion.
"I hope you haven't come out here to interview me," he said, regarding me quizzically out of half-closed eyes.
"Oh, no," I parried airily. "I thought we'd just have a chat and you might be kind enough to tell me something of American life in the French capital. Expatriates at home sort of thing, you know."

AND THEN HE WAS SCARED.
He gathered himself together, all in a heap, with a startled fawn look.
"Not if Never!" he exclaimed in alarm. "I wouldn't for the world; and, anyway, I never give interviews."
"Just a chat," I pleaded.
"Nor chats. Not on any account. I couldn't. People are always asking me to do so, but I have no desire to appear in the papers. In fact, my aim is to keep out of them. Besides, I am of no importance whatever. Who wants to know about me?"

Aren't men the modest, shrinking, sensitive plants nowadays?
I'm getting so I shall not know how to deal with them at all if they continue to retire within themselves thusly.
"Oh, really," I protested, like an indulgent mother. "You know you are a personality, and you know America has a

craving to hear about all her children, no matter how long they stay away from her, and there's heaps she'd like to hear about you especially."
He looked at me suspiciously, then he twisted his long, slender right leg round his long, slender left leg and hunched up his shoulders.
"What?" he demanded tersely.

"Why, whether you are ever coming back to us, and why you like life here here so much, and whether you still interest yourself in coaching, and—"
I could have gone on a lot longer, but he interrupted me with a boisterous schoolboy laugh.

He looked at me and he looked at me. We were both startled. "Oh, dear," I exclaimed. "Your house isn't haunted by the aristocratic but playful spirit of a former tenant, is it?"
"No, that I know of," he assured me, solemnly. "I believe it is the effect you've had on everything."

THAT MISCHIEVOUS CURRENT.
Then in came two breathless retainers, a plump one and a plumper one, and the Expatriate uncoiled himself deliberately and towered above them while they explained in voluble French that the electricity was misbehaving and that all efforts were being made to arrange matters without delay. And he in just as voluble French pointed out that it was for them to see that no time was lost in soothing the electricity's troubled feelings.
They saw to it and in a few minutes peace was restored and the lengthy

"Oh, you are clever!" he shouted in high glee. "You think you are going to lure me into talking on some one of these things, but you're not going to accomplish it. I shall not do it."
I felt like saying: "Naughty boy, do as you're told," or asking him why he had me journey out to Passy, but if I do say it myself, mine is an equitable, I mean equitable, temperament, so I only cooed soothingly.
"You shouldn't talk about anything you don't wish to, of course, but perhaps you won't mind telling me something of this Franco-American Comité and its lectures."
"I should mind very much," he replied a little pettishly. "I'll give you the address of the secretary of the Comité, and you can go to him and get any amount of information."
"That's very kind of you," I observed demurely, "and I shall be pleased to go and see him, but what about your next lecture? Can't I hear something of that? I'm told all your speeches and lectures have great literary value."

BELLS CAME TO HIS RESCUE.
I wasn't flattering him, either. I have heard that from many sources, but he shook a long, white finger at me reprovingly and chuckled as he murmured: "Oh, you daughter of Eve! Aren't you ashamed of yourself trying to induce me to talk by such methods? Of course, in a little while I shall be as clay in your hands, but don't you believe for a moment that I don't see through you, because I do; though I'm yielding, I admit I'm yielding."
Then maybe we'd have got quite a bit forrader but the most peculiar thing happened. All the bells in the room suddenly began ringing steadily and in a nice, businesslike way.

I looked at him and he looked at me. We were both startled. "Your house isn't haunted by the aristocratic but playful spirit of a former tenant, is it?"
"No, that I know of," he assured me, solemnly. "I believe it is the effect you've had on everything."

TOOK HIS TURN AT IT.
Then he placed both hands in his pockets and stretched out his legs and began to do a little questioning on his own account.
"How long have you been in the business?" he asked.
"More years than I'd care to tell you," I responded a little curtly, for the shadows were creeping along, there was a chill in the garden; Paris was way down the hill, and I didn't feel I had earned a night's repose.

"Really, have you?" he continued in his cheery way, and added gallantly: "Well, it certainly agrees with you. Tell me whom you have seen and whom are you going to see in Paris?"
Professionally I interest warmed my attitude toward him and I turned good for evil and let him have the fun of interviewing me for a bit.

He had such a nice time. He is of an inquiring turn of mind and he plumbed all my depths before he finished.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.
"Why don't you talk to Pierre Lott about the Turks?" he suggested amiably. "He's like to hold forth on them. I am positive. And what about Collette Willy? Surely New York would like to hear something of her. She is a most picturesque Parisian figure."
I thanked him for the suggestions and confided to him how anxious I was to see Lott just for my own personal satisfaction, and that, though I heard he sometimes kicked venturesome visitors downstairs, I was thinking of taking all risks and going to his studio, anyhow.

"Poor old Degas! He is about a hundred, you know, and I suppose he is through talking. There are plenty of Frenchmen who will take his place in the conversation line though, if you give them a chance," he said.
"Yes, I know that," I answered, "and hitherto I've always believed that Americans could hold their own in that direction, but to-day my faith is shaken."
"Oh, oh," he sighed. "Don't speak so bitterly. I'm no talker at all—never was—but you must not cherish that against me."

DIGNIFIED EVEN IN DEFEAT.
"I won't," I assured him; "but I think it is time I went home if you are going to ask questions and not answer them."
"Oh, don't hurry," he murmured politely.
But I rose and wrapped my dignity and my furs around me; so he arose also. He got up and up and up, until I had to cock my head a little on one side to include the whole of him in my vision.
"Um—um—um"—he stammered; "I haven't said anything, have I?"
"No," I replied gravely. "Have no fears; you haven't even whispered anything that could compromise your best friend's aunt's brother-in-law's cousin."
He chuckled.

"I told you I never was much of a talker, you know."
"Well, you haven't changed. Don't worry."

THROUGH RANKS OF RETAINERS.
Then he opened the door and went out into the hall with me.
His retainers were there in orderly rows; but they didn't move at sight of us, except to straighten up slightly and to discreetly drop their eyes as we passed through their ranks.
"Goodby," he sang out in his cheery New York voice, as we stood by the open front door. "I'm very glad to have seen you."
That was in his best society manner, and he disappeared after it, while two retainers ushered me out.
His motor was awaiting him, probably to whisk him off to several American receptions, then back again to dress for a dinner and later to look in at a theatre, and still later to a midnight supper, for he has a multitude of engagements, this Franco-American social lion.
He moves in many circles and is welcomed in all, for he is kind, gracious, generous and willing to help those who need him.

KEEP IT QUIET, ANYHOW.
Have you guessed who he is?
Yes? Well, don't tell anybody. Let's regard him merely as a New Yorker who prefers Paris; a favorite of fortune, who can live where and how he wishes; a picturesque member of the social worlds of two countries.
I took a humble bus back to Paris. It was a particularly stuffy bus, with that odor of garlic hovering about it which every Paris vehicle secretes in its corners, ready to produce on occasions. This was an occasion, and the garlic was strong and vigorous. In fact, it acted upon me almost like a narcotic, and I passed the stopping place nearest my hotel because I was so steeped in its fumes and was thinking so confusedly of cream white drawing rooms and old oak tables with carving cloths and gardens shimmering in pale sunshine and long, strong, silent men—and then I had to walk back a quarter of a mile, during which I thought only of myself.
(Copyright, 1913, New-York Tribune.)



"PLEASE HAND ME DOWN A STAR."



"I TOLD YOU I WAS NOT MUCH OF A TALKER."