

WINNING THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY

FRENCH President Goes Out of Office February 16—His Successor Is Selected by the United Senators and Representatives—Vast Procession of Automobiles Will Take New President to the French White House—How His Work Differs From That of Chief Executive of This Country—The French President's Cabinet and How the French Laws Are Passed.



Special Correspondence of The Star.
PARIS, October 18, 1912.
THE French republic is also choosing a new president. They call him a president-let it be because the French president is elected for only a few days before President Taft, on February 16.

On the same day, February 16, the united senators and deputies representatives will elect a president for seven years, escort him in a vast procession of automobiles from Versailles to the French white house in Paris—and put him magnificently to bed.

There is no public interest. Ask the average Frenchman: "Who will be your next president?" and he will answer: "Which? What? Oh, yes, it's next February. I don't know."

There is no public campaign, because this people do not elect him. And any personal campaign must be very secret, because the French president is elected in a few hours by his brethren from among themselves.

Antoine Dubost is, of course, indicated. He is president of the senate—as were Loubet and Fallieres. More and more the influence and considerations electing to the one office elect to the other—if the president of the senate wants it.

Dubost wants it. Now aged sixty-seven, he fought Napoleon III as a staid young republican with Henri Rochefort, and, like Rochefort, he even had a touch of communism. Dubost's was at Marseilles. But tranquil offholding ever since—senator or deputy—he has made himself immensely popular. If he becomes president, the Elisee receptions will partake of the sweet household charm of Dubost vacation evenings at La Tour-du-Pin, where, in 1892, he was elected president of the senate rises and says: "Serve the cannon!"

The guests follow, from porch to porch. They sip their champagne. Invariably at 9:16 p.m. arrives another old friend, the registrar. "Anzier, my dear, for minister of the interior," says M. Dubost. "I will, until, for a third time, the voice of the French senate is heard. "Let us stroll down and watch the 9:30 express pass."

Who or who knows? Suppose they want a pretext to kill him? The aged ex-senator Freycinet, recently at Vienna, was trapped into talking about Dubost's chances. "Suppose he is elected," he says, "it is an inheritance," said Freycinet. "When Loubet was elected, he happened to be president of the senate. He was a man of confidence. But to do it again, in succession, would look like making a man president just because he is president of the senate."

M. Poincare, the energetic and capable prime minister, it is rumored, would be willing to exchange his present reality of power for the honors and emoluments of the French presidency. "I will not sign this bill!" the French president says. "I will not sign this bill!"

Should, by extraordinary whim, the French president say: "I will not sign this bill!" the cabinet puts the new law through just the same, and a little more so, not as a "project" but a "proposition," but before it becomes valid the French president must sign it. Now should he refuse it is the veto.



WHERE THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IS ELECTED VERSAILLES PALACE
THE VARIOUS PRESIDENTS OF THE PRESENT FRENCH REPUBLIC SINCE ITS FOUNDATION IN 1871
TO THE LEFT: THIERS, MAC-MAHON, GREVY, CARNOT, CASIMIR-PERIER, FAURE, LOUBET

But would Bourgeois be content to sign papers all day? What papers? The French president doesn't know. His cabinet says: "Sign this." He signs, now do otherwise? Suppose it be an appointment. The president's own personal friends are all invited to the ceremony. After which he must let his cabinet make the mass of the appointments. Suppose he refuse to sign? If the job be important, there will be a cabinet quarrel. But if he has no objection, there will surely be a secret cabinet meeting without the French president.

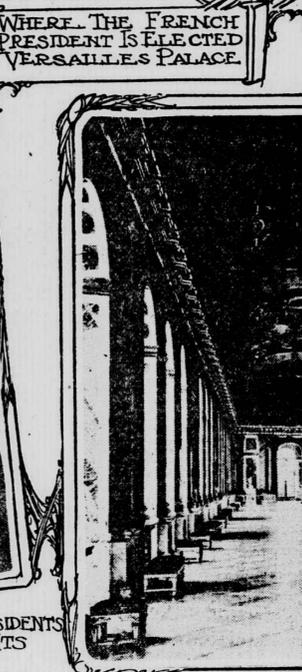
The cabinet puts the new law through just the same, and a little more so, not as a "project" but a "proposition," but before it becomes valid the French president must sign it. Now should he refuse it is the veto. Theoretically, he has the right to veto. The constitutional law gives it to him, but the senators and deputies are resolved to scare him from using it. From the beginning they have so crowded every French president that not a single one of them, before Loubet, served his term out. Loubet and Fallieres, yes; they have learned the lesson!

How shall a French president try to veto such a crowd? The first was Thiers, made president in 1871. In 1870, on the eve of the 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 detactor of France, concluding the treaty of Frankfurt, 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 members 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—and he did it. Then came Carnot—assassinated. The next French president was Casimir Perier, whose six horse turnout I remember, and in whose family's bank—uncles, cousins, brothers, sisters, all the family capital together—keep a small balance. He resigned after six months because his cabinet held meetings without inviting him.



THE HALL OF MIRRORS IN VERSAILLES

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 three-cemented bureaucracy—modest in the shadow—men and all.

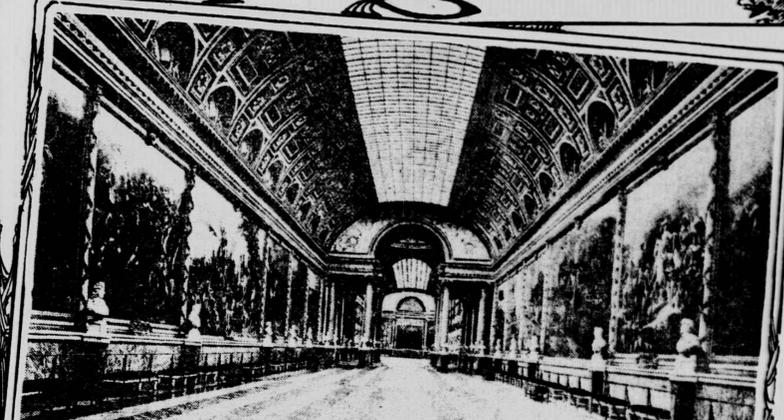
Felix Faure died suddenly and mysteriously. He always agreed with his cabinet, came, in time, to have real influence with it, realizing the formative words of Grevy when he explained to the Pope that he could do nothing: "The French president ought to abstain from all personal acts in government measures. He can only offer his advice to the cabinet. He can appear before the houses only by his cabinet—which, like any cabinet, must be obedient to their majorities."

Fallieres followed Loubet's example. "The French people were habituated to the emperor's power, if he be a victorious general or a son 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?" It is the fashion of the reference, of course, was to Louis Napoleon, who, having got himself elected president, calmly proceeded to have a ribbon elect him emperor.

This speech, which had great effect, consisted of diatribes, cut by the wheels to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, with high walls of dry, soft earth on each side, and with a half acre of level ground in the middle. It is the fashion of the reference, of course, was to Louis Napoleon, who, having got himself elected president, calmly proceeded to have a ribbon elect him emperor.

On the western slope the land is now as dry almost as the Rockies. The fields are parched and brown, and the railway winds about over dry gorges and skirts thirsty canyons, some of which are a thousand feet deep. Approaching the Pacific the rainfall increases and within a short time the land is jungle again. The trees are magnificent, and among them are mahoganies, which are being cut for our furniture and for the building of ships. The fruit is brought to the stations and we can buy seven oranges for 2 cents of our money.

This road to the Pacific belongs to the Costa Rica government and it is operated at a considerable loss. It is poorly run and the cars are uncomfortable. They were probably made in Costa Rica. I buy some in the market and bring my own fruit to the table. In fact, there is about only one thing which is free in Punta Arenas. This is on hand at all meals and I might say at all other times. I refer to the ubiquitous buzzard or vulture which is the scavenger of Costa Rica. I met him first in the capital, where he walked into my room at the hotel and pecked at the sofa. I have seen him everywhere else, and here on the sea coast his name is legion. They sit on the fence as I eat my breakfast and their dead, sleepy eyes seem to be weighing the meat on my bones and wondering how it would taste



HALL OF BATTLE IN VERSAILLES PALACE

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 corners, surely at the annual reviews and the magnificent galleries of Versailles Palace.

Cart, coming immediately after Grevy, riding meekly in his footsteps, but the rising fortunes of reconstructed France permitted him to give the presidency a more colorful 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 east, following his reception of the vestal in Paris, gave him the look of a veritable sovereign. Loubet and Fallieres, on these tours, but more modestly. At historic Fontainebleau Faure received like Louis XIV, and at Rambouillet gave sumptuous parties. Felix Faure had a fine job, capable of being enlarged, and he knew it. Most decorative of presidents, he "left the French in the eye," as they say, he was just beginning to test his popularity, going strong for nationalism, when he suddenly died. Surely he would have worked up a "personal" government, beginning with the president's veto prerogative, had he been spared.

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 "consolation." The famous French parliament itself has its hands tied.

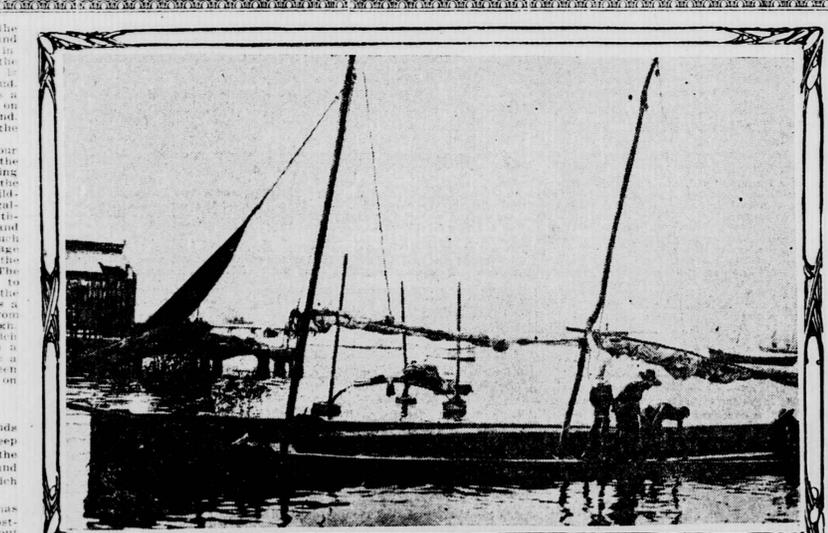
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Frank G. Carpenter Visits Punta Arenas, the Atlantic City of South America

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Special Correspondence of The Star.
PUNTA ARENAS, Costa Rica.
I HAVE come over the new railroad down the mountains of Costa Rica to Punta Arenas, the Atlantic City of South America. It is built on a sandy spit of land which runs out into the Bay of Nicoya, being bordered on one side by an estuary five miles long, on which one can go into the interior of the country. This part of Costa Rica is heavily wooded. It has fields of cedar, mahogany and other hard woods, and on my way over the railroad I passed many little sawmills out over the sea, and the maize waving about. I passed also the road to the Abangarez gold mines, which are located some distance from the coast. These mines belong to an American company, and it is taking out something like \$300,000 worth of gold every month. They have steam mills and are now employing over 15,000 men.

so poorly knitted that if you get near the wire fence you may break a finger and be untraveled to midday before you get in. Moreover, the dark sand discolors the water and when the air is very hot, it is somewhat like swimming through mud. Punta Arenas, like Atlantic City, has a beach side and a landward side at the end. It is about one-fiftieth as long as the bay at Punta Arenas. This town is nothing like any of our American seaside resorts. Take the hotel. The one at which I am stopping is called "La Estrella," and it is about the best in the place. It is a two-story building made of wood with a roof of galvanized iron. Last night I had an earthquake which made the wood creak and the galvanized iron cumber like so much steel, thundering, but otherwise no damage was done. There is no plaster on the walls to fall and none on the ceiling. The ceiling consist of plain boards nailed to the walls about four feet apart, and the ceiling, which is fifteen feet high, has a lattice work around it about ten feet from the floor, that the air may blow through. There are no windows in my room, which faces the Pacific ocean, but there is a wide open veranda over the door, with a lattice work higher up. It is only when the door is open that I can look out on the sea.



AT PUNTA ARENAS, A CENTRAL AMERICAN SEASIDE RESORT.

The dining room of the hotel extends out over the sea, and the maids sweep out the dirt and droppings right out into the water. The floor is of rough lumber, and there is a low fence along the side which faces the ocean. This hotel is dignified in that it has two stories. The other buildings are mostly one story, with rooms looking out on the street, so that one frequently sees the people dressing as they go by. The buildings are made of boards and nailed with red zinc ending in a gutter which has a pipe extending out over the side. It rains now and then, and the water from the roofs pours down through these pipes upon the middle of the pavement so that one has to shy in and out to keep from receiving a catract down the back of his neck. I wish I could show you the streets of Punta Arenas. They are untraveled and heavy with the dirty black sand. Some of them are lined with coconuts, palms and there is a beautiful park in the center of the city which is filled with tropical vegetation. Here the band plays by the stores are scattered throughout the town. The merchants are chiefly Costa Ricans, and in most cases they have large stocks of goods. This is the business center of Pacific Costa Rica, and the merchandise is carried from here up the rivers to the settlements along the coast. The harbor of Punta Arenas is excellent and when the canal is completed it is believed that this port will have a considerable trade. The town is now on the boom. The prices of real estate have already increased about 1,000 per cent, and the people expect great things when the steamers from the Atlantic shall come across the isthmus to them. But let me tell you how one lives here at this Costa Rican resort. Take the Hotel Europa, which, as I have said, is about the best here. I have described the bare walls of my room, and its outlook upon the Pacific. The only furniture is an iron bed, a washstand and two rickety chairs. Upon the washstand is a solitary towel. I have a right to one towel every day if I so demand, but no change is made unless on request. My water pitcher is of about the size of a lager beer schooner. It may hold one liter, but it is not always full. I am allowed a napkin a week, and this has been changed only upon my request. There seems to be a constant mix-up of napkins, and I am now protecting myself by writing a great C on the knot in which mine is tied at each meal. The eating here is awful. The regular breakfast, which I take at 7 a.m., consists of a cup of black coffee and hot milk, with some crusts of dry bread. Butter is furnished, but this is so unpalatable that I do not eat it. Eggs are an extra and I pay 12 cents for each one I order. They are of the scrambling variety. It is risky to try them soft, but I have had them that way. I have seen him everywhere else, and here on the sea coast his name is legion. They sit on the fence as I eat my breakfast and their dead, sleepy eyes seem to be weighing the meat on my bones and wondering how it would taste

if served in true vulture fashion, a trifle high. I verily believe there are as many buzzards here as there are people. The great birds are protected by law and they take the place of the garbage wagons of Panama. I do not like them. They carry the birds of Bombay, and the great white towers of silence upon which the Parsees lay out their dead, where they are laid to rest, they were cut out by the birds.

I came to Punta Arenas upon the new set of the transcontinental railroads. There are now lines, connecting the oceans, all the way from the Grand Trunk Pacific, in Canada, which ends at Prince Rupert, to that which joins Buenos Aires to Valparaiso at the southern end of the hemisphere. The shortest railroad in Costa Rica, which was completed last year, connects with the Atlantic railway at San Jose and runs down here to the Gulf of Nicoya. It makes the line from ocean to ocean a little over one hundred miles. Now and then they pass out scenic routes of the world. I have already described the tropical beauties of the Atlantic slope between the bay and San Jose. They compare with the Himalaya mountains and the jungle is quite as luxuriant.

On the western slope the land is now as dry almost as the Rockies. The fields are parched and brown, and the railway winds about over dry gorges and skirts thirsty canyons, some of which are a thousand feet deep. Approaching the Pacific the rainfall increases and within a short time the land is jungle again. The trees are magnificent, and among them are mahoganies, which are being cut for our furniture and for the building of ships. The fruit is brought to the stations and we can buy seven oranges for 2 cents of our money.

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by girls and carried to the factory, where the flesh is taken off by pulping, or by running the dried seeds through the machine. After the beans have been pulped, they are still have two thin coats of skin. These are taken off by machinery, and the beans are then sorted, polished and packed in sacks for export. I found many American coffee planters down here in Costa Rica. I met in San Jose a banker who has an estate of 200 acres, and I saw several other Americans who own estates on the railroad between San Jose and the Atlantic ocean. I found a big coffee plantation on my way up Mount Poas. This belongs to the British Consul, and it is a fine one. I met a young American, Jerome B. Clarke, who is one of the best managed coffee estates in the country. The owners are mixing their beans with brains and are adopting modern agricultural methods to the raising of coffee. They cultivate the trees so as to conserve their moisture. They use artificial fertilizers, adopting the same formula as those used in Hawaii. The effect of this is to make the coffee-drying of their trees and in their crops and new plants come from far and near to see the results.

The coffee plantation of Cox & Clarke consists of 250 acres, which they have cleared out of the jungle. It is as clean as a Dutchman's flower garden, and the trees are wonderfully thrifty. I met a young American, Jerome B. Clarke, who is one of the best managed coffee estates in the country. The owners are mixing their beans with brains and are adopting modern agricultural methods to the raising of coffee. They cultivate the trees so as to conserve their moisture. They use artificial fertilizers, adopting the same formula as those used in Hawaii. The effect of this is to make the coffee-drying of their trees and in their crops and new plants come from far and near to see the results.

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