

MESSESS. GAYNOR AND GREENE IN THEIR CANADIAN EXILE

How the Distinguished pair from Georgia find the "Bitter Bread of Exile" to be a Quebec French loaf



JOHN F. GAYNOR



DUFFERIN TERRACE - QUEBEC

It is a far cry from the low coasts and rice fields of Georgia—from the warm, soft air and blinding sunlight of the far South to this old city, with its surrounding rushing waters and lofty mountains, its alien people and language, and the cold winds and metallic skies of Lower Canada.

This is the contrasting atmosphere in which those most famous of American exiles, Messrs. Joseph W. Gaynor and Benjamin J. Greene, formerly of Savannah, now of Quebec, live. If the old saying of the Latin poet be true, that "they change their skies but not their mind who cross the sea," these exiles, even in this picturesque old city, founded by the Sleur Champlain, nearly two hundred years before Savannah was born, must sigh for the more genial climate of the South.

The arrival in Quebec, nearly two years ago, of Messrs. Gaynor and Greene, following their indictment in the Federal Court at Savannah for alleged complicity in the frauds committed by Captain Oberlin M. Carter in the Savannah River governmental improvement works, which was followed by their virtual abduction by the Montreal authorities, and their release and return to Quebec under a writ of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Caron, of the latter city, are well remembered.

A Celebrated Case

From their first flight to Canada until the present time, when the exiles are waiting the opinion of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England, as to whether their alleged offence renders them liable to extradition or not, the case of the United States government against them and the moves and counter moves of the attorneys on both sides have been closely watched by lawyers and judges the world over, and theirs has already become a cause célèbre.

Through some misunderstanding the statement was published last week that after the English Privy Council had granted leave to the United States government to appeal from the decision of the Canadian Judges, the petition for which appeal was also favored by the exiles, the Lord Chancellor had stated that the offence charged was clearly extraditable. The London Times, in a full report of the proceedings, stated, however, that the Lord Chancellor had simply said that a serious question of law was involved in the matter, and that he would therefore grant special leave to appeal, but nothing else. So the case still hangs, and Messrs. Gaynor and Greene will probably linger in Quebec for an indefinite period longer.

The public, which has not been able to follow the intricate details of this novel and interesting legal battle, has simply the general knowledge that Messrs. Gaynor and Greene are for the present, at least, safely beyond the reach of the United States courts in Quebec, Canada, that city which on former occasions has sheltered citizens of the United States under indictment, or fearing indictment, for offences committed or charged in their own country.

City of Refuge.

Of these predecessors of Messrs. Gaynor and Greene, who found Quebec a city of refuge, the best remembered and the most famous was Mr. John C. Eno, who for a period of years, and until his indictment on the charge of mismanagement of the funds of the Second National Bank, of New York, was quashed a few years ago, was a prominent and well known personage in the old Canadian city.

Mr. Eno played a part in the social life of Quebec, however, which Messrs. Gaynor and Greene have not essayed. The Eno house, in which Mr. Eno with his wife and family dispensed gracious hospitality, is still pointed out to the thousands of tourists who every season visit the old city, and the Eno family is well and pleasantly remembered and recalled by many of the leading people of Quebec.

It was due to Mr. Eno that Quebec during his residence there had two fashionable men's clubs, for having been told that his admittance would be denied to the old Garrison Club, Mr. Eno founded the Union Club, which flourished during his Quebec life, and after his departure gradually faded out of existence.

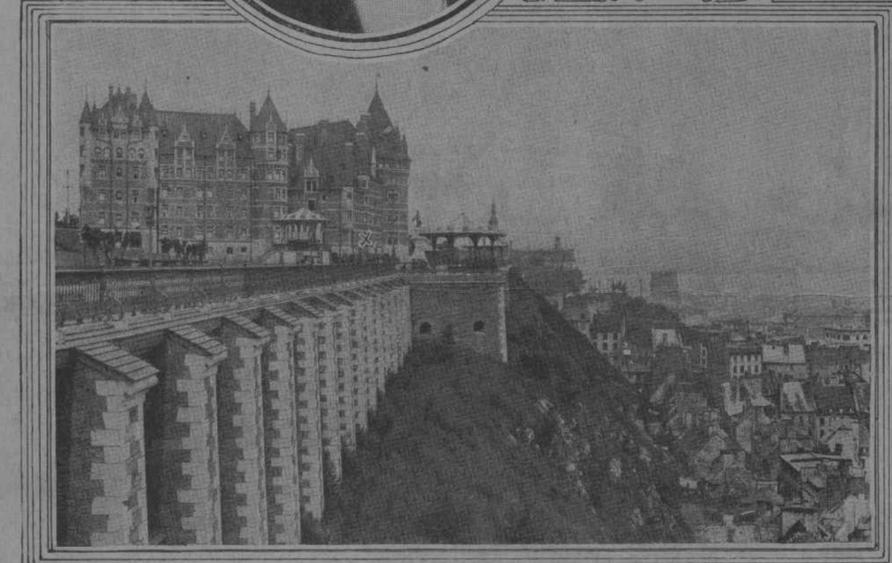
Messrs. Gaynor and Greene, who have now been residents of Quebec for two years, with the exception of a few days of their enforced absence and detention in Montreal, while they have rather a wide acquaintance in Quebec, have lived and are living quietly and unassumingly there, and enjoy the good opinion not only of their friends and acquaintances, but of the citizens of Quebec in general.

What manner of men are they and how are they enduring their enforced exile?

The two partners in exile as well as in business—for it was as a firm of contractors that they were charged with complicity in the Carter frauds—are rather amusingly contrasted in appearance, manners and temperament. Mr., or, rather, Captain Greene, for he was an officer in the United States Army and was graduated first in his class at West Point some forty years ago, was born in Connecticut and went to Bowdoin College in Maine before he entered West Point. He is a tall, handsome, soldierly looking and sparely built man of some sixty years, with snow white hair and mustache.

His manners are dignified and reserved and those of a thorough man of the world. He is always fashionably dressed, and would be pointed out as a man of distinction anywhere. On his first arrival in Quebec he lived for a time with his partner at the Chateau Frontenac, the fashionable hotel not only of Quebec but of Canada, and one of the best known in America, but a few months ago he leased the handsome residence of Sir Adolphe Caron, at No. 21 Mount Carmel street, near the Frontenac and in the fashionable part of the city. There he lives very luxuriously with his wife, who returned a few months ago from a long residence in Europe.

Captain Greene's habits are very regular and simple. He walks over to the Frontenac in the morning to enjoy a cigar and a chat with Mr. Gaynor, and then strolls to a broker's office in the lower town to watch and study the stock market quotations received there from New York and Montreal. He lunches at home, and perhaps after another hour at the broker's office takes a short drive or a walk with Mrs. Greene or makes another call at the chateau and returns home to dine and for the evening.



CHATEAU FRONTENAC FROM TERRACE, QUEBEC X SHOW ROOMS OCCUPIED BY J. F. GAYNOR

Mrs. Greene, who is extremely domestic in her tastes, is rarely seen and as yet is hardly known to the Quebec people. The couple have a daughter, who was recently married abroad to an American, and it is not generally known that this daughter was the beautiful Miss Greene who made such a sensation in English society a few years ago and whose beauty so attracted the attention of Emperor William of Germany.

When I called upon Captain Greene on a recent afternoon I was shown into a spacious and richly furnished library in the fine but unpretentious house which he occupies. The servant who admitted me spoke only

French, as is usual among the servants here, and while she had gone to ascertain whether Captain Greene was in I had leisure to study the room.

All its furnishings and appointments were those of a man of taste and refinement. The latest novels and magazines were on the table, and on the walls hung etchings and engravings of military scenes. The servant returned to tell me that Captain Greene was at the Frontenac. I strolled there, and found him smoking a cigar in the main hall and looking out through one of the great plate glass windows over Dufferin terrace on that old, yet ever new, beau-

tiful and changing vista which unrolls itself from the heights of Quebec.

Mr. Joseph W. Gaynor is a short, thick set man of about Captain Greene's age, and, as I have already said, a complete contrast to his associate in almost every way. He is jovial, hearty in manner, and although there is no trace of brogue in his speech a few moments are sufficient to show that he is a son of old Ireland. He has made many friends in Quebec, as has his good looking and popular wife, and should the couple leave here there will be general regret among those who know them. Mr. and Mrs. Gaynor have lived since their first arrival in

Quebec, two years ago, at the Chateau Frontenac, and are constantly in evidence.

They have handsome apartments in the left wing of the Chateau, on the first floor, overlooking Dufferin terrace, and from their windows have the same beautiful view which I have above described. Mr. Gaynor is a tall fellow, well met, with every one whom he knows and likes, and is constantly to be seen in the hotel corridors, on the terrace and, at late evening, in the café. He is extremely hospitable, and constantly alludes in a humorous way to his enforced exile.

Still Friends

A report has been current in Quebec and published elsewhere to the effect that Messrs. Gaynor and Greene are not on friendly terms. This is an error. They see each other daily, and their relations are cordial and amicable.

Despite his geniality and frankness of manner, I found Mr. Gaynor as unwilling to talk on the details of the celebrated case in which he is one of the principals as was Captain Greene. We enjoyed a cigar together, but to every attempt on my part to induce him to discuss even the legal questions involved he had some loose reply and constantly turned the subject.

He admitted that Captain Greene and himself had cabled to their solicitor, Mr. Taschereau, who is now in London, and who will call for them on the Etourda on August 1, to consent to the petition to appeal being granted.

"I am most anxious," said Mr. Gaynor, "to get a judgment in the case as speedily as possible, and I don't believe that the Lord Chancellor ever made any such statement as that the offence charged is extraditable."

"How do you like Quebec?" I asked. "Oh, very much," was the reply. "But I knew the old city very well before I ever came here to live. Neither Mrs. Gaynor nor myself cares to keep house. We are very comfortable in the hotel, keep in touch with the world, and have enjoyed our life here. I am fond of fishing and I find I can get excellent trout fishing within a few hours of Quebec, and still enjoy the comforts of this modern hotel."

Gaynor's Fishing Excursions.

Mr. Gaynor then told me of several recent fishing excursions taken by his wife and himself, some of which were attended with remarkably good results. Mr. Gaynor's home is in Syracuse, N. Y., where he has extensive manufactures managed by a son by his first wife. An entertaining and agreeable companion, I could well understand Mr. Gaynor's popularity among those who have met and known him in Quebec.

Mrs. Gaynor took up the study of French soon after her arrival in Quebec, and has

become quite proficient in the language, which is generally spoken here, and a knowledge of which, in fact, is almost necessary to enable one to bear one's part properly in social and business life.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaynor drive every afternoon and spend the evening after dinner with friends in the hotel.

An interview with Mr. L. A. Cannon, the representative of Mr. Taschereau, the attorney for Messrs. Greene and Gaynor, and now absent in Europe, brought out no new facts in the case. Mr. Cannon, who was extremely courteous, expressed himself guardedly to the effect that nothing had been left undone to present the case of Messrs. Gaynor and Greene in a thorough and complete manner.

Question of Extradition

If the Lord Chancellor decides that the offence charged is not extraditable, they will be at liberty to live anywhere in Canada, and probably in England. As it is, they are obliged to remain in or near Quebec, although Mr. Gaynor told me that he did not hesitate to make trips wherever he pleased. There is still a decided feeling in Quebec against the action of the Montreal authorities in virtually abducting the exiles last summer, and the action is still characterized as a high handed proceeding.

Mr. Thomas Walsh, of the Quebec Municipal detective force, who accompanied Mr. Cannon in the chase for the exiles to Montreal last year, told me that while Messrs. Gaynor and Greene were virtually at liberty, they kept pretty close to Quebec. He said that they had won the good opinion and esteem of every one who knew them, and that if they left the city it would be to the regret of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

Some men, he said, would have resisted the efforts of the Montreal officers to carry them off, especially in such a high handed way. Messrs. Gaynor and Greene went peaceably and at all times had cheerfully and willingly acceded to any demands made necessary by the law. Of their own accord they had requested to be taken to jail in Quebec for a time last year, simply to prevent another attempt at abduction.

Certainly the life of Messrs. Gaynor and Greene in Quebec, while uneventful, cannot be an unpleasant one. A storied city-set like a jewel in the most beautiful of natural frames, a luxurious modern hotel, the coming and going of thousands of tourists and travellers, with the coolest of summer climates, and if cold, the healthiest of winter climates, and an agreeable and cultured society—such are the qualifications of old Quebec, which make it not only a haven, but a heaven, for refugees.

Cool and Dainty Women's Hats Are Made of Paper.



PINK CREPE PAPER ROSE BONNET. WHITE PINK KIEBON STEAMERS.



WHITE BRAIDED EVENING HAT AND BOA MADE OF CREPE PAPER.



WHITE CREPE PAPER HAT.

ONE of the largest downtown crepe paper houses has a corner devoted to the goddess Flora, where the hand-madams evolve not only marvelous blossoms from a chaotic mass of many hued crepe papers, but paper hats that in a way rival those of a Parisian milliner. There are hats for evening and street wear, for costume parties and out of door fuffes. There are braided, shirred, tucked, ruffled, beflowered and beplumed hats, all sold at prices that seem ridiculously low in view of the perfectly gorgeous effects produced.

From an economical standpoint this fad will be welcomed by that portion of humanity upon whose exchequer frequent demands are made for chapeaux, but their gain will be the loss of the milliner. On the other hand, feminine hearts will rejoice over the prospect of having several handsome hats for the price of one, and all of which will be effective, cool, dainty and durable—so long as they are kept out of the rain. There is no limit to the design and shape of this style of chapeau, and, as crepe paper



DRESDEN CREPE PAPER SUN BONNET.

is much more easily manipulated than milliner's fabrics, even the novice may obtain surprising results with the exquisitely colored papers. The energetic girl who wishes to earn something at home could do nothing more fascinating or profitable than to make crepe flower sunbonnets, garden and picture hats for her friends and acquaintances. Aside from paper, wire frames, a pot of glue and bristol board for the sunbonnets, no more paraphernalia are required.

For example, to make the white picture hat here shown, select a beaming frame and paste white tissue paper over it for a foundation. Cut one roll of crepe paper in five strips and divide each strip in three places, then proceed to braid. When all the strips are braided commence to paste them on from the centre of the crown until the hat is covered. For the plume cut one roll of crepe paper in half, which is ten inches deep. Fold the paper and cut both sides in fine slashes, then curl over a bone crochet needle or the end of a penholder. When the entire roll is slashed and curled, pleat in the centre and paste on the hat. The effect will be that of a white ostrich plume.