

All this may be very sound, very lofty, very noble. But all this, by arrangement with President Poincaré, will lead to the next Premiership. And all this leaves me unhappy, for the reason that I can't help thinking and worrying about M. Pams.

What is the "Tiger," the future Premier, going to do for him ?

There's a cynical, sinister rumour on the boulevards that M. Clemenceau has shrugged his shoulders and said: "Don't speak to me about Pams. I've had enough of him. Let him go on making cigarette papers." So things stand at the Élysée on the 2nd of June 1913.