

CLAIMS TWO EUROPEAN THRONES

By J. J. CONWAY



DON JAIME, SON OF LATE DON CARLOS

DON JAIME, SON OF DON CARLOS, WHO PROCLAIMS HIMSELF KING OF SPAIN AND IS PUT FORTH AS KING OF FRANCE.



THE DOORS of France as well as of Spain are now closed against Don Jaime, the chivalrous son of the late Don Carlos, duke of Madrid, who ruled over the north of Spain under the title of Charles VII. The indiscretion of the Carlist committee in Paris in proposing Don Jaime heir to the throne of France, as well as of Spain, has galvanized into life the law of expulsion concerning the heads of houses of pretenders.

church. He has been proclaimed king by his party. But let his trusted chief, his quasi-prime minister, the man who has directed the Carlist movement since Don Carlos was a beardless youth, and who is the power behind the throne in all the recent happenings, tell the tale.

That law excludes the Duc d'Orleans as head of the younger branch of the Bourbons, Prince Victor as chief of the Napoleonic house, and Don Jaime as claimant of the old Bourbon or legitimist line.

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Don Jaime, now duke of Madrid, means business as far as the throne of Spain is concerned. Though he looks upon his claim to the throne of France as being more historical than practical, still the fact that he has been proclaimed officially the head of the legitimist line brings him under the law of exclusion.

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The expulsion of his father by Napoleon III. has no bearing upon the case of the present claimant. Hitherto a law of expulsion has not been able to keep him out of Spain, whether he has gone whenever he pleased.



DON JAIME'S FUTURE EMPRESS CONSORT, PRINCESS HERMINE OF REUSS

Very different from the old Bourbons, whose motto was "no compromise and no surrender," is this progressive prince and popular military man. Even the veteran republican, Henri Rochefort, speaks of him as being very liberal and entirely of the twentieth century.

the Place du Palais de Bourbon. The famous old legitimist said:

Since his father's followers have proclaimed Don Jaime their chief the Carlists have taken on a new life and under existing conditions in the peninsula he may soon find himself seated on the throne for which his father and his grandfather vainly took the field. It is interesting to note in this connection that Count Urbain de Maille, president of the Carlist society of Paris, offered a dukedom to a Boston merchant in consideration of financial aid for the cause.

"Don Jaime has ceased to be prince de Bourbon just as Albert Edward was no longer prince of Wales after he had become king. When traveling incognito he is now the duke of Madrid. His title among legitimists is King James I. of France. He has not yet selected a title for Spain, but it will probably be Charles VIII, as his father ruled over the Basque provinces under the title of Charles VII. Thus far we have had no coronation, but we have carried out all the preliminary ceremonies. The central council of legitimists, myself at their head, walked three times around the coffin containing the remains of Don Carlos, and three times did we proclaim the traditional cry: 'Le roi est mort; vive le roi!' We proclaimed Don Jaime, prince de Bourbon, the successor of that long and illustrious line of kings who have shed so much luster on France. At this ancient and interesting ceremony the old Vendean chiefs were represented by the count de Cathelineau.

Don Jaime is the hero of a novel, of which the villain is the Duc d'Albe and the heroine a well-known Washington belle. He is an officer of the Russian army and has seen active service in Manchuria. He has the reputation of being well versed in the science of war and of not knowing fear.

"It will interest Americans to know," he continued, "that the husband of Miss Polk of Tennessee, General the Baron Charette, is one of our most illustrious Vendeans chiefs, and as brave a royalist as ever stood in shoe-leather. The de Charettes won undying fame as leaders of the royalists in the Vendeans war of 1797.

He looks upon the Duc d'Orleans as a visionary and speaks of the Napoleonic princes with contempt. The platonic Orleanists, who merely get up banquets and 'clink glasses, he contrasts with the fighting Carlists, who have twice taken the field and are ready to do so again. He has more Bourbon blood in his veins than any man living, for he is a Bourbon from both sides of the house, his mother having been Marquise, princesse de Bourbon-Parma. He was educated at an English college and speaks and writes the English language like a graduate of the university of Dublin.

"Don Jaime, or King James, as we now call him, wears the order of the Holy Spirit and the order of the Golden Fleece. We are great symbolists and these orders are emblematic of his royal Spanish house."

Upon what do you base Don Jaime's claim, count?" I asked.

"His claim to the throne of France is based upon the fact that he is a direct descendant of King Louis XIV. In other words, he represents the old Bourbon or legitimist line. You are aware that the story about the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette having escaped the prison of the temple and having lived in Holland under the name of Nordorf, and of his having left heirs is pure invention.

"But no one questions the historic claim of our king. His majesty's claim to the throne of Spain is based upon the Salic law. Don Jaime is the fourth claimant. It was in favor of the late Queen Isabella, mother of the infant Eulalie, so well known in America, that King Ferdinand VII. set aside the Salic law. Eulalie and her princes and their set hate us because they know we have right on our side and that we have fought for our own and will fight again if necessary.

A Youthful Admirer.
Miss Ethel Barrymore's marriage has not affected her popularity. The proof of this lies in a pretty story:
Every night during an engagement in Boston a tiny bunch of violets was sent to her. She always left the violets in her dressing room, but one night she planned the purple flowers to her belt, and the following day, when the usual fresh bouquet came to her, this scrawl came with it:
"Dear friend, Miss Barrymore: I seen you wear my violets, so I kno you got them. To-night look at me, I will be in top gallery first row in my shirt sleeves and my legs hanging over the front of the galaxy."
Miss Barrymore looked. Her admirer, a bootblack of 8 or 9 years, was in the place and attitude he had promised, and she rewarded him with a smile and a nod of recognition.

Increasing the injury.
The man who never forgives a wrong merely makes the wrong greater.

HONORS WITH THE COMEDIAN

Deserved to Win Audience by Witty Retort He Made to Unfortunate Doriak.

When a certain well-known Scotch comedian, noted for the stern repression of his generous instincts, appeared in a London music hall after his last American tour, he was greeted by a great uproar of welcome. One man was seen crying out

in an apparent delirium of pleasure, but in a lull of the cheering his voice was heard exclaiming: "Skinflint! Skinflint! Skinflint!"

As soon as the noise died away the comedian pointed over the audience to his critic who was looking rather sheepish at being caught.
"What did ye mean," said he, "by calling me a skinflint?"
"Oh, I didn't mean anything," said

the other, "except in a—in a—in an affectionate sort of way."
"I see," said the comedian. "This a good thing ye didn't have a brick in your hand or you might have thrown me a kiss as well."

Use of Concrete in China.
Concrete houses and walls reinforced with bamboo, have been built in the Chinese city of Swatow for more than 300 years, and some of the oldest are said to be as substantial today as when erected.

SMILES

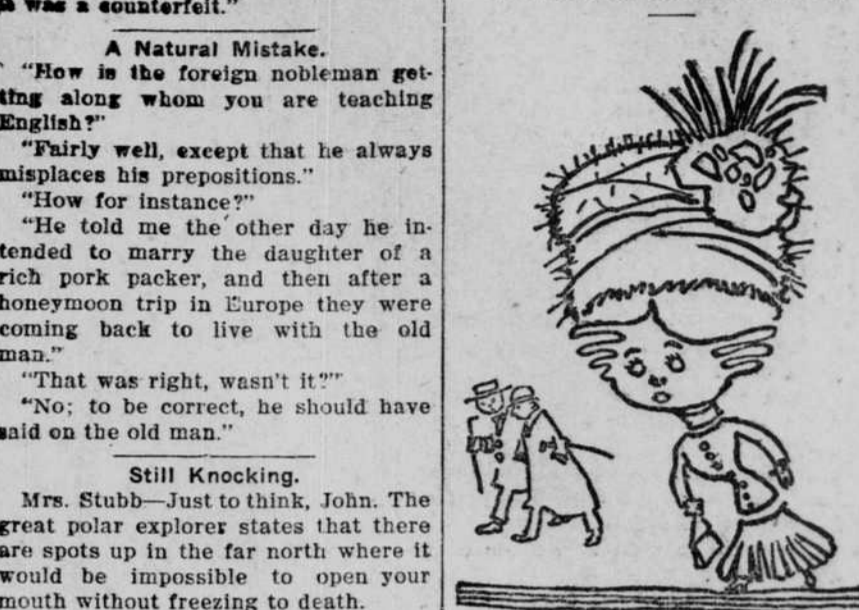
HELPING THE BLIND.
"Please help a blind man," said a fellow with green goggles, as he held a tin cup toward the line of people issuing from the Union depot last evening. "I always help the blind," said one of two young men who were passing, and he stopped and took out a five-dollar bill; "can you get a quarter out of this?" "I guess so," said the blind man, fishing out a handful of change and counting out \$4.75. "Well, John," said the benevolent young man's companion, as they walked on, "you're a bigger fool than I took you to be." "Am I?" said John. "Yes, you are; that fellow's no more blind than I am. How could he tell that was a five-dollar bill?" "Blamed if I know," said John, innocently; "but he must be mighty near-sighted not to see that it was a counterfeit."

A Natural Mistake.
"How is the foreign nobleman getting along whom you are teaching English?"
"Fairly well, except that he always misplaces his prepositions."
"How for instance?"
"He told me the other day he intended to marry the daughter of a rich pork packer, and then after a honeymoon trip in Europe they were coming back to live with the old man."
"That was right, wasn't it?"
"No; to be correct, he should have said on the old man."

Still Knocking.
Mrs. Stubb—Just to think, John. The great polar explorer states that there are spots up in the far north where it would be impossible to open your mouth without freezing to death.
Mr. Stubb—Ah, now I understand, Maria.
Mrs. Stubb—Understand what?
Mr. Stubb—Why it is that women never try to discover the north pole.

A Hard Life.
Irritated Citizen—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, going about with that street organ, and leading such a lazy life?
Street Organist—Lazy life? Why, sir, life with me is one long daily grind.

DON'T Y'KNOW!



At the Banquet.
He rose and told his brightest joke. The papers said: "Smith also spoke."

A Question of Taste.
"You are sure this was moonshine whisky?" said the investigator.
"Yes," answered the man from Tennessee.
"Did you taste it?"
"Taste it? No, I swallowed a little. You don't taste it any more than you'd taste a hornet if you accidentally bit one. You just know it's there."

A Steady Job.
"Peculiar thing about women, isn't it?" said the benedict.
"What's peculiar about them?" queried the innocent bachelor.
"Why," explained the other, "after a woman gets married she wonders three times a day as long as she lives what to get for the next meal."

Taking after Pa.
Stranger—Gracious! What a queer baby! It seems he'd rather be under the carriage than in it.
Nurse—Yes, ma'am. You see, his father is an automobile crank and the baby thinks he is fixing a machine when he crawls under the carriage.

How It Happened.
"I see where a Frenchman won an automobile race by a neck."
"Shucks! You must be thinking about a horse race."
"Nothing of the kind. The Frenchman was the only driver entered who didn't break his neck."

Lofty Scorn.
"I suppose after giving Elsie a good lecture on her outrageous flirting, you found her a regular valley of humiliation."
"Not much I didn't. She was mere in a state of mountainous pique."



He—Talking about Shackleton.
I really can't understand what a feller should go pottering about in such outlandish places. At don't s'pose the theaters and music halls are a bit better there than they are heah-what!

Our Wilbur.
Wilbur, flying fastest.
Turning quickest, will not halt 'till he has trained his aeroplane To turn a somersault.

Did His Best.
Passerby—Here, boy, your dog has bitten me on the ankle.
Dog Owner—Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bite your neck, would yer?—Pearson's Weekly.

The Only Kind.
"It would be a good idea if brains could be gone over and renovated now and then."
"If that were possible, some brains would have to be renovated with a vacuum cleaner."

A Recollection.
"Did it take you long to learn the college yell?"
"No, indeed. I yelled the first night the sophomores got me."



Associated Profits.
"Is he a good player?"
"Well, when he handles poker, you just ought to see him shovel in the money."

Just as Well.
"Statistics show that Japan has two earthquakes a day."
"Gee, a man might as well be married as to live in Japan!"

Rapid Work.
"Twister, the celebrated contortionist, has made a new record."
"What is it?"
"Twenty knots an hour."

Nothing in It.
She—I hear you contemplate becoming an aeronaut?
He—You have been misinformed. I intend to remain an aero cipher.

Cause and Effect.
"I don't believe that girl's smile comes from her heart."
"It doesn't; it comes from her new gold tooth."

Where He Was Slow.
"I fear that he is a very fast young man."
"You are wrong, he is the slowest young man I have ever known."
"I am glad to hear you say that; he is paying attention to my daughter and I confess I was worried. You know him well?"
"I'm his tailor."

A Sure Sign.
City Visitor—How do you know this ree is a slugwoody?
Suburbanite—I can tell by its bark.

Foolish Worry.
"Captain, is there no way in which the ship may be saved?"
"None at all, sir, we are going to the bottom, but I should not worry about the ship, sir, if I were you—she is fully insured. You'd better find a life belt."

So What's the Use!
"Drift Armstrong says that women are never content to go like nature intended them to."
"The police wouldn't let them if they were."