CLAIMS TWO EUROPEAN THRONES

By J. J. CONWAY

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

DON JAIME, SON OF LATE DON CARLOS

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 proclaiming 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.

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.

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.

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, whither he has gone whenever he pleased.

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.

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.

Of those who have misgivings no one stands more in fear and trembling than the Dowager Queen Christina. For, while Don Jaime has a qualified admiration for her posthumous son, Alfonso XIII., he has supreme contempt for the intriguing ex-nun who prevented his sisters from marrying Austrian archdukes. At Biarritz he has frequently been within speaking distance of his cousin, King Alfonso, though they have never exchanged words.

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.

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 Marquerite, 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.

The heir to two thrones, for years he lived in a Paris attic, where Carlist chiefs called to pay their respects to royalty and where on certain days they passed to inscribe their names. Love and war have been his favorite pastimes and both got him into trouble with his millionaire father. He helped to arm the Carlists of the Basque country during the Spanish-American war and became estranged from Carlos because the latter would not strike a blow. He fell in love with a beautiful German princess at the court of St. Petersburg, but his father frowned upon the marriage because the lady belongs to the Lutheran 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.

Count Urbain de Maille, the Carlist chief, recently received me at his home in the Place du Palais de Bourbon. The famous old legitimist said:

"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.

"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 Vendean 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 Vendean war of 1797.

"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 Infanta 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.

"Our king's late father, Dom Carlos, ruled over the north of Spain for seven years under the title of Charles VII. Previous claimants have fought for the throne of their ancestors and none of them was a braver or a better equipped soldier than Don Jaime."

"What is your flag?" was my next question.

"The flag of the Grand Monarch is our flag. The flag which floated over my chateau in Brittany, where the late Dom Carlos was banqueted and expelled from France for a speech he made under my roof. Ours is the white flag with the fleurs-de-lys. Sooner than change that banner for the red, white and blue, the late Count de Chambord, who was our King Henry V., declined the crown of France when offered to him by Marshal MacMahon.

"Don Jaime is now at the chateau of Frosdorf in Austria. This was the property of the count de Chambord, or King Henry V. He has left it to Don Jaime together with the family pictures, documents and other papers belonging to the legitimist succession. In that old Bourbon chateau his plans are maturing."

"But, count, is not the claim to the throne of France somewhat visionary?" I asked.

"Not at all. It is founded upon right. I believe in the divine rights of kings. The practical aspect of the question is that Don Jaime will concentrate all his energies upon Spain. He does not want a civil war and there will be none. He is too much of a patriot to lead Spaniard against Spaniard. A dynastic crisis is at hand in Spain. King Alfonso is a usurper and cannot last. The son of the Austrian canoness and grandson of Queen Isabella has not much Bourbon blood in his veins. The recent indignant explosion was one of outraged patriotism. Old, feudal, romantic Spain craves for a king who will put himself at the head of the army. King Alfonso wanting to go to the front in Morocco is like William J. Bryan having been appointed to a command in the Philippines by the late President McKinley. Good jokes, both. Spaniards are indignant because the court of Spain is Anglicized. An English queen, English governesses, English teachers, English bringing up of royal children, English physicians, English everything.

"Even an English police officer was brought to Barcelona and has organized a force there for the consideration of $30,000 a year. The German emperor quarreled with his mother rather than allow the court to be Anglicized. Do you think that a nation whose Castilian pride is proverbial will stand such slights? Don Jaime will get a call and the day that call comes will find him ready. There is no Castelar in Spain to lead the republicans. I have received numerous letters, even from our African possessions, all of which end with 'Long live the king.'

"The eloquent Carlist deputy, Mella, sends us cheering news that the country is with us. The army loves a brave officer, the people like a twentieth century man. In the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia alone Don Jaime could raise an army of 100,000 men if he wished. He is certain to sit upon the throne of his ancestors and dead glory will rise again."

And now for the claimant's strange romance. In appearance he is a typical hero. Slightly above the middle height, he is dark, has a soldierly bearing, an intellectual forehead, and fine Spanish eyes, which at times flash fire and again are full of melancholy. The report spread last year that he was engaged to marry Miss Moore, daughter of the late Banker Moore of Kansas City and of Mrs. Edith Crawford Moore, now of New York. What is certain is that Don Jaime, the dashing officer of the Russian army, fell in love with a beautiful princess, whom he met at the court of St. Petersburg. The empress of Russia favored the wooing, but Dom Carlos stamped and raged and would have none of it. The princess being a member of the Lutheran church, argued the claimant, would never do for the throne of Spain. Now that Dom Carlos is dead the son renews his suit. The young lady in question belongs to a junior branch of the house of Saxe-Coburg. She is a cousin of the empress of Russia. She is said to be Princess Hermine, daughter of Prince Henri of Reuss. The young lady is 22 years old and of surpassing beauty. The German emperor also looks on approvingly and as to the difference of religion, love will find a way.

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

CHATEAU OF FROSDORF, AUSTRIA—DON JAIME'S PRESENT HOME

BEE FARM ON CITY ROOF.

Reading, Pa., has a "bee farm," so situated that 90 per cent. of the people in that part of town even do not know of its presence. To the busy bees all roads seem to lead to this place, for they can fly 50 feet up in the air and still be able to reach their home, without coming in contact with humanity. At the foot of Neversink mountain, in the northwestern section of the city, lives Julius Wagner. On the roof of his house are many bee hives. Under the window sills are a number of holes leading to a garret room, where there are many more hives and where millions of busy little workers come and go day by day, bringing each time a little honey from some clover field, some tree that is in bloom or from other sources, thus helping Julius Wagner to conduct the most successful and novel apiary in Berks county.

Mr. Wagner made his start in Reading in 1867 with one hive, according to the Philadelphia Record. To this he added hive after hive from year to year, until tot-day he has nearly two-score hives in the little garret room and on the roof and as many more out in the country on the premises of friends.

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