SPAIN'S GOVERNMENT MAY BE OVERTURNED BY THE CARLISTS

THERE is to be within a few days a national election in Spain which may change the political complexion of that country entirely. The recent overthrow of the ministry under General Azcarraga and the formation of a Liberal cabinet by the veteran of Spanish politics, Sagasta, presage something for Spain which the Republicans and also the Carlists construe as "opportunity."

Senor Praxades Mateo Sagasta, the oldest statesman in Europe and dean of European premiers, has been in and out of power more times than he has fingers on both hands, but he has always been at heart a monarchist and generally on the side of the strongest party. It is doubtful, however, if even this experienced leader of men, this old time revolutionist and past master in diplomacy, can stem the tide that is now rising around the throne of Spain and threatening to engulf it.

Most Spaniards, notwithstanding their adherence to ancient traditions and profound respect for monarchical institutions, are variable and inconstant. They are, moreover, brave to rashness, though easily stampeded by a valiant enemy. Latterly the Spanish people have been thinking—a process hitherto restricted, if not absolutely denied them as a people—and the result of their cogitations apparently has been the recognition of their foolishness in keeping in power a mere boy, son of "that foreign woman," as they call Queen Regent Christina, merely for sentiment's sake.

The life of the present prime minister, Sagasta, who is now 74, presents in epitome the past 50 years of turmoils and revolutions—monarchies, republics, regencies—which have succeeded each other in his unhappy country. He has fought as a revolutionist in civil wars, he has twice been forced to take refuge in France, he has been editor of a Radical newspaper, and he has been at the head of Liberal cabinets; once by a hair's breadth escaped being massacred, once again condemned to die by the garrote. It is now apparently an even chance whether he may be eventually hailed as his country's savior or be haled before another tribunal and again find his life in peril.

These elections will decide for a season what will be Spain's form of government in the near future. Some predict the formation of a republic, with some one of the few great men Spain still can boast at the helm; others say that the result will be a despotism under that monster of iniquity, General Weyler, who, despite the unspeakable atrocities he committed in Cuba and the severity with which he has crushed incipient rebellions in Spain, probably has the army at his back.

The sentiment that has hitherto sustained the precarious tenure of Alfonso XIII, the boy king, to the throne and retention of his foreign born mother as regent received a severe shock by the recent marriage of his sister, Maria de las Mercedes, to Carlos Bourbon Caserta, himself son of a pretender and considered as an enemy of Spain. As the heiress presumptive, the infanta Maria Mercedes would succeed to the throne upon Alfonso's death, and as he is a weakly youth of 15 (born May 17, 1886) there is a dynastic eventuality impending which the proud Spaniards do not like to contemplate.

Alfonso, then, it is declared, is not seriously considered as a factor should a revolution result from the May elections. He is still the legitimate heir of his father and of his grandmother, the notorious Isabella II, who is now living in Paris enshrouded in a dubious atmosphere. The Spaniards have no love for his mother, Queen Christina, although she is an estimable woman and has administered the government wisely according to her lights. But she is at best a frivolous creature and is noted more for changing her finger rings, of which she has nearly 300, at least six times a day, than for her sagacity as a sovereign.

The present rulers of Spain are, even to the bigoted and sentimental Spaniards, wholly inadequate to the situation and totally lacking in the elements of leadership the sovereign should possess—today more than at any other time in Spain's history. These failing, there are millions of men in Spain who are casting their glances northward, scanning the Basque provinces for the emergence of one whom they at least consider in the light of a hero. This expected one, who, in their opinion, is the real heir to the throne, is none other than the present representative of the Carlists, who have asserted their claims for nearly 70 years. They base them, first, upon the divine right of kings to rule the country over which, in the wisdom of Providence, they have been placed; second, upon the fact that their claimant is the regal representative of Charles IV, the king who reigned at the end of the last century.

It is an old story and has been told many times, yet there occur intervals between the Carlist risings in or invasions of Spain long enough for the general reader to forget their claims and for the features of the claimants to become dim, if not obliterated. This is sufficient excuse for briefly narrating the story of the Carlists, who now loom so portentously as factors in Spanish politics of the near future.

The trouble dates from a period two centuries agone, when, about 1700, the war of the succession was inaugurated, owing to the rival claims of Archduke Charles of Austria and the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV of France, whom Charles II of Spain had appointed his successor. It was a war that eventually involved all Europe, but ended in 1713 in the triumph of the Duke of Anjou, who is known to history as Philip V. It was he, the first of Spanish Bourbons, who introduced the famous Salic law, by which females were excluded from succession to the throne of Spain. This measure was contrary to Spanish custom and precedent, a noteworthy instance of a queen ruling in her own right or conjointly with her husband, being the great Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand. But it was ratified by the cortes and became a constitutional law of Spain.

Time passed, and when, owing to the abdication of Charles IV, enforced by Bonaparte, his eldest son became king of Spain as Ferdinand VII, trouble began in the country so recently harried by the soldiers of France. Ferdinand, notwithstanding the fact that he was five times married, found himself toward the end of his life without a male heir to the throne. As a consequence, he declared the ancient Salic law practically abrogated and appointed as successor his elder daughter, Isabella. In order to strengthen his declaration he ordered the cortes, the nobles of his kingdom and the army to take the oath of fealty to little Isabella as sole heiress to the throne. Having done all he could to perpetuate his miserable line in the person of a daughter of his wife, Queen Christina, Ferdinand departed this life in September, 1833, leaving a legacy of hate and misrule to Isabella, then but 3 years old. The sentiments of loyalty and chivalry which have always been prominent Spanish traits moved the Spaniards to flock about the standard of Isabella later on when the adherents of Ferdinand's brother, the Infante Don Carlos, rallied to enforce his claims.

Upon the announcement of Ferdinand's act of abrogation and his proclamation to all Spaniards commanding their assent Don Carlos, the then next in succession, refused in a dignified document which is still preserved. As it explains the situation clearly it is herewith given in full as it was issued from the palace of Ramallon, April 29, 1833:

Sire—I, Carlos Isidro de Borbon, infante of Spain, being well convinced of my rights to the throne of Spain in case of my surviving your majesty without having any male issue, do hereby declare that neither my conscience nor my honor permits me to take the oath nor recognize other rights. I am, sire, your loving brother and faithful vassal, THE INFANTE, DON CARLOS.

There is the matter in a nutshell. By the recognized law of primogeniture Carlos, as the surviving brother of Ferdinand next in age and son of Charles IV, was clearly entitled to succeed him. He was in Portugal when the expected news of Ferdinand's demise reached him and immediately addressed a letter to the provisional government at Madrid as follows:

To the President Duke of the Royal Council:

I hereby declare that, my royal brother having had no male heir to succeed him on the throne, I am the legitimate heir and king, as I already manifested in writing to my dear deceased brother in my formal protest dated the 29th of April last, as also to the council on the 12th of June, and which I now impart to the council over which you preside in order that my recognition may immediately be proceeded with and orders given for the execution thereof throughout my kingdom. I, THE KING (YO EL REY).

Santarem, 4th October, 1833.

Instead, however, of recognizing the absolute justice of his claim the council proceeded to declare Don Carlos a traitor and a rebel, himself and his heirs excluded from the throne of Spain forever and perpetually exiled from the country. A law to that effect was passed by the cortes, the last clause of which declared that the Spanish nation did not desire Don Carlos, with his absolutism, theocracy and ignorance, but a "constitutional queen, to reign over a liberal and enlightened people."

The result was that the people of Spain promptly took sides either for Don Carlos or in favor of Queen Regent Christina and the infant Isabella, and for seven years the country was desolated by civil war. Eventually Don Carlos of Bourbon, second son of Charles IV and heir presumptive to the throne until the birth of Isabella, was forced to flee to France, in 1839. The contestants were known, from their adherence either to Don Carlos or Christina, as "Carlistas" and "Cristinos." The latter have long since disappeared in name though not in actuality, while the former seem to be more active than ever.

In 1845 Don Carlos abdicated in favor of his son, Don Carlos, count of Montemolin, who was born in 1818 and died in 1861. He raised a revolt in 1860, but was unsuccessful and was succeeded by his nephew, the present Don Carlos, duke of Madrid, who was born in 1848.

His father, Don Juan, having abdicated in his favor in 1868, he has from that time been recognized as the Carlist leader and known to them as Charles VII. He made an unsuccessful attempt to invade and stir up Spain in 1870 and 1872, when Amadeo was king, and again in 1873, when Spain was temporarily under a republican form of government. The eventual outcome was his flight to France, where he found an asylum. But in 1881, having rendered himself a persona non grata by asserting a claim to the throne of France, he was compelled to leave for England.

He is, indeed, a great "pretender" and, his enemies say, wholly devoid of valor, having fled the field when his forces were in peril. The Carlist succession will soon devolve upon his son, Don Jaime, born June 27, 1870, who is now an officer in the Russian army and ranks higher as a soldier than "Don Carlos the Coward" and lover of ease. Don Jaime de Bourbon was recently in China, whither also his sister, Princess Alice of Schoneberg Waldenburg, followed him as a nurse by permission of the czar.

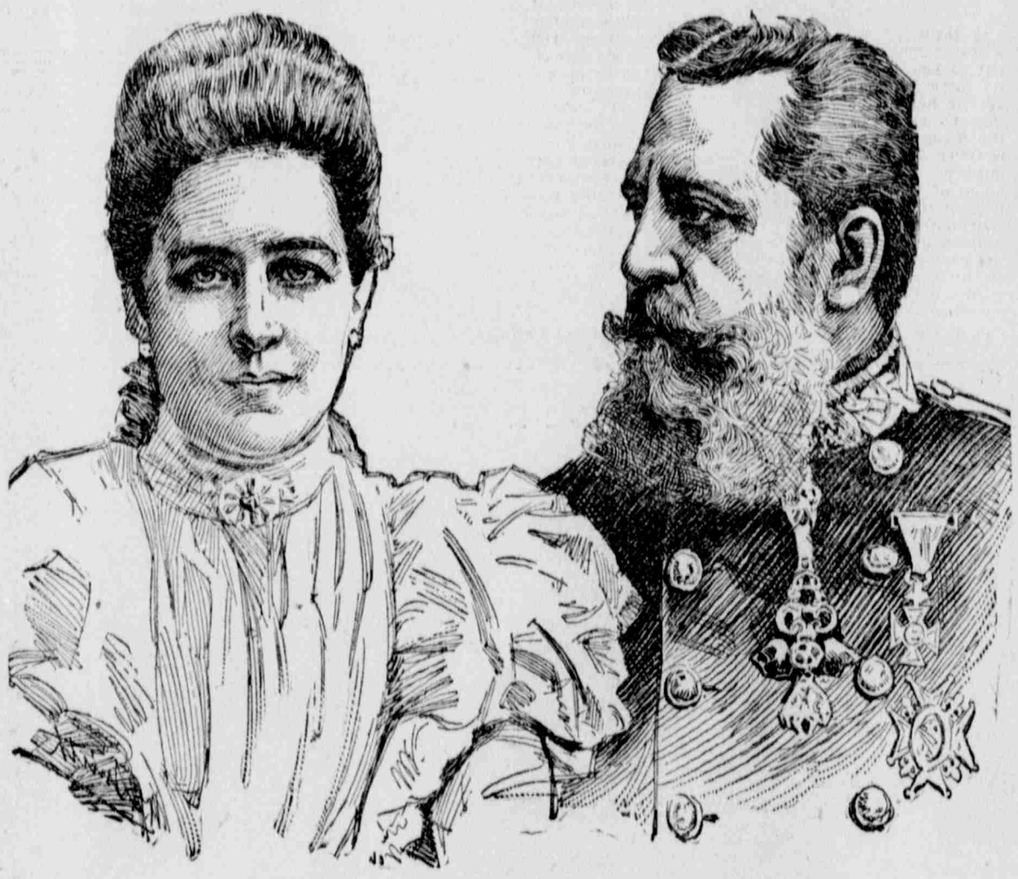
According to the old Spanish law, Don Carlos, duke of Madrid, the present Carlist pretender, is undoubtedly the rightful king of Spain, notwithstanding the abrogation of the Salic law by his great-uncle, Ferdinand VII. It is also a curious fact that the present queen regent, Christina, is quite nearly related to him, as her mother was an aunt of his by marriage, and she herself in her girlish days, before there was any thought of her being wedded to Alfonso XII, was an ardent "Carlista." Just now these two are deadly enemies, the pretender having designs upon the throne which she, as a loyal and loving mother, is desirous of retaining for her only son.

Don Carlos has been twice married and has several children by his first wife, though only one son, Don Jaime. He is a fine, soldierly appearing man even if he has not a soldier's heart, but he prefers a life of peace to one of war, especially since by the death of his uncle, Comte de Chambord, he inherited a very large fortune. Since he came into possession of this fortune he has lived royally, mainly in Italy, owning a magnificent palace in Venice, in which he receives his would be subjects and intrigues against the country of his ancestors.

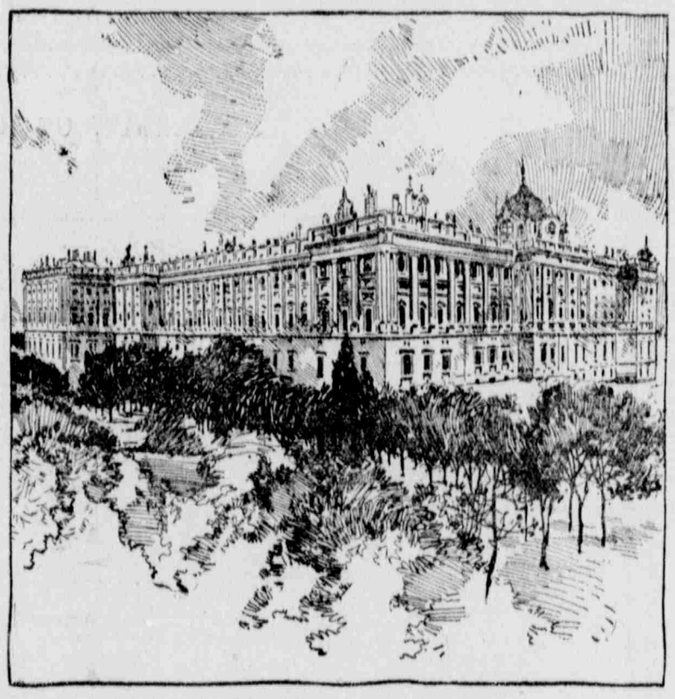
The second wife of Don Carlos, who was the Princess of Rohan and to whom he is said to be devotedly attached, has an ambition to be queen of Spain; so at last the question may resolve itself into whether her lofty aspirations shall be gratified or those of Queen Christina, who would probably give her life in defense of the Spanish throne for her son to occupy at his majority.

As viewed in its present aspect the chances are, if not in favor of the Duchess of Madrid, at least bright for her stepson, Don Jaime, for, despite their clinging to sentimental traditions of loyalty and devotion, the people of Spain love a soldierly figure and despise a milksop. Don Jaime has won his spurs, King Alfonso has not, and what is more, shows no inclination for a soldier's career. The contest, when it comes, however, will probably be a triangular one between Don Jaime, Alfonso and the people in favor of a republic, but for which, even after all their bitter experiences, the Spaniards are hardly prepared.

ELBERT O. WOODSON.



DON CARLOS, THE PRETENDER, AND HIS WIFE



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

SEAWEED BEER.

During the last few years seaweed has been found of value for purifying and clarifying beer, and the advertisement of the future will read:

"All malt preparations sold by this firm are guaranteed free from arsenic and are brewed by the seaweed process."

The seaweed, or sea moss, as it should be called, looks, when dried, something like gelatin and is so light that one ounce of it would fill a pint jug. It is found in many parts of the Pacific ocean, but is usually seen covering rocks that are exposed to the air at low tide.

The men who collect the sea moss garner the crop with long rakes. The substance is placed in fine nets and thoroughly washed first in sea water and then in fresh. It is then allowed to dry in the sun and is ready for use.

DISTASTEFUL TO THE DUCHESS.

The Duchess of Cornwall and York is rapidly overcoming the shyness which made her once so nervous in public. Not long ago she was asked who, in her opinion, were the most unpleasant sort of individuals. "Why," said the duchess laughingly, "those people who directly they catch sight of me call out, 'There she is!' This exclamation, uttered in every tongue under heaven, may be reckoned upon, therefore, as the inevitable alloy in Duchess May's pleasure during the tour of the Ophir. When her husband, the duke, was asked a similar question, he replied quickly, "The man who would lend me a fiver and expect to be paid back."

Home Life of Edmond Rostand, The "Shakespeare of France"

IN my rambles about Bayonne and Biarritz, and particularly in the attractive suburbs of these most celebrated of French watering places, I have occasionally seen a single horseman, ambling along, deep in thought, apparently regardless of all surroundings. He was small and dapper, with a pale, clear cut face, reddish mustache and dark eyes, with nothing at all about him to indicate that he was anything more than the average Frenchman. Imagine, then, my surprise when I was one day told that this quiet, ordinary appearing little man was the great Edmond Rostand, about whom Paris, and even all France, has been actually raving for nearly three years.

It was, however, characteristic of the man, I have since discovered, to seek a retreat in the Pyrenees, "far from the madding crowd" that would gladly have overwhelmed him with invitations and attentions, and hide himself in the obscure town of Cambo les Bains, which is about nine miles from Biarritz and equidistant from this place and Bayonne. There he has hired a commodious establishment, and there he is now at work on a new play, which will be brought out, I am told, next season. The working methods of this "dramatic master of Europe" and "Shakespeare of France" have always been the same. Though born of wealthy parents and always having the world at his command, so far as its material comforts go, Rostand has ever sought solitude and a retreat to do his work in.

He is not, I may say without intending any disparagement of his countrymen or nationality, the typical Frenchman as one generally pictures him, a poseur for fame to find without effort, or a literary artist who paints his pictures in the full glare of publicity. On the contrary, Rostand is quiet and retiring by nature, and, like all great geniuses, he only produces his best work in seclusion. He dresses well, and in the latest fashion, with voluminous scarf, creased trousers and coat of the very newest cut. His hands are beringed, his fingers slender and white, and his whole appearance suggestive of the fastidious dandy. But there the comparison ends, for, though naturally somewhat stilted, he is absolutely without affectation and shuns society as earnestly as did Thomas Carlyle or Ralph Waldo Emerson. In a word, he is a genius, and men of his stamp do not greatly care for the society of their fellows. If one has a literary mission in this world or a word to speak worth listening to, he is usually of the class to which Edmond Rostand belongs. He works in secret, patiently, purposely, with faith in himself, and caring not a rap for what the world may do so long as it leave him alone.

And yet Rostand is a model friend, husband and father. His home, his beautiful wife, his two lovely children, are all in all to him, and he really cares for no other society. In fact, Mme. Rostand, who was Mlle. Rosamonde Gerard before her marriage, is a very talented woman and even has the name not only of having collaborated with her husband in writing "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," but of entirely producing the latter. At all events, she has written most creditable verse and prose and, as her husband is not slow to aver, has been of great assistance to him in his work. In appearance she is as much English as French and is bringing up their children to speak and write the language of "perfidious Albion."

To show how Rostand has conserved his energies and has devoted himself to his art it is only necessary to mention that he has clung to his native land, traveled little and gone into society less. He married at 21 (he is now 33), and he studied what his countrymen wanted. The advice so often quoted, "Find out what the public want, then give it to them," has been as literally his motto as though he invented the phrase. It has brought him that magnificent success in his "Cyrano de Bergerac," and again in "L'Aiglon." He cares not whether other people than the French like his plays, for he is working for them. Understanding them, he produced a play that "took" at once and has already made more than a fortune. It always seems to be the rich man, or, in other words, the man who can command his leisure and keep the wolf away, who produces the really remunerative play or the successful novel, as, for instance, Rostand, Paul W. Ford, etc. There is a moral in this, and it is: First make your fortune, or marry it; then write your play or novel!

The list of Rostand's works shows how steadily he labored before his great masterpiece was produced. In 1894, when he was 26, he published "Les Romanesques;" two years later "La Princesse Lointaine;" in 1897 "La Samaritaine;" but success was not won until the big nosed, swashbuckler hero, Cyrano de Bergerac, burst upon Paris and literally took it by storm. Then people were willing to give attention to Rostand's other productions. Last season, after his "L'Aiglon" had appeared, two theaters were vying with each other as to which should pour the most money into his coffers. His plays have sold by the hundred thousand, and his author's fees for their production last July, for example, exceeded $6,500; in August $9,000, and it is said that a check for $10,000 was paid him on the 10th of every month thereafter. At the end of the first season of "L'Aiglon" and the third of "Cyrano" Rostand had received, at a moderate estimate, more than $400,000. And the exasperating thing about all this is that he did not need it, reminding one of that ancient proverb, "To him that hath shall be given."

Still it is vastly to his credit that Rostand should have done his work and the best work of which he was capable, without the spur of poverty; that he should have labored as faithfully for art's sake as many a man works for his bread.

The foregoing are some of the things that make interesting this dapper little man now at Cambo les Bains and whom I so frequently see of a morning taking his "constitutional" in a preoccupied way.

WESLEY A. MARTINE

Biarritz, France.

A HISTORIC "M."

Did you ever wonder why that little V shaped nick was placed at the juncture of the coat collar with the lapel?

Hold your coat up before you, and you will see at a glance that it would "set" just as well without the nick as with it.

But there was a motive in the madness of the first man who adopted the little insignia of distinction, and this is how it came about:

When Napoleon I gave way to his ambition, he tried to implicate General Moreau in a big conspiracy. Moreau had been Napoleon's superior and was very popular; but, under the circumstances, it was not safe to express publicly any sympathy with Moreau, so his admirers secretly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show who they were.

Carefully note the outlines of your coat front and see if you cannot detect the initial M in its windings. The M will appear upside down, the little nicks forming its sides. M was the initial letter of Moreau, and his champions were thus known by the nicks in the lapels of their coats.

A LITTLE PRINCE'S DIGNITY.

However carefully and sensibly royal children are brought up, it is doubtless difficult to keep from them the knowledge of their own importance. It seems that little Prince Edward of Cornwall and York has discovered that he is a personage of considerable account. He and his younger brother were at a children's party some time ago, and when the time for departing arrived a lady remarked to one of the royal nurses that Prince Edward had run down stairs by himself. "Oh," said the nurse, "he often does that. He likes to get into the carriage first for fear lest his brother should have the seat of honor."

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

At the closing of the fund for a memorial to the late Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts a total of $40,181.32 in contributions was acknowledged. Names of 10,000 contributors have been published, but the total number of contributors exceeded this.

The will of the late Lord Armstrong has been proved, the estate being valued at $1,399,000. The bulk of the property is bequeathed to his lordship's nephew, Mr. Watson Armstrong.

President Loubet of France has conferred a gold medal upon Chief George C. Hale of the Kansas City fire brigade, which gave exhibitions in Paris during the international exposition of 1900.

The Duke of Devonshire owns the biggest emerald in the world. It is known as the Devonshire emerald and was purchased by the present duke's father from Dom Pedro. As of late years this stone has become the rarest of gems, the Devonshire emerald, measuring two inches in diameter and of the finest color, is of fabulous value.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has appointed Prince Khevenhuller-Metsch to represent him at the dedication of a memorial chapel to his brother on the spot at Queretaro where Maximilian was killed in 1867.

Baltimore is talking about a monument to William Patterson, father of Betsy Patterson Bonaparte and the original Billy Patterson who was struck. He was a prominent citizen in his day.

Ezra P. Savage, who by virtue of the election of Governor Dietrich to the United States senate will become governor of Nebraska, is a typical western ranchman and 20 years ago occupied a "sod house" on the plains near Custer, Neb.

In order to conomize time and physical effort Secretary of War Root has reduced his official signature from "Elihu Root" to "E. Root." Up to this time he has signed his full name to all official documents requiring his signature, but they became so numerous that he has found it necessary to reduce his signature to the smallest possible limit. His experience is the same as that of every other public official in the history of this government.

Prince Arthur of Connaught is to receive a commission in the Seventh hussars. Prince Arthur, who is the only son of the Duke of Connaught, has always had a wish to follow the profession of his father. He made himself very popular at Eton by his determination not to give up his nationality in order to be a reigning duke in Germany, an honor which therefore developed on his cousin, the young Duke of Albany, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

In 1800 only 4 per cent of the people of the United States lived in cities. To-day 30 per cent live in cities.