

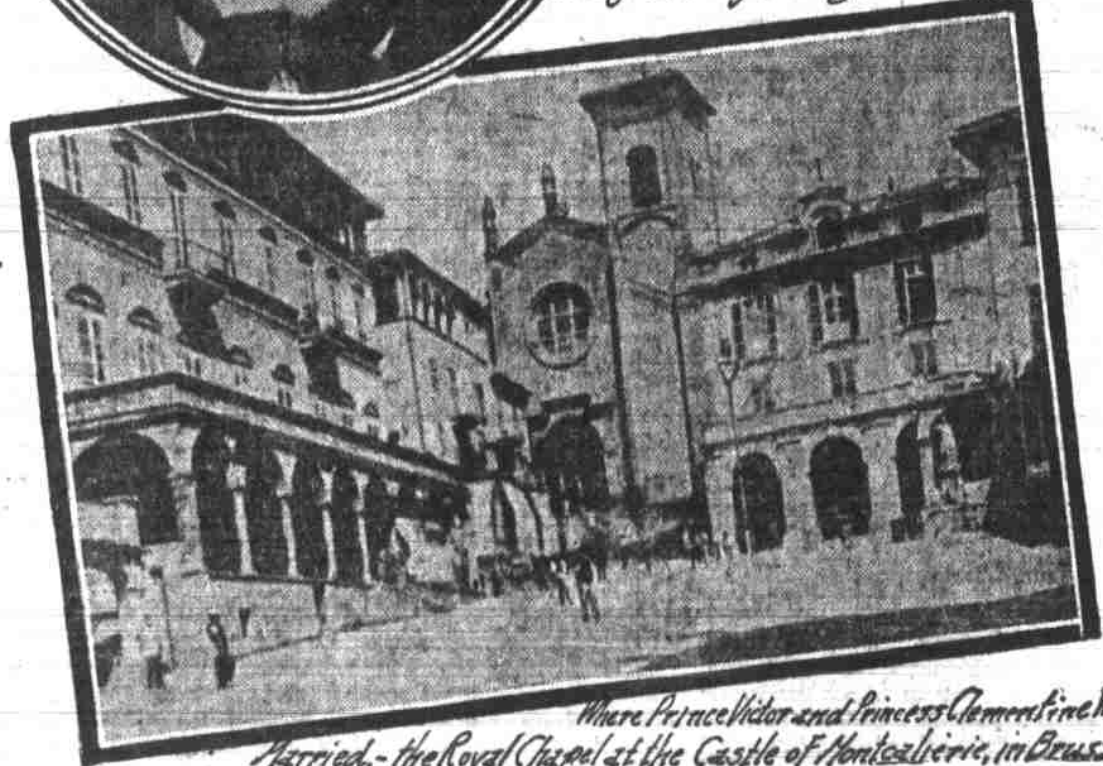
BABY BONAPARTE THE LATEST FRENCH PROBLEM



Prince Victor Napoleon, head of the Bonaparte line



Princess Victor Napoleon, who is the Princess Clementine of Belgium, youngest daughter of Leopold.



Where Prince Victor and Princess Clementine were married—the Royal Chapel at the Castle of Montalveria, in Brussels.

And Now Perhaps the Nation Will Take Pity on the Littlest of the Line and Let Her Come Back to the Land of Her Forefathers

WILL France, swinging open the gate that has been locked for so many years against the descendants of the first Bonaparte, gesture amicably to one of them—the most important—to approach, with his wife and his child, and say: "Entrez!"

France, it seems, may do it; everything is possible in France.

It is the dearest hope of the man and the woman most nearly concerned—Prince Victor Napoleon and his wife, who was Princess Clementine of Belgium. In the years to come, unless it shall have been already fulfilled, it will be the dearest hope of their child, the Bonaparte princess who was born to them not quite a year and a half after their marriage.

To a less degree, it is also the hope of many, if not all, Frenchmen. For the sentiment attaching to the Napoleonic legend is very dear to France, so intensely dear that the very fondness with which it is cherished is what alone makes the Bonaparte exile so unendurable.

The fellow-citizens of Prince Victor are like the man who has a pet lion. He is proud and happy in its possession; but he feels it is infinitely safer to love the lion from the other side of the fence. Yet France has been debating, only this summer, whether the lion of the Napoleonic legend hasn't grown so old that its teeth are gone and its claws too dull to make it a danger to the republic's existence. There is a chance that the men who constitute the governing party there may believe the attitude of the people toward the agreeable political system of self-ownership is now so unyielding that even the head of the Bonapartes can be allowed to come home and plot, if he will, to his heart's content for the revival of his great ancestor's empire.

NOBODY knows the French so well as they know themselves; and they don't know themselves at all.

That half-paradox is what is at the bottom of Prince Victor's continued exile. Other nations can generally predict what they themselves will do on any given occasion; and they do not hesitate to act on their knowledge of their own temperaments. England and the United States are so confident of the loyalty of their peoples, as a whole, to their forms of government that, barring actual outbreaks of violence or direct instigations to riot—and even in spite of them—red anarchy can find its refuge under either flag, and the law merely winks at it.

Russia has been so sure that its people are ripe for revolt that it has never hesitated to send the first suspicion of protest against governmental tyranny. Portugal has been so certain that the presence of a deposed king could plunge the country into fresh revolution that it has banished him absolutely from its borders.

But France. Half the population is convinced that a monarch can never reign again; the other half is divided between wanting one and fearing him. And the king, who, one year, is inaugurated as president

of the republic with solemn vows for the upholding of the constitution, need only wait long enough to arrange the list of his court functionaries to take the whole country over with the ease of a pickpocket helping himself to a pretty woman's purse. Witness Louis Napoleon's election as president in 1848 and his coup d'état in 1851. And he need only fail to be as great as the Little Corporal was in the same situation—one of the easiest things in the world to accomplish—to find himself on the dead run for a fresh exile with his previously faithful subjects after him, carrying ropes for the nearest lamp post. The trade of kings is full of ups and downs in France that happen more suddenly and extend to further extremes than anything else on both hemispheres, except prize-fighting.

That isn't because the prizefighters have been much better, or worse, than the kings, but because the French people can change their mind quicker than their clothes. They never know what they want till they want it, and then they want it so quickly that they clear the way with guns.

It has been this unreliable mixture of doubt and certainty which has so long kept Prince Victor Napoleon from living amid the scenes of his ancestors' triumphs. And it is precisely the same mixture which now heartens hope that he may have another chance to return from his exile. He still has a party in the patrie; the Bonapartes elect to the chamber deputies who are avowedly adherents of their cause, and, while they legislate as well as they can for the welfare of the country at large, they never forget their allegiance to the

interests of the family whose name perpetuates the height of France's greatness.

This summer the Bonapartist deputy from Calvados, Fernand Engerand, introduced a bill which, if passed, will repeal the law of banishment passed twenty-six years ago on all descendants of families who have reigned in France or have so much as pretended to the throne. It embraces, necessarily, the other royalties, who now represent older dynasties; but its aim is specially the repatriation of Prince Victor.

"Has he not formally recognized the republic?" M. Engerand demands. "Has he not always urged his friends to support the ministry that seeks the national welfare? Has he not declared that, if called to the chief magistracy, he will govern with the republicans who, for thirty years, have rendered service to the country? What more can he do to show his faith in a republican form of government?"

Nothing more, naturally. But the apprehensive ones recall that it was just such a declaration of faith and loyalty which let Louis Napoleon be president of France half a century ago, and proved to be the proverbial piecrust promise when he saw his chance of pulling off his coup d'état for the crown.

The difference is that, since France remade itself republican, a whole generation has been born and reared to manhood under the republican regime, while manufactures, trade and commerce have so completely absorbed the nation into their comfortable propensities that glory and conquest, once so inalienable part of the Gallic longings, have been replaced by a very sensible desire to let well enough alone. The traditional Napoleonic occupation, in the eyes of the average Frenchman, is gone; none of them feels the need of King Stork; any old President Log, who will let them sell silks to Americans and fend off the Germans, is good enough for their daily reverence.

SMOOTHED BY TIME

When Victor Napoleon was exiled conditions were altogether different. He is 80 years old now. His home was the splendid Palais Royal when the Communards rapped things apart. Paris and made it vitally necessary to bundle up the royal kid in a cloak—it happened to be green—and hustle him out of town and then out of France. Things had all simmered out by the time he was shaving the upper lip which he has since adorned with a mustache big enough for two grenadiers, and he was permitted to return and live as an ordinary citizen. He was 20 years old when he volunteered for the army, and started right in the footsteps of that ancestor, Little Corporal, who, with his whiff of grapeshot, blew away the last of the French revolution and himself to an imperial throne.

Prince Victor became a gunner in the Thirty-second regiment of artillery. The rank he could aspire to, in the ordinary course of promotion, was that of corporal; and he passed his examination with promptness and dispatch. Had the original Little Corporal been in Victor's place, he would as surely have declined all promotion and would have gone right on serving as a high private until some great emergency gave him his chance; for the first Bonaparte was a politician as skillful as he was a general. He would have known too well, under the altered conditions, how another Little Corporal, would-be like a bourgeois in the eyes of the republic, still uncertain of himself. Perhaps the difference between the two Napoleons was demonstrated in that very situation. What the great Napoleon had the brains to be afraid of, his commonplace descendant hailed as his next rung on ambition's ladder.

France, when he passed, likewise passed—the worthy young artilleryman and gently refrained from making him corporal at all. Of course, there was a series of loud shrieks from the family partisans, which shrieks condemned the rest of the family of three vases already, and had had designed a little too much sympathy to be harmless. The end of it was that French democracy, afraid of its life amid the conflicting machinations of the various brands of royalty, swept them all out, Victor included.

Prince Victor made his abode in a solemn old mansion in the Avenue Louise, in Brussels, which he

speedily converted into a Napoleonic museum. He had ample wealth and nothing to do, except keep on being in love with Princess Clementine, the youngest daughter of grasping old Leopold, king of the Belgians, whose cupid in the Congo made it necessary for him to retain the good will of his powerful neighbor, France—besides being very fond of Paris as his favorite place for spending the blood-stained riches he wrung out of the hapless Free State natives. Leopold, so long as he lived, would no more have allowed his daughter to wed the man France was afraid of than he would have let a franc escape from him for the sake of a Congo woman's ears.

Victor's position was one of as much spiritual misery as any man can well endure. Conscious of strong energies, and filled with corresponding ambitions—whether for his native France or for his individual self—he was condemned to an inactivity which constantly invited dull torpor. Eagerly in love with a princess whose heart he knew was his, he was debarred from hope of winning her.

His cult of his ancestor became a religion; he spent much of his time worshipping the great Napoleon's old spurs, worn at Augeritz; the sheets he died in; the little hat of history's fame. And it was commonly known that he had solaced himself with a "morganatic" marriage, though how a throneless pretender could still flatter himself that he was really above legal union with a well-born Italian lady, the mother of his three children, is a mystery to this day. But morganatic the relations were acknowledged to be by the wife herself, and she was prepared, at any time, to relinquish her claims to her husband if circumstances should make possible his espousal of the Princess Clementine.

After many years, when both of them were in their forties, with one bald and the other turning gray, circumstances kindly consented to oblige. The world-wide rejoicing over Leopold's departure for his eternal reward—the nature of which could have commanded odds of 100 to 1—was reflected in a markedly modified grief on the part of Victor and Clementine. Freed now of the paternal restraint, she became the Princess Victor Napoleon on November 1, 1910; and the prince's first "legitimate" child, a daughter, was born on March 20, of this year.

What harm can there now be in letting the exile return? Why not take pity on a man who for a quarter of a century has endured exile as the reward of his eagerness to give his blood for the land of his sires?

SMALL DANGER OF REVOLT

The question is a fair one; and France, to the lookers-on beyond its borders, appears to face small danger of a revolution because a bald-headed, thick-set, solemn little personage happens to be allowed to preside at the breakfast table in Brussels, or worships a pair of brass spurs there instead of in the Avenue Louise!

In point of fact, the French government knows that he is as harmless as an old gun without lock, stock or barrel. It isn't afraid of him at all. The only thing it is afraid of is the French people, who know their own mind so positively today that they may as well not associate with it tomorrow.

So far as Prince Victor himself is concerned, the government has even winked at one Paris trip after another. He was there only a few weeks before his departure, and he was in the city when the Prince and Princess Murat—and caught the night train home.

Everybody knew he was in Paris; the government knew it; the police knew it. The newspapers knew it. And nobody cared a cent or a centime. The reason he wasn't arrested was that the government chose to treat his visits with a disdain which emphasized its contempt for any danger he might offer to its stability.

The next step, which is really nothing more than governmental affirmation of its own security, would be the repeal of the laws of royal exile. And no one would be surprised if parliament were to decide, when it reconvenes, that it's a shame to keep Victor and his wife and child longer away from home.

rooftree below covers an actors' club; and to note little Clarissa playing with her doll is to be sure the vane tops a child's playhouse.

The vane can be made the ultimate expression of its owner's taste, of his pleasures, even of his bent of mind; or it can be the symbol of his affairs; or it can tell the story of a whole company of people, or again make distinctive the reputation of a town, for there are places in Europe which boast of their vane.

In the middle ages, Christendom, very much on the watch for its own protection, set roosters on its church spires as emblems of persistent wakefulness. After some centuries, a church dedicated to the patronage of St. Peter used the keys for its design; or set aloft a griffin for the cheerful Saint Lawrence, who took a roasting with better grace than most Christians do nowadays.

ENGLAND'S VANES

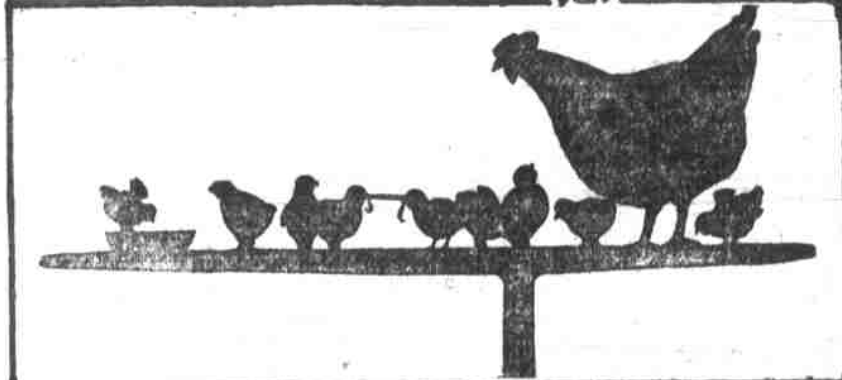
In England, old Billingsgate was topped by its friendly dolphins; Walworth boasted its new crier with his horn; retired ship captains snored in landlubbers' beds under the veering awing of bulky galleons; sportsmen reared aloft a pheasant or a fox as a tasteful incline; and one genius devised a lady with an umbrella which, when the wind blew from the south, she hastily hoisted in readiness for the rain the change promised.

This country can pride itself on some few ancient vane, none more treasured than the big copper grasshopper which has for 150 years been poised in the act of jumping over Faneuil Hall, in Boston, and hasn't landed yet. That was the work of the one old coppersmith, Deacon Shem Drowne, and it is a worthy neighbor of the great gilded rooster that crows over Shepard Memorial Church, in Cambridge. Solid and durable as it was in colonial days, when it was fashioned out of the fine old brass kettles donated for its creation.

The weather vane quite ceased to be an item in architecture, which, like other arts, trends humbly in the furrows of the past, whenever it ceases to burgeon in some development of a new era. The vane, being here, has just stayed here because architecture always saw vane above buildings, and no couldn't imagine buildings without vane. But fast-topped little dwellings, on the one hand, and skyscrapers on the other, threatened ere long to make the weather vane as useless as the wagon's fifth wheel, until the recent realization came that a vane is beautiful, or admirable, or amusing, in itself. For many years such vane as did go in place had been turned out mechanically, and they were so conventional that they had no significance at all. Now, however, the vane re-enters upon its original estate, as a thing of symbolic meaning and a vehicle in art which permits of expression of many and rare concepts.

And the landscape, wherever it has reappeared, has been the handiwork of it.

ART IN WEATHER VANES



Vane Designed for a Chicken House



Weather Vane on Cow Barn
Walker-Gordon Laboratory Co.
Charles E. Kiser, M.D.



Suitable for a Country Club

HERE'S a rare bit of news for Americans who are building their new homes, or remodeling old ones, or just moseying along with what they had, but would like to possess something, however modest, which shall lend a touch of individuality or distinction to their dwelling places.

The weather vane is being revived. Here and there, in various parts of the country, but more especially in the east, architects are giving renewed attention to that fine old species of landmark, which alone amid the solemnities of their art has preserved its title clear to the amenities of a laugh.

For the weather vane, where it wasn't merely an instrument telling the wind's direction, has ever been cherished as the expression of some quaint quip or whimsicality, unless religion took it in hand and made of it a pious symbol. It has always been to laugh, and we Americans, as we are rediscovering it, have instinctively grasped its most amusing quality and have hastened to make that our very own.

IF YOU happen to be a guest at the Country Club, of Rochester, N. Y., you will be instantly impressed with the way the golfers, man and woman, are balanced by the indispensable caddy on the vane over the clubhouse, while the polo player above the polo pony barn will strike you as being about the best index to the use of the building that could have been put there. Edward Penfield did those two, and it is easy to see that they were a labor of love for the artist who designed them.

At Dedham, Mass., and Plainsboro, N. J., where a big milk producing company has its dairies, the

milkman, with his pail in hand, is saying soothingly, "So-o, Boss" to the cow whose muzzle he cautiously caresses, while the typical can balances the scene at the dairy vane's other end.

Saunter through aristocratic Germantown, and Chestnut Hill, in Philadelphia, and you will find yourself smiling, every little while, at some weather vane conceit—a mother hen among her chicks, with some wrestling in a tug of war over the unlucky early worm, others chirping for the cheerful dawn, and a lone little football of appetite perched on the rim of the mashpan. That's the weather vane on the chicken house of Dr. George Woodward, who has a collection of three vane already, and has had designed a fourth, which shall be a portrait vane, picturing his daughter and his four sons. The Ladies' Clubhouse, at the local cricket club, appropriately makes its vane goddess a dashing girl, with rags and rags sweeping the skies, who is playing for the tennis net that balances her windblown skirts.

There are others, and original designs in plenty, including up-to-date scenes by Alexander M. Adams, an architect who has developed peculiar humor in vane design for mountain cottages, bathhouses, motor clubs, stable garages, inns and hunt clubs. To observe the sharply defined silhouettes of a trio of actors stalking the ties at the fall end of a homeless dog, is to make any man know that the sheltering