IS ANITA STEWART'S ROYAL ROMANCE OVER?

Because of the Insistence of His Creditors, Michael, Duke of Braganza Has Been Forced to Flee London, Leaving to Mourn His Beautiful American Wife, Stepdaughter of Late "Silent" Smith, Man of Many Millions.

RECENT news dispatches mentioned the fact that Duke Michael of Braganza, Count of Vizeu and husband of the American heiress, Anita Stewart, had left London to join the standards of his cousin, the dethroned King Manuel of Portugal. Later this report was denied and other rumors more ominous took its place.

It was said that the young Duke Michael (he is only 34) had fled from London to escape his creditors, who were determined to get a share of the millions left by the late "Silent" Smith, whose widow is the mother of the gentle Anita. And so within less than three years after its consummation is another romance between royalty and American dollars shattered.

Princess Anita has been shamelessly abandoned and her child, the Princess Elizabeth, who was 2 years old on June 28, is left fatherless; and all because Mamma Smith, who owns the Smith millions, has declined to meet a paltry indebtedness of a million and a half francs ($300,000), which Anita's late stepfather would have designated as so much chicken-feed.

For Mrs. James Henry Smith has determined that the Braganza family shall have no more of the millions with which she is entrusted.

"Not another sou-markee," she has declared.

Mrs. Smith, it seems, barganized with her royal son-in-law to pay a certain amount of debts for him—all he confessed to before marriage. This obligation she discharged—not in as generous a spirit as the Braganzas expected, it is true, but carrying out her contract to the letter.

Duke Flies From Lawsuits.

Now that an additional million and a half of princely indebtedness has turned up, she has absolutely turned down her son-in-law and that gentleman has had to seek safety in flight from the London home she furnished for him and his wife.

This is the schedule of the new Braganza debts which Mrs. Smith has refused to pay:

Prince of Thurn and Taxis, 1,000,000f	$200,000
Mr. and Mrs. R. Spiel, Vienna, 200,000f	40,000
Mr. and Mrs. R. Spiel, Vienna, 80,000f	16,000
Hohenmauth Bank, 220,000	44,000

All of which was borrowed between 1900 and 1909.

Suits for restitution of the above sums were entered simultaneously in Prince Michael's former domiciles—namely, London, Vienna and Pardubitz, Bohemia. At the same time the creditors exhausted every effort to attach the debtor's property.

There was none to be found in Vienna, where he lived for more than ten years, and as to the London residence, Mrs. Smith proved that it was set up completely by herself, and that she holds a mortgage on every stick of furniture, the schedule even embracing Anita's frocks and jewels.

But in the little Bohemian town Creditor Spiel unearthed a bachelor apartment leased by Braganza. The rooms were scantily furnished, but there was a well supplied wine cellar and an extensive wardrobe for both sexes.

With the Court's consent Spiel carried his plunder to the town hall and auctioned it off for 1100 francs all told, rather more than it was worth, since the buyers were willing to pay a premium on goods and chattels formerly owned by a prince royal.

Prince Among the Creditors.

Spiel then finds himself with some $220 of the thousands he has loaned the Prince, but whether he will ever see another cent of it is extremely problematical. Braganza is missing and a bankrupt unless Mamma Smith suddenly relents, which she shows little signs of doing.

And the Prince of Thurn and Taxis and the Hohenmauth Bank are in similar case.

Prince Albert, an uncle, by the way, of the Thurn and Taxis, who got into trouble with a New York chorus girl, is not only the most heavily damaged by far, but considers himself additionally aggrieved, because of the methods Braganza used to get his—Thurn's—million francs.

As to the Hohenmauth Bank, as it is a savings institution, it may go hard with its officers. Indeed, each and all of them may go to jail for loaning money to a notorious spendthrift without even the shadow of security.

But such is the faith Europeans impose in American millions that neither the bank, Thurn and Taxis, nor Spiel have ceased hoping that eventually Mrs. Smith will relent and pay the $300,000 her royal son-in-law spent, it is said, mostly on other women and at the gaming table before he married her daughter.

No More From Mrs. Smith.

Evidently they little know the American lady, who said to Braganza, after paying the debts to which he confessed:

"You have squeezed me to the last drop of generosity; you might as well try to get blood from a stone as to ask for more money in this quarter."

Hence, when Braganza's Austrian creditors finally made up their minds not to feed on promises any longer and threatened vulgar attachment and other court proceedings Anita's husband was compelled to flee.

He left London town for parts unknown, yet his intimates doubt not for a single moment that he is spending the allowance Mrs. Smith grants him in a manner most calculated to contribute to the enjoyment of life.

He couldn't afford to be caught in London, for England has most inexorable bankruptcy laws, apt to become really annoying to commoners and princes alike.

Nor did Paris hold out any attractions for Duke Michael. He owes much money there also, and his French creditors, stirred up by the action of their German colleagues, might see fit to take hostile measures against him. Austria, Hungary and Bohemia have also issued enough judgments against him to paper a good-sized convention hall. In Bavaria and Prussia Prince Thurn and Taxis is powerful enough to cause Michael's arrest as a fugitive debtor. Accordingly, the Duke has had to give Vienna, Berlin, Munich and Budapest, too, a wide berth.

Invasion of Portugal Doubted.

Still there are plenty of other places where life may be enjoyed if one has, as Michael, a good-sized allowance. At any rate, no one but his still trusting wife took seriously Michael's own explanation—namely, that he was off for Portugal to fight for the re-establishment of "Cousin Manuel."

The Braganzas, father and son, wore the Manuel legend threadbare by their continued efforts to use it as a means for squeezing money out of parties and persons, and this latest report about Anita's husband invading Portugal at the head of a band of ardent loyalists, say those who know, is even more ridiculous than the rest. For Michael never enjoyed any military training, and if he should attempt any hero play on Portuguese soil the Lisbon government would probably meet him pocketbook in hand instead of with rifle and ball.

Credit Based on American Bride.

However, Mrs. Smith is having the time of her life persuading Anita that her tuppeny Duke is no Napoleon and that dodging creditors is the stratagem he knows best and the only one wherein he displays real genius.

The wonder is that with this poor equipment he landed two millions worth of coin and the coin of his own countrymen at that.

Duke of Braganza.

The Countess of Vizeu, Formerly Miss Anita Stewart.

Since losing their throneletc the Braganzas have never had anything, and of course never earned anything, except their wives' doweries. Anita's father-in-law's estates are mortgaged to their last haystack. But for all that during the ten years preceding his marriage to Miss Stewart young Michael lived at the rate of 200,000 francs ($40,000) a year, every copper of which he got by borrowing.

On what? Nothing more substantial than the presumption that, sooner or later, he would marry a dollar princess who would "make good" principal and interest, compound and usurious. Indeed, after it was understood that Michael was in the market as a matrimonial candidate he had but to raise a finger to get all the money he could possibly spend in high living.

They gave him money for right royal state. They encouraged his gambling, horseracing and other things, for it is a European axiom "the American women dearly love a rake."

And whenever one or another of his creditors lost patience Michael experienced not the slightest difficulty in borrowing from Peter to pay Paul by merely arguing that if it came to an issue and the real state of his finances became known the whole scheme would miscarry and no one would get a copper, since American multimillionaires were well known to fight shy of bankrupts.

For years Prince Michael, ably advised by his father, the Duke, than whom no more adroit borrower walks the usurious lanes of Vienna and Paris, was his own Minister of Finance, endowing the task with the rich experience of a race that during many centuries have sponged on humanity—a whole nation, or individuals.

The money lenders let him cut a wide swath as a prince of the blood, to whom money was no object. Apartments in town and country houses, a racing stud, yachts, hunting grounds, a hundred liveried servants, nightly carousals, baccarat, show girls, four-in-hands—Michael missed not a single item in the calendar of pleasures mapped out by the International Society of Money Burners.

Notes became due and were renewed; some of the creditors dropped out, others joined the merry chase for the American dollar princess' millions.

But naturally, in the course of time, even the bravest money lenders get tired of promises and nothing but promises, and about five years ago they became boisterous about the American marriage that didn't materialize. They feared that the dollar princesses' papas might have learned something about the Prince.

"No, no," quoth Michael. "The delay is of my own accord. I want some more years of bachelor enjoyment before I settle down in marriage."

Then those pestiferous money lenders had the effrontery to inform His Royal Highness that he had frolicked long enough and that marriage or settlement was the order of the day.

It was then that Michael called in the services of Mr. Robert Spiel, financier for broken-down aristocrats. Under the lure of the rich American marriage Spiel let himself be persuaded to buy up the paper of the most clamorous creditors, amounting to 200,000 francs, but to do so he had to pledge his own and his wife's real estate. All he got in return was Prince Michael's note of hand, backed by the promise of a rich American marriage.

After that his Royal Highness set to work contracting a few more debts.

The Hohenmauth Bank was involved to the extent of 220,000 francs, Robert Spiel and wife for 80,000 francs more, and there were many others—in fact, shoals of them.

This enabled Michael to enjoy another-year or so of peace and luxury, but this state of affairs couldn't last forever, of course, and in the end Michael was obliged actually to make good his bluff regarding the American marriage.

This delicate sprig of royalty had carried about with him since he was 25 years old the photograph of every available American heiress, with each one's dot discreetly marked on the back, a list of "good things," to obtain delay from the impatient usurers. But he had to make a choice at last.

Anita Stewart was the girl His Royal Highness deigned to select, and with the Portuguese throne possibility being dangled forever before Mrs. "Silent" Smith's eyes, even that shrewd lady was willing to make allowances.

Just previous to the announcement of the betrothal Mrs. Smith said: "Prince Michael, I hear you have some debts. If they are less than a hundred thousand dollars I will pay them for Anita's sake."

And she added the admonition about this being the last sou-markee and the squeezing of the final drop of generosity, already quoted.

Michael probably never gave Mrs. Smith's provisos a single thought. That he was going to get rid of some of his debts was his chief thought.

Accordingly, he made up a list of the most uproariously insistent money-lenders, whose demands totaled about 500,000 francs, and handed it to his prospective mother-in-law.

Mamma Smith hired a lawyer to investigate, learned that one-fifth of the amount was clearly usurious and promptly deducted 20 per cent. The rest she paid, while the money-lenders denounced her and Michael and Yankee closeness in their most approved style.

Of course relief to Michael was only temporary. The unsatisfied creditors, whose bills reached nearly a million francs more, also demanded settlement according to promises.

"Pay or we will expose you to Mrs. Smith," they threatened.

Here was a state of things that absolutely spelled ruin.

"Royal Word of Honor" Forgotten.

The alarmed Braganzas called a family council, but though all their kith and kin were invited, only one financially well-to-do person responded, Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis.

As it happened, Prince Thurn was looking for an investment, and "Silent" Smith's millions gave promise of many things. He agreed to pay off Michael's creditors and accept his note for 1,000,000 francs if indorsed by old Braganza.

Foxy old Braganza was most willing to tender his signature—"by conversation." He swore by all the saints to take up the note if Michael didn't, but a vow he had made to his dear departed mother in an hour of weakness unfortunately stood in the way of his actually scratching his name on the paper.

"However, you have my word—my royal word of honor."

Accepting this promise at its face value, Prince Thurn and Taxis exchanged a cool million for Michael's worthless paper and old Braganza's fair words. The story of his various suits for recovery of that amount has already been told.

As to the demands of the Spiels and the bank, it is given out, the money was advanced "to buy presents for the American dollar princess." The other day, although probably aware of the utter hopelessness of the thing, Prince Thurn and Taxis asked old Braganza, for form's sake, to make good his verbal pledge to pay if Michael failed to honor his notes.

"I don't know what your highness is talking about," replied Braganza.

Thurn and Taxis next petitioned the chief marshal of the Vienna imperial court, whose jurisdiction Braganza recognizes, to remind the Duke of his duty in the premises.

"No, thank you. If I undertook jobs of that kind I would have time for nothing else," replied that official.

So it seems that the chances of Prince Thurn and Taxis to regain that borrowed million are at best very slim. Mr. Spiel and the bank are in much the same difficulties—that is, unless Mamma Smith chooses to relent.

Meanwhile Duke Michael of Braganza, Count of Vizeu, etc., etc., is no one knows where, while the Princess Anita mourns in silence. She has paid dearly for her phantom coronet.

Ten Minutes With The Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

DIAGNOSES THE HORSE EPIDEMIC.

The present wide divergence of opinion among veterinarians as to the cause of the mortality among the horses in the western part of the state calls to Tom McNeal's mind an incident that occurred at Medicine Lodge. The local horse doctor was Dr. George Washington Ayers, who claimed that he had successfully treated all manner of animals in all parts of the Union. One day a sick horse was brought in for treatment. It was evidently in a pretty bad way, but the symptoms were unusual. Nobody had ever seen a horse act just like that sick steed performed. Dr. George Washington Ayers was summoned. He looked the horse over with professional eye for some time without saying anything, which, by the way, was unusual for the doctor. Finally an impatient man asked: "Well, doc., what is the matter with the horse?" "The trouble with that horse is," said the doctor, straightening himself up and looking wise, "that he has parenthesis of the stomach." Maybe that is the trouble with these Western horses.—Kansas City Times.

A PUN ON THE PROFESSOR.

Charles Edson, whose quaint drawings and rhymes have amused readers of the Star for a half-dozen years, while a student at Kansas University, was asked one day by the professor of philosophy: "Mr. Edson, suppose the corpuscles in the blood flowing along in your veins had a consciousness as you have, would they not regard their relation to your body in much the same way as you regard the universe in its relation to you; might they not, too, have a philosophy of life?"

"Granting a corpuscle had a consciousness," replied Mr. Edson, "no doubt we would be as incomprehensible to it as is the universe to us; and if as it floated along in our veins a corpuscle formulated a philosophy, no doubt it would decide it had lived in vain."—Kansas City Star.

AN IDEAL MATCH.

"But," says the candid friend, "I cannot, for the life of me, understand why you intend to marry him. He has a wooden leg, and the other one is bowed, and he only has one eye, and is bald in patches, and positively has the ugliest whiskers I ever saw on a man. Why, no woman in her sense could love him!"

"We shall be ideally happy," explains the beauteous girl. "I shall never be jealous of him, for the reasons you have cited; and he will always be so glad and proud that I married him that he won't care how much I flirt."—Judge's Library.

TOO CLEVER IN SELLING.

"Too many advertisements try to be clever. Now, it is better for an advertisement to be simple and direct, than clever. Cleverness confuses the issue."

The speaker was Henry C. Milnes-Gaskell, a London advertising agent, who has come to New York to learn American methods. He resumed:

"The would-be clever advertisement always reminds me of the shop assistant.

"'Young man,' a lady asked him, 'will this flannel shrink?'

"Desiring to be clever when his one desire should have been to sell goods, the shop assistant answered:

"'Not as much as I would from telling you it didn't, madam, if it did!'"—Washington (D. C.) Star.

THE TASK AT HAND.

The late Clara Barton, head of the American Red Cross, was a Christian in perhaps the best sense—the practical and unselfish sense.

Miss Barton, in an interview in New York about the tenement-house laws, once said to a reporter:

"I'd neglect church, I'd neglect religion to get our vile and unwholesome slums all swept away."

She paused, then added.

"We ought not to consider the mansions awaiting us on the other side of Jordan, you know, while there's an unsolved housing problem so near home."—Chicago Record-Herald.

ABSENCE FROM SCHOOL.

A bright girl in one of the Wheeling public schools asked leave of her teacher to be absent the next day, on the ground that her mother received a telegram saying that company was coming.

"It's my mother's half-sister and two nephews," said the pupil, anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, those boys always act so."

Referring her to the printed list of the reasons that justify absence, the teacher asked her if her case came under any of them.

"I think it might come under this head, Miss Deane," said the girl, pointing to the words, "Domestic Affliction."—Mack's National Monthly.

THE NERVOUS BUTLER.

Paul Rainey, at one of his private cinematograph exhibitions, spoke of his travels in the wilds of Africa.

"The more one travels,' he said, "the more tolerant one becomes of the social faux pas.

"An English Duke, visiting China, is just as ignorant of court etiquette as the Western cowboy. And if, dining with a certain king in Somaliland, I refuse to swallow the terrible ball of monkey meat and meal that he molds with his fingers at table and thrusts into my mouth, I am committing a great blunder.

"But we are too sensitive, especially we Americans," said Mr. Rainey, "about social blunders. I am reminded of a New York hostess who so worried her butler with instructions as to how he was to address a Duchess at the luncheon table that when, quiet, respectful, assiduous, he proffered her a dish of game, he nervously asked:

"'Cold grace, your grouse?'"—New Your Tribune.

PROMPT DELIVERY.

It is related on good authority of a well-known poet about town that he once walked into the sanctum of a magazine editor and submitted to him a poem, which was promptly rejected. The editor endeavored to cheer up the crestfallen bard.

"Try special articles," he suggested, "there's money in them."

"I couldn't do special articles," cried the son of Parnassus indignantly. "For me, romance! And, by the way," he immediately added, "that's a good starter for a poem. His—let me see:

"For me, romance! For me the golden Ile!"

In a few minutes the new poem was all written out on the back of the discarded one. In a few minutes more it was accepted.—Indianapolis News.

FUTILITY OF EDUCATION.

Dr. Lawrence C. Abbott, of Cleveland, at the recent convention of railway surgeons in Philadelphia, said of a safety device that has averted many railway accidents:

"The advantage of this device is now almost universally recognized. Indeed, the railroader who disputes its advantage is as antiquated as the old resident who said:

"'Education be hanged! Thar's young Bill Smithers took an engineerin' course in a correspondence school, and then put up a sign on his carriage-house and hadn't no better sense than to spell "carriage" "garage!"'"—Exchange.

Quips and Flings

"Ragtime must go."
"It does."—Town Topics.

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How much would you be worth if you lost all your money?—Life.

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Knicker—Our forefathers didn't know beans.

Bocker—They didn't have to; they had beef.—New York Sun.

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Husband—My dear, we'll have to economize.

Wife—Well, let's cut down on our cigars.—Boston Transcript.

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"I understand your boy has the makings of a champion pugilist." "I really believe he has. He positively won't fight with anybody he isn't sure he can whip."—Washington, D. C., Herald.

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Waiter—Well, sir, how did you find the beef?

Diner—Oh! I happened to shift a potato, and—well, there it was.—Bystander.

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Hard Worker—Well, Jim, there's a job for you at last. Boss told me to tell you to see him at 10 tomorrow sharp.

Hard Loafer—Can't go! I've promised to carry the flag in the unemployed procession tomorrow.—Ex.

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"Have you been away for your Summer vacation?"

"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "My observation is that when a small town hasn't any commercial prospects or natural advantages they make a Summer resort of it."—Philadelphia Record.

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Authoress (engaging a cook)—Well, I think you will suit me very well. What is your name?

Cook—Concordia, from Schiller's "Bells." You've read the "Bells," of course?—Fliegende Blatter.

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Goode—I smoke cigarettes? Certainly not! They are nothing but fool-killers.

Gridley—Ah, then I don't blame you; you would be taking a big risk.—Boston Transcript.

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Mrs. Yeast—I just love to shut my eyes and think.

Mr. Yeast—Why don't you try that with your mouth some time, dear?—Yonkers Statesman.

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"Did you ever tell that young man that late hours were bad for one?" asked the father at the breakfast table. "Well, father," replied the wise daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they're all right for two."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Wife—John, what will you have? Iced tea, bouillon, cold coffee, grape-juice or lemonade?

Husband—Neither. Haven't you got something to drink?

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He—What makes you think she is not a girl to make friends?

She—Because I never hear any scandal about her.—London Opinion.

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Marks—Why do you allow your wife to run up such big bills?

Parks—Because I'd sooner have trouble with my creditors than with her; that's why.—New York World.

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Son—Papa, why do they call them rubberneck wagons?

Father—Because everybody stares at the people in them, my boy.—Judge.

* * *

He—If a man marries a prudent girl, two can live as cheaply as one.

She—Pshaw! A prudent girl wouldn't think of marrying a man with as little money as that.—Satire.

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Adele—How do you know that he is married?

Estelle—I was in the confectionery store the other day and saw what he paid for chocolates.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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Pulsatilla—When George and I were married he increased his life insurance.

Euphorbia—Huh! When Harry and I married he let his life insurance drop. (Puzzle: Which was the rich girl?)—Chicago Tribune.

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"I hear they fought a duel with swords."

"Yes. I was one of the seconds."

"Anybody touched?"

"I was touched for the fares out and back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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"Do you believe in the voice of the people?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntassel, "when some o' these candidates who want to do all the talking themselves will give it a chance to be heard."—Washington Star.

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Merchant—Aren't you the boy who was in here a week ago? Applicant—Yes, sir. Merchant—I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy? Applicant — Yes, sir; that's why I'm here now.—Boston Transcript.

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

THE SMILER.

There's an idiotic fellow, whom I meet
where'er I go;
He's the crazy kind of fellow all the
little children know.
You wouldn't think him silly from his
manner or his style;
Still, it seems, he must be foolish, for
he always wears a smile.

When the way is long and weary and
the load is hard to bear,
When you're weighted down with
trouble
And there's no one seems to care,
That's the time this foolish fellow
comes a-singing up the road,
With a word and smile to cheer you
and to help you with your load.

With his smiling "Buck up, partner,
'cause we're bound to pull it
through;
Though your load's too big for one
man, it's a little load for two."
And you feel yourself uplifted with
the strength to play your part,
With his arm to aid your body and his
smile to brace your heart.

No, he hasn't got ambition, but his life-
work never ends;
He knows a million people, and he's got
a million friends.
He doesn't strive for fame and wealth,
he hasn't got a goal;
He's just a simple fellow, with God's
sunshine in his soul.

Yes, he's just a foolish fellow, with the
eyes that cannot see
All the misery and sadness that are
plain to you and me.
But he knows the joy of living, all that
makes the world worth while.
And I'd like to be as foolish as the
man behind the smile.
—New York Times.

THE BOOK CURE.

If all the earth is tinged with blue
And cheer up verses hold no cheer,
If there is naught that seems to you
To hint of things that are not drear,
When life seems minus every zest—
Perchance your home is less a cook—
In short, when clouds weigh heaviest,
Forget your troubles in a book.

When Hopalong runs passing bad
Upon the muddy Juarez track,
When things for your pet nine are sad
When hitters seem to lose their knack,
When that pet candidate of yours
Seems headed for a quiet nook,
Just try the surest of all cures—
Forget your troubles in a book.

We hold no real prescription right,
Nor sport the affix of M. D.
But these few lines we still indite
Because we think they ought to be:
Perchance they'll meet the gloomy eye
Of some chap with that lost dog look;
To such once more we raise the cry:
Forget your troubles in a book.
—Denver Republican

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

Would you see the mighty seat
Of a tyrant never downed,
One on whom the household waits,
One whose acts must all astound?
Then you haven't far to look:
In a high chair it is found.

Would you see the mighty seat
Of a sovereign uncrowned,
Combination throne and bench
Where he forms his judgments
sound?
At the village grocery store
'Twill a cracker box be found.

Would you see the mighty seat
Where a despot holds his ground.
One on whom all things depend,
One who makes the world go round?
In a seat designed for two.
In a hammock 'twill be found.
—McLandburgh Wilson.

GIVE AND TAKE.

This life we lead is fair enough to
make us keen on living—
A game of give and take it is, but
holds one grand mistake;
Why is it that nobody but ourselves
seems bent on giving,
And everybody that we meet seems
eager for the take?

It gets a bit monotonous to keep up
daily spending,
And have to do it all alone, while
others take it in,
This flow of cash we push from us, that
seems to have no ending;
That flows, but never ebbs, when
once our spending we begin?
—Dallas, Texas, News.

A TIP.

Everything comes to him who tips,
Is a saying sad but true;
For the dollar tip gets the overcoat
That should have been handed you.
—Satire.