

# WANTED! BRAINS FOR A KING UNLESS ALFONSO CAN GET STRONG MAN BEHIND HIM, MONARCHY MAY FAIL.

### Premier Who Was Assassinated Believed to Have Been Strong Man Standing Between King and a Republic— Unless Brains Man Rallies to Aid of Shallow King, Spanish Nobility May Fall.



Count Romanones,  
New Spanish Premier.



King and Queen of Spain at Rome.



Senor Soreano,  
Leader of the Spanish Radical Party.



BY A. E. BOND.

MADRID, Jan. 1.—(Special Correspondence.)—“After Canalejas, the Spanish republic” declared a well-known Spanish official to the writer some months ago.

“Canalejas, strong man of the Spanish government, alone stands between the country and a revolution that will sweep King Alfonso from his throne.” Such has been the general opinion among high army officers in this country for the past two years.

And now Canalejas, who was said to carry the monarchy on his strong back, is dead, shot by a sympathizer of the republic, the coming of which he delayed. Now throughout Spain on every side is being asked the question: Will a new strong man arise to stem the rapidly rising tide of republicanism with ruthless hand or will the army discontents seize this opportunity of sending harmless King Alfonso, bag and baggage, after his fellow-king, Manuel, to grace pink teas and church bazaars in some out-of-the-way English village?

Just how close was the connection between the assassin of Canalejas and the republican leaders in Spain may never be known; but it is significant that the people in the street were never in doubt. Almost immediately after the shooting of the Premier they made their way, in a dangerous state of excitement, to the house of Pablo Iglesias, leader of the Spanish Socialists and most militant of the men of the extreme left of the Cortes. Had they been able to reach the deputy, a second tragedy would have been added to the assassination of Canalejas. But a large force of police were rushed to the scene, the leaders of the people arrested and the rest dispersed.

It is significant that Iglesias, who

is probably the most outspoken of the men who are plotting against Alfonso, should have declared recently, in a speech in the Cortes, that “direct action” was necessary and excusable in certain cases. It is freely said in official circles here that this speech of Iglesias directly led to the murder of the late Prime Minister.

On the other hand, so far at least as most of his open declarations go, Iglesias is hoping for a bloodless revolution. He professes to believe that so swift and overwhelming will be the revolt of the discontented Spanish army that, as in the case of Portugal, scarcely a shot will be fired.

“We, who are working for a Spanish republic, are striving to show the world that we are the equal in civilization of the people of, say, the United States,” said Senor Iglesias to the writer, in speaking of the coming revolution. “Therefore, we shall try by every means in our power to make the change from monarchy to representative government an almost bloodless one. We believe there is a great change working among the public and when the time arrives we shall depend upon this public opinion to banish the monarchy under which the people groan and suffer.

“It is, of course, impossible to say when the revolution will come.” The Socialist leader continued. “It may come in six months, it may come in a couple of years. It all depends upon the actions of King Alfonso and his advisers. For instance, there would be an immediate outbreak if any attempt were made to bring back to power Senor Maura, Senor Canalejas’ predecessor in office, under whom poor Ferrer was sent to his death. Then the danger is imminent in the army would come to a head if an attempt

were made to resume the war in North Africa or enter upon any fresh campaign of conquest.

“We who are working for the republic are seriously handicapped by lack of agreement. If we could combine all the shades of political opinion to be found among the parties of the extreme left—whose interests are almost identical—we would be near to the day of victory. But, unfortunately, our ranks are torn by dissensions and differences and we are easy prey for the more united parties.

“But King Alfonso and his advisers realize the growing strength of the republican sentiment and are making desperate efforts to keep the Army loyal. The revolution in Portugal taught them that the Army was the pivotal factor in the situation and, since ex-king Emanuel left Lisbon in a hurry, a steady stream of favors have been heaped upon the men in uniform. Every opportunity of military show is taken by the King and he is always making complimentary speeches to his officers and men.

“King is Courageous.

“Alfonso is not loved by the mass of the Spanish people. Millions of them, of course, live in the greatest poverty; yet the King lives in great state, is constantly traveling about in foreign countries, and most of the time he does spend in Spain is given over

to shooting, motoring, or boar sticking. The common people are indifferent to the Queen; they neither like her nor dislike her, but they do view with concern the birth of so many royal children who immediately become heavy burdens upon the already sadly overburdened Spanish exchequer.”

The rather foolhardy actions of King Alfonso in needlessly exposing himself in the streets of Madrid, as when he followed on foot the body of Canalejas to the grave, are part of his plan to impress the army and the people with his personal bravery. Two years ago, when the country was seething with discontent, both the King and Queen rode in open carriages through the streets of Madrid without military escorts.

But besides these acts, Alfonso takes 70 chances of being exposed by a sudden military or civil coup. The military precautions taken against a revolutionary outbreak are extraordinarily complete. In and about Madrid are stationed the pick of the Spanish army tens of thousands of men upon whom the King and his advisers believe they can depend absolutely. More than 12,000 loyal troops are quartered in the various barracks about the city, while in towns within easy reach by rail and road of Madrid are 5000 men. Safety is made doubly sure against surprise by the quartering of the “Escorta Real,” or royal escort, in barracks almost at

the door of the royal palace. And if all this is not enough Alfonso can depend, in the last stand, upon the magnificent “Alabarderos,” or household bodyguard, every member of which is more than six feet in height and who would die to the last man for their King.

It is impossible to get away from the fact that there is a dangerous spirit of discontent in the Spanish army. And it is a discontent that does not hesitate to “demonstrate.” Several times when visiting outlying barracks in the hopes of stimulating the loyalty of his troops, Alfonso has been greeted with ringing cries of “Long live the Republic,” and “Death to the King.” And following the “tragic week” in Barcelona, when reservists were being called to serve with the colors, there has been so threatening became the attitude of the troops and the people, that much against his wishes, Alfonso was bundled into a private closed motorcar and did not alight until he was within safe distance of the French frontier.

The Republicans have established a strong hold upon the officers and men of the infantry and the artillery. Unfortunately, for the moment, however, these same men, up to two years ago, had an equally strong dislike of the Socialist party. This was due to the strong anti-military attitude of that political organization during the war in North Africa. Since that time, how-

ever, recognizing their mistake, the Socialists have lost no opportunity of conciliating the army, and today they are rapidly gaining strength.

**Keeping the Army Loyal.**

Much of the army’s lack of loyalty is due to the National system of recruiting. Under the military laws of Spain, one man in every five is supposed to serve with the colors. There has grown up a system by which the rich man pays for a substitute and never sees the inside of the barracks; but the poor youth, whose services are much more important to his family, has no means of escaping service once he is chosen.

The late Premier, while fully realizing the rapid increase in republican sentiment in this country, never dared take any active measures to muzzle the leaders or interfere with their work. Instead, although a man who believed in the efficacy of the “big stick,” he confined his efforts to keeping the army loyal. Not long before

he was shot he remarked to one of the republican plotters:

“You republicans have a right to think and say what you wish, and I for one would never think of disturbing you in that right. But you must remember that there are laws in this country, and you must keep within them. For instance, any man who tampers with the loyalty of the Spanish army will pay the utmost penalty. I will answer to the King with my life for the loyalty of the Spanish troops.”

So complete are the plans of the Republicans that they have already drawn up a provisional government for use when they have seen the backs of Alfonso and his court. It is an almost open secret that the intention is to appoint Senor Perez Galdos, foremost Spanish author, president; Senor Soreano, leader of the Radical party, chancellor of the exchequer; Senor Azcarate, Republican leader, minister of foreign affairs, with high posts to others prominent in the present movement.

## TELE MINUTES WITH THE FUNNY MEN

SOME of the QUIPS and JESTS FROM PENS of the NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

### Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

**THE KAISER'S SON.**

A diplomat at a dinner in Washington, says the Star, discussed the Crown Prince of Germany.

“He gives his poor father a lot of trouble,” the diplomat said with a frown.

“The Reichstag incident, when he showed open disapproval of the Kaiser’s peace policy, is only one of many similar incidents that the public hears nothing about.”

“A friend of mine, one Winter night, was skating with the Crown Prince at St. Moritz, in the Swiss Engadine. The sky glauced and glittered splendidly with its host of stars, and my friend, pointing to a star of marvelous brilliance, said:

“I wonder what star that is?”

“Doubtless,” said the Crown Prince, with a sneering laugh, “it is some fit decoration my father has seen fit to honor the Kaiser of the heavens.”

**THE TIMELY BEGGAR.**

B. C. Andrews, the charity expert of Denver, was describing professional beggars, says the New York Tribune.

“They keep timely,” he said. “Thus the Titanic disaster has caused a lot of them to pretend this season that they are sailors.”

“A professional beggar tackled me in the country the other day as I was mending a puncture in my motor car.

“Boss,” he said, “in ye ginnme a little help?”

“The Titanic proved, I carry my life in my hands.”

“Oh,” said I, “and that accounts for your not washing your hands, I suppose. Afraid to do it for fear you’d drown yourself, eh?”

**THE STENOGRAPHER'S ININGS.**

On a trial in a certain court in this state, says Law Notes, when the witness on the stand was being subjected to a merciless cross-examination, in answering one question the witness nodded. Whereupon the court stenographer, who was nodding the limit to get it all and could not see the witness, at once demanded:

“Answer that question,” to which the witness replied:

“I did answer it; I nodded my head.”

The stenographer, without a mo-

### Quips and Flings

following day. The patient knew he would not be allowed to eat all he would like to, but hoped for a plate of good, steaming food.

The next day when the nurse brought in a spoonful of tapioca pudding she said:

“Here is your dinner. The doctor says that everything else you do must be in the same proportion.”

Shortly after the nurse had a call from the sickroom of the young man.

“Nurse,” he said, “I want something to read. Will you please bring me a postage stamp?”—Harper’s Bazar.

**SMART GIRL.**

He (after marriage)—I don’t see why you are not as considerate of my comfort as you used to be of your father’s.

She—Why, my dear, I am.

He—How do you make that out?

She—When I was a girl I have to hunt around for my slippers and everything else I happen to want; but when I used to court you, and your father would come in from business, you would rush around gathering up his things, wheel his easy chair up to the fire, warm his slippers and get him both a head rest and a foot rest, so that all he had to do was to drop right he’d go to sleep the sooner!—St. Paul Dispatch.

**TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.**

“I was very happy,” said the confessor, “when, after years of wounding, she finally said ‘yes.’”

“But why did you break the engagement so soon after?” asked his friend.

“Man, it was she that dissolved it.”

“Really?” said the friend. “How did that happen?”

“It was due to my accustomed absent-mindedness. When, a few days later, I called at her home, I again asked her to marry me.”—Youth’s Companion.

**FIXING UNCLE JOHN.**

The small daughter of the house was busily setting the table for expected company when her mother called to her:

“Put down three forks at each place, dear.”

Having made some observations on her own account when the expected guests dined with her mother before, she inquired thoughtfully:

“Shall I give Uncle John three knives?”—Toronto Mail and Empire.

### Among the Poets of the Daily Press

**HOW SHE SHOPPED.**

She wandered down the center aisle,  
Whence all but her had fled;  
She scorned the gobslets, for, in truth,  
Was not the kind, she said,  
She halted at another booth;  
There costly glasses held sway,  
She scorned the goblets, for, in truth,  
They would not match her tray!

At every counter on the route,  
To her basement to the top,  
She found the things that wouldn’t  
suit,  
But failed to find a mop.

She lingered at the silk display  
From 1 o’clock till 4,  
Then smilingly she tripped away  
To seek another floor.

From 4 till 5 she hung about  
The petticoats on sale;  
Then she recalled that, past a doubt,  
She ought to buy a veil.

“But they are quite too dear,” she said;  
“I’ll wait till after Lent!”  
“Twas then she bought a spool of  
thread,  
And had it charged and sent.”  
—Chicago News.

**VANDAL SUSPICION.**

When Socrates was on this earth  
Men called him rather wise,  
He talked for all that he was worth  
It pays to advertise.

When Caesar went to war he took  
Of busy clerks a string,  
And wrote himself up in a book—  
Publicity’s the thing.

And so we cannot be quite sure,  
Amid the boast and bluff,  
That some of that old literature  
Was not press agent stuff.

—Boston Globe.

**QUEER PEOPLE.**

The house contractor is a man  
Who works on a peculiar plan—  
Suppose a building he would raise,  
He pulls it down, so odd his ways!  
The baker’s an unselfish guy—

### Among the Poets of the Daily Press

Such altruism dims our eye—  
His bread he lets us have when he  
Quite clearly knows it more than we.

The waiter’s name don’t seem to fit  
We fall to see the sense of it;  
He hurries to and fro with plates—  
The diner ‘tis who really waits.

And there’s the man who goes around  
With paste and brush and bills the  
town;  
“Though paying work his way may fall  
His business drives him to the wall.”  
—Boston Transcript.

**THE REASON.**

The hats appeared a year ago  
With nothing but a feather,  
That looked as though it had been  
through  
A month of rainy weather;  
A narrow quill, or scanty bow,  
Or wing erect and lonely,  
Or solitary tall aigrette,  
Of fluffy pompon only.

But now on every female head  
Behold the Autumn bonnet  
Of many shapes, but each without  
A scrap of trimming on it.  
For since the price of beef has soared,  
To heights Olympus dimming,  
We may afford to buy the hat,  
But not, alas! the trimming.  
—Baltimore American.

**LIFE IN THE MOTOR’S TRAIL.**

A buzz, a whirl, a cloud of dust  
A wild, blood-curdling yell;  
A ghastly object flashing by,  
Then silence—and a smile.  
—Milwaukee Journal.

**POPULARITY.**

There was a girl in our town—  
No wonder she was vain;  
A dozen suitors helped her on  
Each time she caught a train.  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**SAFE AND SANE.**

Our aviators fill the skies  
With terrors most unpleasant,  
Time is the only thing that flies  
Without great risks at present.  
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Among the Poets of the Daily Press

expect it. Seems to me he has done  
enough for her.”—Lippincott’s.

The thrifty German proprietor of a  
circulating library charged for wear  
and tear. “One volume came back to his  
scrutiny.” See here,” he exclaimed,  
“there is a hole on page 19 of my  
beautiful book. And, see here,” he  
went on, turning over the leaf, “there’s  
another on page 20.”—San Francisco  
Argonaut.

“My dear,” said Mr. N. to Mrs. N.,  
“what name did I understand you to  
call the new hired girl?”

“Japan,” replied Mrs. N., briefly.

“And, pray, why such an odd name,  
my dear?”

“Because she is so hard on china.”

Chatty waiter (glancing out of window)—  
The rain’ll be ‘ere in a minute  
or two now, sir.

Customer—Well, I didn’t order it;  
I’m waiting for a chop.—Boston Trans-  
cript.

Potash—Cohen can never make a good  
golfer blayer.  
Pelzmutter—For vy not?  
Potash—He never holloers fore—al-  
ways he yells three ninety-eight.—Wis-  
consin Sphynx.

“George has told me all the secrets of  
his past.”

“Merely? What did you think of  
them?”

“I was awfully disappointed.”

“He is not going to play baseball  
any more.”

“Well, there are always two great  
fields open to the eminent baseball  
star.”

“And they are?”

“Literature and vaudeville.”—Pitts-  
burg Dispatch.

“How did you get out of fighting a  
duel with that foreign count?”

“When he sent his friends to demand  
satisfaction, I explained to them that  
since the pre-convention campaign  
opened in this country it was no longer  
considered an insult to call a man a  
liar.”—Buffalo Express.

Do you think it is dreadful about  
all this graft business being discov-  
ered?”

“Of course, I do. Why couldn’t they  
keep such a good thing quiet?”—Balti-  
more American.

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