

## JOKES ON MONARCHS.

Some Daring Pranks Played Upon Royal Personages.

### A FLOWER FOR THE KAISER.

Decorations That Made His Majesty Explode With Wrath—A Medical Diploma For a Prince of Wales—The Duke and the Stockbrokers.

Some years ago a paragraph appeared in a Berlin daily stating that Prince Henry, who had just returned from his visit to the United States, had brought home as a present to his brother a number of plants of a new variety of crimson carnation. "As every one knows," the paragraph concluded, "the red carnation is his imperial majesty's favorite flower."

On the day after the publication of this news the kaiser was due at Aix-la-Chapelle. A member of the town council suggested that every one in the town wear a buttonhole of the kaiser's favorite flower.

The suggestion was at once acted on. The frock coated members of the deputation which waited next morning on the platform each wore proudly a buttonhole of the deepest crimson.

The poor fellows could not conceive why the kaiser's demeanor was so freezing. He dismissed them with a few words, got into his carriage and drove off.

At the town hall was another deputation, similarly decorated. Then his majesty's wrath exploded. "What is the meaning of this insult?" he demanded. Some one explained, and then one of the kaiser's attendants took the mayor aside. "My dear sir," he said, "surely you know that the red carnation is the emblem of the Social Democrats and of all flowers the one which his majesty chiefly detests!"

Many years ago King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, was the subject of a stupid hoax. He received a letter informing him of his unanimous election as honorary member of the Princeton medical faculty and signed by three students. With his invariable courtesy the recipient requested his private secretary to acknowledge it. The reply said, "His royal highness will remember with pride and satisfaction the mark of distinction received at the hands of the Princeton medical faculty."

As a matter of fact, there is not and never was such an organization.

As impudent a hoax as ever was heard of was perpetrated in 1904 upon a Belgian paper. A letter purporting to be in the handwriting and above the signature of Princess Louise of Coburg was received by the editor, who very foolishly published it without first assuring himself as to its genuineness.

This letter gave a long catalogue of the wrongs of Princess Louise and of her sisters and constituted a most brutal attack upon her father, the king of the Belgians.

The letter was at once copied by a number of other papers, including more than one in England. Naturally it gave great pain to the princess herself, and the only wonder is that a prosecution for libel was not the immediate result.

Some years ago a young American woman who was staying in Copenhagen made a bet with a friend that she would propose to the king of Denmark.

On one of the king's public reception days the American lady found her way to the royal residence.

"What can I do for you, madam?" asked the king.

"Your majesty, I desired to ask you if you would like to marry me?" was the reply.

The king merely smiled.

"I am afraid I am a little too old," he said, and at the same moment he beckoned to one of the officials to conduct the lady to the door. He had put her down as a harmless lunatic.

A joke of rather a rough order was played upon the first cousin of the emperor of Austria, the Archduke Saluator, once when he was in Paris. He was passing the bourse—the Parisian equivalent of the Stock Exchange—when his companion, a lanky young French count, suggested that he might look inside.

"If you walk straight in," he said, "no one will notice you. They will take you for a stockbroker."

The duke took him at his word, but of course he was no sooner inside than he was recognized as a sightseer. His silk hat was instantly spirited away, and he was at once surrounded by a mob of dealers with notebooks shouting fabulous offers to buy or sell stock.

The duke had a desperate struggle to reach the front lobby, and when at last he got there, hatless and breathless, he found that some genial soul had planned a long price list to the tails of his coat.

It is not likely that any reigning sovereign ever got a more unpleasant scare than did Ferdinand of Bulgaria some five years ago. His private secretary, a young baron, was away in Austria on a vacation when a letter arrived for his royal master announcing that he did not propose to return and that he would be glad for the sum of \$40,000; otherwise, he wrote, he would be compelled to sell a number of secret documents which he had taken away with him.

Instantly Prince Ferdinand dispatched a couple of secret service envoys in chase of his missing secretary, whom they ran to ground peacefully shooting on his own estate. Further investigation proved the mistake to be nothing but a hoax. —London Answers.

## A BURGLAR'S ADVICE.

Where to Keep a Revolver at Night and How to Use It.

I take my pen in hand to write you an answer to the mug that signs his name "Victim" what says that a bolt on your bedroom door nights will make you safe from burglars coming into the room and shooting your head off and to tell him the only way to be safe from harm by burglars is to lay still when they tells you to and after they has gone to collect from the burglary insurance company.

Your man "Victim" is a dull guy if he thinks a bolt will stop any one that knows his trade, because we always puts a gimlet hole through the panel right back of the bolt and slides it back quiet and easy just the same way as we puts holes through the panel back of dead latches on outside doors, because there ain't nothing will stop a man that knows the trade only a steel door with an iron crossbar back of it and electric contacts all round.

What's more is that any man that sleeps with a pistol under his pillow is a chump, because that's where we always feels for it the first thing and gets it before proceeding to the business of the evening, the right place to keep a pistol being in the front hall hanging on a nail where you ain't liable to do no damage to the bedroom walls and furniture with it, besides its being bad for nervous people to wake up in the night and feel for a pistol that ain't there no more.

If a guy wants to take a pistol to bed with him and thinks he's got nerve enough to use it the proper place for it is not under the pillow, because that's where we always look for it, but it's at the foot of the bed, about where you can stretch out with your toes so that when you wake up and feel the burglar's hand searching under your pillow you can lay still till he moves over to the bureau, when you will have plenty of time to get hold of your gun with your toes and pull it up gentle and slow like you was still fast asleep till you get your grip on it and then if you are quick enough to make the burglar shoot in the smoke all right, but if you ain't got the nerve for the job you'd better not have no guns around, because he will shoot next.

Having been in the bolt slipping and pistol collecting business for nine years, I guess I know the game, and if I knowed where your mug "Victim" lives I would just come up some evening and pinch his gun for him to show him his bolt is no good.—Sloppy Mike in New York Sun.

## NO IMPEDIMENT.

An Objection to a Wedding Ceremony That Was Overruled.

A popular politician tells a story about one of his electioneering campaigns. He had arrived about noon at a certain small station. He started out after dinner for a walk about the village, on the outskirts of which he came upon a building thronged with people.

The building was a church, and a wedding was about to take place. He edged his way through the crowd until he reached a spot where he had a good view of the bride and bridegroom and the clergyman who was about to perform the ceremony.

The church was packed, with the exception of a low, dark gallery near the roof. This was apparently deserted.

The minister proceeded with the ceremony until he came to the point where custom required him to pause and inquire if there was any one present who knew any reason why the couple should not be made husband and wife. A hush fell upon the assemblage, and every one waited in breathless suspense. Something of a sensation was caused when a voice came from the upper gallery, saying: "Yes, I do."

All eyes were turned to the gallery, where, seated all alone in the gloom, barely discernible, was a meek looking little man, with a haggard face and disheveled hair. After the clergyman had recovered from his surprise he said sternly, "State your reason, sir!" The suspense was turned to merriment by the little man's reply: "I want the girl myself," he said.—London Tit-Bits.

## Rest Your Eyes.

The moment you are instinctively inclined to rub the eyes that moment cease to use them. Also it is time to give your eyes a rest when you become sensible of an effort to distinguish. Cold water is about the safest application for inflamed eyes. Never sleep so that on awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window. Never read or sew directly in front of the light of a window, the better light the light that comes from above or being that of the left shoulder. Obviously or over the left shoulder, too much light is an evil, just as is scant light. It creates a glare that pains and confuses the sight.

## The Old Style.

No, this is not Esperanto: Koorn ontaw thez yelauoo sands And then taak handz; Koortsid hwen eooo haw and kist The wayid waavs hwist. Nor is it the song of a boy scout who is imitating the bellow of the hedgehog and at the same time whistling between his teeth. No; it is Shakespeare's lyric, "Come unto these yellow sands," etc., as rewritten after the Elizabethan style.—London Globe.

## Reproved.

The Young Doctor—Just think; six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.—New York Life.

Enjoyment stops where indolence begins.—Pollock.

## MILITARY PRISONERS.

How They Are Guarded at Garrisons, The Bull Ring.

The hardest duty that a soldier is ever called upon to perform in times of peace and the duty which he dreads the most is the guarding of military prisoners. These are divided into two classes:

First, Garrison prisoners, who have received light sentences for minor breaches of discipline and will be returned to duty in a short time.

Second—Military convicts, who for attempted desertion or other serious military crimes have been dishonorably discharged by order of a court martial and have received sentences varying from a few months' to several years' confinement at hard labor, according to the gravity of the offense into their ranks the vicious element or those who hold their oath of enlistment too lightly eventually find their way.

Every morning at fatigue call the prisoners are drawn up in a long line in front of the guardhouse and surrounded by a chain of sentries. The soubriquet of the "generals"—military convicts were formerly known as "general prisoners"—is marked with a gigantic capital "P," which renders them conspicuous and therefore makes escape more difficult.

Some are evil looking fellows with long and unsavory records. Doubtless many have "done time" more than once in civil prisons before evading the watchfulness of the recruiting officer and finding their way into the army. Others are rosy cheeked lads who in all probability have yet to see their twenty-first birthday, and in nine cases out of ten the charge against them is desertion. Homelessness or restlessness under military restraint and discipline have led them into the rash act, the heavy penalties of which they may not have fully realized.

In groups of two and three and guarded by sentries with loaded rifles, these men perform most of the disagreeable work and menial labor about the army post, which is highly varied in character and may consist of anything from sprinkling the flower beds on the officers' lawns to digging ditches for monster sewer pipes. Although they generally perform their enforced tasks cheerfully, occasionally a particularly disagreeable piece of work causes a miniature strike, and a dozen men may "buck"—that is, refuse to work.

It is then that the historic "bull ring" is resorted to. A huge circle is marked out on the ground, and the malefactors are required to walk around its circumference in Indian file for eight hours a day, preserving absolute silence. A ten minute respite is allowed at noon for a bread and water lunch. A day or two of this treatment usually suffice to break the most stubborn will. If not there still remain solitary confinement on the bread and water diet and as a last resort the dungeon.

The prison duty is by all odds the grimmest phase of the soldier's life. He may find himself standing guard over his best friend, with orders to shoot to kill should his man attempt to escape.—Youth's Companion.

## Where He Blundered.

A Cleveland lawyer tells a story about a Milesian welder of the pick who had been digging a trench for a gas pipe leading to a private residence—a one inch pipe.

Contemplating the excavation and comparing its capacity with the loose dirt, he shook his head in doubt. "Be this and be that," said he, "I'm thinking I'll not have room in the ditch for all the dirt on the pile, had cess." "But," said a bystander, "why not, Pat?"

"Sure," he made reply, "because I didn't dig it deep enough!"—Cleveland News.

## A Growing Love.

Mr. and Mrs. Married Bliss were both growing very plump, and every effort to reduce weight had proved fruitless, and their discontent with their failure was pathetic.

"It is too bad," said a mutual friend to a sympathetic physician. "The Blisses are so fond of each other and used to be so graceful and slender when they were first married."

"Ah, well!" replied the physician. "Think how much more they are to each other now."—Life.

## Little Breaks.

Among "blunders in emphasis" the prize must be awarded to the remark of the beautiful Miss Gunning to George H. She told the king that she would dearly love to see a coronation. A compliment not infrequently takes a questionable form. G. W. E. Russell in his "Collections and Recollections" tells of a working class admirer who once said to the dean of Windsor (Dr. Wellesley), "I always say there's nothing of the gentleman about you."—St. James' Gazette.

## The Part That Never Changes.

"What a very affecting part, my dear," remarked the husband as they returned from the suburban theater the other night. "I suppose there wasn't a dry eye in the house." "I observed, however," said the wife, "that there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."—London Tit-Bits.

## The Difference.

Stubbornness is fighting to have in a certain way what you want. Strength of purpose is getting in the most convenient way that presents itself what you desire.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The worst feature about nailing a life is that you are so apt to hammer your fingers.—Puck.

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