

SENATOR REED SMOOT



Copyright by Walden Parrott

Senator Smoot, the Mormon apostle of Utah, is one of the champions of the new copyright bill recently introduced in congress.

MAY SEIZE THRONE

PLOT AGAINST SERBIA DISCOVERED AT CHICAGO.

Iowa Claimant of Crown to Be Seated if Plan of Dr. Reitman, Friend of the Unemployed, and Others Win.

Chicago—A plot to seize the throne of Serbia, depose King Peter and seat an Iowa claimant was discovered in this city the other day.

The leader who is organizing the expedition is Dr. Ben L. Reitman, who recently led the army of the unemployed to defeat.

There are a dozen other active members in the plot, and it is said that satisfactory arrangements to finance the expedition have been made and that the revolutionists will shortly assemble ready to sail.

Nathalie, former queen of Serbia, evicted to make place for the notorious Uffara, is now a refugee in New York city. She is said to have helped to secure the financial aid for the proposed expedition.

The movement in Chicago has been known to the secret service officials for some time and agents of European powers have been watching the situation. Reitman has been under surveillance for weeks.

He first ascertained the names of wealthy wine merchants of this country who would finance the proposition to seize the rich wine-growing lands of Serbia.

It is said that he has been so successful that a ship will shortly be chartered to embark for the Mediterranean sea to give battle to the adherents of the successors of the ill-fated King Alexander and Queen Draga.

Since the assassination of the king, queen and five royal servants in the corridors of the Serbian palace June 11, 1903, the country has been in a tumult. Though unpopular, the dead rulers had loyal friends who were only awaiting the time to open revolt and wreak revenge on their enemies.

Theodore Max Strew fled to America. He secured employment with the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway company and is now stationed at Numa, Ia. He read of Dr. Ben Reitman's activities in behalf of Chicago's unemployed. He investigated and entered into correspondence with the leader of the hobos.

"I understand through the papers that you are the head of a large number of the unemployed of Chicago, and that you are trying to take care of them. I have a proposition to make you, if you can gather up about 3,000 men out of employment and can raise enough funds to charter a cheap ship across the ocean and get the men across with arms, ready for war."

"I could use them to besiege Belgrade, Serbia, and take possession of that throne that belongs to me, where my great grandfather, Obilitch, was the hero king of Serbia at one time. His descendants were driven out of the country in 1704. I am the heir to the throne. Serbia has been notified during late years to that effect and served with papers in addition."

"Now if the men would go there and take possession for me, that is, if it has to be taken by force, I will provide them with an income for life in either that or this country."

"They will never be out of employment so long as they live. Regardless of hard times they will always have a steady income for going over there and taking possession of Belgrade, the capital and putting Peter Karageorgievitch under arrest and holding him until I give him release or condemn him. Young man, I am serious."

"I like you very much. Let us get married. I suggest you take time to think it over, say, until to-morrow."

"He made up his mind within four hours."

"I was not on to it when I married, and it was Algy's sister who unconsciously gave me the tip. She came over to make us a visit, and I own that I shook in my boots. She's older than Algy, you know, by a good deal, and I had a desperate feeling that she disapproved of everything American, particularly myself. Algy worked overtime to persuade me to the contrary, but I was used to our talky-talky women and quite failed to grasp that her apparent aloofness might be due to nothing but shyness."

"So when she asked to be shown my kitchen I quaked. I bravely rose to the occasion, however, and led her thither. She frowned a bit at the ice box and said a 'meat safe' would be far less extravagant at this time of year—she sniffed openly at my gas range which she was certain was 'smelly'—but her face was a picture when her eye fell on the cupboard shelf where the breakfast foods live. She first asked what they were, and I volubly explained the different sorts from saud and shavings through pulverized whisk-brooms."

"But surely you don't eat them?" she inquired.

"Surely we do," I returned valiantly.

HAS NEVER FAILED

BREAKFAST FOOD TEST FOR AN ENGLISHMAN.

Try This and Be Convinced That There's Nothing Better to Spring on a Briton, Masculine or Feminine.

A young American woman who has recently married a British husband was holding forth one day to a group of friends on the subject of international marriage.

"I do love to read all the bosh that's written in the papers about it," she said; "they paint dark pictures of the foreign vulture about to descend on the American dove, etc., etc., and discourse learnedly on the causes of failure of most of these marriages, and it's really the simplest thing in the world—you've got to use discernment, that's all. There are various tests that can be applied to men of different nations, but I'm convinced that there's nothing better to spring on a Briton, masculine or feminine, than the breakfast-food test."

"I wasn't on to it when I married, and it was Algy's sister who unconsciously gave me the tip. She came over to make us a visit, and I own that I shook in my boots. She's older than Algy, you know, by a good deal, and I had a desperate feeling that she disapproved of everything American, particularly myself. Algy worked overtime to persuade me to the contrary, but I was used to our talky-talky women and quite failed to grasp that her apparent aloofness might be due to nothing but shyness."

"So when she asked to be shown my kitchen I quaked. I bravely rose to the occasion, however, and led her thither. She frowned a bit at the ice box and said a 'meat safe' would be far less extravagant at this time of year—she sniffed openly at my gas range which she was certain was 'smelly'—but her face was a picture when her eye fell on the cupboard shelf where the breakfast foods live. She first asked what they were, and I volubly explained the different sorts from saud and shavings through pulverized whisk-brooms."

"But surely you don't eat them?" she inquired.

"Surely we do," I returned valiantly.

"She gave a sort of grunt, then looked from the box she was holding. 'Does Algernon eat them?' she asked in a how-have-the-mighty-fallen sort of tone."

"He eats oatmeal," I explained and it was funny to see how relieved she looked, for she had been distressed to death to see him drink coffee at breakfast in place of the revered and traditional tea, and I suppose she feared that he was becoming fundamentally 'American.' But all she said was: 'Aow, porridge?'"

"Then a sudden thought occurred to me—I'd get her to taste one of those breakfast foods. She was holding a box of crispy sweet-sort of things not unlike popcorn."

"Taste it, Amy," I urged; "it doesn't have to be cooked, you know, and it's rather fun to eat it right out of the box."

"She looked darkly suspicious, then drew out a few flakes, holding them as if they were slumbering hornets with a potential sting. But I sicked her on, and eventually she made the leap. I waited anxiously, and the suspicious expression slowly left her face, making room for one of rather pleased surprise."

"Not so nawty," she pronounced, and smiled at me, and from that moment we were friends."

"I've tried it on lots of English people since, and later events have never failed to confirm its infallibility, for the unprogressive, unadaptable mind betrays itself every time. So if you want to marry an Englishman, invite him to breakfast—and try it," she finished.

Some Fun of the College Boys. Sheer nonsense rhymes and jokes without apparent reason or object are frequently used to fill the pages of the Cornell Widow. If anything more foolish than the Man of Glegledorf verse has ever been written The Widow wishes to state that her bump of credulity was imported from Missouri, and must be shewn.

There was a man from Glegledorf who, to save his barbers' fees, would wet his hair and let it freeze, and when 'twas frozen, break it off.

The Lady also indulged in a few quiet gurgles over the following bit: Pretty Young Lady—I want a nice fluffy shirtwaist.

Clerk—What bust, Miss? Pretty Young Lady—I don't know; I didn't hear anything.—The Bohemian.

The Only Digestible Kind. A young man who is striving for political honors and who, therefore, feels called upon to do considerable public talking, was recently waited upon by a delegation of men residing in one of the poorer regions of his district.

He was greatly pleased when their spokesman requested a speech from him at an early date.

"What kind of a speech?" he asked. "An after-dinner speech," replied a wag in a shabby coat.—Youth's Companion.

In New York. His cigar was a very bad one. "Do you smoke?" he asked the lady beside him at the cafe table. "Only in self-defense," she answered with averted head.

STRANGE ETIQUETTE IN CHINA.

One's Own Possessions Always Referred to in Derogatory Terms.

"The mandarin shocked me," said the missionary, "the first time I dined with him, by referring to his wife as 'his good-for-nothing marital mistake!'"

"But," I interposed, "it is said that your lady is brilliant, beautiful and kind."

"He smiled awkwardly and changed the subject. However, with the course of bamboo sprouts he mentioned his wife again, calling her this time his 'stupid hand-the-clothes!'"

"I am sorry your marriage is an unhappy one," said I.

"With an embarrassed air he began to discourse on the high-binders. Every now and then, though, his wife's name came up, and he called her in quick succession his 'thorn in the flesh,' his 'punishment for youthful sin,' his 'hideous and lunatic spouse,' and his 'wife one of the inner room!'"

"I spoke up impatiently. 'Be more careful,' I said, 'regarding the lady. There are two sides to every story, and I must tell you that your unmanly abuse inclines me very favorably towards your poor wife!'"

"He threw down his chopsticks impatiently, scattering shark's fin and soy over the table.

"Don't you understand," he cried, "that all this is etiquette, pure etiquette? The Chinese host by the laws of etiquette must speak of his own possessions as unworthy and vile—even of his wife he must speak so, though she be a full moon for beauty and a Chang Kivi, or sacred cow, for wisdom. I have no fault to find with my wife; quite to the contrary; I only deride her in order to show proper Chinese courtesy to you. And now, I beg, don't interrupt again!"

The missionary smiled ruefully. "It was a bad break for me to make," he said. "The man was a powerful mandarin. But it is truly most shocking, at the beginning, to hear these men abuse their women folk!"

Lieutenant Does His Own Cooking. An army lieutenant writes with reference to the proposed increase in pay: "I have changed station four times within the past nine months (no expense, of course), starting from the Philippines and ending here—the last ditch. I am post quartermaster, commissary, and a few other things of lesser importance, but not negligible. My wife is ill; I am cooking three meals a day with my own hands; I can't afford to hire a cook, as they are \$40 a month here, which is nearly a third of my own salary. Painters and plasterers get five and six dollars a day for eight hours' work. Does the richest nation under the sun expect an officer of the army to do his own cooking and housework? Can he do it and attend to his various official duties? I can't, even by working 16 hours a day instead of eight. Now, what is a man to do? Hire a cook, live a little less like a tramp, and let his notes go to protest, or do his own cooking and let his duties suffer? Maybe I should resign my commission and look for a job of painting and plastering, but I will not. There are plenty of other officers, too, who are in just as bad circumstances as I am."—Army and Navy Journal.

A Tragic Resemblance. "I believe I would rather be downright ugly than have a face that reminds every Tom, Dick and Harry of some one he knows or has known," said a comely southern girl to her companion across the tea table. "Only yesterday I had a most embarrassing experience, and it isn't the first I've had because I look like some one else," she went on. "I got into a subway train at the Grand Central station and took a cross-seat opposite a woman. She looked at me and started perceptibly; then she leaned closer to me and looked squarely in my face and her own turned very pale. Suddenly she put her muff to her eyes and sobbed until the tears rolled down over her coat. I was so uncomfortable and at such a loss what to do that I got up at the nearest station and waited for another train. I suppose I was the image of some lost daughter or sister."—New York Press.

Pasteurize the Milk. Nathan Straus sends a message to American mothers to the effect that raw milk is not good for children, the scientific men of the world having agreed upon the fact. Milk should be pasteurized and the mother can do this herself in her own kitchen. The international congress at Brussels warned against raw milk, because of the danger from tuberculosis. It is not the poor alone who need instruction upon the subject, as many of the babies of the rich suffer from the effects of raw milk, but Americans are said to know more on the subject than people of other countries.

In Husband's Memory. Mrs. Custer has bought 16 lots in Brookville, and to perpetuate the memory of her husband, Gen. Custer, will build a large memorial home. Aged literary women will be admitted into it, and it will no doubt be a very beautiful place, as it is pleasantly situated, many artists and literary persons now residing near the proposed site.

Formalities. "No intelligent person pays any attention to ghosts," said the dogmatic person.

"Perhaps not," answered Miss Cayenne, "unless the ghost has been able to secure an introduction from some psychic research society."

GAVE HIS NAME TO VEHICLE.

Army Doctor First to See Possibilities of "Buckboard."

"There are few persons who know how the name of 'buckboard' came to be applied to a vehicle," says a writer. "It was way back in the '20s, when the transportation of goods, wares and merchandise was almost entirely by wagon. A Dr. Buck was then in charge of military stores en route to army posts in the southwest. In east Tennessee much difficulty was experienced by reason of the rough roads and there were frequent mishaps, mostly from wagons overturning. Dr. Buck overhauled the outfit and, abandoning the wagon bodies, long boards were set directly on the axles or hung below and the stores were loaded in such a manner that there were no further delays from breakdowns and the stores safely reached their destinations. In special emergency, too, the load could be shifted or taken off in a hurry. Dr. Buck's example was followed, especially when roads were rough, and soon much hauling was done by the use of wheels, axles and boards only. Now we have the buckboard, both in carriage and automobile forms, conforming closely to the original idea, though few suspect the source of it."

BRIDE BALKED AT THE ALTAR. Massachusetts Girl Refused to Wed Count and Denounced Him.

At St. Stanislaus church, Fall River, Mass. Angela Pawlow, daughter of a merchant, absolutely refused to go on with the marriage ceremony that was to unite her to Paal Malinski, who says he is a Polish count, and the owner of an estate in Russia.

The marriage had been set for eight o'clock. The church was crowded with friends and relatives. The bridegroom had answered an exultant "Yes" to the usual question, and the bride, in a white silk wedding dress with long veil and wedding bouquet, seemed to smile as Father Bosta turned to her and asked, "Will thou take unto thee this man to be thy lawfully wedded husband?"

The bride dropped her hand from the arm of the bridegroom. She turned and faced the crowded church and answered loudly:

"No, he has been unfaithful to me before marriage. I will not marry him."

Then the girl ran down the aisle to her mother. The audience was dumfounded. Before it really appreciated what had happened the church officials had cleared the church.

Bill Nye and Queen Victoria.—Years ago the late Bill Nye wrote a cordial and complimentary letter to Queen Victoria, urging her to come to America and take part in certain authors' readings in aid of the international copyright movement. The letter was written primarily for publication, of course, and in all likelihood never reached the august ears for which it professed to be intended. It filled a newspaper column, however, and served its purpose as an excellent bit of fooling. The writer assured her majesty of a hearty welcome from her fellow authors in the United States, all of whom, he said, had been greatly impressed, not only by the merit of her literary work, but by the fact that she produced it all at night—after reigning all day on a hard throne.

Throughout the many years that she continued to reign on a hard throne," she was an indefatigable worker herself and the inspirer of industry in others.—Putnam's Magazine.

The Emblem of France. The origin of the fleur-de-lis is still an unsettled question. There are many theories, but no two of them agree. One makes the emblem originate with Clovis I, another with Louis VII, another with one of the German kings of the twelfth century and still another with the Romans. All that is definitely settled is the fact that since the twelfth century the fleur-de-lis has been employed as the emblem of French royalty. The nature of the emblem is also in dispute. An old tradition makes it the representation of the lily given by the angel to Clovis at his baptism. Another theory is that it was adopted by Louis VII. in allusion to his name, Louis Florus.—New York Economy.

Economy is generalship in little things. Some women by the magic of their habits can make a dime go farther than others can make a dollar. These have a sense of fitness and nice arrangement. They can contrive to so manage that they always seem to be flourishing. These are the women who make simple homes beautiful and bright, giving a contentment not found in those of more pretentious claims.

Curiosity. Mr. Stubb—Yes, Maria, 30 years is supposed to elapse between the third and fourth acts.

Mrs. Stubbs—Do tell! Then we must certainly stay.

Mr. Stubb—Ah, you are interested in the play?

Mrs. Stubbs—Yes, I want to see the change in the style of hat the heroine wears.

All the More Deserving. Woman of the House—A big, strong man like you going around begging! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Tafford Knutt (touching his eyes with a grimy handkerchief)—I am, mum. It mortifies me most to death. Folks generally treats me well on that account, mum.

MISTAKEN IN THEIR JUDGMENT.

Prohibition Delegates Unable to Claim Stranger as Brother.

"You cannot always tell from the looks of a man what his business is," said a Chicago drummer. "Many of the jolliest looking men are undertakers, while many of the professional clowns are dyspeptic looking. I was a witness to a rather amusing experience of this kind one time out in Kansas. The train was pretty well crowded and I sat down opposite a party of three men, who afterward turned out to be prohibition candidates to some kind of a convention. At a little station along the way a tall, clerical looking old gentleman got on the train and, seeing the only available seat in one of the double ones occupied by the three delegates, sat down there. As time passed on the four engaged in conversation, the delegates evidently taking him for a brother member. Several remarks were passed regarding the prohibition work and the liquor traffic, and it was a noticeable fact that the new arrival did not warm up to the subject as much as some of the others. Finally one of the trio touched him on the shoulder and said: "Brother, are you truly making the good fight?" "Yes," replied the ministerial looking man, "and the bad ones, too. I'm a whisky salesman."

COULDN'T DODGE THESE TAXES. Births, Marriages and Deaths Once Source of English Revenue.

Pleased with his morning's work—he had sworn off no less than \$349,000 in taxes—the capitalist leaned back in his chair, lighted a cigar and talked agreeably.

"In the past," he said, "governments were wiser. They levied taxes that could not be sworn off. There was, for instance, the English birth tax of the seventeenth century. A laborer paid two shillings as birth tax, a duke paid £30. You couldn't get round it."

"Burials were taxed, according to the station of the dead, from a shilling to £25. That, too, could not be dodged."

"Marriages were taxed. A duke to marry paid £50, a common person, like yourself, paid half a crown."

"In those days you paid a tax on every servant, on your dog, on every horse, on your carriage, your hearth, your windows, watches, clocks, wigs, hair powder, plate, ribbons, coal, gauze and candles."

The Philosophy of It. "I talked with a rich man de yuther day," said Brother Dickey, "an' got some information from him."

"That wasn't strange, was it?" "Yes, sure, kaze ez a rule, dey don't stop fer talk wid de po' man—dat is, not fer long."

"Well, what came of it?" "Well, sub, I tol' him dat he orter give ter de po' de he would git treasure in heaven an' he say he done dat once 'pon a time, dat he gin mighty nigh all he had ter de po' an' de very next time he meet him in de big road de po' was dress in a silk hat an' walkin' cane, likewise standin' collar, an' what you reckon he tell dat rich man?"

"You tell it."

"Git outter my way dar! Gimme de middle ez de road or I'll fraill you ter a frazzle wid dis yer walkin' stick!" —Atlanta Constitution.

No Harmony in Him. Some of the guests at a dinner party in New York not long ago were referring to the influence of an independent official toward increasing the party vote at the approaching election. Said one of the women present:

"Really, I am not surprised that Mayor Blank's course has failed to secure perfect harmony. For a long time I have sat near him in church and heard him, Sunday after Sunday, sing the hymns with vigor and great self-satisfaction to a tune entirely his own. The fact that the tune was not the right one never seemed to worry him in the least."—Sunday Magazine.

How She Kept Young. Some one once asked a woman how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white, she was 80 years old and her energy was waning, but she never impressed one with the idea of age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interests. And this was her answer: "I knew how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to hand congenial."—Woman.

Woman's Wiles. "Yes," confided Mrs. A. "I find it very profitable to give my husband a dressing down occasionally. I gave him one to-day."

"But how is it profitable?" queried Mrs. Z.

"Why, he generally gives me a dressing up."

"Dressing up?" "Yes, to get me in good humor again he promises me a new coat, a new set of furs and a new hat."

Faults of Friends. Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.