

# AMERICAN GIRL WHO MAY SHARE A ROYAL THRONE

Though Remote, It Is Not Beyond the Bounds of Possibility That Miss Anita Stewart, Who Is to Marry Prince Miguel of Braganza, Will at Some Time Receive the Homage of the Portuguese as Their Queen

**N**EW YORK.—Princesses we have, one or two; and duchesses, quite a few. Marchionesses and baronesses there are by the score, too, and any quantity of matrons who enjoy the proud distinction of being Lady This or the Countess That.

But now we're going to marry royalty; an American girl is to make an alliance with a prince of the blood royal. Miss Anita Stewart of New York, daughter of William Rhinelander Stewart, and stepdaughter of the late James Henry Smith, multi-millionaire, is soon to become the bride of Prince Miguel of Braganza, eldest son of Dom Miguel of Braganza, pretender to the throne of Portugal.

This is not the gossip of club or boudoir, this royal romance. Nor is it announced in the regulation American way—by the mother of the bride-to-be. It has been done as royalty does it. The Austrian embassy in London, in which city Miss Stewart has spent the season, gives formal authority to the statement, just as all embassies do when there is a marriage in their reigning house.

Instead of the bride's family making the pleasant news known, the royal fashion is for the embassy of the family of the bridegroom to make the announcement. The person chosen to speak on this occasion was the Archduchess Maria Theresa, Prince Miguel's aunt. She gave a luncheon at the embassy and there issued the formal statement. Afterward Mrs. Smith, the mother of Miss Stewart, confirmed it.

"Could she ever be queen?" was the question that instantly arose everywhere. For Prince Miguel's family is not now reigning, though it would like to be, and the bride's friends instantly began speculating on its chances for restoration to the throne it claims as belonging to it by right.

**American Millions in Scale.**  
Would it be a morganatic marriage? Would the pretender ever gain the throne of Portugal, for which he has been plotting for years and years? If he did, would the son have the nerve to plot as his father has ever plotted? In the present reigning house of Portugal so secure on its foundations? And what effect would American millions have if thrown into the balance on the side of the house of Braganza? These were the questions that Europe and America began asking.

"The pretender is always ready!" answered those who know best the intrigue and diplomacy of Europe. Unrest rules in Portugal to-day. It

younger son, Manuel, five men suddenly appeared in their path. A rifle popped, and then another and another. The gendarmes sprang to the rescue. The queen threw herself in front of the bullets. When the five regicides were killed it was too late. King Carlos and the crown prince were dead. Manuel was slightly wounded. To-day he is king.

**Emperor Puts End to Plots.**  
But the unrest continues. Dom Miguel is plotting, always plotting. Finally things came to such a pass that the venerable emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, interfered. He sent for the pretender and told him bluntly that he would have to get out of Austria or stop his scheming for the Portuguese throne, at least within the confines of Austria-Hungary. This made it rather embarrassing for Dom Miguel, because he dwelt at his chateau of Siebenstein, in Lower Austria, and was colonel of an Austrian regiment.

"You and your whole family," said the aged monarch, emphatically, "will be put across the Austrian frontier if you attempt to conspire here for the throne of Portugal."  
The emperor never liked Dom Miguel, particularly so after that distressing affair at Meyerling, which has never been explained, when the Crown Prince Rudolph and Baroness Vetsera were found dead. Dom Miguel was Rudolph's companion on that fateful night.

Never again did Dom Miguel appear at court in Vienna. But that didn't keep him from plotting for the throne. His six sisters, all married to wealthy royalties, kept drawing freely on their fortunes to aid him in his ambitions. All the family are loyal to each other, no matter what circumstances arise—it would mean much to them all to have a brother as king of Portugal.  
"We would beggar ourselves to put Miguel on the throne where he belongs!" is the slogan of the family, and they firmly believe, as he does, that the mass of the Portuguese want him as king.

**Marriage Seemed Auspicious.**  
When the beautiful Miss Annie M. Armstrong of Baltimore married William Rhinelander Stewart of New York in 1879 a brilliant future was predicted for her. Her husband had money, brains and a fine pedigree, advantages not always found in combination. She had charm, tact, ambition.  
Two children were born, William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., and Anita,

that she had begun proceedings for divorce.  
**Judicial Separation Made.**  
This was granted on August 24, 1906. The guardianship of the daughter going to the mother, Mr. Stewart kept more to himself than ever, but Mrs. Stewart started straight for Europe. There in Scotland, on the September 13 following, she was married to Mr. Smith. They started around the world on their honeymoon, taking Miss Stewart and a party of friends with them, but the pleasure trip was cut short at Kioto, Japan, by the death of Mr. Smith, on March 28, 1907.  
In his will it was found that Mr. Smith had left his widow \$3,000,000, and his step-daughter, Miss Stewart, a life interest in \$400,000 invested in the bonds of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company.  
So, if Mrs. Smith leaves her \$3,000,000, or any large part of it, to her daughter, at least some of the Smith millions will go back to Europe, whence they came to "Silent" Smith, as he was called. The bulk of them is booked to stay here, however. The chief legatees of the \$21,000,000 estate are two nephews, William Smith Mason and George Grant Mason, who got \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000 respectively.  
Mrs. Smith and her daughter soon went abroad and stayed for brief periods. This summer, however, the widow lightened her mourning for the London season and took the mansion belonging to the duchess of Somerset, in Grosvenor square. There she began to entertain beautifully for her daughter. Lady Cooper, her sister-in-law, sister of Mr. Smith, and Mrs. A. J. Drexel, her sister, also lent their aid, and Miss Stewart has now become one of the premiere belles of London, thanks to money and tact, to say nothing of her own charm of manner and her fresh, girlish beauty.  
**Miss Stewart Meets the Prince.**  
Before this year's London triumph Miss Stewart had met the prince. They were introduced in Paris last April, where Prince Miguel at once was attracted to the winsome American heiress. When the London season opened he followed her there. He was at her side at every opportunity; it was plain that royalty was smitten.  
Pretty much all London society had an inkling of what was to come when Mrs. Stewart gave her final big affair of the waning season on July 8. The scion of the house of Braganza was in close attendance upon the daughter of the hostess throughout the evening. Mrs. Stewart, in turn, took pains to treat the prince as a specially distinguished guest. The gossips therefore came to the conclusion that there was an international alliance in the air.  
Mrs. Smith, who has been called the most patrician-looking woman in New York, never looked more so. She

was in black, accentuated by a superb rope of pearls, and the young daughter wore filmy pink chiffon over cloth of silver. Altogether the entertainment was a very smart affair, and it much impressed the noticeable number of Austrians who were present.  
Next day came the announcement from the Austrian embassy.  
Just as soon as trunks could be packed and travel accommodations arranged, Mrs. Smith and Miss Stewart, with a retinue of servants and a vanload of baggage, started for Austria. There conferences are now on with representatives of the Braganzas arranging those little details which are always so necessary in a foreign alliance, especially when one of the contracting parties has a title to bestow. As Prince Miguel is heir to the dual title and the appellation of "your royal highness," so will his wife eventually

York had inherited the many millions of his uncle, George Smith, an eccentric London recluse, and blossomed out as the richest bachelor in the metropolis.  
He entertained beautifully. Mrs. Stewart, an old friend, received for him and planned everything. At first Mr. Stewart was seen at some of the functions given by Mr. Smith. Gradually he dropped out and finally was seen no more in company with his wife. Their last appearance together was in January, 1905, when Miss Anita made her formal debut at a dinner dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart at their home, 24 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.  
Then suddenly Mrs. Stewart dropped out of New York's ken and appeared in Sioux Falls, S. D. She bought a house, engaged a lawyer, and the next New York knew of her was the news



Miss Anita Stewart, Dom Miguel's Fiancée.

# His Cutest Trick

By EDGAR WHITE

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"Pretty Jim" was the nightingale at the "Fatima" moving-picture show. He was a tall, slender youth, with a cigarette pallor and curly hair that gave him a stand-in with the girls, who gushed over his warbling and imagined they were kneeling at the shrine of art.

But a sly dart of Cupid soon put Jim out of the running with the "Flossie" crowd. The shot came from close range, and didn't give him a show to dodge. Little Birdie Atherton was the sweetest thing that ever wore her golden curls, and she pounded the piano to help out Jimmie's soul melodies. When these two kids found they were in love with each other they trapezed around town like a pair of children, hand in hand, always in sweet-scented clover fields. "Pretty Jim" only sung for one pair of pearl-like ears, and two soft blue eyes loaned him inspiration. His songs of love were real, from the bottom of a heart undergoing its first impalement. Birdie declared her "Jim" was the only person on earth who really understood music right and said if he was to get run over by a street car or kidnaped or anything like that she would take cold poison the very next minute after the news came.

By and by the keen-eyed management observed that the "Cleopatra," a rival show, was eating into their trade by the employment of a negro who could stand on his woolly head and drink soda pop simultaneously. Following this distressing innovation there blew into town a Dutchman named Karl Wusewurst—"Winer-wurst," they called him—who gave an impromptu clog dance and impersonation at Sandy McPhearson's "Crack-in-the-Wall."

The boss of the "Fatima" chartered the Dutchman, and he went on the job next night. The new performer danced in a funny-looking pair of wooden shoes, with heavy leather soles extending several inches beyond the bows. When he would come down on the grand finale those wonderful shoes would hit the stage like the concussion of a naval gun. Then he had a comical Dutch talk that made everybody laugh.

Inside a week the "Fatima" was gathering all the loose nickels in town, and the negro over at the "Cleopatra" jumped into the river. There was no



The Dutchman Seemed in Fine Trim.

use bucking against a Dutchman with as homely a mug as "Winer-wurst" carried about with him. The boss of the "Fatima" patted himself on the back, and had a sign painted on the front window illustrating "Winer-wurst's" grin. The artist said he could have made the job more life-like if the window had been wider.

The only person about the place who wasn't happy was "Pretty Jim." His songs no longer brought cheers. The frizzy-headed girls went over to his rival with the green cheese face, and, worse than all, Birdie—the dear, innocent, blue-eyed Birdie—went with 'em. And "Winer-wurst," noticing her smiles, elongated his cavernous mouth until she might have walked in had she been curious to explore.  
"Jimmie" became sullen. He pointed so that Birdie refused to accept his company home one night, and the Dutchman, who was always round when he wasn't wanted, took her under his wing, and Jim saw them go down the avenue chatting and laughing as if he wasn't on earth.

That the two will make a princely looking pair must not be gainsaid. Miss Stewart's beauty has already taken London by storm. She is tall, slender, svelte. She has the daintiest of rose pink complexions, a wealth of fluffy light brown hair and a little tilted nose. The prince is dashing, mustached, erect of carriage, with flaxen hair, blue eyes and fine, well-molded head.  
And how could his bride be queen? Just this way: If Manuel II, and his uncle, the duke of Oporto, neither of whom is married, should die, and if the people of Portugal should repudiate the renunciation of the prince's grandfather, then, at the death of his father, now Dom Miguel, the pretender, it would be—"your majesty!" the first American queen! A lot of "He" But stranger things have happened!

The plan looked good to Jimmie. In the afternoon he slipped in behind the stage, found Karl's big shoes and placed his caps near the toes, sticking them tight with quick-drying paste. Then he pulled his hat down over his eyes and went out on the street. As he passed the ice cream saloon he saw "Winer-wurst" and Birdie regarding themselves, and apparently having a good time. He stepped in, bought a package of cigarettes and, as though he hadn't seen 'em before, said:

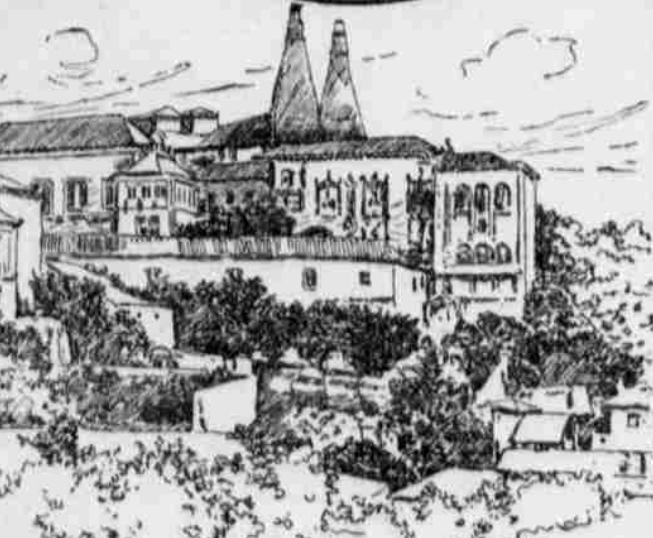
"Hello, Karl; wonder you ain't eating Limburger and sausage."  
"Yah! Yah!" laughed Karl, good humoredly. "I laks dot better, but Birdie here—she laks ice cream. We must blense der ladies, you know."  
And Birdie smiled as though he had said something smart.  
"You'll please 'em to-night, my fine fellow," muttered "Pretty Jim" to himself.

The "Fatima" was jammed tight as wax when Karl, in his Dutch costume, came out and bowed. Jimmie had sung his love song to unresponsive ears, and now he sat gloomily in the shadow beside the large upright piano. When the Dutchman appeared Birdie's eyes brightened and she handled the keys with sudden energy. Up in the balcony sat Mike Finigan and about 20 of his grim-visaged steel handlers, ready to hoot and groan when the Dutchman went up in the air. The way Mike had figured it, the crowd would jeer him so bad that he would quit the job, leaving "Pretty Jim" alone in the field.

The Dutchman seemed in fine trim. He had just enough beer aboard to make him funny. The crowd laughed at everything he said, and cheered each new wrinkle he shot across the wide expanse of moon-map that served him as a face. When he had said all he could think of he began on his clog dance. He pounded the boards so hard without anything happening that Jim began to think there must be some defect in the torpedoes. Dutchy turned hand-springs, yah-yahed until you could see clear down to his feet, and put his blue jeans legs in motion for the grand round-up. He seemed to be going under a tremendous head of steam and the big crowd cheered and yelled. Then Dutchy drew in his wind, closed the big slit in his face and came down on those two bifurcated fatboats like a stone house. There was a crash like the splintering of heavy timbers, fire seemed to shoot out in all directions and the performer was shot clear up to the ceiling. The thing had the effect of a grand transformation scene. When Dutchy got back to earth he was in a sitting posture, entirely shoeless, and a broad grin on his comical mug. He was the most surprised man in the house, but he was quickly alive to the roaring ovation that was being handed him, and he rose slowly and bowed. Then the spectators thundered again; some rose in their seats, waving their hats and howling like crazy people. Dutchy bobbed his big head, and grinned like a jack-o'-lantern, and then limped off the stage.  
Jim, who was standing near Birdie, asked her what she thought of her Dutchman by this time. She wheeled as if just aware of Jim's proximity, and turned a beaming face upon him.  
"Ain't he a dear," she said, "to think up such cute tricks?"

**New Kind of Fish Story.**  
"Just as charity covers a multitude of sins," said Dr. Dudley S. Reynolds, "so the term 'cold' includes about 600 different forms of irritation of the mucous membrane. I really think that 'catching cold,' as ordinarily considered, is a superstition which can be fitly compared to the belief that tacking a horseshoe over the door will keep witches out."  
And then Dr. Reynolds told about a fishing trip he took to Harrod's Creek several years ago in the winter time. Snow was on the ground and frost in the air. The fish were biting good, and so when the doctor fell into the creek and fished himself out in a thoroughly moist condition, he proceeded calmly with his angling as though water weren't wet and wintry air not cold. He finally missed his train to town and had to walk back home, arriving with clothes frozen to him, but with a string of bass that did credit to himself as a disciple of Sir Isaac.  
"I never felt any ill effects from that ducking," said he, "yet according to the usual beliefs I should have 'caught my death of cold,' and been a victim of pneumonia in the next twenty-four hours."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Asinine.**  
"James A. Patton," said the London correspondent of a Chicago paper, "has stopped talking. He is as silent now as a clam."  
"I tempted him the other day with delicious bait, but it was all useless. Mr. Patton just shook his head and smiled."  
"Not a word about wheat," said he. "I'm determined not to talk and put my foot in it—like the country editor who wound up an editorial on the corn crop with the words:  
"We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of magnificent ears."



Palace of the Portuguese Pretender.

was just the same two years ago when Carlos was king. He set himself up to rule without the congress, which so incensed the people that the Legitimist party sent a deputation to Dom Miguel, in Austria, to sound him in case there should be a revolution and Carlos should be dethroned.  
"I am ready at any time," said Dom Miguel, gravely, "to respond to a call to the throne of my fathers."  
But things moved faster than a formal dethroning. Early in 1908 death took King Carlos, and his elder son, heir to the crown. And not the death that comes to all alike, king and commoner, but death at the hands of regicides. As the royal family drove out, king and queen, crown prince and the