

# "If I were really a King"

*What it Feels Like to be Hailed Monarch by One's Fellow Citizens of a Great Democratic Commonwealth...*

NOW that we, for we understand that this is the term which we must use in speaking in the first person since the recent coronation, have been uplifted to the throne of Quivera, our royal word has been passed that we will write a description of the feelings of a newly crowned monarch. Believing that the honor and dignity of the title of Ak-Sar-Ben XIX is as great if not greater than that of the king of England or czar of Russia, which are mere hereditary titles, secured without consideration of merit, we believe that we speak with all necessary modesty when we say that we were never so proud of ourselves in our life. It feels great to be a king.

There are several reasons why it is pleasant and agreeable to be a monarch ruling with power unquestioned over an important realm. One of the most satisfactory advantages we became acquainted with the morning after our coronation. When Mrs. Black, forgetting our regal appearance of the night before, reminded us that the ice pan was running over, instead of rising promptly to do menial labor, we said:

"What have we to do with the ice pan? We have a dim memory of once having been concerned with such things, but all that is of the past. Summon the scullion."

## Our Royal Progress Gave Us Splendid View of Hall

We rejoiced exceedingly that we were carried to the throne in a litter borne by the six stalwart men, whom all guests at the ball will remember, for we were able to preserve our self-possession to such an extent that we enjoyed to the full the rarely beautiful ceremonies—a feat which, we fear, had we been compelled to walk that long distance in the full view of the multitude, would have been impossible.

Truly the ceremonies that night were imposing and magnificent. The preliminaries, including the grand march, in which all the men who in costume had ridden on the floats in the electric parade participated, the melodious announcement of the herald, and the measured advance of the twelve governors of Ak-Sar-Ben had aroused keenest interest of the great crowd of spectators, among whom were numbered many personal friends, as to the identity of the new monarch. Then realization of the kindness and good will of all these people, and the real value of this, the highest honor to be attained in the realm of Quivera, came to me and I believe I experienced somewhat the same sensation as of a man who is elected to high office by the votes of the electors—rather a humble feeling it is and largely mixed with gratitude that I should be singled out to be honored from among so many worthy ones.

It was when the triumphal entry of the king was made that the real test of a man's nerve came. As I was carried the full length of the room amid the hand-clapping and cheering of the crowds, I fully realize, as I never had before, what it really meant to be a king of Ak-Sar-Ben. It seemed to me that I never heard such cheering, although I realize that the fact that never before had I heard the greeting of a multitude meant for me may have had something to do with this belief.

Soon I had taken the oath of office at the altar and had been escorted to the throne and was in reality king of Ak-Sar-Ben.

Seated on the throne I had every opportunity to

# Ak-Sar-Ben XIX

*Tells His Impressions of the Condition of Royalty and His Sensations while He was Being Enthroned*



witness the balance of the most beautiful ceremony which ever took place at the Den, in my opinion. Fifty beautiful young dancing girls, followed by the maids of honor, all clad in Grecian costume, preceded the queen, who came in her royal carriage. This picture, of which the queen, stately in white silk, was the central figure, made an impression on me which I shall never forget.

Since these ceremonies were followed by the hearty handshakes and congratulations of both my oldest and most tried friends and new acquaintances, whose kindly wishes I deeply appreciate, it seemed to me that nothing was left undone which might have given me more happiness.

## Being King Over Ak-Sar-Ben Honor Enough for Any Man

To be king of Ak-Sar-Ben certainly means a great deal to any man, for Ak-Sar-Ben is the greatest boosting organization in the western country. This was shown last summer, when the working crew at the Den never failed to appear on time during the hottest summer Omaha has ever known. We gave fifteen Monday night shows, playing to audiences of from 800 to 1,600 at a time, when local lodges and other organizations were compelled to suspend sessions because they were unable to get out enough members to make a quorum.

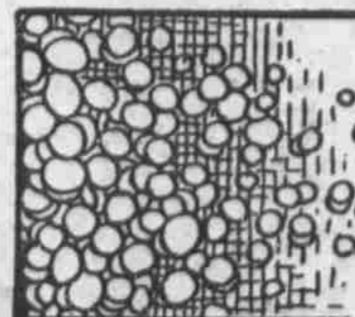
As a member of Ak-Sar-Ben from its beginning, nineteen years ago, I am in a position to appreciate what these initiatory ceremonies out at the Den accomplish in keeping up the interest of Omahans and Nebraskans in the organization and in advertising Omaha all over the world—all working toward one grand climax, the Ak-Sar-Ben's famous parades and the beautiful coronation ceremonies. Other cities have had their parades at intervals and have had to give them up, but there isn't any question in my mind but what the entertainment at the Den, the feeling of good fellowship out there, where employer and employe meet on equal basis, where everybody gives you the glad hand, where entertainment, music and lunches await all comers, are what keep Ak-Sar-Ben in the front rank and make all men, both members and strangers, want to come again and again.

In this connection I want to give a word of praise to the Board of Governors, who in the early days of Ak-Sar-Ben had the foresight and forethought to buy the Den for a permanent home, for no building could be built today which would be more fitted for the purpose. The value of the work done by these early governors is more apparent as the years go by. The organization has kept growing in numbers and strength and influence all these years.

To be chosen king from among the present Board of Governors I certainly consider a very great honor. Some of them have been kings, and all of them are princes.

I sometimes wonder whether the people at large appreciate the great amount of work done by members of the Board of Governors of Ak-Sar-Ben. This work costs them loss of time in their own business enterprises and actual expense in money. Yet the members labor willingly and gladly with a single purpose in mind—the success of Ak-Sar-Ben. A former member of the board, who was among the most active of the many live ones, told me the other day that from a monetary standpoint he would not go back on the board and labor as he formerly did for \$2,500 a year, but that nevertheless he rejoiced that he had given so much of his time and energy to Ak-Sar-Ben.

In conclusion, I want to say that to be king of Ak-Sar-Ben is an honor of which any man can be justly proud. Here's to Ak-Sar-Ben XXI! May it be the biggest year in its history.



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