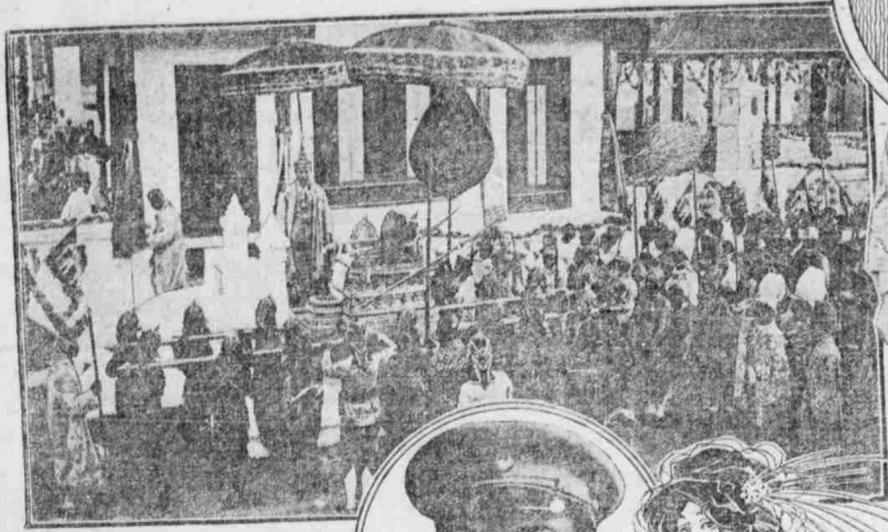


KING OF SIAM WANTS AN AMERICAN WIFE



KING OF SIAM AND ROYAL BEARERS

RECENTLY returned visitor to the Orient is authority for the statement that the "King of Siam will marry no one but an American." The report is more illuminating than is at first remembered. When the young king—then crown prince—after his years of European education and American travel returned home to take up the serious study of his father's kingdom it was thought that as a matter of course he would follow the custom of the royal house to which he belonged and marry. But, greatly to the astonishment of the entire realm, this he flatly refused to do, and not even his father's kingly "requests" could change his decision. Now, marriage by a Siamese monarch means not the simple taking of one wife, but the complicated and wholesome absorption of a hundred. His late majesty King Chulalongkorn had three wives when he was crown prince and added 37 others to his household before ascending the throne, and his father, the great Mongkut, claimed many hundreds of wives. So when young Prince Vajiravudh turned his back upon the beauties of the court and would have none of them he established a precedent of celibacy unheard of in his domain since "before time was."

There was never a suspicion of scandal connected with the prince, either while he was at Sandhurst or at Christ College, Oxford; nor during his many visits to Berlin, Paris, Madrid, Vienna or London—covering many years of his most impressionable age—not even a word during his flying trip through the states and if he went back to his Asiatic throne leaving his heart here or in Europe the world has never been notified of the matter nor has any particular caretaker been singled out as the possible happy custodian of the royal gift.

But, should this rumor have more than the usual claim for credence—should his majesty, Maha Vajiravudh, the supreme ruler of all Siam, "marry an American"—what then? There is no royal family in this democratic country from which the young man could or should make his choice and by so doing cement the bonds that already hold his little kingdom in far away Asia very close to Uncle Sam's heart. But there are American ladies aplenty that are fair to look upon, right-minded and talented enough to be any monarch's queen, and if this be a culture quest as well as a longing of the heart—there can be no question of money in the affair, no bargain of gold for a title, for Siam is one of the richest of the little kingdoms of the world and her sovereign holds by the right of possession legal title to about everything worth having in his entire state—if this then be a quest of the royal girl, his majesty could make no better choice than one of the true American nobility, many of whose daughters are already serving in similar positions of trust and responsibility with rare distinction and dignity, though as co-rulers over smaller principalities.

When the writer was a child he remembers being taken by the hand by King Mongkut, Vajiravudh's grandfather, and being led into the king's favorite room—his American room. On the walls were rows of portraits of the presidents of the United States. They were not good likenesses—some of them—but they were the best his native artist could make from the photographs and other pictures his majesty had secured. They were all there, however, and in order, from Washington to the ruler at that time—Abraham Lincoln.

"I am very fond of America," said his majesty, as he closed the door, "very fond. And some day we are to be united."

Was this a prophecy, that, uttered a half century ago, is to be fulfilled by the marriage of his grandson to an American?

Old King Mongkut patterned his policy of "righteous rule" as closely after the principles found in the Declaration of Independence as he could and remain on the throne of his father. His son, King Chulalongkorn, never ceased to lament that he was not permitted to see the promised land of America. His multiplicity of wives and his desire to bring more than one with him on his official visit caused a coldness in Washington diplomatic circles that damped his ardor at the time—and he insisted upon his son making a special effort "to visit the United States and personally meet the president of the great country of which your grandfather was so fond and which I have been unable to see."

There have always existed the most cordial relations between these two diametrically opposed governments—the most despotic and the most democratic. France has bullied her Asiatic others; the descendant of a line of princes dating back to a time when Egypt was in her infancy and before Greece was born; he, the illustrious, the invincible, the divine master of the immortal souls, has played football at Rugby,

"friend" Siam into giving up a very large portion of her northeastern territory and has been watching for more than a half century for a ripe opportunity to turn the entire kingdom into a French dependency; and England, on the south, is guarding her Malayan peninsula with more and more skill and care, hoping for her chance to squeeze her neighbor into a hole and then to extricate her at the price of some of the adjacent land belonging to the lord of the white elephant. America alone of the three most influential nations in southern Asia has never sought for conquest of land or for official ennoblement for favors past, present or future. Her Stars and Stripes for the last three-quarters of a century have floated from the masthead of the American consulate undisturbed amid all the vexatious rivalries for political and territorial gain which have obstinately come to the surface with great regularity—some of which have been referred to Uncle Sam's resident deputy for settlement.

So it would seem that if the king of Siam were to marry an American he would be but following his political and social predilections and would be endeavoring to bind still closer the bonds of friendship and real brotherly affection that have held through the reigns of his two immediate forebears—Mongkut and Chulalongkorn.

But there is a better reason than this for his preference. Vajiravudh is not only a very independent but pre-eminently a practical person, and has often openly admired the independent and practical young American women whom he has met both in Europe and here. A man of tremendous energy and vitality himself, he has naturally looked for the same characteristics in the women whom he has admired enough to make his companions, and has found them in the women of America in a more pronounced degree than in the women of any other country in the world. Among his own Siamese ladies are examples of some of the most beautiful of creatures. They are slender and small boned; they carry themselves with exquisite grace; their eyes are large and luminous and are half covered with heavy lids and long, silken lashes; their voices are low and their hands and feet truly Andalusian. They are companionable and steadfast and make ideal wives and mothers, and, taken collectively, fifty or a hundred of them will combine to please almost any husband—preferably a sybarite. But the present ruler of their kingdom is looking for a wife and not a harem, and unless he changes from the manner of man he has shown himself to be in other matters pertaining to himself and to his rule he will select and obtain the girl of his choice and will make her the most envied bride and the happiest queen of the century.

She will be the bride of a good looking young man of thirty-three, who is a graduate of Oxford and Heidelberg, a charming conversationalist and a speaker of and a writer in many European as well as many Asiatic languages—a writer of prose and poetry, of fiction and philosophy—a good horseman, a fencer to be feared, a lover of sport and a tireless worker, with exquisite taste as to externals as well as in matters pertaining to the mind. Generous and loving by nature and with an unlimited pocketbook to satisfy the desires of himself and his beloved, King Vajiravudh seems to have the making of the ideal husband and lover, as well as an energetic and wise ruler of his kingdom.

Geographically Bangkok is usually considered as far removed from Broadway as is Mars from the Metropolitan, but there are compensations for even the lack of opera in this charming east-

ern capital. One of the most beautifully situated cities in southern Asia, stretching down on both sides of the Manam river, and sumptuously provided with cool gardens, broad highways and inviting parks, Buddha's city is as cosmopolitan as a united New York, Moscow and Budapest. On her street, and her waterways—for Bangkok is the Venice of the east and is provided with more canals than roadways—are to be seen Americans and Chinese, English ladies and French cavaliers, German barons and Russian diplomats, Malays, Abyssinians, Parthians and Turks.

Ever since the days of King Mongkut there has been a delightful colony of European and American society in the capital. King Chulalongkorn, with his many years spent on the continent, encouraged the sending of some of Europe's best diplomatic timber to his little "Paris of the South" and fostered the intercourse between his native princesses and the foreign hostesses, and King Vajiravudh is stimulating in every way the mingling of the races within his realm. There are half a dozen clubs in a radius of a few miles from the palace, all with more or less activity of a social nature, and springing from them and from the embassies, from the increasing foreign population and the aristocracy of the native country there has arisen a large cultured community in Siam's capital, a community that needs a leader. And who can do these gracious honors with more dignity than the sovereign's queen?

But there is far more than all this that the "King of Siam" is looking for in the American wife—far more than even the leadership of the most cultured set in the kingdom. Vajiravudh has stupendous ideas for his country and its people, and already (in less than two years since he set the crown of Siam upon his head) he has had time to show of what stuff kings are made. The reported rebellion and reputed uprising of republicanism he halted with a word; the wishes of his late father in affairs of state and religion have been carried out; he has revised where revision seemed best and has made new where the old could no longer serve; he has chosen wise counsellors and has pressed many new men into new positions; himself young, he has drawn about him the youth of the kingdom—the new minister at Washington, Prince Triados Prabandh, is only thirty and, like his majesty, a graduate from an English university—and he has planned and put into execution seemingly impossible improvements, from the laws on the statute books to the trivialities of everyday living. Altogether he is a personality to be watched; one upon whom already are focused the eyes of both the east and the west.

Vajiravudh is the first Asiatic ruler to have studied in western schools. Numberless Japanese and Chinese of high rank have been welcomed to the educational centers of Europe and America, but never before has a crown prince or budding emperor been allowed to mingle with the rough and ready westerner. Vajiravudh, the king of kings; head of the most ancient empire of the earth; he, who in his supreme rulership holds rights and privileges withheld from all crossed swords with the daredevils at Heidelberg, drilled as a private at Sandhurst and won his spurs in competitive theses against the brainiest of Britishers at Oxford.

This is the man who, according to rumor, is seeking an American wife to aid him in his rule!



KING IN ROYAL ROBES



KING IN MILITARY UNIFORM



AN UP-TO-DATE SIAMESE WOMAN

MANY NEBRASKANS FARED QUITE WELL FREE HOMES IN DRAWING

Several Women Among the Winners State Labor Commissioner Chas. W. Pool Draws No. 65.

North Platte, Neb.—The last large tract of Nebraska government land was parceled out by Uncle Sam Tuesday, when a drawing for 538 homes in the Nebraska national forest reserve situated near this city and the Nebraska military reservation was held. Nebraska and Missouri citizens were among the most fortunate, although Iowa and South Dakota had a share in the glory. One Chicago man was among the favored and Colorado was represented by several names among the first 200 drawn. Marvin Tritch of Kirksville, Mo., was the fortunate man who drew number one. He will have to pay the government about \$1,100 for the quarter section he chooses, but valuations as high as \$15,000 already have been placed on the 160 acres he will be entitled to file upon.

Following are the names of those Nebraskans who were fortunate in securing some of the more valuable tracts:

- 1—Marvin Tritch, Kirksville, Mo.
- 2—Arthur Stromberg, Strasburg.
- 3—Charles S. Reynolds, Loup City.
- 4—Hava Dubs, Columbus.
- 5—Goll Crause, Napoleon.
- 6—Robert Erickson, Omaha.
- 7—John Miller, Garrison.
- 8—Jim Vakoc, Verdigris.
- 9—D. G. Smith, Fairmont.
- 10—Edgar N. Davis, Corad.
- 11—E. W. Brown, Hershey.
- 12—Herbert J. Marrow, College View.
- 13—C. O. Babin, Lewellen.
- 14—Fred Barby, Jr., North Platte.
- 15—Albert B. Cullon, North Platte.
- 16—John B. Waiz, Stapleton.
- 17—William McInnes, Mason City.
- 18—H. D. Palmer, Arapahoe.
- 19—George Avers, Broken Bow.
- 20—Cora Anderson, Sutherland.
- 21—Geo. T. Taylor, Wolbach.
- 22—Geo. H. Wilson, Oshkosh.
- 23—Sutton H. Martin, Broken Bow.
- 24—T. W. Landwehr, Sparks.
- 25—Hershey Sherbek, Westerville.
- 26—W. H. Mason, Loup Pine.
- 27—August Krause, Lincoln.
- 28—Van D. Bost, Omaha.
- 29—R. D. Worley, Stockville.
- 30—H. W. Green, Garfield.
- 31—John P. Babo, Adams.
- 32—Mary N. Dowling, Fallsdale.
- 33—P. T. A. Sodekman, North Platte.
- 34—M. H. McAdiff, Sterling.
- 35—Bertha Thonlocke, Franklin.
- 36—Victor Harris, Loomis.
- 37—P. W. Andresen, McCook.
- 38—Axel Sundt, Omaha.
- 39—M. D. Sherry, Burdett.
- 40—Frank Carroll, Mason City.
- 41—A. M. Gehrt, Rushville.
- 42—Andrew McElhinney, Minden.
- 43—Samuel Gibson, Omaha.
- 44—Morris White, Omaha.
- 45—Charles A. Pool, Lincoln.
- 46—Edith Brooks-Kilgore.
- 47—William H. Rinek, Indianola.
- 48—Clara Walker (Miss), North Platte.
- 49—Leo Christman, Broken Bow.
- 50—A. L. Bell, Snyder.
- 51—Johna B. Webster, Crawford.
- 52—Edward W. Hutchinson, Omaha.
- 53—Almon Krenz, Meram.
- 54—Anton Nelson, Mason City.
- 55—Ebel Holding, Burwell.
- 56—John Donnelly, Schuyler.
- 57—H. E. Fletcher, Ansley.
- 58—Bert Sedam, Park.
- 59—H. L. Pix (Miss), Wilber.
- 60—Sara A. Cambell, Brady.
- 61—C. E. Robertson, Oreston.
- 62—Lulu M. Jones, Broken Bow.
- 63—James Bannon, Burris.
- 64—Henry Krenzer, Elm Creek.
- 65—P. G. Frizzell, Silver Creek.
- 66—J. H. Neiman, Curtis.
- 67—Frank L. Holm, Loomis.
- 68—Charles W. Mackey, Hubbard.
- 69—Willie Kenney, Wood River.
- 70—Carl Moore, Tryon.
- 71—Henry Knutson, Willow Island.
- 72—John Sherman, Napar.
- 73—Emil Seyler, Juddata.
- 74—George T. Donnam, Grand Island.
- 75—Charles W. Clark, Plymouth.
- 76—Gustavo A. Schmidt, Richland.
- 77—Otto G. Staab, Newton.
- 78—Ludwick Larson, Brady.
- 79—R. L. Paice, Ravenna.
- 80—P. F. Faler, Eddyville.
- 81—J. L. Hager, Litchfield.
- 82—H. E. Fletcher, Schuyler.
- 83—Chas. L. Worthington, Omaha.
- 84—L. E. Real, Ansley.
- 85—W. E. G. Okalla.
- 86—M. J. Klinger, Western.
- 87—S. Losey, Napoleon.
- 88—Mabel Gould, Omaha.
- 89—Armed Watson, Smithfield.
- 90—John Crawley, Wellfleet.
- 91—Edward C. Miller, Ord.
- 92—P. A. Marshall, Omaha.
- 93—Charles E. Bennett, Alliance.
- 94—Ben C. Davis, Madison.
- 95—H. J. Young, Smithfield.
- 96—Henry Knutson, Hampton.
- 97—Mike Kirscheur, Arcadia.
- 98—Charley Dunston, Lincoln.
- 99—William J. Green, Hay Springs.
- 100—Fred E. Hennessey, Orlowa.
- 101—John Severin, Getra.
- 102—Hessie Zink, Stuart.
- 103—Albert A. Patrick, Dunning.
- 104—Roy Patterson, Fararam.
- 105—Fred B. Deal, Tavenport.
- 106—J. V. Bennett, Edgar.
- 107—E. G. White, Blue Hill.
- 108—R. B. Messersmith, Fararam.
- 109—Frank Poppo, Akell.
- 110—Charles E. Gille, Gile.
- 111—Charles A. Mitchell, Lexington.
- 112—Ernest Savage, Rushville.
- 113—J. W. Buxton, Mason City.
- 114—H. E. Winters, Cozad.
- 115—William M. Boyer, Lincoln.
- 116—A. E. Nagelsdorf, Grand Island.
- 117—Fred Schneider, West Point.
- 118—W. B. Curtis, Bassett.
- 119—O. L. Salisbury, Omaha.
- 120—Chas. J. Erickson, Sutton.
- 121—E. W. Hopkins, Fararam.
- 122—Albert Curtis, Ashton.
- 123—J. A. Snyder, Hershey.
- 124—Michael Mulahay, Greeley.
- 125—H. E. Allington, Getra.
- 126—Elizabeth C. Andrew, Mason City.
- 127—E. R. Wright, Road.
- 128—H. B. Peterson, Omaha.
- 129—John David, Broken Bow.
- 130—Wilbert G. Bentley, Grand Island.
- 131—E. J. Peterson, Omaha.
- 132—George Bunker, St. Edward.
- 133—Nancy S. Taylor, Ainsworth.
- 134—John V. Gross, Cozad.
- 135—W. A. Peterson, St. Paul.
- 136—Bert R. Freeman, Milburn.
- 137—Ruth Cook, Lowell.
- 138—E. G. White, Foster.
- 139—Howard Vaughn, Ulysses.
- 140—Joe Wulke, North Platte.
- 141—E. F. Bond, Laurel.
- 142—H. E. Mulvaney, Mason City.
- 143—Mayna Thompson, Alma.
- 144—G. H. Ellis, Lewellen.
- 145—E. G. White, Foster.
- 146—W. R. Brooks, Catpohel.
- 147—George R. McFarland, Falls City.
- 148—Lloyd M. Rogers, Havelock.
- 149—T. A. Boats, Broken Bow.
- 150—E. L. Wada, Lexington.
- 151—W. J. Ruppel, Plainview.
- 152—P. P. Sea, Kearney.
- 153—W. L. O'Connor, Lyons.
- 154—Eugene Johnson, Gothenburg.
- 155—Wm. Simon, Kearney.
- 156—Harvey Roberts, St. Libory.
- 157—G. L. Allen, Kearney.
- 158—P. H. Miller.
- 159—F. B. Simon, Hastings.
- 160—J. D. Crocker, Bassett.
- 161—E. E. Eckert, Colbertson.
- 162—John S. Ray, Napoleon.
- 163—Ernest J. G. Oona, Gothenburg.
- 164—P. A. Bee, Hershey.
- 165—Anton Wallmer, Stuart.
- 166—J. E. Spangler, Lincoln.

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND



A man who hoped and did not more, His shoes fell from his feet, Sat in his little cabin door, And lightly laughed at care.

Day after day he clung to hope, The winds blew fair and ill; He used no water and no soap, His hair grew longer still.

His cabin sagged around one end, His shoes fell from his feet, He sat alone, without a friend, But still found hoping sweet.

At last the wall fell in, one day, And crushed him where he sat; Another, passing, heard him say: "I'd not expected that."

MORAL. The man who hopes may be serene, Will never a fear or flutter; Hope is a staff on which to lean, But 'tis not bread and butter.

Too Much to Forgive. "Is there anything in your past," asked the girl's father, "that you have endeavored to have suppressed? Come, I want the whole truth. If you lie to me now I shall find you out. I shall hire detectives to hunt up your record, and any deceit that you practice will be considered sufficient to keep you out of my family."

"Well," the young man replied, "there is one thing. I had hoped I should not be compelled to confess it, but I am going to tell all and throw myself upon your mercy. I once started to get rich by raising chickens."

Of course the hard-hearted old man turned him down after that.

Another Special Interest. "Why have you suddenly changed your attitude on this reciprocity matter? You used to be strong for a reduction of the tariff on foodstuffs."

"I know, but I understand that it will be possible to bring eggs across the border free if we have Canadian reciprocity."

"Yes. Aren't you in favor of cheaper eggs?"

"Not by a long shot. We have thirty hens now, and are selling a dozen eggs a week to our neighbors. This whole proposition is an outrage."

A CHANGE NECESSARY. "Say," said the senior member of the publishing firm, "we'll have to change the title of that book on aviation that we're bringing out."

"Why? It seems to me that 'Conquering the Air' is a striking title and one that will make the book sell."

"Yes; but the author has just been killed owing to the fact that he and his aeroplane fell in front of a freight train."

Couldn't Stand It. "I hear that old Squeedgum has decided to move out of that dingy place in which he has lived so long. I suppose he finally had to yield to the encroachments of business."

"No, it wasn't that. They established a bank next door and it was breaking his heart to see people taking money in there every day instead of bringing it to him."

Don't Overlook Your Chance. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying, And this same flower that smiles today Tomorrow shall be dying.

—Herriek.

Save up a bit of your change today. Time keeps right on unfolding. And by tomorrow some other may Possess the job you're holding.

Business and Pleasure. The man who makes his business a pleasure is likely to live a good deal longer and get a good deal farther than the man who makes his pleasure a business.

Clothes. A woman who really dresses only to please her husband generally makes it possible for him to wear pretty good clothes, too.