

**Sabbatical year and command all eligible knights to fall in line to go to their rescue.**

**MATRON OF HONOR**—A graduate from the class of ladies in waiting. The honor consists in being allowed to sit upon the platform of the throne and to dance with her own and other women's husbands at the court ball, to say nothing of having her name printed in the official program.

**NOVITIATE**—The recruit who comes up for initiation for the first time. He is made to feel the dignity of his new distinction almost as heavily as when he goes up to cast his first vote. For fear he may miss something that is properly coming to him, he is always run through the whole gamut of the games and welcomed with an extra round of applause and a front seat at the refreshment counter.

**PAGEANT**—Ak-Sar-Ben's royal street parade. For some unaccountable reason it always follows the car tracks and heads for the city hall. The awe and admiration of innumerable thousands of inspired spectators. A sight fit for the gods and not too good for common mortals. The living witness of Ak-Sar-Ben's mighty power over all the treasures of both land and sea.

**PASSWORD**—An unpronounceable combination of syllables entrusted to each knight to prevent him from getting past the sentry at the gate. The act of conveying the password is always accompanied by entertaining ceremonies guaranteed to impress it indelibly not only upon the subject's memory, but upon other sensitive parts of his anatomy as well. Shake well before taking.

**QUEEN**—The girl to draw to. There have been eight queens since the realm got a place on the map and every one of them with possibly a single exception is already married or well on the high way to matrimony. The selection for queen therefore means that the favorite is thus designated as the next target for cupid. Unlike her royal consort, the queen is a queen forever after.

**SAMSON**—The general manager of the royal corporation. The hidden agent by which all royal commands are issued and enforced. Samson delights in cabalistic secrecy. His talismanic number is 77 and he can sometimes win on 4-11-4. Like Samson of old he acknowledges no limits to his muscular strength and endurance. He remains in retirement for fear of being shorn of his locks by some modern Delilah.

**SOUVENIR**—The memento left by each successive ruler of the realm to make sure he will not be soon forgot. The souvenir is selected by a special committee of the Board of Governors, particular care being taken that it shall be something that cannot be used for any useful purpose. If it were an article of practical use, its value as a souvenir would be irreparably damaged.

**STREET FAIR**—A survival of the old market place of feudal times, where Ak-Sar-Ben gets even with his guests. The trysting place of the wonderful Abyssinian ground hog, Pearl the fat girl, the megaphone man, the confetti throwing artist and the big pumpkin. Only 10 cents to get in—pay at the gates. To get out will cost you as much as you are willing to spend.

**Bar Lapel Buttonholes**

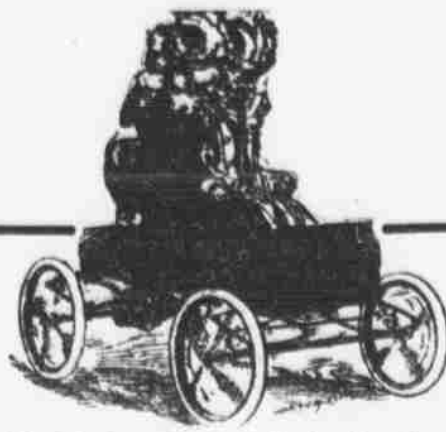
Harry Lehr of New York and Newport has started a brand new fashion for men. Having for years devoted his fertile brain to evolving wonderful ideas concerning dress and the behavior of the gentler sex, he has turned his attention to his brothers in society and by appearing in a suit without the lapel buttonhole has attempted to revolutionize their attire.

Mr. Lehr's new suit is a dark brown, with three-inch checks, and no effort was made to have the stripes meet at the seams. It has three buttons and the collar and lapels are rather wider than those which have been seen on fashionables in the last few years.

Mr. Lehr's idea in abolishing the lapel buttonhole is that the fashionable man is seldom seen nowadays with a boutonniere except in the evening and that it is therefore unnecessary.

Fashionable tailors do not take kindly to the innovation. They say the buttonhole is not made to carry a flower, but for actual use. The manager of a well known Fifth avenue tailoring firm which is preferred by the younger set of "smart" society men, in discussing Mr. Lehr's new clothes and the fall fashions for men, said today: "Tailors are not making coats without the lapel buttonhole. I don't think they will make them. The buttonhole is there not to hold a flower, but that a man may turn up his collar if he wishes and fasten it when walking along a country road or when the air becomes chilly, and he is not compelled to be ceremonious. We will make coats with three and four buttons. Three buttons suit Mr. Lehr's figure, as he is inclined to be stout.

Lapels and collars will be wide. Exclusive tailors have never countenanced the narrow strips that pass muster for lapels in some garments. They will also be made heavier than usual, as many Americans



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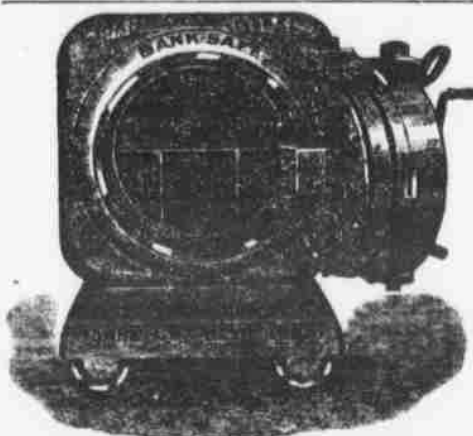
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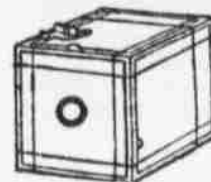


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are taking to a custom observed in England this summer, that of wearing the lapels ironed down to the bottom of the coat. With the sack suit the derby hat is of course worn and lace shoes with black enamel vamps and yellow uppers are proper. No jewelry, not even a scarfpin, should be worn with the sack suit.—Chicago Chronicle.

**President Well Armed**

When President Roosevelt jumped to the wharf at Ellis Island from the immigration cutter H. B. Chamberlain last Wednesday and ran forward to shake hands with Commissioner General Frank P. Sargent, a powerful gust caught the skirts of his coat and whirled them against the back of his head.

Those standing behind the president saw sticking out of his right hip pocket the handle of a big revolver. One of the secret service men quickly restored the skirts of the president's coat to their proper place, but the momentary glimpse the spectators had convinced those familiar with such matters that the handle indicated a weapon of heavy caliber.

Those unfamiliar with the president's custom wondered why he should go armed when on a mission so peaceful as an in-

spection of Ellis Island. It was explained by one of the secret service men, however, that the president invariably carried a revolver when he went to a public place. The president has carried a pistol ever since he took the oath of office after the assassination of McKinley. He has the greatest faith in the ability of the dozen or more secret service agents who guard him, but prefers to be armed himself in case of emergency. His most intimate friends have known of his practice of carrying a six-shooter, but some of the secret service men looked surprised when they saw the handle protruding from the president's pocket Wednesday.

The pistol is the black-handled blue steel .38-caliber revolver which he carried when with his Rough Riders in Cuba. It is the same with which he shot a Spaniard, as he tells in his history of the Rough Riders. When in Cuba he practiced faithfully with his revolver until he became an excellent marksman. Since that time, both in Washington and at Oyster Bay, the revolver shooting has been continued, until the president can score the bullseye at nearly every shot.

When riding about the country roads at Washington and Oyster Bay the president frequently dismounts and practices shooting in company with a secret service man or Sergeant McDonald, one of the best re-

volver shots in the army, who is the president's orderly on all such rides.

The president's ammunition is furnished him by the ordnance bureau of the army. It is especially inspected and loaded and the president knows he can depend upon it in an emergency.

The president is not entirely dependent upon his revolver and the secret service men for protection. He has taken a course in "jitsu," the Japanese method of self-defense and can grab a man by the coat collar and throw him on his head.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Pointed Paragraphs**

- The bear idea—a baby cub.
- Drawing to a close—the soda fountains. Even the soft hat is sold at stiff prices.
- The engagement ring is a left-handed sort of thing.
- Some men take so much toddy they can scarcely toddle.
- One of the first things to think of in a duel is the second.
- A beautiful river is sure to be admired in the long run.
- When a man gets a poor shave he is naturally all cut up about it.—Philadelphia B. Tetin.