Two hundred years ago we separated ourselves from the throne of England and began a government by the people, such government freely chosen and dedicated to the service of all the people. Rule by a family group perpetuated by birth and selected marriages was felt to have no place in the new America. More importantly, power and authority because of royal status was declared to be foreign to the democratic process.

Today hundreds of thousands of homes across our country are ruled by despots so insistent and so powerful as to put the ruling thrones of centuries past to shame. Demanding the very best in food and comfort, productive of nothing except more of its own kind, insistent on attention when it wants attention and critical of disturbance when it wants quiet, this aristocratic autocrat rules his domain with certainty and efficiency. Not unlike his royal counterparts of old, the more highly bred his lineage, the more surely he rules and the more demanding he becomes.

What is this royal character to which so many humans pay homage and for which they perform limitless services? A CAT! For what has the usually logical, reasoning and democratic American abdicated his rights, his home, and his freedom? The CAT! For what will we suffer indignities and inconveniences—almost happily? Our CAT!

Who can deny a royal background when Sir Cat stalks haughtily into the living room and crisply demands that the door be opened so that he may go out and hold his nocturnal court? Or who can fail to notice when the Persian Prince washes himself and cleans his fur as if he were putting on his finest uniform and gold braid? And most of all, as The Cat strides through the house, back erect, head held high and tail pointed stiffly upward he knows his royal authority and we strongly suspect he is right.

No, royalty is not dead! Funny though—our king purrs a lot!

*Freshman Writing.

The next day my shoe shriveled up.