

Saved His Nose

An Account of the Defense of an American Girl in Munich

By F. A. MITCHEL

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One evening in Munich a party of Americans were sitting at a table in the Hofbrauhaus...

But it was not long before this young man was awakened from his quiescence by a remark made by one of the German officers sitting near...



GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE

which the military men were conversing and what they said displeased him.

"Those people over there are English."

"I would like to pigstick one of them."

"The girl is very pretty. I would like to kiss her."

"You might do so and not be called to account. These English don't fight."

"Nor the Americans."

A slight flush overspread the features of the young man at the third table...

Between the sexes, especially young people, there are sign expressions that stand in the place of words.

Grace Hathorne's eye happened to light on the man sitting alone at the moment he flushed.

It darted from him to the officers, and the two items gave her a clue.

They were talking about her and had excited the indignation of the young civilian.

Her father, her brother and the Britisher all sat, unmindful of what was going on.

Feeling uncomfortable, said she was tired and wished to go to the hotel.

The party arose, and as they did so one of the officers, who was half drunk, threw her a kiss with the words, "Goodby, beautiful daughter of Albion."

The situation was painfully embarrassing. Every man in the Hathorne party knew that resenting the insult would bring a challenge from the German.

Sir Clive Oglestey drew very red in the face; George Hathorne started toward the Germans, but his mother caught the skirt of his coat and held him back.

Mr. Hathorne drew his daughter's hand under his arm and marched her out of the Hofbrauhaus.

The others of the party followed, showing great irritation.

When they had gone the young man at the third table drew a leather case from his pocket, took out a card, returned the case, arose and, passing over the few steps between him and the officers, laid it down before the one who had perpetrated the insult.

It read, "Ward Claybourne, Kentucky, U. S. A. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have made a mistake in these people whom you have insulted. Only one is English; the others are countrymen of mine. You are right in assuming that they do not fight. They are brought up in a different school. Fortunately for them, however, my education in your line has not been neglected. I will trouble you for a written apology, which I will be happy to transmit to the lady you have insulted."

was due it was due to the young lady and not to him. He would therefore accept the challenge.

It so happened that the Hathornes and Claybourne were stopping at the same hotel. Miss Hathorne, Sir Clive and one or two Americans were sitting in the lounging room talking over the disagreeable incident of the evening when Miss Hathorne saw one of the officers she had seen at the Hofbrauhaus come into the hotel.

In a few minutes she saw him go out accompanied as far as the door by the young man of the third table. There was a puzzled look on her face for a few moments; then she paled. Could it be that this man who had flushed when the officers were looking at her had taken up the matter in her defense?

After the officer's departure she saw Claybourne go into the writing room. Excusing herself to those with her, she went in there. He was sitting at a desk writing, the only person in the room. She stood looking at him through a very large and very beautiful pair of eyes. He rose and stood deferentially.

"Are you English?" she asked. "American."

"Would you mind assuring me that the visit just paid you has nothing to do with me?" Claybourne was stumped. He made no reply.

"Is there to be a duel?" she went on. "This is very unfortunate," was the only reply.

"I forbid you to fight on my account."

"It would be impossible for me to obey your order."

"I will go to these men and forbid them as well."

She looked so resolute that Claybourne was troubled. He feared to be placed in a false position.

"I see only one possible way out of it," he said. "I am writing a telegram to a friend in Berlin to come and be my second. I will tell him to say something to the man I have challenged that may influence him. He doesn't know that I am a student at Heidelberg, a member of a corps there and that I have vanquished every man who has been brought against me."

"Don't send your telegram. This news can be conveyed without your Berlin friend. My brother—"

"Would not do at all."

"My father—"

"Worse."

"Give me the address of this officer."

"Impossible!"

"Give it to me," she repeated imperiously. "I am the cause of this quarrel. What right have you to take up my case and ignore me?"

"None," replied Claybourne, banging his head, and gave her the address.

Without paying any more attention to him she left the room.

Claybourne gave vent to an expression very common among English speaking people. He crammed his fists down into his trousers pockets and strode to and fro.

"What a fool I have been," he said to himself. "To receive that fellow here! The whole thing is spoiled. I shall not only be deprived of the pleasure of punishing him—I should like to cut off his nose—but they will think I gave it away to the girl to induce her to break it up. What the dickens am I to do? Nothing till I hear from her. This is a pretty mess."

He remained right where he was for an hour, walking the floor like a caged tiger. Then he heard wheels draw up in front of the house, the bang of a carriage door, and in a few moments in came Miss Hathorne, flushed with the effort she had made.

"For heaven's sake!" he said. "What have you done?"

She handed him a paper addressed to him. It was a written apology for the insult that had been offered her.

"How did you get it?"

"Asked for it. They at first declined to address it to you, but I declined to accept it unless they did."

"You have made a mess of it," said Claybourne, in an irritated tone, for the moment losing his self control.

Thought Microbes In a Drop of Ink.



When applied to the newspaper page they make people think twice.

First, people think there's a man who keeps up with the procession.

Second, they think he must keep good goods on hand.

Again, if the home paper has enough drops of advertising ink on its surface to make a proper showing the outsider thinks this must be a pretty lively town.

Thus a drop of NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING INK is a good thing for the town.



Information For the Class.

Columbia Professor—The Greeks had no roofs over their theaters.

Student—What did the audience do when it rained?

Professor—Got wet, I suppose.

Revised List of Dead Ones.



Teacher—Name some of the lights that failed.

Smart Set Boy—Ginseng, Belgian hare, squab, feds, Halley and Jim Jeffries.

Her Heavyweight.

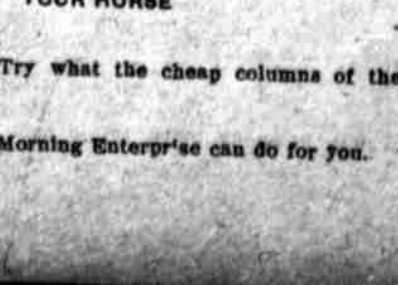


Mrs. Shortfeldt—I took your prescription, doctor, but it did no good.

"Did you disguise it in orange, as I told you?"

"No; it was too late to send out for orange, and I used a slice of homemade fruit cake."

Vicarious.



Frankie (studying his lessons)—Say, pop, where does the Hudson rise?

INDIAN ATHLETES ATTAIN SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

Johnson Dentist in Porto Rico and Rogers Minnesota Lawyer.

One of the best known athletes in the country is Frank Mount Pleasant, who was graduated at Carlisle and holds records for the quarter mile, 100 yards, 220 yards and the broad jump.

He graduated from the academic department of Dickinson college and was the first Indian to get the diploma and degrees of this college.

Another Carlisle student who had the honor of being an all American quarterback was James Johnson, a Stockbridge Indian of Wisconsin.

He is now at San Juan, P. R. to Rico, where he is practicing his profession. He did a business of \$4,000 last year and numbers some of the most prominent people of the island as his patients.

One of the most exciting things to happen during the football season of 1908 took place in the Harvard stadium when the Indians were playing Harvard university.

Many will remember Edward Rogers, a Chippewa Indian, who was a famous pun and captain of the team in 1900.

He was also a good track man, a hurdler and a pole vaulter. He was graduated from the law department of the University of Minnesota in 1904 and regarding his stay there says, "Worked my way through the university; a very happy recollection."

He is now living at Walker, Minn., where he is a successful attorney. He owns his own home, a nine room house with bath and all modern improvements.

While practicing law at Mahanomen, Minn., he had the distinction of being appointed judge of the probate court.

HUMAN BANK NOW INSOLVENT

Last of Balance Extracted From Hunter's Anatomy.

With the withdrawal of a quarter from the hip of Walter Charlwood of St. Louis, the liquidation of this human savings bank was completed.

Charlwood went shooting in Colorado eight years ago, and when game was scarce his companion fired at a rattlesnake.

A surgeon in the University of Colorado succeeded in extracting all but the quarter, and Charlwood has carried it ever since.

He has suffered pain in his hip recently, and when he consulted surgeons the story of the shooting accident was told.

GIVE ENGINE TO ENGINEER.

Railroad Honors Old Time Employee Who Runs Fast Train.

The Erie railroad has honored Alexander Larkin of Cleveland, one of its oldest engineers, both in years and in point of service, by presenting to him on his sixty-eighth birthday the engine which he drives daily in hauling the Pittsburgh floor between Cleveland and Youngstown.

Larkin has been with the company for forty-nine years. He began his career as a fireman with the Atlantic and Great Western railroad, part of the Erie system. He served about six months as a fireman and was then made an engineer.

ENTER MAUD, SMILING.

MAUD-MULLER (this a name you know). Blood on the sidewalk shoveling snow.

(This parody, you see, 's a thing We write each winter, fall and spring.)

The judge came walking down the street. All cautious where he placed his feet.

He saw fair Maud and guffed his hat. And thought he'd stop to have a chat.

But treacherous ice was hid below. The velvet whiteness of the snow.

And while the judge sedately bowed With manner dignified and proud

His feet slipped on the hidden ice. He awayed and stumbled once or twice.

He tried in vain to overcome His lack of equilibrium.

He grasped and grappled at the air. And found no firm support was there.

And so, with wild and sudden shout. He whirled and twirled and spun about.

And waved his arms, and wrenched his back. And then came sprawling down kerbsack!

The snow scooped up beneath his vest. And plastered him by east and west.

The back breadth of his coat were torn. And for his lan guage we should mourn.

He then arose, de liberate, And stalked away with careful gait.

And never gave a backward glance. To Maud, who waited for the chance.

And when the judge was far away. She laughed as though she laughed for aye.

She shrieked, she squealed in girlish mirth. At how the judge had whacked the earth.

And then, too much amused to talk. She finished shoveling off the walk.

—W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

KONIA IS AWAKENING.

Former Iconium, Made Famous by St. Paul, Becoming Modernized.

The city of Konia—the ancient Iconium, once pagan, then Christian and now Mohammedan, the scene of Paul's labors and once the capital of the Seljucian empire, estimated to have today a population of 60,000, is rising again to prominence through the opening of railroad communication to Constantinople.

The city of Konia is the center of a rich agricultural and pastoral province which politically is considered to be of almost the first rank in the Turkish empire, since more than once the office of governor of the province of Konia has proved to be the stepping stone to that of grand vizier at Constantinople.

Linked to Constantinople and Smyrna by railway, Konia is seizing upon western methods and improvements faster than any other city in the interior of Asia Minor.

A closed aqueduct now brings excellent water from a lake 100 miles distant, a street car line is in operation in the city itself, and some of the streets are electric lighted. In the country surrounding reapers are now at work.

A German company has already expended about \$2,250,000 toward a huge irrigation scheme by which water from the hills may be made available for 1,000 square miles of adjoining territory. These are simply a few of the indications of the material progress already begun.

CLOTHING MADE OF WOOD.

Discovery of Substitute For Cotton May Have Big Effects.

Clothes made literally from wood are the latest material venture. A beginning is being made with the making of waistcoats.

The discovery of this new process is largely due to the fact that bleached cotton is known to be composed of very nearly pure cellulose.

Working on this basis, scientists have discovered a method of manufacturing a thread of cellulose extracted from spruce wood.

Cotton spinners are exceedingly optimistic about the discovery. It is asserted, and with material manufactured from this latest process expect to produce clothing at prices far below those now charged.

The finest product will, it is said, be cheaper than cotton in the bale.

In addition to this cardinal advantage the new material can be dyed any color, and a very important point, the dye will not fade. Lastly, the material is noninflammable.

FORTUNE GAINED IN GUANO.

Peruvian Island Yields \$900,000,000 in Twenty-five Years.

In the last twenty-five years the French company operating on Chichina Island, off the coast of Peru, has realized more than \$900,000,000 from guano shipped from those deposits.

It is reported to be the best in the world, because of the fact that there is no rainfall there. The Chichina fertilizer sells for \$100 a ton.

Submarine Loss Heavy.

Within the last six years 200 lives have been lost through accidents in the submarine branch of the world's navies.

The squirrel travels a good deal by rail, though he is never compelled to show his ticket.

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