

An Incident of '48

By RICHARD MARKLEY

It is now about seventy years ago that the European kings were trembling in their boots for fear of losing their crowns. Today they are again shivering, and the crown of the most autocratic of the lot, the czar of Russia, has tumbled off his head. That was a time when the United States acquired citizens of the Carl Schurz stamp, who declined longer to put up with the divine right of kings.

It was at a time when those men who could not get away were being rounded up for imprisonment or death that Count Herbert von Blitzen, a trusted friend of the king of Prussia, was sauntering along the Unter den Linden, in Berlin. A lady walked far behind him, keeping him in sight. The count turned into one of the most select restaurants for a bite and a glass of wine. The lady entered the same place and took a seat near the count's table.

The proprietor, seeing a woman alone in his restaurant, went to her and in a low tone said to her that unattended ladies were not allowed in his restaurant. The lady replied that she would soon be joined by her husband. At this the proprietor apologized and turned up a chair opposite the lady.

Count von Blitzen, not hearing what passed between the proprietor and the lady, stared at her. She endured this for some time, when those about her were thunderstruck to see her take up a glass of wine that she had been sipping and throw the contents in the count's face. Then she said:

"Here, I have been insulted by you and have resented the insult. My husband will soon join me and will be ready to give you satisfaction."

The count was dumfounded at this unusual action in a woman and one having the bearing and the apparel of a lady and knew not what to say. The lady, as soon as her indignation permitted her to speak, said further:

"It is not pleasant for me to remain here, having attracted so much attention." She took a card from a portmanteau and tossed it on the count's table, then without another word she walked out of the restaurant with all the dignity of a queen. The count took up the card and read "Mrs. Elliott Von Schoonhoven, New York, U. S. A." with her Berlin address.

Von Blitzen saw at once that he must challenge the lady's husband. The resenting of his conduct had been so public, and sympathy is always with a woman in such a case, should he fail to act he would be ostracized. Within a few hours the episode would be all over Berlin. He at once sent a friend to the address given to challenge Mr. Von Schoonhoven.

The friend was received by Mrs. Von Schoonhoven, who said that her husband had been delayed from meeting her at the restaurant by having met friends from New York. He was still with his friends, but had left instructions with his wife to make arrangements for granting the count satisfaction. The terms were arranged between the count's second and Mrs. Von Schoonhoven. The principals were to meet the next morning, foils for weapons.

Von Blitzen did not like fighting a man that neither he nor his second had seen, but feared for his reputation if he demurred. He accepted the situation reluctantly.

The count's party were on the ground first, and a few minutes later his opponent appeared unattended. She wore a cloak which concealed her figure, but threw it off while advancing, uncovering fencing costume.

"Count," she said, "my husband is unavoidably detained. Why so I will explain later. I am compelled to resign your insulting stare."

Taking a foil from an attendant of the count's, she called to him to put himself on guard. Some one handed him a foil, and he took it most banefully without considering what he did. In fact, he was so disturbed at the turn the affair had taken that he was more engrossed with what he should do than with any thought of his defense. All he did was to parry the woman's thrusts till suddenly she disarmed him, sending his foil spinning in the air. Then she said:

"Count, your life is at my disposal. Unless you do what I ask you will not be alive after thirty seconds."

"What do you ask? What does all this mean?" asked the count.

"I am not Mrs. Von Schoonhoven. I am the American wife of August Von Hempel. The reason my husband can not defend my honor is because he is in prison for complicity in the late revolution. The price of your life is that you shall secure from the king his release and full restoration to citizenship."

"I am not the king of Prussia. I cannot pardon any one."

"You can promise to do so if it is possible. I know that anything you ask of the king will be granted. And all Berlin knows this too. These gentlemen know the terms and will be my witnesses."

"Very well," said the count; "I will do my best."

The party dispersed, and the next day a messenger came to Frau von Hempel, saying that the king would pardon her husband, if he would agree to leave Prussia. This was agreed to, and Von Hempel was released. He was one of those stalwarts of 1848 who were driven to America for resisting kingly authority. Will what they failed to accomplish be perfected in 1917 or shortly after? We shall see.

BIRTHPLACE OF BASEBALL.

And the Diamond as First Laid Out by Abner Doubleday.

In the new Delaware and Hudson station at Cooperstown, N. Y., hangs an oil painting with an inscription that runs thus:

MAJOR GEN. ABNER DOUBLEDAY 1819-1893

Graduated from West Point, 1842; commanded 6th N. Y. Civil War Volunteers from Cooperstown. He originated our National Game of Baseball, and it was here in 1839 that he laid out the first baseball diamond. So reported the special Baseball Commission in 1907.

The decision that Abner Doubleday was the father of baseball and that Cooperstown was its birthplace followed a thorough investigation of many legends. The commission, which numbered among its members two United States senators and several high officials of the National and American leagues, spent a long time in completing the research.

At the time of the investigation Abner Doubleday, one of the original players, was a mining engineer at Denver, Colo. He proved to be the only survivor among those young Cooperstown boys who played so long ago in a village field, conveniently near Greene's school. He reported that he saw Doubleday mark off the lines and place the bases and players virtually as they are in baseball today.

The game had previously been nothing more than the English rounders, to which baseball, as now known, bears a little resemblance as drafts to chest. Abner Doubleday, who was then twenty, received his inspiration one day while he was playing rounders, and he lost no time in marking out a diamond with a crooked stick. Later he blocked out his new scheme on paper, but it is interesting to remember that he tried it first on Mother Earth.

The diamond he drew was thirty yards square. Players, amateur and professional, have come and gone; rule after rule has been modified; underhand throws and curved deliveries have arrived; a change has come in the size and weight of the ball, which originally was two and one-half ounces of rubber covered with yarn and leather, weighing six and one-half ounces and measuring ten and one-half inches in circumference; in the wake of the ball have followed padded gloves, catchers' mitts, breast pads and masks, but the diamond of today still measures ninety feet along each side.—Youth's Companion

A CITY OF MANY SIEGES.

Verdun Has Figured in Wars Since the Time of Caesar.

The first appearance of Verdun in the pages of history was in the time of Julius Caesar, who established at Verdun, as it was then called, a magazine for his legions.

The Germans first attacked Verdun in the sixth century, when the Franks from the northwestern part of Germany took possession of the town. By the famous treaty of Verdun, made on this date in the year 843, Verdun formed part of the dominions of Lothaire. It was taken and annexed to the German empire in 1039 by Otto I, and placed under the temporal authority of the bishops.

Verdun surrendered to France in 1553, but was not formally ceded to France until nearly a century later. During the French revolution, in 1792, the citizens of Verdun opened their gates to the Prussians after a bombardment of a few hours. The French commandant committed suicide and the revolutionary government executed a number of others who shared the responsibility for the ignominious surrender, including fourteen girls who had offered flowers to the Prussian monarch. The Prussians were driven out after having held the town forty-three days.

The Teutonic hosts again swooped down upon Verdun in 1870. Unable to take the town by direct assault, they invested and bombarded it, and the French, after a brave defense, surrendered the fortress with 4,000 men and large stores of ammunition. Verdun was the last place abandoned by the Germans, the troops retiring in September, 1873.—New York World.

Difficulties of Mining.

Every time a ton of anthracite coal and rock is hoisted from a mine an average of eleven tons of water must be pumped from the mine.

It takes about the same amount of power to pump fresh air into a mine as it does to hoist the coal out of it.

In some mines with long drifts the car hauls may be as much as fifteen miles per round trip.—National Engineering.

Preserving the Pumpkin.

In colonial days pumpkins were paraded in thin strips of convenient size and dried for future use in "pumpkin bread" and "pumpkin pie." This custom is one that we should imitate. Squashes and sweet potatoes, when they show signs of spotting, may be preserved by the same method.—Good Housekeeping.

He Was Posted.

"How old are you?" asked a little boy of his mother's caller.

"Willie," said his mother sharply, "you must not ask a lady a question like that; it isn't polite."

"Why, mamma," returned the youngster, "she isn't supposed to tell the truth."—Boston Transcript.

Real Nerve.

"Matt sure has got nerve, hasn't he?" "I guess yes. The other day he asked an automobile salesman for a sample."

Pessimism is productive of paralysis and stagnation.

Friends become foes and foes are reconciled.—Latin.

A PLAGUE OF FEAR

Vague Terrors Bar Lots of Folks From Living on the Land.

DREAD SNAKES AND INSECTS.

They See Dangers and Perils in Country Life That Do Not Exist, and So Prefer Crowded Cities.—The Truth About Animal Bites and Poisons.

Fears of injury and even death from snake bite, terror occasioned by dangers imaginary and unseen, keep many nervous people from living on the land, and these senseless fears play a larger part than most people imagine in keeping people huddled in apartment houses, crowded into towns and cities. And the cost of living soars and soars.

Snake and insect poisoning terrorizes millions of well-meaning men and women, when, as a matter of fact, danger from falling while running the lawn mower is much more real. Fear seems to become an obsession, and the word "deadly" creeps into conversation at every verse end. The rattlesnake is "deadly." The copperhead and moccasin are "deadly." So is the wholly mythical puff adder. In hardly less degree is the tarantula "deadly," while varying lethal capacities are ascribed to the centipede, the scorpion, the kissing bug, and sundry other forms of insect life. Bounteous science to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no living thing within the boundaries of the United States of America whose bite or sting is sure death or with one possible exception even probable death.

There are five varieties of venomous serpents in the country, three of them Crotalids and two belonging to the elaps family. The elaps are rare. The crotalids (rattlesnake, moccasin and copperhead) are common and of the widest geographical distribution. Yet, on the basis of actual evidence, the amazing fact stands out that only about eighty persons, so far as is ascertainable, have ever died from snake bites in the United States.

Be it remembered that death following snake bite is not necessarily the same thing as death from snake bite. Error in treatment plays no small part in vitiating the statistics. For "error" read "whisky." Whoever is primarily responsible for the hoary superstition that liquor in huge doses is useful in snake poisoning has many a life to answer for. A whole bottle of raw whisky forced down the throat of a man unaccustomed to alcohol is pretty likely to kill him and is absolutely certain to cause grave poisoning.

Fully as much terror attaches, in the country districts, to the puff adder or sand viper as to the rattlesnake or copperhead. This is a suggestive bit of superstition, since there's no such thing as an adder or viper on the western hemisphere and never has been one, unless it came carefully pickled in a jar. What passes for the supposedly deadly reptile is the common hog nosed or bull snake. It is about as dangerous as an inflated rabbit. But it puts up one of the best "bluffs" known to natural history.

Disoiled imagination could invent no more horrible of appearance than the tarantula. Its bristling and hostile aspect, the swift ferocity of its rush, its great size and its enthusiastic preference for combat as against flight are sufficient to account for the fear and respect in which it is generally held. But, though several species of the huge spider are native in the United States and others frequently drop out of banana bunches from South and Central America, to the discomfiture of the unsuspecting grocer, no authentic instance of death from tarantula poison in this country is obtainable.

In some sections of the country the spider hysteria prevails. People shiver every time they see a spider. Yet in all the United States there is known but one poisonous spider. Strangely enough, the one dangerous spider on the American continent is small, obscure and practically unknown. Latrodectus mactans is its scientific name. It is about the size of a large pea, black, with a red spot on the back—a useful danger signal—and spins a small web in outhouses or around woodpiles. But few specimens have ever been identified in this country.

The only insect which really kills is the mosquito, yet less fear is expressed about its activities than about any other poison carrying insect or snake. Compared with the mosquito as a real menace, all the combined brood of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas and other pet bugaboos of our childish romances are utterly negligible—are as firmaments to reality, as shadow to substance.

A clear understanding of these popular fears and superstitions would aid greatly in giving assurance of safety to the man or woman who would till the soil, who would work in the open fields, who would live in the country.—Los Angeles Times.

A Lost Friend.

"I'm up against it. I like Brown very much, but I see no way now to avoid losing his friendship."

"What's the matter?"

"He has asked me to lend him money. If I refuse he'll hate me; if I lend it to him, I shall hate him."—Detroit Free Press.

All He Could Stand.

Wife—Tom, I want \$20 for pin money.

Husband—Great Scott! Here it is, but I'm darned glad you don't want to buy spikes.—Boston Transcript.

THE STORAGE BATTERY.

It is a Willing-Servant, but is Delicate and Requires Care.

If you place a fine, twenty-one jewel watch in a tin case you will not expect it to receive very respectful treatment at the hands of any one who does not know the value of the movement that the case contains.

Probably the psychological effect of the rough appearing storage battery box is somewhat the same upon the average motorist. Could he realize the delicacy of the parts inside and the care and time required in their manufacture and assembly he would be more inclined to treat his storage battery as he would his full jeweled watch inclosed in its eighteen carat gold case.

When we consider that this box, occupying scarcely more than a half of a cubic foot of space, furnishes the current that takes the place of back breaking crank turning, that lights the headlights, ignites the spark and operates the horn, we will be impressed with the fact that it is indeed the very essence of concentrated power.

But this power cannot be delivered unless it is properly stored. In other words, the storage battery is not a power producer, but rather a power reservoir. This reservoir is filled with a certain moderate rate by means of the generator, which should operate when the engine of the car is in motion. If we took upon the generator as supply, the small steady stream of current sent to the reservoir and consider that the starter represents a drain on this reservoir comparable to that prevailing when the stopper is removed from the waste pipe of a wash bowl we will understand the reason for the statement by the battery manufacturer to the effect that the current demanded for one session of the starter exceeded, there was a shrinking in it that quires at least twenty minutes' normal would have led me to fight for my possession of the car for full replacement, sessions had I been armed.

This fact will also possibly serve to explain why adjustments of the carburetor and spark plug making for easy life of the engine add to the life of independence and several wounds given by the elimination of the starting battery through the elimination of the starter, gained my strength and took sufficient interest in what was going on about me and will deliver as much or a little more than I had joined the army. It is its last ounce of strength in a vain effort, was then that I learned what my counter to crank and start a stiff and balky try had endured during the long war, engine until there is scarcely power enough remaining to furnish the current necessary for the formation of the spark of ignition.—H. W. STAVSON

Man Eating Sharks.

All of the trained and experienced observers with me agreed in saying that near our coast line there was but little danger from sharks for a man swimming. Accidents do occur, but they are wholly exceptional—unlike what is true in the Indian ocean and around Australia. The white shark is undoubtedly a man eater, and Coles, who is probably the more competent to pass judgment on the question than any other man in the United States, believes that the four bathers killed and partly eaten off the New Jersey coast in the summer of 1910 were all victims of one rather steady small straggler of this formidable species. When this straggler was captured it was found that there were but man bones and flesh in it, and with its capture all attacks on swimmers ceased.—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

The Flag at Trenton.

The flag "that Washington had with him when he crossed the Delaware to attack Trenton" was not the Stars and Stripes. Washington crossed the Delaware in December, 1776, and the Stars and Stripes did not have an existence until the June of 1777, when it was voted into being by the congress. The flag that waved over General Washington on his way to and from Trenton consisted of thirteen stripes alternate red and white, as at present, with a blue canton emblazoned with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, as in the British flag. The first time the present Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze was on the day of the battle of Oriskany at Fort Stanwix, Aug. 6, 1777.—Exchange.

The Origin of "Ushers."

Speaking of ushers, I learned an interesting thing from an English manager. He told me that in the old days the theater men used to sit around tables and drink during a performance, and if they became boisterous or annoyed the manager sent waiters down to hush them up. These men were officially known as ushers, but as a cockney cannot say his his—where they belong—they became known as "ushers."—Rob Wagner in Saturday Evening Post.

Camouflage Not New.

The art of camouflage is nothing new to the American Indian, as the Christian Science Monitor points out. Ages ago, comparatively speaking, before he had heard anything about firearms, he was accustomed to steal unobserved on a herd of buffaloes by the simple device of decking himself out with a buffalo skin and horns. If that wasn't a resort to camouflage, what was it?

Spartan Training.

"Why is it that all the old lawyers are prosperous?"

"Well, a lawyer has to learn to live on nothing for the first three or four years. Naturally, when the money does begin to come in, it is all profit."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Practical One.

"Have you any theories as to sell help?"

"Certainly. Mine is to help yourself to anything in sight you can."—Baltimore more American.

Beware of bad beginnings.

He who does not take the first wrong step will never take the second.

A Story of the New Republic

By EDWARD T. STEWART

Coruwallis had surrendered, and the independence of the United States was established. My regiment had been disbanded, and I was on my way to my home in Pennsylvania. I had neither horse nor money for traveling purposes and got on as best I could, carrying a lift here and using river currents there, till I reached a point not a dozen miles from home. There I found a friend, who got out his coach and started me on the last relay between Yorktown and my father's estate, for I was sick and weary and could go no farther.

I started shortly before dark and had made half the distance when the coach came to a sudden stop, and a voice at the window cried out:

"Your money or your life?"

"Money I have none," I replied, "but my watch is at your disposal."

Taking from my pocket a timepiece whose fob hung a dainty locket containing a miniature likeness of my mother, I handed it to the robber, who, without another word made off, his horse's hoofs beating the road, the stars of the darkness, and all I had heard was his demand for plunder. By this I judged that he was very young or that he was a shrinking in it that he did not stand the high key for the battery manufacturer to the effect that the current demanded for one session of the starter exceeded, there was a shrinking in it that quires at least twenty minutes' normal would have led me to fight for my possession of the car for full replacement, sessions had I been armed.

I was a long while after reaching home in recovering from the exposure and spark plug making for easy life of the engine add to the life of independence and several wounds given by the elimination of the starting battery through the elimination of the starter, gained my strength and took sufficient interest in what was going on about me and will deliver as much or a little more than I had joined the army. It is its last ounce of strength in a vain effort, was then that I learned what my counter to crank and start a stiff and balky try had endured during the long war, engine until there is scarcely power enough remaining to furnish the current necessary for the formation of the spark of ignition.—H. W. STAVSON

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CHAMOIS SKIN IS RARE.

What Often Passes For It Is Really the Hide of Sheep.

The article known as chamois comes under the head of articles known by names that do not in every way describe them. A large New York firm, rather than have its patrons think they were getting one thing when in reality they were getting another, lately devoted a good deal of advertising space in daily papers to an explanation of the trade term and its difference from that of the genuine article.

The chamois, runs the explanation, is a goatlike type of antelope with small horns inhabiting the Pyrenees, Alps, Carpathians and the mountains of western Asia.

There was a time chamois hide was used to make "shammy" skins, but the chamois goat or antelope is practically extinct. Now all the "chamois" skins are sheepskins. When the skin is split so as to make two skins the flesh side is used to make "chamois."

All washable chamois skins are untanned sheepskins. In this connection it might be well to remark that doekskin gloves are not made of doekskin, for the American antelope, whose hide was doekskin, is as rare as the dodo or the buffalo.

The making of the so called chamois skins is a rather interesting operation. Along the shore of Long Island and beyond lally you are apt to be assailed, if the wind is from the south, by an odor which reminds you of chamois. It is not the odor of the skin, however, but the pungent smell from a fish oil factory where tons of mackerel are boiled for the oil the fish contains. All sheepskins used in the making of chamois leather, so called, are treated with nothing but this fish oil. The skins are immersed in vats of the oil and are permitted to remain there for a month or more. Then they are wrung out and hung up to dry, turning meanwhile a yellow color.

If a white or cream shoddy is desired the skins are bleached in the sun.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

THE CAMERA AS A DETECTIVE.

Its Keen Eye Sees Things the Microscope Cannot Discern.

The camera has been frequently instrumental in the detection of criminals. In cases of forgery photography is invaluable, for there is no forger in the world clever enough to baffle its detective skill.

An interesting proof of this was provided a few years ago in the case of a forged will. An enlarged photograph revealed the pencilled lines over which the names of the testator and witnesses had been written, although no trace of them was visible through the microscope. This is one of the peculiarities of the camera, that it brings to light marks which are invisible through a microscope, just as it has been known to reveal the signs of measles and smallpox several days before they became visible to the naked eye.

When a forged signature is suspected the method adopted is to take photographs of the genuine and supposed false signatures, magnify each a hundredfold or more and compare the results. Under this careful test the slightest discrepancy becomes exaggerated out of close resemblance to the signature, and every sign of hesitancy for few forgers can write a counterfeit signature with perfect ease and fluency—stands revealed.

A forged banknote, however minutely and faithfully the original may have been copied, cannot deceive the eye of the camera, which will show not only the slightest deviation from the genuine note, but also any difference in the texture of the paper used. In a recent case, where a section of a check had been removed and another piece in the form of pulp substituted with infinite skill, the camera revealed the fraud at once, showing exactly where the new and old papers were joined.

Brekan in Transit.

Little Gwennelle felt it her duty to enter a man who had been called in to do some carpenter work and began by asking if he had a papa.

"Mamma," he said yes. Then she asked if he had any brothers or any sisters.

He replied by saying he had three half brothers and three half sisters. After looking at him for a moment intently she said:

"Are you the only whole one there was?"

Our Immigrants.

The immigrants who have been landed at Ellis Island have been of a higher type than those of an earlier time. Of course there has been a wonderful change in their dress. When I first went into the work it was like going to the opera, the native costumes we used to see whenever a shipload of immigrants landed. Now there are very few national costumes to be seen.—Christian Herald.

Republics and Gratitude.

"Do you regard republics as ungrateful?"

"Such historical reading as I have done," replied Senator Borah, "does not lead me to think so. Sometimes they are only naturally resentful of being persistently flimflammed."—Washington Star.

Bully Solution.

Professor—Pat, what is your solution to the world problem? Pat—Well, sir, I think we should have a world democracy—with an Irishman for king.—Life.

The Repeat.

"Is it difficult to borrow money?"

"Not the first time. The second time is what calls for great skill."—Detroit Free Press.