

# MANCHESTER

# ENTERPRISE.

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## Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

### Societies.

MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 118, F. & A. M., meet at Masonic Hall Monday evening, or before full moon. Visiting brothers are invited. T. B. BAILEY, W. M. EARL CHASE, Secretary.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER NO. 48; R. A. M., meet at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, or before each full moon. Companions cordially welcome. MAT D. BLOSSER, H. F. ED. B. CHASE, Secretary.

DOMINION COUNCIL NO. 24, R. A. S. M., assemble at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening after each full moon. All visiting com-panions welcome. H. R. RINGSLY, T. I. M. MAT D. BLOSSER, Recorder.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 101, O. E. S., meet at Masonic Hall, Friday evening, or before each full moon. All visiting mem-bers are invited. MARY ANN HENDERSON, W. M. MARY ANN HENDERSON, Secretary.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall over Haenauer's store, and their meetings are open to all men. GRO. FELDKAMP, M. W. ANTHONY JACQUEMANN, Recorder.

MANCHESTER TENT NO. 142, K. O. T. M., meet in Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening, or before each full moon. Visiting Knights invited. MRS. T. B. GLOVER, L. COME, MRS. JOHANNA SCHMID, Com. GEO. J. NISLE, Record Keeper.

MANCHESTER FIVE NO. 682, L. O. T. M., meet in Masonic Hall, third and fourth Tuesday evening of month. Visiting ladies invited. MRS. T. B. GLOVER, L. COME, MRS. JOHANNA SCHMID, Com. GEO. J. NISLE, Record Keeper.

COMSTOCK POST NO. 322, G. A. F., meet first and third Tuesday evening of each month, at Hall over Higginson's store. All com-mrades invited. MRS. MARY N. RUMPTON, Pres. MISS NETTIE E. TAYLOR, Secretary.

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## THE WERTHEIMER NEW YEAR BABY

BY MARIE BOTILDA



Mr. Wertheimer was amazed to find sprawling on the floor, surrounded with soft pillows, a chubby-faced, blue-eyed infant, with little wisps of golden curl hanging around a shapeless head.

Wertheimer's amusements when off duty, but he had grown weary of the monotony of all three and wanted something human that he could love, pet and cherish—animals did not seem to fill the void in his heart. Moreover, he was a jolly sort of a man and felt the need of something to bubble and gush over. His home environments were well, were somewhat frigid.

On the contrary, Mrs. Wertheimer was a strict disciplinarian on the score of duty, dogmatic, and unfriendly in her disposition, and opposed to sentimental displays, even her smile when she forgot herself and indulged in such worldliness, were frost-bitten. But she had gathered the idea at the Woman's club, during a protracted and heated discussion on the subject, that it was the duty of every woman to assume the guardianship of at least one embryo

human being, for the purpose of training it according to the standard recognized by the club, in the right way, of course, and thus save an immortal soul from contamination by the wickedness of the world, which was in need of making over again. Besides, that the lady had noticed the waning influence of the dog, cat and bird to keep Mr. Wertheimer at home in the evenings. Hence, Mrs. Wertheimer thought a baby in the house might accomplish a double object, to wit: a halo and a stay-at-home husband.

"Let me see," she said, pausing in her dusting. "John and I quarreled on Thanksgiving day, and to make him understand that he was in the wrong, I gave him corned beef and cabbage for dinner instead of turkey. Then again, on Christmas day he was not as liberal as I thought he should have been, and the turkey was tough there weren't any cranberries, and the only dessert was bread pudding instead of plum—accidental, of course. To make up with him, I think I will present him with a baby on New Year's day, and that will keep him at home for a year at least. But where shall I get one?"

"I took her," responded his wife soberly, "because it is our duty to make a home for some child that didn't have a good one. You'll make such a fuss over this one that it will soon be spoiled, and I want it to grow up good and sensible. I have my own ideas about its training. Come, get up, supper's ready."

For two weeks Mr. Wertheimer lived in paradise, and, strange to say, he never once went out in the evening. But not Mr. Mrs. Wertheimer. Babies

require a good deal of care and attention; she had not calculated on this,

and her idea of duty became very much modified. In fact, she complained of the trouble the baby was giving her, in addition to which there was a trifle of jealousy. Mr. Wertheimer devoted all his time to the infant and none to her. True, she had never invited his caresses, but that did not make any difference; the baby had wedged in between them, and she was crowded out of her rightful, though unappropriated place.

The matter rankled in Mrs. Wertheimer's mind, and the thought of getting rid of it grew in her heart. So it was, that one night when Mr. Wertheimer had hurried home, ready for a romp before supper, there were no signs of life in the house; no barking dog, no singing bird, no crowing baby.

"If this is Mrs. Harris, permit me to enter and state the object of my visit," said Mrs. Wertheimer, with many misgivings.

But when she had entered, she heard a baby's soft gurgle, and sure enough, there was her baby on the bed in an inner room, as sweet and as dimpled as ever, making the best of it in her strange quarters. Mrs. Wertheimer told her story and begged Mrs. Harris to let her have the baby back.

"I can never be happy without it," she confessed, with tears running down her cheeks.

"Well, now, isn't that funny," said Mrs. Harris. "I made up my mind that I must have a baby because all my friends were poking fun at me for being without one. So I thought I would surprise my husband and have one here some night ready for him when he got home. But, my gracious, you should have heard him. He was as mad as a March hare and wanted to know what I meant by

"You—took—that—poor—child—to an asylum?" stammered Mr. Wertheimer with sudden anger and a curse of contempt on his lips. "You took that little motherless child to a public institution after promising its father that you would take its mother's

ing, and adopted it at once, but Mr. Hopkins was not to deliver the baby girl until an hour or so before the husband's home-coming on New Year's eve, so as to be a surprise for him.

When Mr. Wertheimer returned home after his day's roll on the evening in question, he was amazed to find sprawling on the floor, surrounded with soft pillows, a chubby-faced, blue-eyed infant, with little wisps of golden curl hanging around a shapeless head. It was bobbing around in a wobbly fashion, the tiny hands stretched out trying to reach a large gray cat, nicely sitting just beyond its grasp, blinking at the new acquisition in sleepy wonder. Jack, the dog, was manifesting his approval of the new arrival by furiously barking and wagging his stumpy tail, at the same time frisking around and upsetting the cat, drawing her about by the tail, and performing other astonishing feats to entertain the baby.

"Great Caesar!" he exclaimed. "What's the row anyway? Have you started a menagerie?"

"This is our baby," exclaimed Mrs. Wertheimer, relating her experience and intentions.

"Well, now we'll have some fun and life around the house," said he, getting down on the floor to investigate the new plaything.

"She's mighty pretty, anyway," was his decision. In a few moments he was mixed up with baby, dog and cat in such a noisy, revel that his wife, with an expression of disapproval, came in from the kitchen, where she had gone to prepare supper.

"John, I didn't know you could make such a fool of yourself. Just look at your clothes, all lint and dust, and you are making more noise than the whole lot put together. Have you no consideration for the neighbors?"

"Well, what did you get her for, if you don't want me to play with her?" And he laughed good-naturedly. "I can just sit and look at her; that ain't enough."

"I took her," responded his wife soberly, "because it is our duty to make a home for some child that didn't have a good one. You'll make such a fuss over this one that it will soon be spoiled, and I want it to grow up good and sensible. I have my own ideas about its training. Come, get up, supper's ready."

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require a good deal of care and attention; she had not calculated on this,

place. I thought every woman had some love in her heart, if not for her husband, then at least for a helpless baby, but you like relatives you have, with all your prating about Christian duty and charity—it is de-

pendable me! That's what I married you for, anyway. You just take that brat back where you found it. I won't have it around." He was so mad that he went away this morning without saying me goodbye, a line he has never done before, and she wept at the terrible recollection. Then covering herself, she snapped out:

"Take it away. I never want to see another baby."

When Mr. Wertheimer returned that evening, there was the baby in her accustomed place on the floor, with the dog performing his old tricks, and the bird splitting its throat with melody, the cat purring an accompaniment. But what was more to him, there was his wife who met him at the door with a loving care, something that had not happened since their honeymoon, a long time before.

"Martha, I said more than I should have; pardon me. Never mind about the baby, it's only one more disappointment and I will live through it. But with he turned away, but his wife's eyes were opened to the full significance of what she had done, called him back and putting her hands upon his shoulders looked him full in the face, with a strange, wistful expression in his eyes.

"John, I must tell you the truth now. It was not heartlessness, it was because—oh, John, do you not understand? I was jealous of your love for the child. I was afraid you had ceased to love me. My hardness was all as-

sembled, John. May I forgive me, and I will go this moment and get the child again."

The woman's habitual reserve melted under the tender caress of her husband.

"Dear wife, I have always loved you, but it seemed to me that you did not love me, you were so—no, I will







