

NAMING THE BABY

By M. QUAD

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There is no prettier village in the whole west than that of Pentwater, situated on the shores of Lake Michigan. It is also a thriving place, but there was a time in its history, and not so many years ago, that it had a terrible fight for its life, and that fight was precipitated by a ten pound boy baby.

Mr. James Pond, a young man of twenty-two, fell in love with Miss Edith Brown. He bought and shipped butter, eggs, potatoes and the like, and she was a schoolteacher. It is not on record that one single person in Pentwater had an objection to the courtship. Marriage followed, and still no objection. It was congratulations instead. But when time had passed and a little feller of a baby jumped into the arena there was a sudden and awful change. The father had become a Sunday school superintendent, and within two days after the birth of the baby he announced that it was to be named Leviticus.

Mrs. Pond was a very good woman, indeed, but she wasn't good enough to stand for such a name as that. She announced that the boy was to be named Leon, and right there the row began. Both had relatives, and the relatives were dragged into it. If you trace the record of Leviticus back you will find that he was a very good man and that his name was all right for the age in which he lived. At that time no one used nicknames. No one thought of shortening his cognomen to "Leave" or "Levi." It was always pronounced in full.

Mrs. Pond and her adherents held that the name had served its purpose and should not be dug up for the benefit of her son. When the two names, "Leviticus" and "Leon," were written side by side the odds seemed to be ten to one in favor of the latter. The boys might cut it to "Lee" and still leave it a pretty name.

"It shall be Leon, little darling, and don't you worry," murmured the mother as she held the kid closer to her bosom and her relatives said they would back her up in it to their last ton of hay.

But there was the father to deal with. He had not been known as a desperate or determined man, but now it appeared that he was. He rowed by the beard of his father that the baby should be baptized under the name of Leviticus or not at all, and he began using the name at home and abroad. There were those who congratulated him and told him that he was doing a great thing for Pentwater.

It cannot be said that business came to a complete standstill, but it was certainly affected. Several houses that were to be erected were not begun because the interested parties quarreled over that baby.

When the kid had reached the age of six weeks and was just beginning to take an interest in the questions of the day its father insisted that baptism should take place. Tears were shed and protestations made, but in vain. Then he came home to supper one night to find that wife and baby had fled to her mother's. He ordered them back, but they refused to come as mother and Leviticus. Then Mr. Pond's minister and his two deacons stepped in. They hadn't done so before, hoping the affair would be settled in the family. The trouble that faced them now, however, was that they were all for Leviticus. They pronounced the name as softly as they could and had much good to say as to the character of the man, but they made no headway. There were other ministers and deacons in the village, but they kept hands off. Tin peddlers and lightning rod men visited Pentwater, and those who were wise enough not to butt in did good business; those who sniffed at "Leon" and called it a noveltish name or those who giggled at "Leviticus" and called him a back number got themselves into trouble.

Months went by, but both sides remained firm.

But there must come a climax to all things, and Pentwater finally had a climax. It was being proposed by citizens of sense to have a fire, a circus or an earthquake to kill off the old question when a good old man came to the town and heard all about the matter. He was selling a home-made liniment, good for man or beast. It could be used externally or internally. It would cure outside rheumatism or inside colic. Rub it on your back with a piece of red flannel and your lumbago would disappear. Take ten drops internally, with the red flannel left out, and your heartburn would trouble you no more.

When the old man had learned the particulars of the quarrel over the baby he stroked his venerable chin whiskers and murmured:

"I see, I see. You are a pack of idiots in Pentwater! There should have never been an argument over it."

"Have you got a compromise?" was asked.

"Certainly. You've hit it right there. Let the little shaver be called Compromise Pond, and let his father and mother and the rest of you quit being idiots!"

It was thought over, talked over and adopted within a week, and Pentwater went back to its good old days again.

P. S.—Every citizen keeps a bottle of that home-made liniment on hand against emergencies.



LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA, OLDEST RULER, IS NINETY.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, regent of Bavaria and ruler of that country though not technically king, recently celebrated his ninetyeth birthday. For twenty-five years the prince has reigned over Bavaria in place of his nephew, King Otto, who is insane. In everything but title the prince is king. He is supreme in all state affairs, just as though he actually wore the crown and wielded the scepter of the monarch. Prince Leopold is a hale old fellow and a popular man with his subjects. In Munich, where he lives, he is a patron of art and music. He is extremely fond of outdoor sports. One of his favorite pursuits is sleighing. In his earlier days the prince, like most Germans of noble lineage, was a soldier. He was actively engaged in the struggle between Prussia and Austria and in the Franco-Prussian war.

A CRITICAL POSITION

By VERNON ARNOLD

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During the Franco-Prussian war a division occupying a strategic point in Alsatia under General Puffenheim was encamped in a pleasant valley in which there were scattered dwellings.

Officers' wives were not allowed to accompany the army, and General Puffenheim was a great stickler for the enforcement of this order. He was an old bachelor, and a crusty one at that. Women aroused in him a satanic ire.

Half a mile down the road from the general's headquarters was a house which had been abandoned by the French family who occupied it on the approach of the Germans. One day Captain Schwab and Captain Henner, two young officers of the staff who had left brides in Germany, passed this house.

"What a scheme it would be, Schwab, if we could bring our wives here and put them in that house."

"Old Puff would rout them out before they had been there six hours and we would be court-martialed."

Later the two officers decided to make the experiment. When their wives appeared they brought with them Fraulein Lena Borgelisser, a sister of Mrs. Henner. Fraulein Borgelisser was a very beautiful and otherwise attractive woman. Indeed, she was the belle of Stuttgart, where she lived, half the men there being in love with her.

One day General Puffenheim rode past the house just as Frau Schwab was calling in excellent German to Frau Henner, who was leaning out of an upper window. The general reined in his horse.

"Captain," he said to Schwab, who was attending him at the time, "there are German women in that house. The people about here are all French. That house was deserted by its occupants when we came here. I know that, for I thought of making it my headquarters. That woman—or lady—speaks German. I should not be surprised if some of our officers have been bringing their wives here."

Now, the two ladies had seen the general rein in his horse and survey them like a thundercloud. Mrs. Schwab went into the house, and Mrs. Henner disappeared from the window. The general spurred his horse to the gate, dismounted and, directing his aid to follow him, stalked up to the house. The two wives sent Fraulein Borgelisser to receive him. Captain Schwab stood back and put his finger to his lip, looking knowingly at the young lady as a signal that she must give away nothing and not recognize him. She received the general with a most engaging smile.

"Ab, mein Herr General!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "How glad we are to see troops from the fatherland. I hope you have come to redeem our fair Alsatia and bring it under the

rule from which it was once torn."

The general had approached the house like a lion; he entered it like a lamb. The fraulein made up a plausible story accounting for the house being occupied by Germans, invited him and his aid to be seated and chattered like a magpie. Indeed, she talked so volubly that the general had but little opportunity to ask questions which would have shown the weak spot in her story. When he rose to depart she pressed him to come again and would not consent to his going until he had promised to do so.

The result of this reception was that the next day the general set off attended only by a single orderly and made a call on Fraulein Borgelisser. The same evening the two captains of his staff stole away and called upon their wives. The party discussed the matter of the general's visits anxiously, for if he should discover what was going on the officers' commissions would not be worth the parchment they were printed on. All agreed that their safety depended on the skill with which the fraulein kept the general from getting the facts.

The young lady was equal to the occasion. She threw a spell around the elderly bachelor, going so far as to elicit a proposal. This she held in abeyance until she could consult her heart and her parents. The general was forced to wait.

A climax came at last. One morning the officer of the day announced to the general that the wives of two of his officers were living in close proximity to the camp.

"Where? Who has disobeyed the order in this matter?" snapped the general.

"The house is a white one with four pillars in its front. It is the first house on the right beyond the stream."

The general stood looking at the officer without speaking for a time, then found voice to ask:

"Whose wives are there?"

"The wives of Captains Schwab and Henner."

The general staggered.

"The matter will be attended to," he gasped. "That will do."

Fortunately for all concerned the division of General Puffenheim was ordered to march to Paris the next morning or there might have been an upheaval that would have gone hard with the two captains and might have made the commander the laughing-stock of the army. He never saw Fraulein Borgelisser again, and his animosity toward the gentler sex finally occasioned a stroke of apoplexy, from which he died.

Hail!
Oh, hail to congress once again!
In deep respect we shall not fall
And from accustomed speech refrain,
So once again, O congress, hail!

It is the word tradition likes,
Though teardrops fall in patriot woe,
Though sneering front new terror strikes,
We still say "Hail!" not rain or snow.

We know not why a word so slight
In mighty meaning thus should sound,
The hail may come and in a night
Be quite forgot the country round.

We would say "Thunder!" We would speak
Of lightning that will make men quail;
But, forced by custom, we are meek
And say to congress simply "Hail!"

LACE MOTIFS FOR BLOUSES

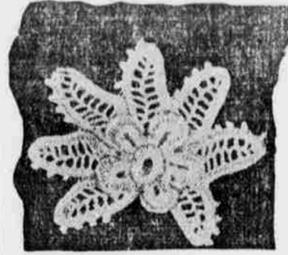
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DAISY MOTIF.

Lace motifs are always useful for trimming lingerie or blouses. Those illustrated here are so simple that any one able to crochet can make them. If it is desirable to enlarge the motif to form an oval or square this can easily be accomplished by filling in with chains and picots.

To make the daisy motif with the stem, over one end of four long strands of p. c. work 39 d. in No. 42 Irish lace thread. Form into a ring by joining first and last stitches; 1 d. into second on ring 25 t., 2 d., over p. c. Turn back and work 1 t. into each t. of last row. 1 d into last stitch and 2 d. into center ring. Make eight more leaflets exactly like this, but join first 12 t. to each preceding leaflet, taking up the top side only of each stitch. On the center of the space on ring between first and last leaflet form the stem, working d. over the p. c. into half of those remaining on ring and then over the p. c. along for a length of 3 1/4 inches.



ROSE MOTIF.

Turn back and work t. into each d., keeping the stitches compact, then d. over the p. c. into the stitches remaining on center. Fasten off securely on back of work and cut off superfluous thread.

To make the openwork rose motif take four long strands of p. c., work 35 d. over it in No. 42 thread and form into a ring, 25 d. over p. c. Leave the p. c., 5 ch., 1 t., into 3d last stitch; 2 ch., 1 t., into every 3d d. to end, and 1 d. into center. Turn 3 ch., 1 t. into first space, 2 ch., 1 t. into each space to top; 3 ch., 1 d., over p. c. Turn and work d. over p. c. into each space of last row, making 5 picots of 6 ch. each, with 5 d. between, after first 5 d., 2 d., over p. c. into center. Make five more leaflets exactly like this, but joining the beginning of each to the last ten stitches of the preceding.

Man is the sun of the world, more than the real sun. The fire of his wonderful heart is the only light and heat worth gauge or measure.—Emerson.

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