

## Breaking a Compact

By BELLE MANIATES

Tom Dalton paced the blue gravel road in front of the palatial hotel waiting for Dorothy. Waiting for Dorothy had been his normal condition this summer.

He was a man whose well made shoulders alone marked him as man of action. This new role of his was not consistent with his principles and habits.

He consulted his watch frequently and said things under his breath, but the instant he caught sight of the fair young form in the doorway he forgot his impatience.

When Dorothy's ingenuous, dazzling eyes looked into his he drew a quick breath and told himself she was well worth the waiting, however prolonged.

Time was made for slaves, not for Dorothy. It did not even occur to her to ask him if she were late or if he



"I HAVE PROMISED TOM TO GET UP TO BREAKFAST."

had been waiting long. She was the only daughter and had been subjected to no rules or regulations.

Her father, William Lloyd, had been perceptibly troubled when approached by Tom on the subject of his love and desire for Dorothy.

"I don't know of a fellow anywhere I think as much of as I do of you, Tom, and there is no one else whom I would like to have for a son-in-law, but you haven't said anything to her yet."

"No. Still, of course, she must know I love her."

Lloyd smiled. "Very likely. But I don't want you to say anything to her until you have known her longer—until you are entirely sure you care enough."

Tom started.

"Do you think any one could know her at all and not love her?"

"I must admit," replied Lloyd, "that we have done all we could to spoil Dorothy, and yet she is not spoiled—to us. She has always had her own way, but it has been such a wifely, sweet way we were glad to give it to her. It is our dearest wish and hope that she may always continue in her princess role."

"She has many little characteristics that we can laugh at, but to a conventional, practical, systematic nature like yours I fear will prove distracting. Her oblivion to the flight of time, her irresponsibility and utter disregard of anything approaching a system will be wearisome to you, I fear, after the glamour of courtship and honeymoon is over. You must take her as she is, with no thought of alteration."

Tom protested that he loved Dorothy as she was and that in naught would he have her changed, but Lloyd had seen his looks of impatience and their sudden vanishing this morning.

"There'll come a time when his impatience will linger after Dorothy's arrival on the scene," he reflected, with a sigh.

Meanwhile Tom was mildly remarking to Dorothy that he feared they would be late for the starting of the regatta. Dorothy gayly rejoined that she had never seen the starting of anything.

"I am dreadfully unpractical," she added, with a little sigh. "It's inconvenient for my friends, but I can't help it. I get up late in the morning and everything has begun. I've never seen the first net of a matinee yet."

"Don't you breakfast with your father and mother?" he asked gravely.

"Breakfast?" she echoed, with a little shriek. "I've never seen a breakfast table. I was brought up that way. I was a delicate child, and they never awoke me, and now, oh, there's something dandy in the early morning sun shine! It seems so luscious at the starting of day. Do you think it such a crime as your face indicates?"

"I really think you ought to breakfast with your parents, Dorothy," was the seriously spoken rejoinder.

"Do you, Tom?" she asked dejectedly.

"He doesn't know—he can't imagine what a difficult thing it would be for me," she thought. "It would be as strange to me as it would to him."

An inspiration came to her.

"Tom," she asked, "if I turn over a new leaf and get up to breakfast, will you do something for me?"

His face glowed with enthusiasm and something else.

"There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you, Dorothy."

"Well, I'll get up to breakfast and make an effort to be on time if you will part your hair in the middle."

"What?"

"Yes; it's the only flaw I've discovered in you, Tom. I can't bear hair parted on the side. It's so old-fashioned."

"But I'd look perfectly idiotic with

my hair parted in the middle," he protested, appalled at the prospect.

"Now you can see," she cried in triumph, with dancing eyes, "how strange it would seem to me to get up in the morning!"

Tom saw that this was his hour, and he met it unflinchingly.

"It's a compact, Dorothy. I'll part my hair in the middle or anywhere if you will get up in the morning and occasionally consult a timepiece."

That same evening Dorothy received the first piece of advice ever bestowed upon her by her adoring father.

"You are quite grown up, Dorothy," he suggested gently, "and don't you think you should be a little more systematic or punctual in your mode of life?"

"Et tu, Brute!" she thought, saying aloud: "Say no more, papa. I have promised Tom to get up to breakfast every morning and that I would try and be on time generally."

"You have?" he exclaimed in surprise and with the thought that she surely must love Tom.

"Yes, for a consideration. He is to part his hair in the middle."

"Tom Dalton part his hair in the middle? I'd as soon think of Abraham Lincoln dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy."

This comparison amused Dorothy, and she began to wonder how Tom would look.

"I've invited him to breakfast with us tomorrow, so we will have an opportunity to see how his hair becomes him."

Dorothy did not face the next morning in a spirit of buoyancy. She came into the dining room listlessly and with a feeling that life was a desolate waste.

Her father and mother were already at the table, and Tom soon entered, looking sheepish and conscious. An unwilling smile of amusement was forced back by Dorothy as she looked at his hair and expression. It was incongruous, but she was not going to admit it.

Her words were few, her voice sad, her manner martyred throughout the meal. When later Tom came to take her for a drive she was patiently and dejectedly waiting for him. In the evening she was again on schedule time.

Three days of methodical life dragged on, and then Tom felt that he could no longer endure the new life and the surprised glances at his head.

"Dorothy," he said impetuously, "you seem unhappy. Will you tell me why? Is it coming to breakfast?"

"No, Tom," she replied, with a little laugh that was more like a sob. "I think it's your hair. I can't bear to look at it," and she burst into tearful laughter.

"Dorothy, darling," he said, "I am glad you can't. Let me, too, make a confession. I have learned that your most delightful trait was your blissful disregard of time. To come in from the city where man, woman and child were on a mad rush for trains and see your delicious oblivion to the twelve figures on a timepiece was most refreshing."

"Then shall we go back to our old life?" she cried joyfully.

"Yes—or will you begin a new life with me, Dorothy?"

"Without breakfast?" she asked entreatingly.

"Without breakfast?" he replied solemnly.

"The greatest joys of life are the little everyday ones."

Perhaps one reason why we haven't wings is because our inclinations so seldom take up in the direction wings would.

Some people work and wait. Others just wait and work the others.

Perhaps if a few rumors were attached to a flying machine the success would be assured.

Making good at a task test is the measure of excellence in some people.

Identifying Him.

"Haven't I seen you before somewhere?"

"Maybe. I have often been somewhere."

"No, but haven't I, on the square?"

"Probably. I have been on the square."

"But, joking aside, were you in Chicago at the last Republican convention?"

"Yes."

"Stopped at the Palmer House?"

"You bet."

"Well, I was in Europe that year."

Time Softens Them.

"The man I marry must give up drinking, smoking and the clubs."

"Let's see—you are about eighteen, aren't you?"

"I will be on my next birthday."

"I thought so."

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing, only by the time you are twenty-eight you will be satisfied if you can get one who will give up money."

Opening a Shell.

During the recent struggle in Morocco the Moors one day found in their camp at Casablanca an unexploded shell, and, wishing to find out how it "worked," they summoned their most proficient armorer, who, although he knows everything about hand guns, is most ignorant in regard to projectiles.

This man thought that the best means of opening the shell was to use a hammer.

At the second blow the shell exploded, killing and wounding many of the Moors who were crowded around him.

## A MODERN OLD STORY

(Original.)

Elijah Chubb, who wrote over the pseudonym of Lionel Malcolm, had been writing realistic stories wherein nothing happened, the humdrum of life went on as it really is, people marrying and dying in the ordinary way, till he was wearied. He determined to try his hand at the old fashioned tale of complicated events. He realized that his story, though old in method, must be new in substance. Unfortunately he could not overcome literary habits that had controlled him for years. Here is the result of his labors:

An automobile, twenty horsepower and of the latest pattern, stood before the door of a stately mansion near the border line between New York and Pennsylvania. Within the house two people on the very threshold of life, a youth of eighteen in leather dress and a maiden of sixteen on princess, stood in a drawing room furnished in Louis quatorze style. At the windows were curtains of rich renaissance lace. Over those hung heavy satin brocade. The girl was looking up timidly into the youth's face.

"Luella," he said, taking both her hands in his, "I have a confession to make."

"Make it," she replied, with a shudder.

"I am a married man."

She moaned a low, deep, melancholy moan.

"I was married at eighteen, divorced in South Dakota at eighteen and six months, and my former wife lives in Pennsylvania. A suit for annulment has established the fact that the Pennsylvania laws do not recognize the South Dakota divorce. I am free to wed you here. In Pennsylvania my marriage would be bigamy."

Her head fell on his shoulder. He raised her face and saw that she was weeping. Then she spoke:

"I, too, Lawrence, have a confession to make. I was married at fifteen and only secured my divorce a month ago, as in your case, in Dakota. My husband has contested the divorce in Pennsylvania, from which state we have but recently removed, and lost his suit. Where I am free to marry again. But, alas, he has followed me here, and my lawyer tells me that the New York laws make me still his wife."

She had no sooner spoken than there was a sharp ring at the telephone. Going to the instrument, she took up the receiver and said softly:

"Hello."

After listening a few moments she dropped the receiver, staggering, when her lover caught her in his arms.

"Heavens!" she cried. "It was my lawyer. He says that my divorced husband has got an order for me to show cause for something or other and I must get out of the jurisdiction of the court. What shall I do?"

"My automobile is at the door. Let us go at once."

As she passed through the hall she took up a dust proof wrap and put on a pair of goggles, as did her lover. Both jumped into the machine standing at the door and sped away at twice the speed allowed by the city ordinances.

"Dearest," he said, "why should loving hearts regard these conflicting laws? Let us be married and defy them."

Her head dropped upon his leather sleeve.

Passing the rectory of St. James' church, he saw the rector coming down the steps. Drawing up at the sidewalk, the fugitive hastily asked him to perform the marriage ceremony. Lawrence, turning his head anxiously, saw an automobile coming rapidly down the street. With a herculean effort he pulled the dominie into the machine and was off like the wind.

"We are followed by an officer of the court," he exclaimed, "and cannot stop for marriage. Marry us as we go."

The dominie demurred to such an unusual proceeding, but after much persuasion consented and performed the ceremony. Scarcely had he pronounced the couple man and wife when Lawrence gave a groan.

"What is it, dearest?" asked his wife—that is, if she was his wife.

"We are headed southward and have either passed or are passing or about to pass the Pennsylvania line."

"There my marriage is legal," she said quickly.

"And there I am a bigamist."

"What shall we do?"

"We cannot turn. We are followed too closely. The slightest curve would upset the machine. We must go on. Thank heaven, dearest, you will be free from these odious laws."

"And you will be liable to arrest?"

"Far in the distance appeared a cloud of dust, a cloud as large as a man's hand, which the fugitives supposed was nothing to them but a coming automobile which they must pass by, keeping to the right as the law directs. Alas, how little we know what is in store for us! Just before meeting the coming machine Lawrence saw an opportunity to take a road to the left which curved and would enable him to go northward without upsetting. The automobile behind had gained perceptibly and was close at hand. Lawrence swerved to the left, which was the right of the coming machine. The two met going at a rate of a mile a minute, and the machine coming from the north plunged into the two wrecks. All were killed."

The author sent this story out to the magazines with a note explaining that the complications rendered the death of all the characters inevitable.

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