

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 ingenious, 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, Sir, 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 stared. "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 unpunctual," 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 act 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 deadly in the early morning sunshine! It seems so lonesome 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 impudently, "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 you," and she burst into fearful 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 liberal 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 restful."

"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.

Horrors of Close Shaves.

A New York barber has on a corner table a fine pocket microscope and a framed announcement that says:

"Do you know what a close shave means? Bring a friend here, if you don't, have him shaved close, and then look at his face through this microscope. The entire skin will resemble a piece of raw beef."

"To shave the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also of a portion of the cuticle; so that a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all round. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth, holding a minute blood drop, protests against such treatment. Bring a friend and see!"

"The nerve tips are also uncovered by close shaves, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to colds, hoarseness and sore throat."—New York Press.

National Bank Notes.

The government guarantees the circulating notes issued by national banks, but not the deposits. Each national bank is required to deposit with the treasury in Washington government bonds to the amount of the notes issued by it, and if the bank fails the bonds are sold, and out of the proceeds the notes are redeemed as they are presented. In fact, the government redeems these notes at any time, charging the amount so paid to its bond account with the bank. But while the government does not guarantee the deposits in national banks it safeguards them by close inspection of the condition of all of them, so that there is seldom a bad failure of a national bank.—St. Louis Republic.

INEBRIETY A DISEASE.

All Drunkards Exhibit Marked Symptoms of Insanity.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, superintendent of the Walnut Lodge hospital, Hartford, Conn., and editor of the Quarterly Journal of Inebriety, in an address at Toronto, Aug. 21, before the British Medical association, made a powerful appeal to the medical men to join in a great movement to teach the public the scientific facts regarding alcohol. In this address he said:

"Exact studies show that fully 100,000 persons die annually from alcohol and drugs, and up to this time the principal remedies offered are the prayer, the pledge, the fine and imprisonment, of which the latter actually increases and intensifies the condition."

"The insanity of inebriety is a medical subject. There is now the army of the insane, developed by our civilization, and this is now the field of practice for medical men in every community of the country."

"It is our duty to lift it out of the realm of credulity and quackery and bring it into the field of exact science."

"A scientific study of inebriety indicates a definite disease, with distinct causes, progress and termination, the same as other diseases."

"Two marked symptoms of insanity are prominent—one in the periodic drinker, who drinks to excess for a short period, then abstains. This drink period is practically an acute mania, insane impulse, which resists all efforts of control."

"It is often preceded by insomnia, headaches and great irritability. Such persons drink both secretly and openly and act like insane persons. It resembles epilepsy in its sudden convulsive onset and inability to break up or control except by the harshest measures."

"Often the drink paroxysm brings out a different personality. The patient while drinking is an entirely different character in reason and conduct."

"Another form of insanity is seen in the constant drinker, who daily drinks in so called moderation and because he is not incapacitated or seems not to be changed in feeling or degree of comfort believes that he is benefited."

"Persons who drink regularly, even in so called small quantities, are the most degenerate and defective of all inebriates and the most positively insane in a general sense."

LUNACY AND ALCOHOL.

Insanity Increasing Among British Beer Drinkers.

A movement is on foot in England to induce the government to appoint a commission of inquiry into the subject of lunacy, with especial reference to the part played therein by the widespread use of alcoholic liquors. The movement is being pushed by temperance and reform organizations, and it is quite likely that the scheme will be successful.

The fifty-ninth annual report of the commissioners of lunacy for England and Wales, published last year, affords an excellent basis for such a request upon the government. Commenting on the increase in lunacy among the beer drinking peoples, the commissioners make the following cautious comment:

"It should be borne in mind that such intemperance is frequently as much an effect of brain weakness as a cause, and the intermingling of these renders it impossible to arrive at precise conclusions. In any case, it cannot be denied that alcohol is a brain poison, and it is therefore incumbent to show what part it plays in lunacy."

The most significant item of this comment is the declaration that alcohol is a "brain poison," and the government is thus confessedly in the position of licensing the business of poisoning the people's brains.—New Voice.

WHISKY AS A MEDICINE.

Alcohol No Longer Regarded as a Panacea For Human Ills.

It is not long ago that alcohol enjoyed a wide range of therapeutic usefulness. It was given to produce warmth, it was prescribed for sleeplessness as well as for the purpose of arousing flagging mental activities. It was supposed to stimulate the appetite and to furnish food, and in the treatment of infectious alcohol has long played a prominent part.

But the role of alcohol as a panacea is being rapidly curtailed. The light of exact investigation has shown that the therapeutic value of alcohol rests on an insecure basis, and it is constantly being made clearer that alcohol is a sort of poison to be handled with the same care and circumspection as other agents capable of producing noxious and deadly effect upon the organism.

The researches of Abbott, Laitinen and others do not furnish the slightest support for the use of alcohol in the treatment of infectious diseases in man.—Journal of American Medical Association.

A Dangerous Drug.

After sixteen years of active practice of medicine I can find absolutely no use for any of the alcoholic beverages in prescribing. I will presume to say that the physician who prescribes beer, brandy or whisky in cases of illness is ignorant of our great remedies and by his acts is substituting a poor and dangerous drug, a mere makeshift, for something reliable and trustworthy.—W. Stuart Leech, M. D.

Franklin on Temperance.

Temperance puts coals on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain and spirit in the whole constitution.—Benjamin Franklin.

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