VALUES THAT HAVE GIVEN SATISFACTION

Not Only to Our Patrons, but our Patrons are Telling Their Friends, are offered by

M. JACOBSON,

DENTON, MARYLAND

Our Motto is "TO SATISFY." Pleased patrons are sure assets, to increase not only their purchasing, but to tell others. It satisfies and pleases us. We have increased our stock to meet the inquiries and demands which we constantly have.

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For the whole family Likewise we are ready to serve you with the season's requirements-- Sweaters, Pants, etc. We just mention a few of the many things on hand. Blankets, Bedspreads, Ready-made Sheets, large enough for double beds; Pillow Cases Teddy Bear Suits for Children, Legings, Caps for Men and Boys. Stamped articles to Embroider and other things too numerous to mention

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Big selection Men's Pants
COTTON, CORDUROYS,
Tweeds and Serges
from $1.50 up to $7.00

Sweaters for Children
SLIPOVERS & OPEN COATS
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Children's Suits in
BLUE SERGE & TWEEDS
with embroidered eagles
from $2.25 to $3.75.Big value

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Souvenirs given with each purchase of a pair of shoes Shopping Bags given to the Ladies with each dollar purchase

Don't Forget Our Place

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Now Yours for ONLY **$3** DOWN

A machine that looks and writes so well that even experts cannot tell it from a brand-new machine. It's the biggest, best, and squarest typewriter proposition you ever heard of.

Fully Rebuilt

These Underwoods are rebuilt as no one ever did before. Stripped right down to the frame, then rebuilt. All worn parts replaced by new. A complete, perfect, machine.

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which eliminates the necessity of our carrying a big stock of machines. It is our plan to save you money. This saving is passed on to you in the lower price of the machine.

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Send for a machine. Give it every test. Examine every part. Use it for TEN FULL DAYS. Decide for yourself it is exactly the machine we claim it to be.

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Payments are just the same as rentals—so small you will hardly miss them.

Ask for Our Special Offer

We'll send you full details. Our special offer is ready for you now. Don't miss it. Don't delay another minute. Just use your 'phone—NOW

THE AMERICAN UNION
DENTON, MD.

HERSELF

By MYRA ALICE L. DAVIES

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THERE was not a girl in Broxton who, apparently, was more alone than Jane Daniels. She lived alone in one gray little hotel room—a country hotel room; she worked in Kent's general merchandise store—the only one in the sleepy, aloof old village—at the hardware counter, and, whenever she went anywhere, she always went alone.

Nobody, evidently, was interested enough to find out if any sort of party invitation would be accepted by the little woman with the wan face and pale hair and eyes. That was partly habit, too, and a habit that stuck till the night of the big grange social—public invited—when, in the first place, the frantic chairman of the flower commitee ran plumb into Jane as she came from the hardware department.

The grange had not for nothing put Mrs. Leonard Kent on that flower committee. Determination had Mrs. Leonard, and backbone. If every member of the committee had failed her at five o'clock in the afternoon, when there were still fifteen begonias to be collected from the neighbors, and a bank of white daisies and ferns to be added to conceal the old stove, yet there was some way out. That was Mrs. Leonard Kent, wife of the leading citizen, mother of Thomas, Jr., just home from college.

To tell the truth, Mrs. Kent didn't even look at Jane. She merely sensed the fact that a human being was in front of her, and that the decorations for the hall were not. It was the matter of two minutes to explain the situation to Jane.

"I'd love to help," trembled the sweet, surprised voice. "I'll promise to have every begonia there, and the bank of daisies made. Some of the school children will help, I know, and—"

Then Mrs. Kent did see that this was the quiet little lady in her husband's store, who always looked as if she didn't know which way to turn. "Oh," said Mrs. Leonard, grimly, "probably I can get somebody else. Capable hands are quite necessary, you know. Maybe my son, after he's through talking with his father. You needn't bother—"

But Jane Daniels was already on her way to borrow the begonias, her heart singing a song of being needed it had not sung since her father was living and she made his bread and mended his socks.

Jane beamed so gloriously that hardly a begonia-lender that late June afternoon recognized her as the sedate, black-frocked miss who sat in the back seat at church, and certainly not as the faint-hearted little lady whose hands always trembled for fear she hadn't counted out the right number of screws at the store.

Jane Daniels put a daisy in her hair that evening, and a soft white collar on her black voile.

It was a beautiful social, everybody sociable, glad to see everybody else, everybody asking why there weren't more of those parties. Games? Old-fashioned, jolly games. And Jane Daniels played at every one, cheeks flushed, hair flying, eyes shining.

It was during the "hands for partners" game, preceding the supper that the next big thing happened. All the girls stood behind a heavy green curtain with holes in it. Through each small hole protruded one feminine hand. The boys were to choose their partners from the hands. It seemed to have been Tom Kent's idea, and, of course, young Kent was to lead the grand march. Popular first and always was he. His choice came first. He made it with his customary aristocratic bearing, but with the same good taste in evidence that always made every mother's daughter in Broxton hope—But there!

It was an awesome moment, while the fate of the leader's partner hung in the balance. Who would lead the grand march with Thomas, Jr., and eat strawberry ice cream and four kinds of cake—and—?

With a bow of triumph Kent made his choice of hand, and the big hall thrilled during the breathless second while the owner of the fairest hand in town tiptoed quietly out from behind the screening curtain. Oh, it was Jane's own night, all right. For Jane it was who stood beside young Tom. Jane so surprised, so uplifted, so glad, she hardly heard the man's eager whisper.

"I like you, Jane Daniels, because you don't shout out to folks to notice you. You're just yourself, and if folks don't see you so much the worse for them. I watched you in dad's store today for one solid hour. I was up in the office. The way your hands wanted to help folks and didn't dare got me. We're going to be great friends, you and I, Jane Daniels, if you'll let us."

Now there certainly isn't a girl in Broxton happier or more cared about than Jane Daniels. Mrs. Leonard Kent admits ungrudgingly that she's a darling.

"It was putting those field daisies round our hall the night of the grange social that got us acquainted," she smiles. "You see, I asked Jane to help. She always seemed to me such an exquisite pearl of a girl."

And Broxton warmly agreed.

That's Often the Trouble.

He—But, my dear, what is the use of my taking up fencing [illegible] instead of boxing? If I was attacked I shouldn't have my foils with me!

She (triumphantly)—Ah! but you might not have your boxing gloves with you, either!—Humorist (London).

New Goldfield in Africa.

Another goldfield has been discovered in Eastern Akim which promises untold wealth. King Oforiatta, who was educated on European lines, first secured the passage of laws similar to those adopted in South Africa to protect the country from exploitation. The king then proceeded with his investigations, but meanwhile a colonial government survey party unexpectedly discovered diamonds a year ago. Oforiatta, after a year of research work, now claims that he has discovered that gravel deposits which have been worked for gold for centuries lies over a layer of clay, beneath which is more gravel than that of the top layer. Under his direction an area exceeding an acre has been excavated. The king states that he is satisfied that the indications point to the existence of huge goldfields.

The Surer Way

Placards around the hotel invited suggestions from patrons, so one guest vntured to offer something in this line.

"Why dont you put telephones near the beds?"

"Won't do," answerd the manager. "We've tried that."

"Why wont it do?"

"Every morning we call people to tell them it is time to get up."

"What of that?"

"If you have to cross the room to answer the telephone, then you are up."—Hotel Mail.

According To Father

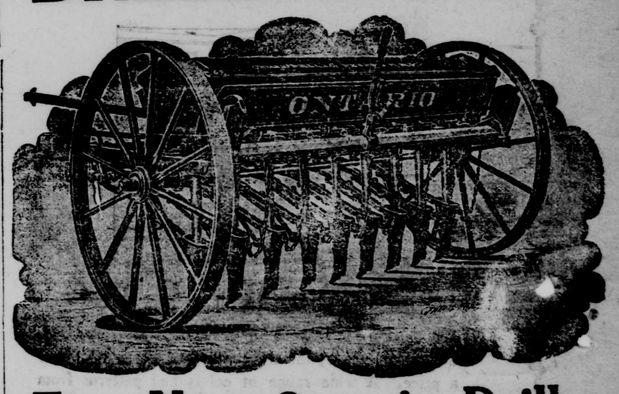
Willie was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively.

"I can't help it if I'm not perfect," he sighed. "I never heard of but one perfect boy anyway."

"Who was that?" asked his mother, thinking to point a moral.

"Papa," came the silencing report "when he was little."

DRILLS! DRILLS!



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