DENTON JOURNAL.

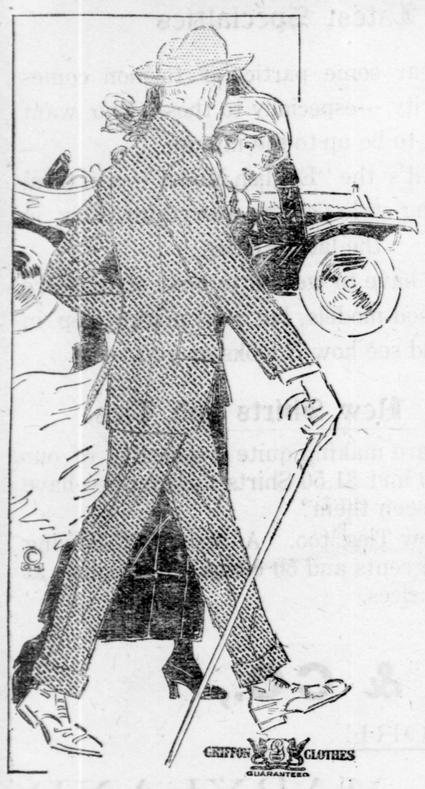
1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1912

VOL. 66. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1912. NO. 26

J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND | J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND | J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MARYLAND

Store News From Everngam's That Will Be of Interest to Many

THE SPRIGHTLY AIR---THE ELASTIC STEP---THE ELATION OF YOUTH
YOU WILL PRESERVE IF YOU WEAR UP-TO-DATE, WELL MODELED CLOTHES



These are the qualities of our clothes, which, when compared with the ordinary run of garments, will be found smarter in style, as well as stronger in the texture of the fabrics.

The wide variety of the weaves and colorings will give you an opportunity to select the kind of suit in which you'll look best. These suits range from the very conservative models to the more pronounced styles. Among them you can surely find one that appeals to you.

A royal display of all the new spring colors, beautiful checks and shepherd plaids and a variety of combinations and mixtures! Smart styles for the bright, progressive young men---long and short soft roll fronts; high-cut vests with fancy silk edging; trousers with side buckles, flaps to button over the hip pockets, belt straps and unfinished bottoms, ready for your preference in finish.

Extra large stocks and great variety in the $15, $18, $20, $25 patterns.

Suits for the Business Man

Suits for all ages and usages. Business Suits of best tweeds, Scotch cheviots and American worsteds, in all the new shades of heather mixtures; also, in the new browns, tans, blues and grays. Some are severely plain and others with stripes of different widths; the linings are of wool serge and alpaca, - - - $10.50

Handsome Suits of Blue Serge

Scores of handsome two and three-piece Suits of finest twill pure worsted serge; non-gloss wearing and non-fading. The shop which finished our Blue Serge Suits is famous throughout the world for superiority of its product. Its name is synonomous for the best serge, and it has honestly lived up to its reputation in our suits at $12.50

Suits of Class for Young Men

Out of the ordinary for the high school boy who wants something distinctive, but not freakish. Soft gray cassimeres, heather mixtures and new smart tweeds in various shadings; sizes 14 to 18 years. Coats of English model; high-cut vest; trousers small at waist, knee and bottom, large at hips; cuffs or turn-up $10 to $18.50

THE BOY'S NEW SPRING SUIT

Boys' Suits at $2.95 At this price we are showing an excellent assortment of new spring styles in two or three button double-breasted coat models, with Knickerbocker pants that have full peg legs. The materials are rich all-wool fancy cassimeres in tan, brown and gray mixtures.

At $3.50 A decidedly attractive line of the choicest spring styles; made of the higher grades of cheviots and cassimeres in all the season's best shades. Both you and the boy will be pleased at the value.

At $6.50 Finest quality dark blue serge, either in plain grounds or with interwoven stripes; made in the newest two and three button effects, or the swell Norfolk style, with full peg Knickerbocker pants, lined throughout; 7 to 18 years. These suits have all the qualities of the best $10 values.

At $8.50 Fancy pure worsted, medium blue shade in diagonal weave, with self-colored and light blue stripe; sleeves with open vent, buttons and button holes; pants lined, peg top and side buckles. 9 to 17.

At $9.50 Fancy pure worsted, medium tan shade in diagonal weave with self-colored and dark purple stripes one-quarter inch apart, sleeves with open vent and 3 buttons and button-holes; pants full lined, peg top with side buckles. Sizes 10 to 17 years.

Women's and Misses' Spring Footwear

A magnificent line of Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps; Eclipse and new Colonial models; new models with the one and two straps or without straps; also, the Bunny Hug Pump, in such leathers as Russia calf, patent colt, gunmetal, vici kid, the new white buck, and soft suede, also silk cloth and white canvas. You can have them in high, medium or low heels and guaranteed welted soles.

Women's High-Grade Hosiery for Spring

Pure Thread-Silk Black Hose. The very best and highest grades obtainable at these prices. **75c, $1.00, $1.25.**

Black Lisle-Thread or Silk-Lisle Hose. With garter tops; all improvements for durability. Three pairs for **$1.00; 35c** a pair.

Extra Fine German Lisle-Thread Hose. Hermsdorf black; all improvements. **50c** a pair.

Misses' Flat Full Regular Made Silk-Lisle Hose. Black, tan and white. **25c** a pair.

Children's Imported Ribbed Cotton Hose. With full regular made seams in the back. **25c.**

SHOES FOR THE BOY

Give Him a Pair of These

If you want the boy to have the finest quality shoe made, get these. New spring models for boys and youths in patent colt and gunmetal calf, guaranteed welted sole, medium and high toe $2.50

A splendid quality of Boys' Shoes, button or blucher styles, in gunmetal calf or patent colt, with soles of solid leather; just such shoes as can be depended upon to give good wear. - - - $2.00

MEN'S NECKWEAR

The Season's Latest

At 25c and 50c.—The most popular prices. A wonderful variety of styles and colorings. Exceptional quality at these prices, including knitted scarfs in plain colors and fancy stripes. For those who wish to pay from $1 to $1.25 a fine array of the newest effects.

GOOD RAINCOATS

A SPRING NECESSITY

Plenty of Rainy Days will come. In the spring a Rubberized Raincoat is a friend in need. We've some extra strong values in guaranteed coats at $5 to $15. New models. Ask to see them.

TRUNKS : SUIT CASES : HAND BAGS

Whoever has taken a trip with an unsatisfactory trunk---decrepit, feeble in its joints, badly arranged, with no place for anything, and everthing out of place---

Whoever has traved with a fine trunk---strong, light, compact, roomy, easily packed, with convenient devices that amount to real luxuries---

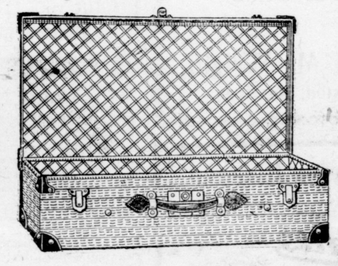
Knows how much of the pleasure of traveling or visiting depends on the trunk. True of the trunk, it is no less true of the suit-case or hand-bag. We have just opened what is probably the best line we have ever carried, and they await your service:

Fiber-bound, linen-lined trunk, covered with heavy 12 oz. duck, two fiber center bands, heavy brass trimming; Excelsior lock, dowel bolts on front and sides, extra heavy straps, swinging tray with compartments, and extra skirt tray linen lined.

$5.50

Extra fine quality smooth russet leather hand-bag, English shape, hand-sewed French edges, brass trimmed, double handle, leather lined, sliding catches. A very durable and roomy bag, and a bargain at the price asked.

16 inch, $5.50
18 inch, $6.50



Genuine cow-hide suit-case, beautifully creased, English rounded top, leather handle, solid cow-hide corners, all brass trimmings; fancy muslin lining, straps all around, extra bolts. An especially well-made, nice-looking case, fit to carry anywhere. 24-inch

$5.50

CORRECT CORSETS

For women who want the latest style features in corsets at less than equal quality costs in other makes. Made by the Nemo and R. & G. Corset Co's, and sold by thousands every year, every pair represents special value At 50c, $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50.

HIGH SCHOOL CORSETS — desirable for young women or growing girls, because there are no side steels to compress uncomfortably —Of batiste, sizes, 18 to 25—$1 to $3.

FERRIS WAISTS—for women, young girls and children. Of various materials—50c to $1.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

Cluny Bands, 1, 2, 3 inches wide, 18c and 25c a yard.

Venise Allovers—In cream, white and ecru; small and large patterns, $1 to $3 a yard.

27-Inch Embroidery Flouncing—With ruffle edge; all dainty patterns. 50c to $2.

Allover Embroideries—In openwork and eyelet work, also Irish lace insertion; 22 inch. $1, $1.25, $1.50.

Allovers--Small baby patterns embroidered on fine nainsook; desirable for waists, yokes, guimpes. 50c-$3.25

Fashion Emphatically Favors Silk

Fashion not only unqualifiedly approves of Silk for spring and summer wear, but has also graciously specified just what Silks will be most in vogue. We tell you about some favorites---

Tub Silks Including Wash Habutais and Fancy Wash Silks, for women's waists and dresses, and the heavier Silk Shirtings for men's and women's wear. Designs are exclusive and show many smart color combinations. They are cool, yet give remarkable service; colors are absolutely fast. They range from the 19-inch width, at 50c a yard, to the wider Tub Silks at 70c and 85c a yard.

Foulards : Messalines : Taffetas Here in ample variety. These fabrics appeal to practical-minded and beauty-loving women alike, giving excellent service, and in lovely colorings and fascinating color combinations. Exclusiveness even in these at 50c; others at 85c, in several different designs. Double-width French Faconne Foulards at $2 a yard.

SERGES AND DIAGONAL SUITINGS

Are Popular Spring Fabrics for Tailored Garments

The Best of Them Are Here Remarkably Low Priced---50c to $1.50

These fabrics approved by fashion for women's tailored Spring garments are in the wanted weights, and include the new leather brown, navy, black and cream. 36 to 56 inches.

STORM SERGE—Sponged, shrunk and spot-proof. navy and black. 54 inches wide. All-worsted; mannish weight in $1.25 per yard.

CREAM SUITINGS—Full 56 inches wide. Perfect cream color in a variety of stylish weaves. $1 and $1.25 a yard.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

KITTY

She Is the Cause of a Young Man's Sudden Change of Mind

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Confound the woman!" ejaculated Bob Folsom as he slammed the door. "I'd like to get hold of that cat. If I did it would never get out alive again." He stalked moodily to the window and listened, as if fascinated by the low pitched voice of the woman calling insistently in the yard below.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" she called.

"She's been doing that every night for a week," grumbled Bob, leaving the window when the sounds had died away in a murmur of endearments. "If I had only known there was a cat loving spinster in the house I would have stayed on the outside. No cats for me—not on your life!"

Bob looked around at the well furnished room containing furniture of his own. The low bookshelves were filled with his books. Everything in the two large apartments was his own. He resolved to remain there until that remote time when he would fall in love and marry. "That may be—never," he always told himself cynically.

At breakfast he approached his boarding mistress concerning cats.

"Ah, Mrs. Porter, didn't I hear a cat in the hall just now?" he inquired as he sipped his coffee.

Mrs. Porter smiled impersonally. "Probably you have heard a cat, Mr. Folsom. There are three in this house."

"Three!" Bob was aghast. "And are they all lost at night and do their mistresses have to call them home at precisely 9 p. m., and"—

"Dear me, no! They are very quiet, stay at home cats—that is, all except Miss Lane's Snowball. He's an Angora and quite valuable, I believe. He has been a runaway lately and does not come home until poor Miss Lane has become hoarse with calling him. She has a touch of asthma, you know."

"I hope Snowball gets over his wanderlust before long," remarked Bob as he pushed his chair away from the table.

Mrs. Porter looked pained. "I am very sorry if it annoys you," she said rather stiffly, "but Miss Lane is my best boarder, and she happens to own this house, and Snowball is the apple of her eye. Perhaps he will stay in now."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Bob hastened to say, already feeling somewhat ashamed at his complaint against Snowball's asthmatic mistress. "I only happened to hear her calling every night and I wondered—you know," his voice trailed into embarrassed silence as he escaped into the hall and took his hat from the rack.

As he walked toward the front door, shrugging into his overcoat as he went, he observed a handsome white Angora cat sitting on the newel post. "Snowball, I'll be bound!" he said to himself, lifting his hand to pat the beautiful creature. But Snowball's white paw shot out and his claws dug deep, leaving a long ugly scratch on the back of Bob's hand.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" called a voice from the floor above. "Come, Snowball!"

Snowball mewed delightedly in return and darted, a flying streak of white, up the stairs.

Bob sent one upward glance to where a face leaned over the banister of the second story. A stiffly brushed pompadour of gray hair above a high forehead and a pair of gold spectacles glistened down at him. He turned away impatiently. Snowball's mistress was all that his imagination had painted her.

As he went down the street he mentally cursed the cat that had administered the ugly scratch, and he was filled with unreasonable wrath at Miss Lane for harboring the vicious beast.

"That's the main trouble with boarding houses," he said to himself. "They are filled up with old maids and cats and parrots. I don't believe there is any hope of my finding a home anywhere unless I get married—and where is the right girl?"

Where was she? Up to this time she had never existed for Bob Folsom. He had his ideal, and he was especially convinced that she could not have red hair and be loved by him. Neither could her eyes be green. Her hair must be a soft dusky black and her eyes that rare hazel— He reached his office at this juncture and was compelled to drop day dreams in the face of dry realities.

That evening as he sat before the cozy hearth fire he heard the voice in the yard calling the recalcitrant Snowball.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" There were the same deep lower notes lifting upward to the last piercing, and to Bob Folsom's nervously sensitive hearing, irritating "Kitty."

For an hour the calling continued at frequent intervals and then suddenly ceased, much to Bob's relief. "Gracious," he muttered to himself as he prepared for bed, "I'm getting to be as old maidish as Miss Lane can possibly be—bet a dollar her name is Jemima!"

It must have been after midnight when Bob was awakened by a hideous yowling under his window. Then he realized that it must have been following him through his dreams, for he had been dreaming of the irascible Snowball.

"Huh—guess he stayed out tonight and is just getting in! I'll soon put a stop to you, son."

Bob looked around the room for some missile to toss down upon the indignant Snowball, who obstinately voiced his complaints beneath Bob Folsom's window. Bob knew that all the other bedrooms in the house faced upon the front and sides, and it was doubtful if any one else in the house could be disturbed by the cat cries.

He decided that a paper weight was too heavy, a sofa pillow too soft, his boots quite out of the question. Snowball must be broken of this midnight serenading under his window. He whooped softly as a happy thought struck him. On his washstand was an unopened package of an especial talcum powder that he used when shaving himself. A quantity of this white powder sifting down from nowhere in particular upon the upturned face of Snowball would effectually put that feline nuisance to rout.

As Bob opened the half pound package of talcum powder he chuckled softly to himself, not hearing footfalls on the carpeted hall nor the careful opening of the rear basement door. His own window was wide open, and he thrust his head out, turned the package upside down and shook the powder out. Then he crumpled the pasteboard container and tossed that down after it.

Snowball's cries ceased instantly, but they were followed by a feminine exclamation of surprise.

"Great Jove, if I haven't sprinkled Miss Lane! What in thunder is she doing down there, anyway?"

Thoroughly chagrined and penitent at the outcome of his joke upon the white cat, Bob Folsom paused, uncertain what to do. Miss Lane was an elderly woman, and the sudden descent of the powder must not only have startled her, but might have caused her suffering. Bob remembered what Mrs. Porter had said about Miss Lane's asthma, and he resolved to make amends as far as lay in his power. Consequently he dashed into a bathrobe and slippers and went out into the darkened hall and down the black pit of the stairway to the basement hall. He was groping his way toward the rear door, which he could see was still open, when a voice close beside him asked quietly:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Lane, is it not?" he stammered.

"Yes, I am Miss Lane." Bob heard a button click, and instantly the hall was flooded with light.

He leaned weakly against the wall and actually stared at the vision that confronted him. If this was Miss Lane who was the glassy eyed lady who had peered at him over the banister that very morning?

She was beautiful. She was young, not more than twenty-three, with a peach tinted complexion, green eyes, dark eyebrows and—red hair! She was the antithesis of his ideal in every respect, and he should have turned away from her with superb indifference only he fell head over heels in love with her at once—yes, red hair and all. And the lovely waving red hair was powdered thickly with white talcum, and the peach tint of her complexion was flecked with talcum, and the dark blue silk of her dressing gown was flecked with it, and even the tip of her adorable nose. As for Snowball, clasped in the curve of her soft arms, he was tossing powder with every angry shake of his head.

Of course Bob Folsom had to apologize, and he did it hastily, stumbling over his words as he watched for some gleam of forgiveness in the green eyes.

"Of course you didn't know," she said when he had concluded, "and of course poor Snowball doesn't like it a bit. I'm glad that I went down after him instead of Aunt Cleopatra. She would really have minded the powder." She smiled sweetly at Bob as she proceeded on her way. "I wonder if you would mind closing the door and putting out the lights. I heard you coming downstairs, and I was so frightened that I did not stop to close the door. I felt that I must find out who it was."

"Your voice did not sound frightened, and—well, really, I'm afraid I've been awfully old maidish about that cat. I suppose you were anxious about him"— he was saying when she interrupted him with a negative gesture of her head that sent two long red braids flying over her shoulders.

"No, indeed; I'm not a bit anxious or fond of Snowball—he is so cross and scratchy. But Aunt Cleopatra adores him, and that is why I've had to go down and call him in every evening at bedtime. I suppose you heard me."

He blushed and nodded sheepishly. "I thought it must be Miss Lane—your aunt, you know."

She cast an enigmatic smile over her shoulder as she went up the stairs, the snow white cat hugged close to her bosom. When she had disappeared Bob Folsom locked the door, snapped out the light and tiptoed up to his room. Before he returned to bed he stood looking out into the moonlit yard, his face soft with the wonder and delight of one who sees beloved dreams coming true.

"It is my dream girl all right, even if her hair and eyes are not the color I wanted. I wonder how I could have admired any other combination! Everything seems to go by contraries. It's Aunt Cleopatra instead of Jemima. Her name must be something very beautiful and golden. I wonder how soon I can find out!"

Of course Bob Folsom found out the girl's name long before he married her, and what do you think it was?

Kitty!

A Tactful Request.

Dobbleigh was a confirmed borrower, and, what was worse, he seldom returned the borrowed articles. He had held on to Whibley's umbrella, for instance, for nearly a year.

"And I'm blessed if I know how I am ever going to get it back," said Whibley.

"Easy," said Hickenlooper. "Call a messenger and send Dobbleigh this note."

And he scribbled off the following: "Dear Dobbleigh, if you can spare it I'd like to borrow that umbrella of mine for a couple of days. Can you oblige me?"—Harper's.

Enough Said.

He was limping down the street with one arm in a sling and both eyes in mourning.

"What's the matter?" queried a friend. "Motorcar accident?"

"No," replied the other sadly. "I met a man who couldn't take a joke."