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

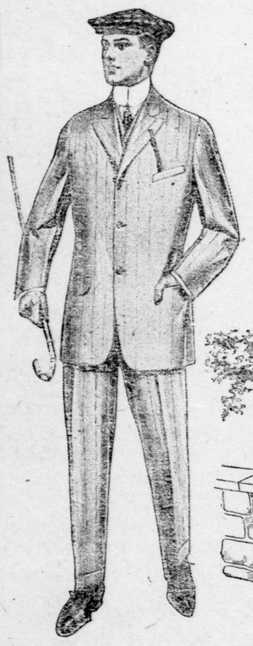
VOL. 66. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1912. NO. 29

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

Correct Styles in Men's and Boys' Clothing to Suit All Tastes

GARMENTS SO WELL DESIGNED AND CUT THAT MEN OF ALL PROPORTIONS MAY BE SUITED. A STOCK OF SUCH VARIED COMPREHENSIVENESS AS TO INCLUDE STYLES TO SUIT THE DRESSIEST YOUNG MAN OR THE MOST CONSERVATIVE OLDER MAN, AS WELL AS THE YOUTH OR LITTLE MAN.

These represent the high-class products of some of America's leading makers, brought to you at popular prices---a real saving in every price.



$9.50 UNEXCELLED VALUES IN MEN'S SPRING SUITS. Strictly Up-to-Date Spring Styles. High-grade Suits as fine in style and tailoring as the high-priced garments. A good variety of the newest effects in worsteds, cassimeres, cheviots and fancy blue serges. Up-to-date Suits with all the latest style touches. Regular and slim sizes from 34 to 42—stouts up to 46.

$7.50 FOR REGULAR $10 AND $12 VALUES IN MEN'S SUITS. Carefully tailored, correctly cut Suits in newest styles. Black thibet and fancy cheviots, cassimeres, worsteds and serges. Sizes, 34 to 42 inches; stouts up to 46.

$15.00 HAND TAILORED SUITS. THE HANDSOME UP-TO-THE-MINUTE MODELS FOR MEN. Garments made by the most expert tailors, beautifully cut and finely finished; perfect fit and permanent shape guaranteed. The latest spring fabrics are fully represented—high-grade worsteds, velours, cassimeres and cheviots. These Suits contain all the up-to-the-minute style features. Sizes 34 to 42; stouts up to 46 inches.

$18.00 FINELY TAILORED SUITS FOR MEN. The fabrics are fine worsteds and cassimeres in the new hair-stripe effects. The tailoring is of the sort that characterizes the best custom work, and which means good fit, good looks and shapeliness as long as the garment is worn. No suits with more style and distinction have been produced this season. All sizes, 34 to 42; stouts up to 46.

$1.50 to $6.00 MEN'S TROUSERS. BIG VALUES. New spring styles in stripes, light and dark shades. Full line from which to select. Sizes to fit all.

$2.00 BOYS' SERVICEABLE SPRING SUITS. Russian blouse, sailor, Norfolk, and double-breasted, new spring Suits. Navy blue and fancy mixed cheviots and cassimeres. $3 values. Sizes 3 to 17 years.

$5.00 BOYS' SPRING SUITS. Unusually large and varied stock. Neat, dressy Suits of light and dark worsteds, cheviots, and navy blue serges. Latest cut Russian blouse, sailor, West End Norfolk, and double-breasted. Sizes 3 to 17 years.

$8.50 NOBBY SPRING STYLES IN BOYS' SUITS. The Suits are splendidly tailored, finely finished; a great variety of the season's best fabrics; unfinished worsteds, thibets and serges, in blue, black and fancy; also checks, stripes and overplaids, in worsteds, cheviots and cassimeres. Russian blouse, sailor, West End Norfolk, and double-breasted styles. 3 to 18 years.

MEN'S SUITS EXACTLY HALF-PRICE

Twenty-five of them—hardly two alike. all sizes in the lot. All Spring and Summer weight. Regular prices ranged from $8.00 to $20.00. Double and single-breasted coats. Fancy mixed cheviots, cassimeres, worsteds and serges. All to go for just one-half regular price.

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.**

Spring Shoes for Men, Women and Children

Women's fancy is swinging from the shiny to the dull leathers—hence the increasing demand for chrome-tanned calfskin—soft as kidskin, with a little more body. Patent leather, however, is still popular with many. Both effectively used in the Tie and Pump at $2.50 to $3.50. Three eyelet, ribbon-laced; turned sole, Cuban heel. There are many styles at these prices.

We have a strong line of fashionable Oxfords and Pumps at $2.25.

Real Boy-Built Oxfords. Nothing sissy about them. $2, $2.50 and $3. Gunmetal, patent, tan.

Children's Oxfords. Blucher style; patent, gunmetal and tan. Prices range from $1.15 to $2. Misses' sizes, $1.25 to $2.50. Young women's (really women's, but with girlish low heel), $2 to $3.

Men's gunmetal, vici, patent and tan Oxfords. Douglas, $2.50 to $4. Walk-Over, $3 to $5. Rice & Hutchins, $2 to $3.50.

NEW SPRING HATS

$1.25—Boys' light steel telescope Spring style hats.
$1.50—Boys' light tan and steel telescope Spring style hats.
$1.50—Men's black derby hats, the lightweight Spring shapes.
$2.00—Men's black derby hats, light weight new shapes, Spring styles.
$2.50 and $3.00—Fashionable Spring shapes in high-class black derbies.
$1.50—Young men's Spring styles, telescope shape, in light, tan, steel and black.
$2.50—Young men's Spring styles, telescope shape in the late shades; also black.

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.

LINEN COLLARS

2 for 25c.—Men's 5-ply Linen Collars, the new shapes for Spring and Summer; the high, medium and low lay-down, wing, and many others. Collars that are made of linen that will come from the laundry as good as new. All sizes, including quarter sizes.

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---

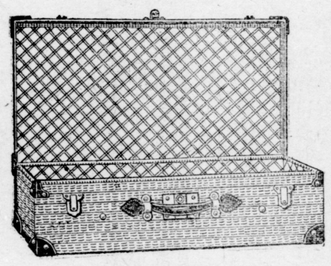
Knows how much of the pleasure of traveling or visiting depends on the trunk. True of the trunk, it is no less true of the suit-case or hand-bag. We have just opened what is probably the best line we have ever carried, and they await your service:

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. All-worsted; mannish weight in navy and black. 54 inches wide. $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.

The Last Inhabitant

A Sailor's Yarn

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Yes, siree," ejaculated Ananias Sline as he hitched his chair a little nearer the redhot stove in Jabez Honey's store. "I could tell you the strangest story you ever listened to in all your life if I didn't have to go to supper now. That's the trouble with hotels and boarding houses. If you ain't around at meal times you don't get enough to eat. It's poor enough as 'tis without being scrimped on it."

Jabez Honey looked both anxious and apprehensive. He wanted to hear the story that Ananias would tell so convincingly that one could almost believe it, even Ananias himself. Then again, the price of the story would be a supper served to Ananias from the shelves of the grocery store. If Jabez did not fall to the bait of the hinted story, why, Ananias would simply carry his tale across the street to Drake's where the clerks would be glad enough to hand out anything Ananias asked for rather than to miss one of his stories.

It was a stormy winter evening. It had been snowing for an hour, and now, at supper time, the flakes were hurling themselves against the store windows with little hissing spats that boded a long storm. It was lonely in Jabez Honey's store. The loungers were more likely to frequent Drake's larger store.

"As I was saying, if I had time I could tell you the queerest story you

"I RUN FAST, JABEZ."

ever heard," repeated Ananias, rising to his feet and buttoning his overcoat "Ho, hum!" he yawned. "Guess I'll stop in Drake's a minute. Good night, Jabez."

"What's the use of going?" asked Jabez weakly. "Can't you pick up a supper here? I'll treat so long as you're going to entertain me with a story."

"I don't mind if I do," said Ananias with alacrity, and he whipped out of his overcoat, tossed it on a convenient barrel and rubbed his hands expectantly.

Jabez got up and moved toward the cheese case. "What'll you have?" he asked. "Crackers and cheese and a glass of sweet cider?"

"Hum!" grumbled Ananias, frowning. "I've kinder cut out cheese and crackers, Jabez. They seem to give me indigestion.

"Well," began Ananias between huge bites of a corned beef sandwich, "it was when I was sailing past the Weary islands down in the south Pacific that this adventure happened to me. We was bound home from Calcutta, and the ship was the old Indus, Captain Barnabas Fish commanding, but if you expect Captain Fish to substantiate this story you'll be disappointed, because he was always a jealous man and calculated to discount anything I might tell. Some captains are that jealous of their first mates.

"As I was saying, we sailed past the Weary islands and was leaving 'em far astern when Captain Fish took a notion that the water we'd taken on at Calcutta was bad tasting, and so we put back to the Wearys for a supply of fresh water. You can't beat them tropical islands for cold, sparkling springs of pure water.

"The outermost one of the Weary islands is a tiny little one that is separated from the others by forty miles or so. We was nearest that island which wasn't much more than a coral reef covered with sand and with trees growing on it and springs of water from somewhere down below. Captain Fish said it was an old island and had been much bigger, only an earthquake had swallowed most of it into the water, and what was left of it wasn't enough to support human existence, all of which I didn't believe a mite of.

"'Ananias,' says the captain to me 'you go ashore and get the water,' and he gave me a couple of men and some kegs to fill the big butts which he had emptied as soon as he entered the little harbor.

"As soon as we got ashore I set out to look for a spring, and I found it not far from the white beach. I set the men to filling the butts while I looked around for more springs and also to see if there was any fruit on the island. I'm kinder partial to cocoanuts.

"While I was looking I pushed further into the jungly growth until I finally came out on the other side of the island, and there above me was a tall cocoanut palm. On it I could see just one cocoanut. Dark brown it was and peeping down at me through the palm branches kind of saucy and tempting.

"'Oh, ho, Mr. Cocoanut,' I says, 'I guess I'll get you!'

"So I picked up a big stone from the beach and hove it at the brown cocoanut. Well, sir, I hit it! And it come down, and behind it was a big hairy body and two arms and two legs, and the whole combination came at me in great long leaps.

"I run fast, Jabez Honey, but that there monkey man could run faster, sir, and it wasn't long before he caught up with me, and instead of jumping on me and tearing out my eyes and hair by handfuls, as I've heard tell they did, he doubled up a great hairy fist and struck me between the eyes. I didn't see him for awhile after that because my head ached and I was lying down on the sand and it was very dark.

"When I opened my eyes this monkey man sat beside me, watching me with a sly grin on his homely face.

"'Well, matey, I guess you'll look twice before you heave another stone at me,' he muttered in English.

"'I thought it was a cocoanut,' I explained.

"'That's a poor excuse for attacking an innocent man,' he said, with an ugly look coming into his little eyes.

"'A man?' I asked.

"'Why not?' he growled, doubling his fist again.

"'Excuse me, mister, but I guess you'll have to tell me about it,' I said as humble as I could muster, for I could see he was easily riled, and I wanted to hear the story.

"'Got any 'baccy, mate?' he asked coolly.

"'Yes, and a pipe,' I says, and gave him all I had. As soon as he was smoking a more peaceful look came into his face, and he seemed almost civilized.

"'I'm the last inhabitant,' he said at last.

"'Last one of where?' I asked.

"'This here island. I was born and raised here, and twenty years ago an earthquake came, and most of the island was dumped into the sea, and I was the only human being saved. I've lived here all alone ever since, and I expect to die right here.' He put his head down on his knees and wept real tears.

"'My friend,' says I, for I was moved by his emotion, 'why spend the rest of your days in this forelorn island in the sea? Why can't you leave it and go into the world?'

"'My yacht is out of commission,' he says, very sarcastic like.

"'There's other vessels,' I hinted.

"'But they don't put in here,' he said.

"'What's the matter with the one that's in here now?' I asked, and at that he jumped up and gave me a queer look.

"'In here? Oh, Lord!' he yelled, and began to leap toward that cocoanut palm. He was up it like a streak, and once more I saw his brown face looking like a ripe cocoanut as he peered out. But the Indus was lying behind him, and he didn't see her at first.

"When he did he gave vent to one whoop and came down the tree and made for the Indus, where the men were going back and forth carrying water on board without so much as looking to see what had become of me. I expect any one of 'em would have been glad if I'd never gone back, for some one would have liked my berth.

"Well, sir, that man-monkey went down to the boat and persuaded the sailors to take him out to the Indus, and Jabez, would you believe it when I tell you that Captain Barnabas Fish took that heathen savage monkey man on board the Indus and put him in the crew and made a man of him? Now, if it hadn't been for my adventurous spirit that heathen monkey man would never have been civilized. What do you think of that, eh?"

Ananias Sline brushed the crumbs of the last doughnut from his coat and reached for his overcoat. Jabez Honey had listened to the story with growing skepticism showing in his face. He had witnessed the disappearance of 50 cents' worth of food, and he appeared dissatisfied with the returns.

"What do I think of it?" he asked unpleasantly. "Maybe I'd have enjoyed it better, Ananias, if Captain Fish hadn't told that same story here last night, setting in that very chair, only the story was different in some ways."

"How was it different?" Ananias was evidently taken aback, for his face reddened even to the lids of his bulging light blue eyes.

"Captain Fish he said he stopped for water at the Weary islands and that he sent his first mate (he didn't mention no names) ashore with some men after fresh water. The mate was missed after awhile, and they found him, Ananias—they found him drinking rum with a shipwrecked Portuguese sailor he'd found on the island, and Captain Fish took the foreigner aboard the Indus and let him work his passage home."

Jabez Honey smiled quizzically at the abashed story teller.

"That was a good story, Ananias," he said as he removed the debris of Mr. Sline's feast, "most as good as Captain Fish's story."

But Ananias had vanished into the snowstorm, and if he heard the last remark he made no answer.

The Pride of the Poor.

At the present stage of sociology no onlooker need doubt this New York Sun story of the "might have beens" of a great city:

So many men to whom the city missionary had given money for a night's lodging had expressed a preference for a certain east side lodging house that he wondered what constituted its particular attraction.

"It makes us feel self respecting," the men said when questioned.

So far as the missionary could see it was a typical lodging house, whose inducements to self respect were not apparent to the ordinary eye. He appealed to the manager. By what method did he fan the fires of self respect in his guests?

The manager pointed to a sign above his desk—"Gentlemen Are Requested to Leave Their Valuables With the Clerk."