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

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The Same Price the World Over."

Are the Sensation of the Clothing World.

The men and young men who have always bought clothing around this price are going to find in Styleplus Clothes the quality of fabrics, patterns and workmanship of $20.00 and $25.00 grades offered elsewhere. They will find that $17.00 never before bought so much in clothes, in fabrics, styles, tailoring, fit and finish.

You men who have been paying $20.00 will cheerfully pocket $3.00 and still procure better fabrics and tailoring than you ever did before. You are going to pick out patterns that come from the looms of the foremost woolen mills in this country. You will find fit, style and workmanship that you never dreamt could be had at this price.

You men who have been paying $25.00 will save $8.00 and still be as well dressed as you were before, for Styleplus Clothes are the clothing wonder of the age. They are the production of the greatest organization of the world making medium-priced clothes.

We've tried them out. We've tested them. We've compared them. An inspection will prove it to you. And our guarantee and the guarantee of the manufacturers to give you a new suit should one we sold you go wrong, will protect you.

BOYS' FINE SUITS—NOT STYLE PLUS BUT—

Good serviceable Suits of some of the country's leading makers; splendidly tailored, finely finished; a great variety of the season's best fabrics; unfinished worsteds, thibets, cassimeres, and serges, in blue, black and fancy. Unusually large and varied stock. Russian blouse, sailor, Norfolk and double-breasted styles. $2.00 to $8.50.

High Grade Summer Footwear

Women's $2.50, $3 and $3.50 Oxfords and Pumps, at 95c.

A variety of the best leathers, patent, gun metal and vici; some sizes missing. About 50 pairs in the lot, hardly two pairs alike. These oxfords and pumps were made by the Queen Quality, Dolly Madison and Rice & Hutchins people, and represent styles we are discontinuing. These shoes were good value at the original price, $2.50, $3 or $3.50. 95c. now buys any pair in the lot. A wonderful saving.

Misses' and Children's $1, $1.50 and $2 Shoes at 50c.

About 45 pairs in the lot; best leathers, patent, gun metal and vici; spring heel and half heel. Most all sizes, but not many of a kind. Come and look them over.

Men's $1, $1.50 and $2 Hats at 50c.

Smooth and rough weave, either soft or stiff straw. Better look 'em over.

White Waists, 65c

$1.50, $1.25 and $1.00, slightly soiled, at 65c.

Ladies' Wash Suits, $1.95

Regularly priced $5.50, $4.50 and $3.50, now at $1.95.

Ladies' Wash Skirts, 75c

In white, blue and tan, $1.50 and $1.25, now only 75c.

Cotton Voile, 10c

Pink, blue and lavender, 15c and 18c, now 10c.

Cotton Rep, 15c

In tan and catawba; 25c value, at 15c.

Men's Shoes, $2.50

36 pairs Walkover and Douglas Shoes; gun metal, patent and tan; $3.50 and $4 grades at $2.50.

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.

Every Woman Who Cares Needs White Shoes

Keeping abreast of fashion demands the things that are in style—from head to toe—not necessarily expensive, but imperatively in good taste.

Have you noticed that the Summer shoe season is getting "whiter" each year? This Summer every woman who knows how to dress will have at least one pair of white shoes.

At these prices she may have several pairs:
White Canvas Button Boots, $2.50 to $3.50.
White Canvas Pumps, $1.50 to $3.00.
White Canvas Oxfords, $1.25 to $3.00.
And please note this—

Our White Buckskin Shoes and Pumps for women are of genuine white buckskin—not any of the various imitations that give such poor satisfaction.

White Buckskin Shoes and Pumps, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.

Silk Newcomers in the Glove Department

So new they are just out of their wrappings, are certain fine silk gloves, soft and rich of weave, daintily finished and in the fashionable hues of the season.

Short Silk Gloves, in black, white or colors, with two clasps, 50c, 75c, and $1.00.

Longer Gloves for the short-sleeved frocks —12-button lengths in black or white, 75c; 16-button in colors as well as black or white, $1.00 and $1.50.

Other Long Silk Gloves, with embroidered arms, in white or black, 16-button length, $1.00 and $1.50.

Other new arrivals—to be found in the regular glove section include:

2-clasp chomois finished lisle in white, 50c, instead of 75c. 16-button chamois, in natural or white, uncommonly good for $2.50. 2-clasp chamois, in natural or white, $1, instead of $1.50.

In the White Goods Store Women Are Asking for---

White Cotton Corduroy for whole dresses, for separate skirts, the fashionable Norfolk Suits, and other uses, 25c to 50c a yard.

White Madras—a special purchase of 20c quality for 15c.

Plain and Striped Flaxon, 18c and 20c grade for 12½c.

Plain Voiles for cool frocks and blouses, white, lavender, light and dark blue, pink and black, 35c quality for 25c—36 inches wide.

Combination Undermuslins

Any woman who means to be comfortable in hot weather and keep the lines of her lingerie frocks all that they should be, will choose the straight-cut, slender combinations designed for the purpose. Almost every conceivable kind is here—simple or with flat trimmings; not simple, with lots of laces and embroideries.

JUST THE SHIRTS FOR MEN THIS WEATHER

50c, $1.00, $1.50

Fine Shirts of sturdy madras, refined and beautified by the mixture of silk and in striped designs of unusual richness and brilliant coloring.

All plain negligee, with soft turned back cuffs and every one clean, new and perfect.

Boys' Wash Suits, $1.00

Usually $1.25 to $2.00—percales and other cottons in plain colors and striped effects.

Russian and sailor styles, 2 1-2 to 8 year sizes, and suits that are the products of one of the best makers in America, so you will know they will fit well and give good wear.

Women's High-Grade Hosiery for Summer

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 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.

JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.

Courting An Artist

A Practical Man Chooses a a Practical Method of Wooing

By GERTRUDE STORM

A girl—I call her a girl, though she was twenty-seven years old—sat before an easel in the Pitti gallery in Florence, Italy, copying one of Titian's portraits. Though she was tastefully dressed, her clothes had been made over from time to time, and patches were evident. Her face indicated that ideality which must be a part of the true artist. Notwithstanding her shabby genteel appearance she was comely, with dark eyes, fair skin and hair between a chestnut and red, which, under the sunlight coming in through a window, gave it the exact tint of the locks belonging to the woman whose portrait she was copying. But she was not thinking of herself or her appearance. She was simply trying to earn a little money by making a copy of a famous picture, a copy that has little value except in the name to which it is appended.

On the other side of the gallery stood a gentleman whose appearance was the opposite of that of the woman. He had nothing of that ideality she possessed, but he had an appearance of prosperity contrasting with her shabbiness. He stood looking at her face, from which the sunlight was slowly passing, and something told him that there sat the woman he wanted to be the complement of his own life. After having gazed upon her for some time he crossed the room and stood behind her, looking at her half finished work. He had never seen her before; he had not heard her speak, yet he knew that she was an American. Possibly part of his ability to divine this was that he was an American himself.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the girl. "Would you be offended at a bit of criticism on your work?"

"On the contrary, I would be very grateful."

"Well, then, instead of doing what you are capable of doing you are doing that which you are not fitted to do."

"Please explain."

"Judging from your cast of countenance I fancy you have an artistic temperament. On that I build my theory that you originate for yourself. I do not believe there was ever a good originator who was a good copyist."

"Go on. I am interested."

"I speak from experience. I am myself incapable of origination, and I am incapable of copying. But I possess a faculty that lies between the two. I can imitate. You see the difference between imitating and copying?"

"I think I do."

"Well, to return to you. You are not copying that picture. You are constantly led away from it by your own conceptions. The result is failure."

The girl threw down her brush.

"Have you any of your own work in Florence?" asked the critic.

"Lots of it."

"May I see it?"

"I would be only too glad of your criticism upon it."

She gave him the number of a house overlooking the river Arno with her name, Margaret Hathorn, and he handed her his card bearing that of John Cahoon, making an appointment to call next afternoon.

He climbed five flights of stairs to find Miss Hathorn and was ushered into her studio, parlor, bedroom and kitchen in one. The woman of whom she rented the room sat sewing by a window. Miss Hathorn placed an easel in a convenient light and put one picture after another upon it.

"You are what I supposed," said Cahoon, "an artist, and you are what I suspected—yourself, not another. Your natural field is all your own."

"Then why cannot I sell my pictures?"

He smiled. "It took me a number of years to gain an experience to enable me to answer that question to my own satisfaction. I cannot answer it more intelligibly than by giving you a brief synopsis of my own artistic career. A poor boy, I loved art and wished to be an artist. My friends all told me my work was admirable, but in time I found out that it was worthless. To keep from starving I tried copying and failed even at that.

"A picture dealer whom I knew declared that he could tell if any picture of a great master were genuine without looking at the name on it. I painted one with a work of Giotto before me. The subject was my own. All the rest was Giotto's. In other words, my work was an imitation. I rubbed dirt and soot over it, then partially cleaned it and showed it to the dealer as an original Giotto I had discovered in the possession of one who did not know its value. He offered an immense sum for it. I laughed at him, confessing that I had painted the picture.

"He was not an overscrupulous person and agreed to give me a paying price for the picture and for other equally successful imitations of the great masters. I declined his offer, but made several such imitations which were exposed as originals. By selling these few pictures I could have made myself rich. The public I expected to deceive, but I supposed the critics understood their professional work. They were all or nearly all fooled.

"I gave up painting and gradually worked into a business of selling pictures, principally to Americans who care more for the name than the picture. By hunting up poor or indifferent works attributed to celebrated painters and selling them for what they really were I gained a fortune. It did not matter that I told those who bought them that I considered them worthless. All they wished was to be able to say that they were genuine. My conscience was clear."

Mr. Cahoon paused, and Miss Hathorn said she understood. The former continued:

"I think, I am sure, that I see in you and your work a born artist. I advise you to paint your own pictures, and I have a plan by which you may support yourself in the meantime. I will buy from you several of these pictures that I consider above the average, paying you what is today more than they are worth, but what after you have made a reputation will be less than they will be worth. It is a fair deal."

"You take all the risk."

"And pocket all the profit."

"But when I have used up all you pay me for these I shall be again stranded."

"Yes, without assistance which I propose to furnish in some such legitimate way as I furnish the beginning. We are partners, you producing the ideal part of the goods we sell, I the practical part. Moreover, I shall, as the capitalist of the firm, take the lion's share of the profit."

Miss Hathorn was puzzled. She could not understand this interest in a career for her in a stranger. She stood mute thinking about what he had said, while he, selecting certain pictures, set them aside, saying, "I will give you so many francs for this and so many for that," and when he had finished he figured up the amount, saying that he would send for his property and remit the money to pay for it at the same time.

The girl thanked him mechanically, half doubting whether he would keep his promise, but when a messenger arrived for the pictures with an envelope containing notes enough to keep her in the inexpensive city of Florence for more than a year she feared that the transaction was intended to draw her into a trap. However, she was an artist with pictures to sell and solaced herself with the thought that in any event she was capable of taking care of herself.

A change came over Miss Hathorn when, a week later, she received a note from Mr. Cahoon stating that he had sold two of her pictures to persons who valued them for their intrinsic worth for a sum equal to what he had paid her for all. To verify his statement he sent copies of letters ordering the pictures and stating the terms. If the artist was puzzled before she was now all the more so. Since genius is unconscious she set very little value upon her pictures, but she well knew that, while poor pictures with a name will bring a large price, poor pictures without a name are a drug on the market. It began to dawn upon her that, after all, her pictures must have merit.

Mr. Cahoon kept in touch with Miss Hathorn from that time. He was of no assistance to her in her work, but was quite valuable in the sale of her pictures. Indeed, she had learned most of what she could be taught and had reached that point where persons of originality begin to throw off the propensity to follow leaders and strike out on their own paths. At first her work was not understood, but after a few pictures had been hung in positions where the public could inspect them a taste for Miss Hathorn's work began to grow, and in a couple of years she found herself able to sell her pictures without Mr. Cahoon's assistance.

However, he had meanwhile passed from the condition of a stranger to that of acquaintance and finally a friend. He was often in her mind, for there was that which was singular about him. She knew him for a man who could have made money dishonestly, but had succeeded in making it honestly. And, moreover, she realized that he had taken her from failure and poverty and raised her to success and competence.

But why had he done this?

One evening while walking with him in the beautiful Boboli gardens back of the gallery where they had first met she was expressing her gratitude for what he had done for her and asked him point blank for the reason of his doing so.

"The time has come," he said, "for me to explain. When I looked across the room where you were copying and saw you sitting at your work, the sunlight tinting your face and hair, I recognized you for the one woman in the world whom I wanted. It would have been out of the question for me to woo a stranger in the usual way. I did not think you could be won by such a wooing. Fortunately I thought I saw in you indications of the artist, and when I saw your work my opinion was confirmed. You may have thought I was kind to you or that I was disposed to make money out of your pictures. My object was neither of these. I served you for a consideration of another kind. I wished you. And now I call upon you to pay—dearly you may think it—for what I have done for you. I ask in return yourself, and you know that wedding bells for a woman sound the knell of an artistic career."

Miss Hathorn paid the bill and willingly; but, being a true artist, she found much comfort during her married life with her brush.

At the Critical Stage.

"I understand that he was critically ill."

"He was as soon as he became convalescent."

"As soon as he became convalescent?"

"Yes. He was dangerously ill, and then as soon as he became convalescent he became so critical there was no pleasing him."—Houston Post.

Feminine Verdict.

"What was the verdict of that lady jury?"

"That the defendant was wearing a fright of a hat and that her gown didn't fit."—Pittsburgh Post.

Two of Them.

Reeder—Is it true that it takes a genius to live with a genius? De Ruyter—I'll ask my wife about it when I go home.—Puck.