# 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, SEPTEMBER 28, 1912. NO. 49



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

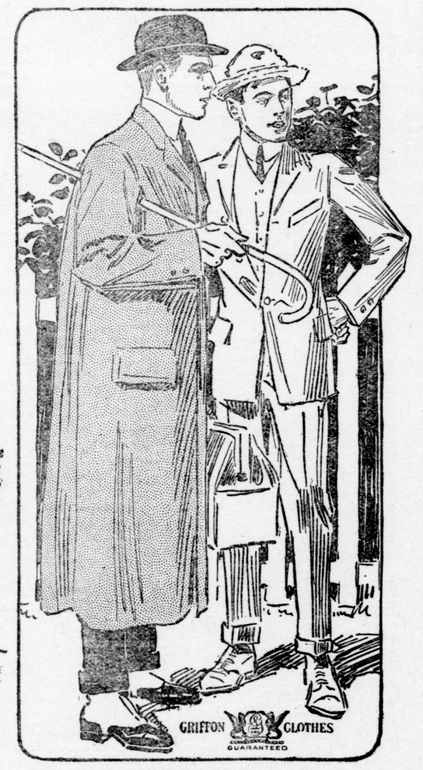
## WHEREVER THERE ARE WELL DRESSED MEN
## YOU WILL FIND THE KIND OF CLOTHES WE SELL IN EVIDENCE

WINNING the patronage of the critical dresser is not an easy problem. One of the good points that have made these Clothes so popular among this class of men is an inherent dignity.

It is difficult to describe this. It is a certain intangible something, a certain superb richness of style and fabric that literally commands the respect of all. And because the Clothes are so perfect in fit and drape that they mould into the personality of the wearer, and to such an extent become a part of him, this respect is transferred from the clothes to the man himself.

**$14.50 TO $25.00**

Every inch of every fabric in every garment guaranteed All Wool.




**Fashionable Fall Suits, $10.50** Carefully selected garments for men and young men—made of all-wool fancy worsteds and cassimeres in the latest styles and colors, including the popular gray and fancy blue and brown. All sizes, including stouts.

**Men's and Young Men's Suits, $12.50** Hand-tailored garments of all-wool worsteds and cassimeres. The very newest models, carefully finished throughout. All sizes, including stouts.

**Men's Suits at $13.50** Smartly tailored all-wool garments, fashioned along approved lines, including the new English models. Made of fine all-wool fabrics in all the new patterns; guaranteed in fit, quality and workmanship. All sizes, including stouts.

**Boys' Suits, $2.50 to $5.50** Norfolk, double-breasted and Knickerbocker models—of fine cheviots, cassimeres and worsteds, in gray and brown mixtures; also Russian and sailor styles of brown and blue serge. Sizes 4 to 17 years.

**Boys' Suits, $6 to $7.50** Some with two pairs of trousers. All-wool and hand-tailored—double-breasted, Knickerbocker, Norfolk, Russian and sailor models. Choice of cheviots, cassimeres, worsteds and serges. Sizes 4 to 18 years.

**Boys' Suits, $8 to $10.50** Some garments of all-wool serge, cheviots and cassimeres. Many smart striped effects and gray and brown mixtures. Knickerbocker and Norfolk styles. 4 to 18 years.

## OUR DRESS GOODS DISPLAY EMBRACES EVERY WEAVE
### STAPLE AND NOVEL—BLACK AND COLORS

### Women's, Misses' and Children's Stunning Fall and Winter Coats

These coats are unusually well tailored and are of Serge, Cheviot, Chinchilla, and Plaid Melton. They are built on the newest Fall and Winter lines, with straight back, neatly stitched collars, perfectly plain mannish sleeves, and lined with good satin. $4.00 to $25.00

### SWEATERS

These coolish days call for a good warm Sweater. We have them in the Blazer Coat Sweaters, also the Regular Coat Sweaters, in red, grey, blue, tan, white and black.

BLANKETS : COMFORTABLES

Blankets, from 50c to $6.00
Comfortables---Cotton filled, $1.00 to $2.50
Down and Wool filled, $3.00 to $10.50

### Women's and Misses' Stylish Tan Boots, $4.00

16-button.

Women's and Misses' high-cut gun-metal Calf Shoes. Stylish kinds for Fall and Winter Wear; stitched, flexible sole; medium heel, at $3.00.

### NEW NECKWEAR

Robespiere Collars, in black, blue and green.

The new Collar and Cuff Sets for coats in white and ecru.

Cluny Collar and Cuff Sets at $1.50.

Pleatings, Pleated Net, white and ecru, at 25c.

DRESS TRIMMINGS
FOR THE FALL AND WINTER GOWN

In fringe, chinille, ball trimming, puffing and banding.

### SUIT CASES : TRUNKS : HAND BAGS

Fibre-bound, linen-lined trunks, covered with heavy duck; two fibre centre bands, heavy brass trimming, excelsior lock and dowel bolts; extra skirt tray, linen lined

Extra fine quality smooth russet and black leather hand bags, English shape.

Suit cases of genuine cow hide, perfectly made.

### MEN'S HATS

Derbies and Soft Hats
$1.50 to $3.00

Men's and young men's smartest Fall styles, including the celebrated S. & B., Belvedere and Caswell derbies. The soft hats are of fine silk-finished felt, stylish shapes and newest colors.

S. & B. Derbies at $3

A popular make of the finest quality felt; all the new Fall models.

Boys' Soft Hats at $1

Popular telescope and college shapes of fine quality felt and cloth; new Fall shades.

### UNDERWEAR

ALL WEIGHTS AND PRICES IN WOOL AND COTTON FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

Ladies' fine rib bleached Vests, ribbon inserted at neck, crochet edging around neck and down front. 25c and 50c.

Ladies' Wool Underwear, fine rib. $1.00 to $2.50.

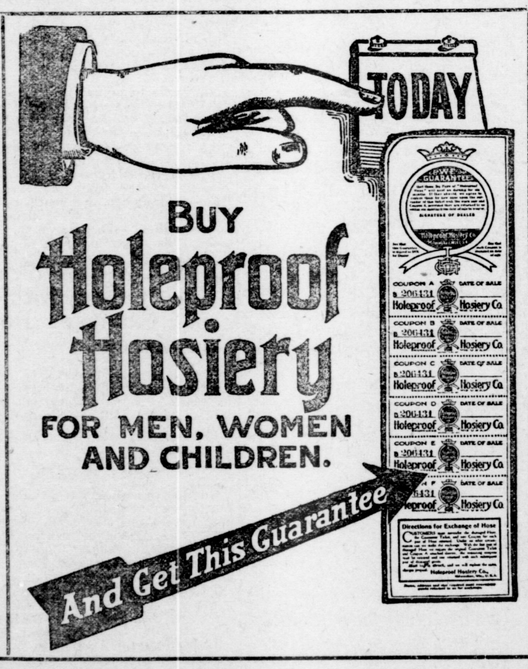
Ladies' Union Suits, in wool and cotton, extra good values, at $1.00 to $2.50.

Children's Wool and Cotton Underwear, bleached, fine rib, ribbon inserted. 25c to 75c.

Extra good values in Men's Heavy Fleeced Underwear at 50c.

Men's Ribbed Underwear, medium weight, white and grey, at 50c.

Men's Extra Quality Wool Underwear, in white, grey and red. $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00.




### AUTUMN SILKS

In MESSALINES, all colors
FOULARDS
TAFFETAS
PEAU DE SOIE
BLACK DUCHESS SATIN
CREPE DE CHINE, in pink, blue, black;
and MARQUISETTE

GLOVES FOR THE FALL

In black, white, tan and grey. $1, $1.25, $1.50

Veilings in Chiffon and Mesh

For the New Fall bonnet.

Ask to See the
New Fall Butterick Fashion Book
to select a pattern for your new Fall frock.

## JOHN L. EVERNGAM - - DENTON, MD.


## Captain Joe Sturgis

### A Man Who Could Pilot a Boat In a Fog

By F. A. MITCHEL

When I was a student at a New England college I used to spend my vacations on the seacoast. I was fond of water sports—boating, fishing, bathing—and in the autumn shooting, though since the season for the latter came when I was engaged at my studies I could only enjoy it for a day or two at a time.

My favorite place for enjoying an outing was a village on the coast of Maine. There is no coast in America so sought during the hot months, for there is none so beautiful. There are islands and estuaries without number, while the air is pure and bracing. The only drawback is the fogs, which will occasionally sweep suddenly in from the ocean and at times last several days.

The village of B., which came to be the usual scene of my summer outings, looked out upon a bay beyond which was the boundless ocean. Sometimes I lay in a hammock hung between trees, watching ships pass far out on the horizon, dreaming of the people walking about on them, shifting their sails, at meals, or idling as I was. I had but to turn my eyes nearer, to an island beautiful as a fairyland rising out of a fairy sea, or, still nearer, to a strip of ground in its native state, brown, yellow and green patches leading up to a snow white cottage, behind which was a thicket of cedars.

Captain Joe Sturgis, a man who had acquired his title as master of a fishing smack, was my principal companion. He fished for a living, but in July and August, the fishing being poor, he rested, for he had made enough money at his vocation to build himself a snug home and have more invested at interest.

Sturgis was a plain, quiet, thoughtful, uneducated man, but I always felt that if he and I were obliged to float for our lives and there was but one plank between us he would leave me the plank. He used a single masted boat about twenty feet long for fishing purposes, and during my vacations that boat was my second home. The captain and I made cruises in her among the islands of the coast. There were four bunks in her, a small cook stove and mess kit. At night we would anchor in some inlet or little bay and after supper be lulled to sleep by the sound of wavelets beating against the side of the boat. That was years agone, but to this day I can hear the soothing splash. In the morning we would be up with the sun, and I would take a cold water plunge while the captain was frying the fish and making the coffee for breakfast. Then up would come the anchor and we would be off, we cared not where, since the whole of these beautiful waters with their green promontories and islands were ours. During these cruises I was as near heaven as it is possible for one on earth to be.

Storms we had, of course, but we were either scudding before the wind, racing with the white caps, or beating up against them, now and again getting a ducking, buckets of spray dashing over us. But what did we care, protected as we were by our oilskins? The fogs, I admit, I never liked. The coast in that region is full of reefs, and if our boat should strike a sunken point of rock it would go down, leaving us to struggle with the waves and likely to find a sepulcher in the belly of some fish. The coast within a dozen or twenty miles of B. Sturgis knew so well that he could navigate his boat even in a fog. I once asked him how he did it, and he replied in the same way he walked in his own house at night. A current here, the sound of water beating against rocks there and other indications were valuable assistants in keeping the course and avoiding the rocks.

Sturgis seemed to be a part of the region he inhabited and felt that after death he would still be a part of it. He would say to me:

"I've often thought how I'd like to be free from my body and go where I like, to hover above the ledges over which the waves dash in a storm that we dare not go near in a boat and on which there is no footing. It would be fine to skim with the crest of a wave till it begins to curl on a beach, watch it break and scatter in foam on the sand."

"In a fraction of a second," I suggested, "you might be a thousand miles away."

"I wouldn't care for that. I'm a home body and never want to go away from home."

"You mean not more than fifty miles from home."

"This is all home to me. I sleep just as well in the boat o' nights as in my sottage on the shore. The cottage is well anchored for a storm, but somehow I feel safer on the water, especially on a lee shore. You see, there's nothing to break the force o' the wind where my house is built, but in a storm if I'm near shore I can run into any snug cove and go to sleep peaceful."

"And if you're out at sea?"

"Oh, then I take in and close all sail and let her ride. If I'm to the windward of a shore I drop the anchor."

"Don't need even a jib for steerage?"

"No; with sails all in she won't go over. She's well ballasted."

These conversations with the captain led me to think that those who live near to nature, though uneducated, have a more comprehensive view of the universe, including themselves, not as brief existences, but as appearing under different forms. Houses and books tend to destroy this more extended view of ourselves. The houses exclude what is grand in nature; the books lead us to reason. And, exclusive of revelation, what basis have we for our reasoning? Is not one who takes his inspiration from nature more free to follow his higher instincts?

During the first winter after I was graduated from college I heard of the death of my old friend Captain Joe Sturgis. He died in his bed, and it at once occurred to me that his spirit, freed from the clay of his physical body, went right out over the water and the islands among which he had so often sailed in his slower going boat. After his death I did not care to go to B. and did not see the place for ten years. Then it occurred to me that I would like to revisit the scenes I had so much enjoyed during my youth. I had long been immersed in business, and if I got an outing it was seldom for more than a fortnight. The influence of nature had long ago passed from me, and if I thought of the skipper who had been my companion it was not flitting in spiritual form over the waves, but mouldering in the churchyard at B.

I found the place but little changed. I doubt if twenty houses had been added to those that had composed the town ten years before. I met persons whom I had known, but they, as well as I, had grown older. Sturgis' old boat was still in existence and in use. I had sailed her in fair weather both with the captain and alone, and I remembered the coast for a distance of, say, ten miles from B. sufficiently to take the boat over it. So I got into her one morning intending to revisit some of the nearby scenes of former years. I took no one with me, preferring to go alone.

The morning was bright and beautiful. I spent a couple of hours cruising about noticing old landmarks, or, rather, old sea marks, when, suddenly looking eastward, I saw the fog bank. There was little breeze, and I could not reach land before I was enveloped in one of those fogs so thick that they are really fine rain. I drifted for hours, hoping all the while that it would lift, but it did not. It came upon me at noon, and when night fell I was still enveloped in it.

That night is ever to be remembered as the most frightful of my life. There was no wind, and if there had been I would not have dared avail myself of it, for I had no compass and, in any event, was beset with sunken rocks. I passed the afternoon and the night till near morning in an agony of suspense, without food or water, then fell into either a stupor or a sleep.

I had taken position near the bow where I could watch, sitting on the deck with my back resting against the mast. It must have been near dawn that, looking aft, I saw, or thought I saw, a dim form at the tiller, while the sail was filled, though the fog had not lifted.

I have never since been quite sure whether I was awake, half asleep or asleep and dreaming. Nevertheless some one was at the helm and the boat was moving. It did not occur to me to get up and go aft to see who my pilot was, and this has led me to think that I dreamed. I sat where I was, looking into the mist now and again, hearing the swish of waves over protruding rocks, at times sailing near enough to them to see their dim, dark bulk.

I knew that there was or had been but one man at B. who could sail a boat in those waters in a fog, and that man was Captain Sturgis. I was possessed with the idea that time had been turned back ten years and I was again sailing with my old friend.

Yet I knew that Captain Sturgis was dead.

How long I sailed thus I don't know, but when it came light enough for me to see, the fog lifted, and I recognized on either side of me rocks, by which I knew that I was emerging from one of the most tortuous, dangerous channels on this coast. There was a fair breeze, and the tide was with me. I was not far from B. and saw persons on the shore, evidently looking out at me.

I sprang to the tiller, which was deserted, and pointed my course toward B. In half an hour I reached the landing and was welcomed by anxious friends, who had feared for my safety. They asked me how in the name of conscience I had got through the channel from which they had seen me emerge, wrapped in fog, without striking the rocks. I told them I didn't know; it must have been either luck or Providence. I did not say what I believed and have since often partly believed that I had been piloted by the disembodied spirit of my beloved friend, Captain Joe Sturgis.

I left B. the same day, and I have never cared to go there since. Not only was I unstrung by having been tossed helpless on an ocean without being able to see half a dozen yards, but there was something frightful in my narrow escape. I did not shudder at having been piloted, as I believed, by my old friend; but, taking my experience altogether, I had no desire to sail in those waters again.

Time has taken away the horror of the situation and strengthened, or, rather, warmed my soul toward him whom I cannot but consider to be living a renewed life among the scenes he so well loved during his physical life and who, remembering me affectionately, came to my help in the hour of my trouble.

### Creating a Vacancy.

When the republic had been set up in France in 1848, wrote the Baroness Bonde, the first attempts of the enfranchised people to use their new powers resulted in the election of the most miscellaneous assembly that had ever tried to govern a country. A member nominated from Rouen went to Paris and selected his seat. He had hardly taken it when his next neighbor turned and stared at him. The Rouen man, embarrassed, turned up his coat collar, but too late.

"Sir," said his lynx eyed colleague, "I believe I had the honor of sending you to the galleys for murder in 18—, when I was judge. You had strangled the servant of the cure who had brought you up and robbed the worthy man. Oblige me by resigning immediately."

The next day the monitieur announced that there was a vacancy for Rouen, but did not tell why.