DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 67. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1913. NO. 28

WE MAKE COLLECTIONS EVERYWHERE

THE Export Business of the United States last year amounted to something like Three Billion Dollars. Can you imagine the tremendous work which was involved in collecting the various amounts due to the merchants and corporations that contributed to this immense total? This bank, through its connections, makes collections everywhere.

What do you want collected? We command and place at your disposal every modern banking facility.

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD.

ALBERT G. TOWERS, Prest. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

The Denton National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, $75,000

SURPLUS and Undivided Profits, $126,000

Beware of Smooth Strangers

Your Money is Secure in Our Bank
The Oldest and Strongest Bank of Caroline Co.
One of the Strong Banks of Maryland.

A banker in Ohio is responsible for the statement, that if all the money taken out of his community by smooth strangers and "Get-Rich-Quick" schemes had remained at home, it would pike every road in the county.

Why do you not put your money safely in your home bank, where it will help you and everybody else in the community, and where you can get it when you want it? FOUR PER CENT. paid for Time Deposits.

Do YOUR Banking with US.

T. C. WEST, Cashier. *HARVEY L. COOPER, President.*

For Sale or Rent

The McShane Property, on Gay St., in Denton—2 Dwellings, 2 Barns and a large Lot, wired for Poultry—with Poultry-house already equipped.

FOR SALE

The Elizabeth E. Pippin property, on East Main St., in Denton. Fine residence section. Modern improvements. Electric lights and water.

The Hinman property—7 acres, new dwelling and outbuildings, within one-half mile of Denton, near State road. Possession given at once. This is a very desirable farm, near town. Land in good state of cultivation—mostly set to scarlet clover.

The John W. Clark property, on Fifth Ave., Denton. Lot No. 1—101 feet on Fifth Ave., 190 feet on Randolph St., with dwelling and barn. One of the most desirable residences in Denton. Lot No. 2—101 feet on Sixth St., 190 feet deep. Will be sold separately or as a whole.

Write or call at my office in Masonic Building, facing Court House.

I represent The Grangers Mutual Fire Insurance Company.—Get rates and learn what the word "Mutual" means to you; Royal Exchange Assurance of London, 92 Williams St., N. Y.; Citizens Fire Insurance Company, Baltimore. I am now in position to write Fire Insurance on all kinds of property.

LEGORE COMBINATION LIME.
AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL CO.'S FERTILIZERS.

S. G. NUTTLE,
MASONIC BUILDING : : DENTON, MARYLAND.

WHAT IF YOU WERE BURNED OUT?

We would certainly not wish you that dreadful misfortune, but such dire calamities are happening daily. Protection is easy. A fire insurance policy of a responsible firm has proven innumerably the sole savior of property representing a lifetime's work. "Reliable Insurance" is our motto.

Cooper, Wright & Cooper,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

FERTILIZER TALKS

Number Eleven

How much corn will you raise per acre?

And how do you reckon yields? There are many ways—frequently this is the method—

"Yes, I planted forty acre field; but there's right smart headrow; there's woods on one side, that makes a couple of acres worthless; a tile stopped up and flooded a piece, and about two acres frenched. I got 1200 bushels—so I reckon that makes about 40 bushels on what land really made corn."

Let us stop fooling ourselves about acreage, yields and profits. The "tillage" is really every acre in the enclosure that you seeded. If your 40 acre field yielded 1200 bushels of corn, that is a 30-bushel crop.

Test the seed corn—re-planting corn is a delusion, because re-plants do not tassel with rest of field, and therefore do not get pollenized. No use to simply raise stalks.

Two actual dairymen's experiences are applicable to general farming:

A Pennsylvania herd of fifty milkers yielded "a loss." At last the manager put in testing appliances and each cow was numbered and tested. A few cows showed a profit; many were losers. As found, the losers were sold and good cows were bought. In a year the dairy was yielding a profit. This was at Wellsboro, Penna.

Another dairyman with a smaller herd, found a season's business left him $12 in debt. Testing apparatus was put in. Two cows showed $56 profit. Ten, totaled a $68 loss. The ten losers were sold.

Let us all make sure of what we are doing.

Feed your land—and be sure the feed (fertilizer) is real, and of the needed sort for the crop you are after. Don't pay for worthless "filler."

May we give you exact help?

HORSEY, ROE & COMPANY,
E. H. MALOY, MANAGER,
GREENSBORO STATION, MARYLAND

J. B. COLGAIN, Agent, Denton, Md.
J. H. SMITH, Ridgely, Md.
L. M. JONES, Henderson, Md.

Protection to Depositors!

Those who keep their money in this bank while it awaits their use, know positively that no harm can come to it and that they can get it when they want it.

This bank is equipped with a Victor Manganese Screw door safe that is absolutely burglar proof. Also steel safe deposit boxes,

SECURE YOUR MONEY FROM LOSS AND MISSPENDING.

Deposit it in this bank as soon as you get it. Pay by check. An obligation paid by check leaves no chance for dispute. The check is returned after payment and becomes a receipt. It is also businesslike and convenient and puts system and safety into your transactions.

This bank welcomes checking accounts with business men and individuals. A small beginning will do.

THE GOLDSBORO BANK,
GOLDSBORO, MARYLAND.

Capital - -	$ 12,000.00	Surplus (earned)	$ 4,500.00
Resources -	137,000.00	Deposits - -	110,000.00

J. HARRY ROSE

—WITH—

WM. HOLL

TAILOR

24 E. FAYETTE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

GOOD WOOLENS make good friends—Our Stock has been selected from Reliable American and European Mills. It gives me great pleasure to serve you correctly.
Respectfully,
J. HARRY ROSE.

STATEMENT OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

New York, N. Y., to December 31, 1912.

Total Admitted Assets		$599,125,046.26
Total Liabilities:		
Policy Reserves	$482,570,537.00	
Policy Claims	4,253,027.64	
Expense Items	917,985.37	
Fund for general contingencies	12,546,662.02	
Amount to be apportioned to policy-holders in 1912	17,368,546.93	
Dividends, reserves and other liabilities	81,467,987.20	
		$599,125,046.26

(4-19-3t)

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Order Nisi.

Bernard Lawless et al.
vs.
John Lawless, Infant, et al.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1516.

Ordered, This 29th day of April, 1913, that the Auditor's Report, made and filed in the above cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless good cause to the contrary be shown within three weeks from the 3rd day of May, 1913; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of two successive weeks before the 12th day of May, 1913.

J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

True Copy.
Test: J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

Maryland State Vaccine Agency,

Dr. William B. Burch,
828 N. CARROLLTON AVE.,
Phone 2062 Gilmore,
4-12-3t BALTIMORE, MD.

The Wedding of Jim

A Ranchman's Sartorial Error Corrected In Haste

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The boss of the Lone Bull ranch smiled into his long mustache when he saw the prospective bridegroom in the distance. There was a certain droopiness about the lank form that excited the pity of Clintock. He placed two fingers up to his lips and whistled shrilly.

Jim Lewis turned, hesitated and then approached his employer.

"See here, Jim," said the boss kindly, "anything the matter with you?"

Jim shook his head. "Nary. I'm—awful busy just now, Mr. Clintock. You see, I've got so much to do I don't know what to do first." He rubbed his shaven chin thoughtfully, while his eyes sought the distant horizon.

"Man alive!" chided the boss. "Buck up! Why, you're going to be married the day after tomorrow! Have you got the rooms all ready?"

Jim smiled foolishly. "As near as I can. I don't know what Lulu's taste is. There's everything to begin on, and we can get the rest after—after she comes." His eyes wandered to the newly built cottage that was situated on the little knoll back of the boss' house, and a tender expression came into his blue eyes.

Clintock turned his own away suddenly and felt a softening in his heart at the sight of his wife's trim figure in the veranda. He recollected his own wedding day and the fearful panic that nearly overtook him at the time, and he was sorry for Jim Lewis.

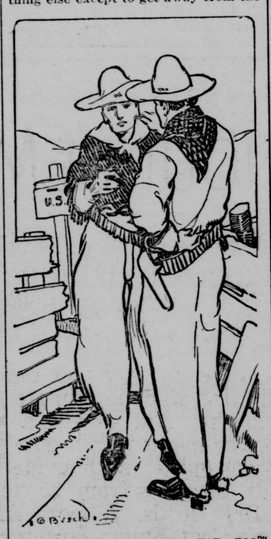
"Tell me what the trouble is, Jim," he said earnestly, laying a hand on the other's shoulder. "I know something's up. You look down and out. Is it your clothes?"

"Hit the target that time," admitted Jim, with a relieved smile. "I wish to the Lord I knew what was proper to wear. You see, Lulu and all her friends are swell fellers from the dry goods stores and girls that wear peekaboo hats and hobble skirts and all such truck," he ended vaguely.

"And you're afraid you won't wear just the proper cut of clothes and that Miss Gilbert will be mortified?" asked Clintock.

Jim nodded. "That's the ticket."

Clintock looked thoughtfully at the ground and racked his brain for recollection of his own not far distant wedding day. "I'm dashed if I can remember what I wore," he said honestly. "You see, Jim, when you're going to get married you don't think of anything else except to get away from the



"GOSH! NOT A STOVEPIPE HAT, TOO?" GROANED JIM.

staring crowd. I know I spent weeks picking out my wedding clothes, and after I got into them I forgot what I had on, and I can't remember to this day. Of course you ought to wear a black coat."

"Black don't seem much festive," objected Jim.

"I've been so long in the wilds I've almost forgotten civilized ways," confided his boss, "but I do recollect that black is right and proper for weddings. You can wear any color pants you want to, but you've got to have on a biled shirt and a choker, and—you ought to wear kid gloves."

"Gosh! Not a stovepipe hat, too?" groaned Jim.

"Not if you don't feel as though you could stand it. There's a limit to what a chap ought to suffer even if he is going to get married."

"I reckon I can buy the things in Flamingo—that's where Lulu lives," remarked Jim. "I hate to go and buy all that stuff off some of her friends. How do I know but maybe Lulu might have throwed one of 'em the mitten one day and he takes out his jealous revenge by selling me clothes that's all bad?"

"Take the risk," advised Clintock cheerfully. "I suppose all the boys are going down with you?"

"Four of them are, and you and Mrs. Clintock?"

"Sure thing, Jim! Brace up now and hustle down to Flamingo and get your clothes. They may need altering, and it will take time."

"Thanks," said Jim over his shoulder as he moved toward the bunk house where his mates were gathered about the table waiting for the supper to be brought on.

"Hail to the bridegroom!" [illegible] Harry Barry as his comrade entered the room. He dodged Jim's carefully aimed leather gauntlets.

"What you and the boss been advising about?" asked the Crane inquisitively. "He been giving you words of wisdom how to run a domestic establishment?"

Jim shook his head. "He's settled the clothes business," he said significantly. "He told me what was right and proper for a self respecting man to wear on his wedding day, and he didn't say nothing about a purple suit. Ain't that what you advised?" He pointed a finger at the Crane, who reddened darkly.

"I stick by what I've said," said that gentleman firmly. "Purple is a right cheerful color to get married by. I had an uncle who was married when he was fifty-two, and he wore a purple suit, and he looked swell. I remember, because it was the first wedding I ever went to."

"And I reckon it was the last," sneered Jim from his superior knowledge of what was proper.

"It was," admitted the Crane defiantly.

"And the boss didn't say a pale blue shirt would be tasty," said Jim, suddenly attacking Harry Barry with a fierce scowl.

"Clintock never had any taste about clothes," said that young man easily. "When I get married I'm going to wear a pale blue shirt to match my eyes," he said sentimentally.

"And he said I oughter wear gloves." Jim turned a reproachful glance toward Gabriel.

Gabriel held out his own sinewy hand and regarded it thoughtfully. "I never wear anything 'cept a ga'ntlet, and that's tight enough for me. How do you expect to get your paw in a kid glove, Jim? You'll sure drop the wedding ring."

"Great smoke!" yelled Jim, suddenly leaping to his feet and staring wildly about the room.

Instantly his friends were up from the table, alert for danger. Then Harry Barry sank back into his chair and rolled in convulsive laughter.

"He's forgotten to buy it!" he howled mirthfully. "Poor old Jim!"

"Is that all?" demanded the Crane with chagrin.

"Isn't it enough?" scowled Jim sourly.

The others laughed heartlessly as they resumed the interrupted meal.

"You'll have plenty of time, Jim," reassured Harry Barry. "If you start good and early for Flamingo you can get hold of a wedding ring inside of ten minutes after you strike town."

"Mebbe I oughter buy two," said Jim thoughtfully.

"How? It ain't going to be a double wedding, is it? You ain't going to spring Tim here as another mourning bridegroom, are you?" questioned Crane.

Tim Lewis reddened darkly and exchanged a look with the bridegroom.

"I might lose the confounded ring, and then where would I be?" demanded the latter.

"Half married," replied Harry Barry cheerfully.

"I'm not taking any risks," said Jim Lewis with emphasis. "Consequently I'm going to start this very minute for Flamingo. I've got a lot of clothes to get before Wednesday." He arose from his chair and reached for his hat.

"We haven't heard what you are going to wear," insinuated Gabriel.

"Black coat, biled shirt, choker pants any color I like, kid gloves and a hat," retorted Jim promptly and proudly.

There was an awed silence. Then Harry Barry spoke:

"I don't think much of Clintock's taste. All those glad rags won't hide the fact that you're minus shoes and socks, to say nothing of vest and necktie."

"Those things go without saying. Purple necktie and socks—what sa'ay?" Jim grinned around the circle of friendly eyes as he opened the door.

"Cut out the purple color," laughed Harry Barry. "Miss Gilbert 'll think you're a widower wearing second mourning for your first."

They followed him into the yard and helped him catch up a horse. Together with the folks from the big house they watched him ride away into the starlit night, throwing good wishes and many a laughing jest in his wake. A bag of rice struck the hind quarters of his mount and bursted, sending the bridegroom at galloping speed away from their sight.

Back in the bunk house once more the four that were left behind surveyed each other for a solemn moment. "It's going to be slow here without old Jim," said the eyes, but the lips were framed in jests.

"I reckon we'll be starting for Flamingo some time tomorrow," said the Crane, rolling himself a cigarette. "Got your biled shirt ready, fellers?"

"Hi yi!" yelled Harry Barry, and as the Chinese cook appeared at the kitchen door he asked, "Ah Soo, you make clean shirtee, how many?"

Ah Soo waddled out and returned with a long pole on which were hung four coat hangers. On each hanger there swung an immaculate white shirt, stiff and shining.

The four groaned and waved the celestial away.

"I shan't put mine on till I get there," remarked Gabriel gloomily, voicing the opinion of the crowd.

Late afternoon of the next day found them in the town of Flamingo, where the bride elect resided. Contrary to Jim Lewis' desires, the wedding was to be held in the small Methodist church, and there was every reason to believe that it would be crowded to the doors, for Lulu Gilbert was very popular.

They only saw the bridegroom once, and then he was wildly rushing in and out of the clothing shops with paper parcels under either arm. His absent air and haggard face excited their pity, but he would have none of their assistance.

"What do you fellers know about it?" he groaned. "You ain't none of you married nor going to be. If I could only decide about the pants! I wish the boss had said what color they oughter be!" Then he left them.

The wedding was set for 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and the four friends of Jim Lewis, almost unrecog-

THEY WATCHED HIM RIDE AWAY INTO THE STARLIT NIGHT.

nizable in their store clothes and stiff hats, waited uncomfortably about the door of the church.

Throngs of people in gala attire passed them and went into the edifice, which became a buzzing hive after awhile. Presently the organ began to play, and a carriage came rapidly up the street.

"That's him!" whispered Gabriel hoarsely, and they all nodded.

The carriage stopped, there was a moment's wait, and then the door swung open and a man appeared. It was Lulu Gilbert's father. Then another man got out and shrank behind the carriage door while the bride alighted and took her father's arm; then he fell in behind them and walked shrinkingly in their wake, while a titter ran through the little knot of spectators gathered there.

The four at the door saw him and realized the horror that was upon him. Spick and span and shining, the bridegroom passed before them, derby hat in gloved hand, black coat, glistening white collar, white tie—and a pair of pea green trousers!

Instinctively they understood that in desperation he had chosen these nether garments by some dim lamplight or that they had been foisted upon him by a disappointed rival for the fair Lulu's hand. Perhaps in the broad light of afternoon he realized their unsuitability too late for any change; hence his wretchedness.

If the crowd at the gate tittered at the sight of them, what would the correctly dressed people in the church say?

With one accord the four comrades of Jim Lewis closed around his shrinking form, hiding the offending trousers from public gaze; they huddled close to him as they marched up the aisle to where the minister waited between two tall piano lamps.

The Crane's elbow put one lamp out of business, while Harry Barry managed to extinguish the other one. And so, in a semidarkness that mercifully hid the bridegroom's sartorial errors, Lulu and Jim were married.

"It was a queer wedding," said somebody at the reception. "I never heard of four best men!"

Jim Lewis, who had made a quick change of nether garments with Harry Barry, smiled significantly. "They are the four best fellers that ever lived, especially the one in the pea green pants."

The Fellows Grand Opera Company

AT THE 1913 CHAUTAUQUA.

Genial Harry Fellows, known to great singers all over the country, dominates the entertainment with his free unconventional acting and his lyrical tenor voice. Miss Sabin, the soprano, is a striking young person with all the brightness and vivacity that she expresses in her vocal work. Miss Marguerite Fellows is the dainty little pianist whose playing is astonishingly out of harmony with her physical proportions. Miss Driver, contralto, is most winning in her soft Scotch songs and in duet with Mr. Fellows. Mr. Vanderburg is a splendid manly fellow who has unusual mastery of a stirring bass voice. The Fellows Company will give to their Chautauqua audience fascinating snatches from the most well-liked operas staged to-day.

THE INQUISITIVE MAN.

His Curiosity Was Eased, Though His Feelings Were Mangled.

A business man in Boston said to a reporter: "A few days before an election a little incident happened which mortified me deeply. It happened in this way: You see, I had some business to transact with one of the candidates for the legislature, and, as it was something important, I was forced to go out to his house to see him. It was quite late when I got there, and I guess he had gone to bed. At any rate, the servant who opened the door showed me into the parlor to wait for his master. I was obliged to wait some time, and while doing this I amused myself looking at the pictures and other ornaments about the room.

"On the center table, among books and other bric-a-brac, stood a big fancy decanter filled with liquor which looked like whisky. It was a curious looking decanter, and on one side was some fancy lettering which I could not make out. Being rather curious to find out what it said, I lifted the decanter up from the table and tipped it up so that the light fell on the lettering. It said, 'If you touch me I'll tell.'

"Curious, wasn't it? But, sure enough, it did tell, for I had scarcely had time to read the lettering when my ears were greeted with the tones of 'Johnny Get Your Gun.' There was a music box hidden in the bottom of the decanter, and when it was tipped the machinery started and the music began. You can judge for yourself how surprised and chagrined I was, for I had never seen the master of the house before and he would have a fine opinion of me for my meddling qualities.

"Right in the middle of the tune he walked into the parlor and gave me a curious smile when he heard that music box. It seemed as if it would never stop. I tried to make some sort of apology, but made a bull of it, I know, though now I can not think for the life of me what I said. He saw how confused I was and laughed it off, saying that it was an oddity he had found in New York."

Marsh Music.

The love songs of the frog seemed hardly less wonderful than those of the birds, their musical notes varying from the sweet, tranquil, soothing, peeping and purring of the hylas to the awfully deep, low, bass, blunt bellowing of the bullfrogs. Some of the smaller species have wonderfully clear, sharp voices and told us their good Bible names in musical tones about as plainly as the whippoorwill—Isaac, Isaac; Yacab, Yacab; Israel, Israel; shouted in sharp, ringing, farreaching tones, as if they had all been to school and severely drilled in elocution. In the still, warm evenings big bunchy fullfrogs bellowed: "Drunk! Drunk! Drunk! Jug-o-rum! Jug-o-rum!" And early in the spring countless thousands of the commonest species, up to the throat in cold water, sang in concert, making a mass of music, such as it was, loud enough to be heard at a distance of more than half a mile.

Far, far apart from this loud marsh music is that of the many species of hylas, a sort of soothing, immortal melody filling the air like light.—John Muir in Atlantic

Sabbath Desecration.

In illustration of the "dreary Glasgow Sunday" a lecturer told this story of the late J. L. Toole, the English comedian: He was leaving his hotel in Glasgow one fine Sunday morning when the sun was shining brightly. As he was strolling along George square a policeman eyed him suspiciously and at last approached and said:

"Ye had better tak' care what ye're doin'."

"What am I doing?" inquired Toole and added, with a merry wink, "Why, I'm not even whistling."

"No," replied the Glasgowian in solemn and reproving tones, "but ye're lookin' almost as happy as if it were Monday."

Frugality.

"John, dear, it's too bad that we have to pinch and save and economize on everything we buy. Is—is there such a thing as a money trust?"

"Yes, love; I think there is."

(Pause.)

"John, dear, why don't you join it?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Stronger Influence.

"Which do you think appeals more generally, art or literature?"

"Art. Almost anybody would rather send a picture postcard than write a letter."—Washington Star.