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. 1915

VOL. 69. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1915. NO. 28

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

DISTINCTIVE CLOTHES FOR CRITICAL MEN

YOUR CLOTHES should be a matter of thought and attention---to be distinctive in your attire is to be admired. The painstaking method in which fabrics and patterns are selected, the faultless way in which they are tailored have brought our clothes up to a stage of perfection that is beyond improvement. They are stylish and distinctive---made for men of all ages, tastes and incomes. There are models for men and young men who are inclined to dress a bit lively. There are styles for men and young men who favor conservative clothes. There are prices that most anyone can afford to pay.

We have opened up our straw hats now and we are delighted with them. They range in prices from $1.00 to $5.00.

Every shape. Every weave.

All the new Lasts in Queen Quality Shoes for the Summer months have arrived and we are anxious to show them to you. There is a last for every shaped foot and a price for every pocket-book.

J. L. EVERNGAM - DENTON, MD.

The Denton National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, $75,000

SURPLUS and Undivided Profits, $126,000

If You Have Money to Deposit We Want It.

If You Want Money We Have It.

The resources of the Denton National Bank—Caroline County's first and strongest bank—grows all the time. We take pride in the fact that it has helped along so efficiently in the development which has marked business affairs in our county since its establishment, thirty four years ago. For years it has been on the honor roll of Maryland banks, and no financial institution in our State can offer better facilities than those afforded by the Denton National Bank.

Administrators, Executors, Trustees and all others with trust funds to handle and safely keep will find our Savings Department a place for prompt and very satisfactory investment, where the interest, FOUR PER CENT. compounded February 1st, May 1st, August 1st and November 1st, is guaranteed.

The public of this and adjacent counties can always find in this bank everything desired to further their interests in a business way.

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

Baby Chicks OF QUALITY AND **Eggs for Hatching**

FROM OUR BRED TO LAY

S. C. White Leghorns and S. C. White Orpingtons.

Place your order now while you can get them. The prices are right and the Chicks will be right.

CHICKS, $10 Per 100 for good strong healthy ones. **EGGS, $4 Per 100.**

These Chicks and Eggs are from well selected stock.

We also do Custom Hatching at $1.50 per Tray of 75 Eggs. Give us your order now and the date you want, and we will reserve space for you. Our 3600-egg machine is almost full for this hatch. If you want any space, order at once.

SUNSHINE POULTRY FARM, R. D. No. 1, **RIDGELY, MD.**

C. P. HOLSINGER & SON, Proprietors.

WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR YOU

depends entirely upon your own degree of determination. You cannot prevent the coming of Father Time but you CAN anticipate his arrival with a good sized bank account. To most people the advent of a visit from Father Time brings up thoughts of troublous and unhappy days to come. Not so, however, with the owner of a Savings Bank Account. Old age has its terrors, but not for the thrifty. Start YOUR thriftiness at this Bank to-day.

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD.

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

NOTICE!

It is not necessary to pay $65.00 or $70.00 to get a Rotary White Sewing Machine. Twenty years' experience in sewing machine business enables me to furnish any make of sewing machine at rock bottom prices.

ROTARY WHITE	$45.00	NEW HOME -	$35.00
DOMESTIC -	$35.00	Singers of all types always on hand.	

8-27-1m W. J. BLACKISTON, Denton, Md.

On the Horns of a Dilemma

He Was Obliged to Sit Between Them.

By F. A. MITCHEL

It is supposed that all marriages among rich persons are marriages of convenience and without love. That is not the case. Miss Anita De Roode and I are lovers; we are rich, and I expect to marry her. I admit that there has yet been no formal engagement. That is because Miss De Roode has not made up her mind. Whether her hesitation comes from a doubt that she loves me well enough to marry me or whether she is looking for a man of prominence as well as wealth I don't know, for she has not told me.

I went to Lenox yesterday, where Miss De Roode lives, and begged her to give me a final answer. The spring is on, and spring is the season for love. We walked out in the spacious grounds surrounding the De Roode mansion, and so fragrant was the air, so entrancing the lances of sunlight piercing the branches on which the leaves were sprouting, so delicious were the songs of the birds, that it seemed to me if she loved me she could not help responding to my impassioned words.

Nevertheless I returned to the city disappointed. I was not refused. I was still held in doubt. Anita admitted that she preferred me to any other man and did not tell me that her feeling for me was not love. But she would not promise to marry me. I suppose I must possess my soul in patience. If I were poor or not even very rich I would consider myself dismissed, but there are nowadays so few of us millionaire bachelors who have anything except our wealth to recommend us that when a passably refined chap like myself asks a girl to marry him she at least hesitates before turning him down.

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I had a letter from Chesborough this morning—Chesborough is in Rome—about a man he met there who is coming to New York; second son or something like that of an earl, with an elder brother dying of a lingering disease. Chesborough has given the fellow a letter of introduction to me and wants me to put him into my set. I don't see how I am to do so without letting it be known that he is a nobleman, and Chesborough says that he wishes to remain incog. Doesn't want to be fawned on, I suppose.

* * * * * * *

Chesborough's friend, Chichester, called at the club today and inquired for me. I was there, as I usually am, after 4 p. m., and put him up with a visitor's ticket for two weeks. I hope he'll do the same for me when I go to London, but the Londoner has a convenience in his club in a house rule that no stranger is to be received. However, Chichester seems to be a good fellow, and I am fond of Chesborough and glad to oblige him.

Chichester says he doesn't care to know many people, only a few of my intimate friends. He positively declines to be introduced as anything but a plain English gentleman of the middle class. I have taken him with me to the Ashtons and the Spencers and have arranged for a week end at Lenox with the De Roodes. He tells me that the income his father allows him is not sufficient to return favors from multimillionaires, and this is the reason for his incog.

* * * * * * *

Just returned from the De Roodes, having left Chichester there to continue his visit for a few days. Anita seems much pleased with him.

* * * * * * *

Three weeks have passed since Chichester came to New York and I introduced him to Anita. He has passed the principal part of that time at Lenox. What it means I can't imagine unless he has admitted to Anita his identity. I could ask him if he has done so, or I could ask the question of her. But I shall ask neither. If they wish to make a match they will not find me a dog in the manger.

* * * * * * *

What I have been looking for has happened. Received a note this morning from Anita announcing her engagement with Chichester. She doesn't say that she prefers him to me or me to him. Of course he has told her that he is very near an earldom, and she expects me to understand that is the reason why he has supplanted me without her saying so. It is certainly a very good and practical reason, and I have no protest to make.

I had scarcely read the letter when in came Chichester for my congratulations. I managed to give them, affecting some warmth, but it certainly was difficult. He expressed himself indebted to me for life that I had introduced him to so admirable a woman. Then a troubled expression came over his face when he said:

"But how am I to bear the expenses attending an engagement with one whose position in the American social world is so exalted? My income is totally inadequate."

I believed that when his brother died he would have all the money he needed and could repay a loan, but of course I couldn't say so. I simply told him that it wouldn't trouble me at all to let him have what he needed. He grasped my hand with fervor and swore that if it were fated that he should come to the family title he would see that anything I wanted in England should be mine. He further stated that his fiancee was aware of his financial condition and had proposed that their engagement be not regularly announced until shortly before their marriage. After the wedding the bride would be liberal until such time as he succeeded to the title, which, if he lived long enough, he regarded as a certainty. To which I replied that in the meantime I would furnish funds which it would not be proper for the lady to furnish or for him to accept from her.

* * * * * * *

I have just come from a visit to Anita. She sent for me, she said, to assure herself that I placed no blame upon her. She could not put on paper what she could say verbally. Of course I must understand that marriage among us who are lifted by our possessions so far above ordinary persons must always be a matter for serious consideration. The prizes our wealth places within our grasp are not to be despised. Among the lofty and powerful the choice of a partner for life has always been circumscribed and usually a matter decided by the parents of the contracting parties.

I told her that she would be very unwise not to seize upon any such prize as came within her reach and that there was no blame whatever attached to giving up one whom she had never even accepted. Notwithstanding the practical view she took of the matter, she appeared a trifle disappointed that I did not show more grief at losing her.

"I have no doubt," she said in conclusion "that you will find one much more worthy of you and one who will make you far happier than I."

"I shall find no one with either of these elements," I replied. "But I shall bear my loss without adding to your embarrassment."

* * * * * * *

A month has passed since I parted with Anita. She came to New York yesterday and wrote me a note desiring me to call upon her. I went to see her and found her in an uncomfortable state of mind. She did not tell me at once what troubled her, but began to ask me a lot of questions.

"How did you become acquainted with Mr. Chichester?"

"My friend Chesborough wrote me from Rome concerning him."

"Did you take pains to learn whether or no he was what he purported to be?"

"No; I took Chesborough's word for it. I did not and do not now doubt that he is the second son of an earl, the heir to the title having one foot in the grave."

"I have learned that the title is an empty one, the earl being without enough income for himself, without granting one to a younger son. Where do you suppose Mr. Chichester obtained the money on which to move in our set?"

I was on the horns of a dilemma. The one horn was a lie; the other was the position of one who had done a rival a favor and had taken advantage of the act with the lady in question. I avoided falling on either of these horns in this wise:

"That question," I said, "I do not feel called upon to answer. I am not Mr. Chichester's financial secretary."

"You introduced him to me. And now when I am in doubt about him you decline to help me in a matter involving the most important step a woman can take."

"I introduced Mr. Chichester without any expectation that you would become engaged to him."

"You mean without expecting that he would supplant you."

To this I made no reply.

"Why is it," she continued, "that you men always hang together? I have no woman friend who would treat a rival as you have treated Mr. Chichester."

"It is necessary for us men to stand by one another. We are so faulty that at any failure to do so we would fall like a stack of card houses."

"Nonsense! But to return to this question of where Mr. Chichester got the money he has been spending so lavishly. Do you mean to tell me that you do not know?"

Again I was cornered. I made no reply.

"You men are queer creatures," she continued. "If pressed too hard you will lie for one another. I will not push you too far for fear you will do so now. It is you who furnished Mr. Chichester the means to pose as my fiance."

There was no need to deny the statement, for she would not have made it unless positive of it.

"How did you learn that?" I asked.

"A cousin of mine is employed in a bank through which a check of yours payable to Mr. Chichester passed. He saw it and gave me the information."

It was evident that Mr. Chichester's hope of marrying a fortune in Miss De Roode was gone. My heart beat fast but I maintained my outward equanimity. I looked at the ceiling.

"Have you seen Mr. Chichester lately?" Anita asked.

"Not for several days."

"He has gone to England. You have lost your advances to him."

"I can afford it, fortunately."

"This money was for the support of my fiance until after our marriage. Will you permit me to return it?"

"Certainly not."

"In what way can I show my appreciation of your generosity, your magnanimity?"

Her voice trembled as she spoke the words and she bent her eyes to the ground. These spoke far more plainly to me than her words.

I took her in my arms.

Siam's Peculiar Order.

Some years ago his majesty of Siam gave an Italian, for painting one of his wives from a photograph, "the grand cross of the Siamese crown." It is a rather large order. "This cross," said his majesty graciously, "will entitle you to marry twelve wives. It is a distinction I seldom confer, so I hope you will make good use of it."

A Requisite.

"He is a powerful speaker."

"That fellow? He doesn't look like an orator."

"He isn't; he's foreman in a boiler works."—Exchange.

Culinary Result.

"How was it Binks got into such a stew?"

"Because he cooked his reports."—Baltimore American.

Friendship is love without his wings.—Byron.

The Gun Woman

How on One Occasion She Lost Her Nerve

By IDA SPEED

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The Princess Wenona, the half breed Indian champion girl roper, emerged from her tepee in the Indian quarters of the 94 Ranch Real Wild West Show, which was in camp at Wilhelmina, Ark.

She was dressed for the parade that was scheduled to take place shortly. Her roving eye rested for a moment on a group by the campfire where a pot of the "big mulligan" had long been boiling. Not finding what she sought she abruptly set off toward the big tent.

"She's lookin' for Al Fleming now," said Uncle Rus Rayburn, the veteran cowpuncher, who was entertaining an admiring audience of this season's recruits to the organization.

"And, by the way, with her hot on his trail we are liable to git a little excitement yet. Al, he's just flirtin' along with her and that little she greaser Juanita to keep his mind off of Miss Mary Moore. He don't know we can all tell he's crazy about her, while she ain't got no more use for him than a pig has for a sidesaddle."

"Wish I could shoot a pistol like Miss Moore can. She gits more grapes than anybody on the 94 payroll, and I guess she can't be beat," said one of the listeners.

Meanwhile Al went listlessly to the general delivery window at the postoffice.

"Fleming, A. C.?" said the postmaster in response to his inquiry. To his amazement he was handed the letter. It had followed him from point to point for a week.

He scanned the half dozen typewritten lines that meant so much to him. The land had been sold and the money deposited to his credit minus the commission of his agent.

Then that was settled. He was no longer "land poor." He need not follow a profession so distasteful to him. It had been that or starve while he waited.

In two weeks the show would go into winter quarters at the 94 ranch, and he would be released to go back to his beloved southwest. Somehow the thought did not bring with it the delight he had anticipated.

The haze of Indian summer enshrouded the hills. As he rode on through the streets of the strange town a cloud momentarily shadowed the sun.

Al Fleming's mind reverted to the night of the big sandstorm, when he had taken refuge in a lonely shack on the prairie. He could see again the fleeting vision of the girl as she stood poised on the doorstep, whither she had been attracted by his light.

Then before he could close the door behind her the wind had extinguished the lamp and left them without a match to relight it.

During the hours that they had waited for the storm to abate she had grown unspeakably dear to him. They had confided to each other their names, and he had told her he was riding to Sanderita to join the 94 ranch show cars, which would stop there the next day to water their stock on the long, thirsty ride from El Paso to Fort Worth.

He had done everything he could for her comfort. She had told him that it was the first time a man had taken thought for her reputation when he had left her at the gate of the Circle A ranch, where she was staying, with an admonition not to speak of having been alone with him in the deserted shack. With reverence he had raised her hand to his lips in farewell.

He remembered his astonishment when Murdock, the owner of the show, had informed him that she—Mary Moore—was the crack pistol shot of the world, resting and practicing up after a tryout on the dramatic stage, where she had proved a failure.

By this he had known she, too, loathed the Wild West show, though her salary was sufficient to enable her to stay at a hotel, only filling her engagement each afternoon and night, eliminating the hated street parade, which was the most desirable part of their contracts to the Indians and Mexicans with the show.

When she had joined the organization some weeks later she had chosen to ignore the happenings on the night of the sandstorm. Fleming was not the man to press himself on her. Therefore an exchange of greetings had been the only words to pass between them, though more than once he had espoused her cause, until it had become current gossip that he adored her.

It came to him now that the situation had changed. He need no longer hold back because her accomplishments were commanding a higher price than his own. He was the possessor of a competency in cold cash. The irrigation company had been compelled to have his sections for their big reservoir and at his own figures.

The combined horrors of a brass band and a steam calliope smote the air. He had forgotten the parade. With an exclamation of disgust he wheeled his horse and took a short cut, guided by the music and the cheering crowd.

To avoid meeting Murdock he turned into the entrance of a little park.

A lonely figure, apparently indifferent to the excitement, was feeding the deer through the wire fence around an inclosure. At once he recognized Mary Moore.

"Good morning," he said, advancing hat in hand.

"You!" she cried, turning at the sound of his voice.

"Yes, and mighty gay because the season will end in two weeks. Where will you go then?" he asked interestedly.

"I have no plans," she said. "I have no home."

Then, seeming to realize the longing in her voice, she abruptly changed the conversation. "Why are you not with them in the parade?" she asked.

"I rode on ahead for my mail and found a letter containing the best of news."

"Good!" she said. "And what was the news?"

"If I thought you cared"— he began.

"Why should I?" she asked with a simple directness. "You have avoided me on all occasions."

He was left no time for explanations now. The parade was passing. Only two members of the 94 show had seen them. The Princess Wenona, with flashing eye, turned her head indifferently, yet Fleming knew that she had seen.

"I'll see you again soon," he said. "I have a lot I want to say to you."

"The deuce!" said Hearty Holly in mild surprise as Fleming joined him. Then, catching sight of Mary Moore, "The deuce!" he added with more vehemence.

An hour later Mary Moore returned to her hotel. On the broad front gallery of the building a powerfully built old man, with white hair streaming to his shoulders and a long white beard, stood waiting for her. Uncle Rus Rayburn, from his position as driver of the old stagecoach in the parade, had seen the young couple in the park. He gallantly removed his battered old hat, holding it in his hand.

She smiled at him encouragingly.

"Miss Moore, I've got a word to speak to you," he said in a low tone. "A man that pioneered and frontiered in the seventies and eighties same as me has rode many a mile to take his neighbors a warnin' against injuns.

"It wouldn't do no good to warn Al Fleming. Besides, he's got to carry out his act. But—well, you are my neighbor, ain't you? And I didn't have to ride more'n two blocks to tell you that the Princess Wenona is on the warpath, and no mistake."

"Thank you, Uncle Rus," said Mary Moore in her quiet, gentle way. Before she could add a word or ask a question the old man was far down the street.

The matinee performance was advertised to begin promptly at 2:15.

Out in the dressing tent Murdock, who was his own manager, was thrown into a fit of temper by Mary Moore's urgent demand to be placed third on the program, and after a stormy interview she was given her way.

At last the bugles sounded and the performance opened with the grand entry and review. Display No. 2 was fancy and expert roping by the cowboys and cowgirls of the 94 ranch.

In front of the reserved seats the Princess Wenona, who had deftly caught old Jaybird, the trained cow pony, by the fore feet, hind feet and neck when Al Fleming had spurred him past her, was making her lariat loop ready for her final and most difficult feat.

In that trick she flung her catch rope over the bodies of both horse and rider, drawing in the slack at the exact moment when the rope had slipped around all four of Jaybird's feet.

So intent were the spectators on the girl's movements that they failed to notice that the other actors in the ring had stopped their performance. An invisible helmet might also have been worn by the slender, girlish figure in the natty buckskin hunting dress and jaunty hat who was entering for her act, which came next.

Jaybird had been taught by rough experience that the best thing to do when he felt the tightening of the rope was to stop as abruptly as possible. But how could he know to halt when it tightened about his rider's shoulders?

In a flash the Princess Wenona was revealed to Al Fleming—all Sioux. Simultaneously came the sharp report of a pistol, and the taut rope snapped midway of roped and roper.

The sudden release threw the princess sprawling ridiculously on the ground. The crowd cheered wildly. With a mighty effort Al Fleming regained his balance in the saddle and rode from the arena.

A pale little figure in short buckskin hunting dress ran forward with little skips to take her place for display No. 3, characterized as a remarkable exhibition of pistol shooting. In her hand was a smoking revolver.

The crowd inside, all unconscious of the averted tragedy and suffering from anticlimax, jeered rudely at the numerous times Mary Moore missed her mark.

Al Fleming, leaning against a wheel of the old stagecoach, said nothing.

When the torture of her performance was over and he saw her coming toward him he put forth his hand to steady the swaying figure. A light burned in his eyes.

"Please take me home!" she said faintly.

Together they made their way to a waiting automobile, he bending over her in earnest conversation.

When he had handed her in he spoke to the driver.

"Drive to the place where you get marriage licenses," he said, and sat down beside her.

"And then—home," he whispered close to her ear.

A Lesson In Politeness.

Armed with a subpoena a deputy sheriff went out to serve it on a wealthy and extremely snobbish manufacturer, whom he met at the gate of the manufacturer's country home. The great man was in an automobile, accompanied by two ladies, and as the process server handed over the papers he politely raised his hat. The other assumed a democratic manner. "You don't need to take off your hat to me, young man," he said. "I took off my hat not to you, sir," was the answer, "but to the ladies with you."—Argonaut.

A Word to Parents.

Never amuse your children at the expense of other people. Never allow your children to ridicule other people. Neglect this advice and the time will assuredly come when these children will amuse themselves with your foibles and ridicule your authority.—Exchange.