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. 1911

VOL. 65. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1911. NO. 23

J. L. EVERNGAM - DENTON, MD. | J. L. EVERNGAM - DENTON, MD.

WOMEN'S ATTRACTIVE EASTER WEAR

Rich, new Spring Suitings of the weaves that fashion has decreed shall be the correct mode for this Spring. Every piece is highest grade of its kind, and the assortment is ample.

Those new shimmering silk-and-wool fabrics that hold first place for handsome gowns.

Evening Dresses For Evening Dresses we have a full line in colors in Messaline, 27 in. at $1.00 per yd., in all the pastelle shades, as well as the darker ones for street dresses.

Marquisette, the season's newest half-silk material, .50.
Chico silk, 27 in., .25. Himalaya Cloth, 27 in., .38.
Polaire Silk, 27 in., .25. Tuscah Silk, 27 in., .50. Pongee Silk, 27 in., .50.

Habutai Silks for the semi-dressy or afternoon frock, in a wide range of colors and patterns, at .55. A full line of TRIMMINGS for all these materials, such as bebe Irish Lace and all-over Prussian Net.

Yokes and Garnitures, Braid, etc.

Serge THE SEASON'S SUPREME FABRIC. For the Tailored Suit or Skirt Serge is the most serviceable and fashionable fabric of the season. We have the "Oak Serge," 56 in. wide, at $1.25 per yd., in navy blue and black. Also some lighter weight in black and colors. Cream is quite the rage, and our 50 in. Serge in fine weave, or Storm Serge, at $1 $1.25, are sure to please.

A full line of shades in Wool TAFFETA, and Wool BATISTE.

Over Plaid Novelties. Black Voile, at $1.00 and $1.38. Silks.

The Cotton Voiles would please the most fastidious in shading, as well as texture, and at the popular prices of 12 and 25c. We also have a full line of Embroidery, Flouncings, Val. Laces, etc., for trimming the lingerie dresses.

R. & G. Corsets are made in a wide range of models, a number of which you will find here at $1, $1.50
Nemo, $2.00 Self-Reducing, $3.00
Dress Adjusting, $2.00 Figure Building, $2.50

Petticoats Ladies' Black Petticoats—Black Silk, at $3.50 and $5.00
Black Heatherbloom, at $2 00, $2.50 and $3 00
Black Neva, at 50c, $1.00 and $1.50
New stock and correct patterns.

Skirts Ladies' Ready-Made Skirts in up-to-date styles—Black Voile and Black Chiffon Panama—Also a line of Skirts in colors and prices to sait everyone.

A good selection to choose from.

House Dresses Light Blue Chambray, blue-and-white and black-and-white Shepherd Check, plain Tan, Lingerie Dresses, $3.50 to $5.50.

LADIES' KID GLOVES
the newest spring shades, at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50

Children's Dresses Blue Gingham with the popular kimono sleeve, and prettily trimmed. Sailor Suits in blue percale, trimmed in white. White poplin, trimmed with blue. Box dresses, white with blue emb., and blue piping.
White Lingerie Dresses.

Ladies' White Waists Tailored Waists-Madras, Killarney, Cambric—at $1.00, $1.25. Lingerie—Dutch neck, short sleeves; high neck, long sleeves—Lace and emb. trimmed.

LADIES' NECKWEAR
All the new things, dainty and serviceable.

Men's New Spring Model Suits
$7.50, $10, $12.50, $15 and up to $25

The Largest Stock and Greatest Variety We Have Ever Shown

These suits are remarkable for the extremely careful way they're tailored; indeed, every detail of their busheling is as painstakingly watched as if they were made to measure. And there are many different patterns in the latest Spring colors, and you choose from the finest worsteds, tweeds and cassimeres that ever went into suits at these prices. Latest 2 and 3 button styles; all sizes, 32 to 44 chest.

BOYS' KNICKERBOCKER SUITS

That should be selling for $6.50, at $3.50, $4.00, and $4.50. Particularly well-tailored, latest Spring styles, in the popular gray, blue and tan shades; sizes 8 to 16.

J. L. EVERNGAM : DENTON, MD.

A Savings Account Will Grow!

Splendid Opportunities are Frequently Forfeited for Lack of Funds. If you start a Savings Account it will create the saving habit. It will also create a fund with which to meet opportunities as they arise. Do you know how to care for money? Many people can spend it—let it lie idle—lose it. Few can really take care of it. Our savings system helps you to save—Pays You FOUR Per Cent. Interest, and returns your money with absolute safety, whenever you want it, without the least trouble or expense.

This is a better investment than a government bond, so eagerly sought after by some people, and it is as safe.

No panic has ever had any effect upon this institution, the first National Bank established in this county.

A motto for many to remember is that the saving habit leads to financial strength and independence.

THE DENTON NATIONAL BANK
HARVEY L. COOPER, President T. C. WEST, Cashier

NEW BAKERY

J. W. Berge has a modern-equipped bakery, and is baking Bread, Cake, Pies, etc. All products conform to the pure food laws, and are gilt-edged standard weight and quality.

TRY OUR FRESH CAKES

J. W. BERGE
Main Street
Greensboro, Md.

Desirable Property for Sale.

The Methodist Protestant parsonage, at Burrsville, with outbuildings, all in good condition, will be sold at private sale. Apply to
J. E. TOWERS, Hobbs,
W. P. STAFFORD, Burrsville,
(3-18) or W. E. SAULSBURY, Denton.

Stock for Sale.

I have for sale a pair of good, well-broken Mules, blocky and strong. Also, three Cows—one Jersey, one Holstien and one part Holstien.
W. B. PARKER,
(3 11-tf) Denton, Md.

One Hundred Dollars

more or less, on every thousand is lost in the selling of property without the aid of an experienced, capable auctioneer. You can be sure of one when you employ the Fruit Auctioneer at Ridgely,
jy 30 **James Temple.**

STURMER

Jeweler to the People

solicits your valued patronage.

Examine and buy from the

Largest Stock of quality

at most reasonable Prices.

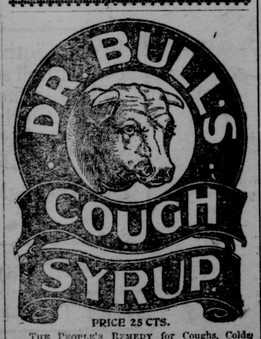
Only store in the two counties employing expert engraver.

Engraving Free and Delivered immediately.

ERNEST D. STURMER,

Hospital Block : EASTON, MD.

DON'T MISTAKE THE STORE.



PRICE 25 CTS.

THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY for Coughs, Colds Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping-Cough and for the relief of Consumptive patients in incipient stages of the disease. Don't take a substitute. Get Dr Bull's Cough Syrup, the best family medicine for coughs and colds. In use over 50 years.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
Write for it and mention this paper. Address A. C. MEYER & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

WOMEN, sell guaranteed hose. 70 per cent. profit. Make $10 daily. Full or part time. Beginners investigate. Strong Knit. Box 4029, West Philadelphia, Pa.

The Three Mrs. Jenkinses

Their Husbands Lied to Them, but Were Forgiven

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

There is a mission station on an island in the Pacific ocean where clergymen work among the aborigines. Not long ago Dr. Snively, the head of the mission, a married man with a family, suddenly awakened to the fact that there were four bachelors on the island who could no longer be kept there on account of the loneliness of their situation. True, they had one another for company, but there were no women except natives, and men cannot expect to live without woman's society.

There was a mission consisting entirely of women on a neighboring island, and Mrs. Snively advised her husband to learn if wives could not be imported from that station. Mr. Jenkins, the principal one of the assistants, had precipitated matters by resigning

"FORGIVE YOUR HUSBANDS."

Mr. Jenkins was a man of forty, while the other three assistants were youngsters. It was determined to make an experiment of getting wives for the bachelors of the mission and to begin with Mr. Jenkins. Mrs. Snively informed him as delicately as possible that she would write to the lady superintendent of the neighboring mission, asking if any of the young ladies at work there could be induced to come over and marry him. Mr. Jenkins thought well of the proposition and said that if the plan could be carried out to his satisfaction he would withdraw his resignation.

Mrs. Snively sent a letter by a vessel that ran irregularly between the islands, propounding the plan and recommending Mr. Jenkins very highly. It so happened that the young women missionaries had tired of one another's exclusive society and no difficulty was met in securing a wife for Mr. Jenkins. Miss Amelia Edmonds, twenty-two and comely, volunteered to go and look into the matter.

It so happened that Mr. Arnold, one of the younger of the assistants, was at the dock when the lady arrived. He had not seen a white girl for a year. Indeed, so lonely was he for woman's society that he was meditating putting in his resignation. He approached Miss Edmonds, lifted his hat and asked if he could be of assistance to her. The girl stammered, blushed and finally told him that she had come to marry Mr. Jenkins.

"I am Mr. Jenkins," said Arnold.

The accusing angel who flew up to heaven's chancery with the lie blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel who wrote it down dropped a tear on it and blotted it out for ever.

The next day Jenkins told Snively that a ship had arrived from the woman's mission and a girl had come, who had been married to Arnold. He didn't think this was treating him fairly. Snively told him that there must be some mistake, but he would make inquiries, and if it were so he would send for another girl. This satisfied Jenkins, and he agreed to wait Snively sent at once for a second girl.

Another of the youngsters, Chippendale, was very thick with Arnold, and Arnold told him how he had fallen heir to a wife. The same day Chippendale heard Mrs. Snively tell her husband that she had written for another girl for Jenkins. Chippendale thought he could do what Arnold had done, and the day the ship bearing Miss Winterton arrived was on the dock, introduced himself to her as Mr. Jenkins, and she disappeared in the same manner as Miss Edmonds.

As soon as Jenkins heard of the second lady's arrival and marriage he went in high dudgeon to Mr. Snively and protested against such treatment.

"Already," he said, "two of my wives have been kidnaped."

"Neither the law nor the church allows but one," replied the superintendent.

"Accept my resignation at once."

"Suppose we try it again. This time you'd better be on the dock when the lady arrives."

"I'll do it," snorted Jenkins.

The third lady who was sent for to be the wife of Mr. Jenkins was Miss Larkins. By this time Mr. Swinton, now the only unmarried man on the island except Jenkins, had heard that wives were to be had for the first comer and that another girl would soon arrive. On the morning this third lady was to arrive, pacing the dock, Swinton saw Jenkins there waiting for the ship to come in. Swinton hired a boat and pulled far out into the harbor. Presently the ship bearing Mr. Jenkins' third wife hove in sight. When the vessel came up abreast of Swinton he hailed her.

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked the captain.

"My name is Jenkins, and I'm expecting a lady."

A young woman leaning over the ship's side blushed and told the captain she thought she was the lady expected.

"Do you wish to join him?" asked the skipper.

"I suppose so."

Steps were lowered, and the girl went down into the boat with Swinton.

When the ship reached the dock and Jenkins inquired for the third wife that had been sent for him and he was informed that a lady had got into a boat with a man in the offing, although a clergyman, he broke the third commandment and, going to Mr. Snively, abused him so roundly that the superintendent was obliged to call in Mrs. Snively to mollify him.

Mrs. Snively told Jenkins that since all the juniors now had wives there would be no further trouble and promised to send for another wife for him. She did so and was informed by the superintendent of the woman's mission that no more wives could be spared for Mr. Jenkins. Three had already been sent him, and it looked as if some Bluebeard business was at the bottom of the matter. She added, however, that she was greatly in need of a man on the island and if they had one to spare—one past middle age—she, a widow, would be glad to marry him.

Mrs. Snively at once communicated this information to Mr. Jenkins. He was very much disgruntled, but thought he had better go and explain the "Bluebeard business" and at the same time take a look at this fourth wife. He took the next ship to the woman's island and wrote back that he had found the superintendent a very attractive woman and he was now provided for, for the fourth and last time.

Mr. Snively ordered a Te Deum to be sung in the chapel to celebrate Mr. Jenkins' nuptials.

Meanwhile there were three Mrs. Jenkinses at Mr. Snively's mission whose husbands, having lied to them in the beginning, were waiting a favorable opportunity to make confessions and let their wives know their right names. After Mr. Jenkins left the island Mrs. Snively concluded to invite the three brides and grooms to a tea party. She wrote each bride a note of invitation, addressing her by her proper married name. But there were three husbands, each guarding his wife that she should not receive information as to the deception that had been practiced on her till he was ready to impart it himself. When Mrs. Snively's servant arrived with the invitations he was received by each one of the young clergymen, who took the invitations from him at his door.

The newly made grooms met for conference, hoping to unite on a plan, so to speak, of information. Unfortunately they could not agree. Each man went to his home resolved to make a clean breast of the matter, but no one of them was able to screw up his courage to a confession. The consequence was that when Mrs. Snively's tea party was assembled there were three ladies present, each supposing herself to be Mrs. Jenkins. The hostess was much embarrassed and introducing the brides got their names so mixed that it was positively laughable. The trouble came when she poured their tea.

"Mrs. Arnold," she said, addressing the lady who bore that name, "do you take cream and sugar in your tea?"

"Both, please. But I must correct you as to my name. I'm Mrs. Jenkins."

Mr. Arnold looked about him for a crack to drop through, and Mrs. Snively saw that the storm was about to burst.

"And you, Mrs. Chippendale?"

"Jenkins, please; sugar; no cream."

Chippendale was trying to look through the ceiling. Mrs. Snively, having poured out tea for the first and second of Mr. Jenkins' intended wives, asked Mrs. Swinton how she liked hers.

"Neither sugar nor cream, please. It's really laughable how you call us by the wrong names."

Meanwhile Mr. Snively began to get the true elements of the situation through his head and glanced at the three grooms.

"Mr. Arnold," he said sternly to the man he knew had married Miss Edmonds, "I should like an explanation of how you came to marry the first wife of—I mean the lady who was intended for Mr. Jenkins."

Arnold stood up nobly.

"I saw her on the dock, sir, and she was so lovely and I wanted her so badly that I lied to her. I told her I was the man she had come to marry."

He looked at his wife as though he wondered if she were going to hurl him over a precipice. She gave him a look of reproach, which broke away before a smile. He threw his arms around her neck.

"And you, Mr. Chippendale?" asked the superintendent.

"Same here," he piped in a high key.

"Swinton?" turning to the last of the grooms.

"I'll do penance." Mr. Swinton's voice was a basso profundo.

"Ladies," said Mr. Snively impressively, "your husbands have broken the ninth commandment, but it was because of a desire to possess you. Mrs. Jenkins—I beg pardon, Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Chippendale and Mrs. Swinton—I trust you will each and all forgive your husbands, and during next Sunday's service they shall receive the customary absolution from me."

Winning a Fur Coat.

The artist Hans Canon once painted a Russian prince in a magnificent fur mantle which took his fancy so greatly that he endeavored to hit on a plan by which he might retain possession of it. On sending home the portrait he omitted to return the garment, and to the letter requesting him to do so he made no reply. One day when looking out of a window he saw the prince coming toward his house. Hastily slipping into the garb, Canon sat down in an armchair near the fire. The prince, who had come for his coat, started on seeing Canon groaning and trembling at the fireside. "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "Oh," groaned Canon, "I don't know what it is, but I feel so weak and wretched, and I cannot get warm. Two days ago my brother died of smallpox, and I am a bit nervous about myself." The artist kept the coat.

Patchwork House

A Scheme That Was Relinquished After Viewing the Result

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"Yes, sir, I've got all my family around me," was one of Joshua Hallam's familiar sayings when he was showing his house to a stranger. "Now, my oldest son, Hen, and his wife live in the north wing; Jim lives in the south wing with his family; Lucy's folks have that there wing stretching off back—they don't get much view, but Lucy's got two more rooms than some of the others—and my wife and me live in the middle."

"That's a very admirable arrangement," remarked the stranger, who happened this time to be the new minister, "and it shows a wonderfully harmonious family relationship."

"Yes, sir," said Joshua emphatically. "You see, the garden is all divided off into sections, and each one has his chicken houses and portion of the big barn. I certainly got all my folks around me," he called as the minister walked smilingly away.

He opened the gate and walked up the broad middle path that led to his own front door.

Within the warm sitting room Mrs. Joshua Hallam rocked energetically to and fro before the "air tight" stove.

"What's the matter, ma? You look all upset," said Joshua, unwinding the muffler from his throat and tossing it with his cap on the table.

"Matter enough!" quavered Mrs. Hallam, laying the paper aside. "What you think Hen and Maria are going to do, Josh?"

"I don't know—not buy that second hand autermobile Penfield offered them. I'll go in and tell Hen what I think of that." Joshua opened the door to leave the room, but his wife caught him deftly by his flying coattails and dragged him back.

"It's worse than autermobiles," she said fiercely. "Listen while I tell you and see what you can make out of it. You know, Maria is all took up with

THEIR ASSENT WAS UNANIMOUS.

them new people that bought the Frary place on the hill. She apes everything that the woman does and wears, and now she wants Hen to paint their part of the house red, like the Frary house. What do you think of that?"

Joshua scratched his head thoughtfully. "Why, they can't do that, ma, because I'm going to paint the hull house myself. It's going to be light green, with darker green trimmings. I've ordered the paint this very day. I'll go in and talk to Hen and Maria."

"That ain't all," went on Mrs. Hallam, with mournful triumph in her tones. "Susan and James was in here, and they laughed at painting the house red, and they said they wanted their wing painted yellow, with white trimmings, and Lucy she said she favored a cream color and she guessed she and Walter would paint their part that color. It's a dreadful mess all around."

"I shall put a stop to that," said Joshua, arising with dignity and switching his coattails beyond the reach of his wife's restraining hand. "This house has got to be painted one color or none at all. It's going to be light green."

Joshua Hallam passed through the hall and entered a transverse passageway that led to the north and south wings, where his sons dwelt in their respective homes.

His knock at Henry's door brought Mrs. Henry Hallam's generously proportioned form, snugly arrayed in the latest fashion, before his observant eye.

"Gee, Maria, I thought at first you was Mrs. Pierpont Vanderaster!" he said jocosely as he sat down. "Where's Hen?"

"He went down to the village awhile ago. Said he'd be back before supper." Maria looked rather conscious as she said this, and her expression was not lost upon her father-in-law.

"I just came up from the hardware store; it's a wonder I didn't see him," said Joshua heartily. "I been ordering paint for the house and it's just come. Dibble and his men are coming up tomorrow to begin."

"We thought we wouldn't have Dibble. Henry's engaged Jones to paint ours."

"He has!" exploded Joshua. "John Dibble's always painted this house ever since I've been in it, and I guess he's going to paint it now."

"Is he going to paint it pea green or red?" Maria's voice was icy cool.

"Light green—that's the color."

"Ours is going to be red," asserted Maria, with her most provoking smile, and because he had never quarreled with Maria and now did not know what to say Joshua shook his head angrily and went away.

His visit to the south wing was quite as unsatisfactory. Said Jim:

"Now, Susie, here, she's always wanted to live in a yellow house. When she was a girl, before she was married, she says she always planned that when she had a house of her own she'd have it yellow."

Susie nodded her head. "That's what I always said," she agreed heavily.

"Why is it none of you ever set up to say what you wanted before this?" snarled Joshua angrily. "I never heard no disagreement about living in this here green house when I give you a roof over your heads. I recollect Susie, here, saying she just liked green, it was so cool looking."

"I meant I liked yellow," said Susie stubbornly.

"Paint it yellow then," said Joshua, turning on his heel. "I shan't stop you. The house will look like a crazy patchwork—that's what it will!"

"My part's going to be cream color," said Lucy with decision when her irate father sought her gentle presence. "If Maria and Susan have had their choice I don't see why I can't have my part painted to suit me. Walter says he knows where he can get a lot of cream colored paint real cheap."

"What will this place look like?" thundered her father.

"It'll look real unique," said Lucy calmly as her father stamped back again through the crooked little passageway that led to his own part of the house.

"They're crazy, every one of them," he said to his wife as they sat down to supper that night. "Let 'em paint their houses any old color they like. They'll be the laughingstock of the village. As near as I can find out there's four painters coming tomorrow, and each gang is going to paint one of the wings. Well, ours will be light green."

At that moment Maria was telling Henry that she was glad theirs was to be red, and Jim and Susan were telling their painter they wanted a bright golden yellow, and Walter Pratt had told Lucy that he had secured the bargain in cream color.

Late the next afternoon Lucy's young daughter, Amy, stood by the front gate as her grandfather came through. She was a pretty girl, with flying yellow curls and blue eyes. Now her cheeks were dimpling with laughter.

"Doesn't it look funny, grandfather?" she cried.

"Does it?" he asked gloomily, surveying the light green house, with its projecting wings of red and yellow and cream.

"It looks just like a salad," giggled Amy, tucking her hand in his arm. "There's green for lettuce, and red for beets, and yellow for hard boiled eggs, and cream for the dressing. I don't believe they know how funny it looks."

"Suppose you tell them, then," suggested Joshua grimly as he led the way into the house.

A half hour later Amy returned, still smiling. "I've told them it looks like a salad," she said, "and I believe they know it, but they don't seem to know what to do. Mother cried and said she would never have thought of having hers different if Aunt Maria hadn't decided on red. Aunt Sue said she thought red and yellow was niggery, and Aunt Maria"— Amy paused and stifled a disrespectful laugh.

"What'd Maria say?" asked Joshua hopefully.

"She didn't say anything, but she threw a book at the cat and then got mad because the pages were torn. She didn't hit the cat."

"Just like Maria to get peevish because she couldn't hit the cat," murmured Mrs. Hallam tearfully.

"I got an idea," said Joshua happily. "You call all the folks in here, Amy; tell 'em I got something to say."

When they were gathered, Hen and Maria, Jim and Susan and Lucy and Walter, Joshua Hallam surveyed them benevolently over his spectacles.

"Children, Amy, here, says the house looks like a salad. This won't do. We're the laughingstock of Little River tonight. Now, we're a patchwork family somehow. Each one of us goes to make up the hull quilt—see? If we don't agree the quilt's going to be a crazy one, with all sorts of clashing colors—same as this house. Now, if we're going to have a patchwork house, let's have the colors look well together, just the same as we all have to make our dispositions fit together—see?"

They nodded shamefacedly, seeking each other's encouraging smile with furtive glances.

"Suppose we get Dibble and Jones and the rest of 'em to figure on painting the house and let him bring in all the colors each one wants—see? They can fix the colors in different places so they'll look all right. There's the main body of the house and wings one color."

"Pea green," murmured his children with one accord. Joshua bowed appreciatively.

"And there's the trimmings and the blinds and the roof and the chimneys. Why, I do believe it'll be the handsomest house in Little River. What do you say?"

Their assent was unanimous.

"Now, all of you set down and have supper with ma and me," commanded Joshua, rattling in the cupboard for cups and plates. "I guess there's enough to eat."

"Shall I make a salad?" asked Amy mischievously. "There's plenty of paint left!"

Diedrich Knickerbocker.

It may be that a Dutchman named Knickerbocker did live in the early history of New York, but if he did there are no records extant to prove it. The truth is, the name was created by Washington Irving, who applied it to all residents of New York in his time who happened to be descended from the early Dutch settlers. Irving used this quaint Dutch character in his "Knickerbocker History of New York" to burlesque the early days of the city. The volume purported to have been the work of Diedrich Knickerbocker and gave an amusing and satirical account of the early Dutch settlers. Records of the period tell us that the book bitterly offended their descendants, who never forgave Irving for his fling at them.—New York Times.

Waste not fresh tears over old griefs.—Euripides.