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, MAY 6, 1911. NO. 28

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

A GREAT STORE'S SHOWING OF A GREAT LINE OF MEN'S CLOTHING

IF YOU have never enjoyed the superior value and sure satisfaction which a suit of clothes, bought at this store, represents, do you not think that this beginning of a new season, when you are contemplating the purchase of a Spring Suit, is a good time to get acquainted? We know what you will say when you see our stock, "Well, I wonder why I didn't buy here before," and after you have delved into the choice assortment of patterns, practically exclusive, have noted the good workmanship and perfect fit, you will be further delighted with our low prices, as the slogan of this store is "finest merchandise---fairest prices."

THE SPRING SHOWING OF HIGH ART CLOHTING

for which we are exclusive agents in this town, includes all the season's nobbiest patterns. Each garment is a model of perfection, when it comes to style, workmanship and fit, and there are a score of differently designed garments to select from, one more pleasing than the other, all in good taste and distinctively styled.

HIGH ART CLOTHING

is made to please men of all tastes---from the quiet conservative dresser to the young fellow who likes a garment of swagger cut and fancy finish.

HIGH ART CLOTHING looks right when you buy it and stays right after you wear it

Prices start at $10; all the way up to $25.

Furnishings, too, the best of their kind at lowest prices.

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You never hear complaints from the Walk-Over Shoes. They're full of style, correct in shape, perfect fitting and they stand the test for wear. There is satisfaction in every pair.

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The "Perfect Fitting" Eclipse Shirts, in exclusive patterns. The soft silk effects, with French cuffs are very prominent.

The season's nobbiest styles in Neckwear and gauze silk and silk lisle Hose.

J. L. EVERNGAM - : DENTON, MD.

Pursuit of Billy Boldface

Humiliating Experience of a Professional Thief

By HOWARD FIELDING

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Henry Sanderson had been working through New England and doing fairly well, but money would not stay in his hands. He called himself unlucky. In Bangor he had a narrow escape. He shifted to Portland, and the police moved him along. Finally he landed in New York without so much as a coin to fee the porter.

At this point the luck turned. Sanderson went to call upon a friend and found him in high feather. He had just done a stroke of knavery, and, with the profits in his fingers, he thought himself a very clever man.

"You always were a square man, Harry," said this person, "and if you

"SO YOU'RE GOING TO VISIT YOUR AUNT."

say I owe you money it goes. Here's a hundred, and I wish you luck."

The debt was in reality somewhat larger, but Sanderson took the money gratefully. He had never expected to see it.

During the past three years he had favored the metropolis with only an occasional brief visit, and he had never been well known there. So he had no fears and strolled about with freedom after enjoying a good breakfast. Toward 1 o'clock he looked in at a fashionable jeweler's on Fifth avenue with no definite intent, but merely to take a chance if one should offer, and there he saw a brisk, cheery young man buy a beautiful diamond brooch.

The purchaser was one of those care free, happy-go-lucky fellows who would as soon carry $5,000 worth of diamonds in an overcoat pocket as anywhere else, and Sanderson was naturally interested. Sure enough, the brooch went into the overcoat pocket, but unluckily the day was chilly, and the young man was no stickler for the niceties of formal behavior. Although he carried a cane, he thrust both hands into his pockets, the cane standing straight up behind his shoulder.

This was disappointing, but of course the young man would have to take his hands out of his pockets eventually, and Sanderson followed along, nourishing brilliant hopes. Thus they walked up the avenue until they came to a florist's shop, which they entered. The man with the diamonds used a telephone which was standing open upon a counter. Sanderson bought $2 worth of violets and heard the near end of the conversation.

"Hello!" said the young man. "Is that 9205 Thirty-eighth?" Apparently it was. "This is Mr. Hazard. I want to talk with your manager." What about? The manager would know. Very well. A pause. "Is that the manager? I am Mr. Hazard. Have you picked out my boy?" Seemingly he had. "He must be a smart, good looking boy. You understand, with a new uniform and everything first class." The response seemed to satisfy Mr. Hazard. "All right. Send him to my rooms. Let him bring his bag with him. He's to go on the limited this afternoon. As for his honesty, you're responsible of course. Very well. Good-by."

Mr. Hazard hung up the telephone, paid for its use and departed, with Mr. Sanderson still in his wake.

Here fell in a piece of bad luck. Mr. Hazard lodged at a club. Any other domicile for bachelors Mr. Sanderson would have found some excuse to enter, but questions in a club are too definite. He waited outside. However, there should be no difficulty in identifying a good looking messenger boy in a new uniform and carrying a bag.

Within half an hour the boy appeared. There could be no doubt about him. He was the pick of 10,000 for such a job. Mr. Sanderson knew that if it were himself that was sending a beautiful diamond brooch to a sweetheart somewhere on the route of the afternoon limited express he would not ask a better messenger. A clean built, full chested boy, fifteen years old or thereabouts, with bright blue eyes, a bold nose, a clear skin and a square jaw, this youngster looked quite capable of defending the brooch against the wiles of Satan.

"I'll have no easy time with you, Billy Boldface," said Sanderson to himself.

This conviction was strengthened when the boy reappeared after a considerable interval. Mr. Hazard was with him to see him to the train, and, doubtless, the diamonds were already in the boy's traveling bag, for they would hardly be transferred from hand to hand in the station. Such being the case, an ordinary boy would have shown some consciousness of his errand; he would have been absurdly careful of the bag; would have affected a shrewd and cautious demeanor to impress his employer and gratify his own romantic vanity.

Not so, Billy Boldface; he was quite at his ease, a match for Mr. Hazard in the proud indifference of his demeanor.

"It's going to be a good game," said he.

And Sanderson was not alone in his admiration of Billy. Mr. Hazard was clearly delighted with him. He bought him a ticket for Chicago and a lower berth in a sleeper.

A trifling exercise of professional skill enabled Sanderson to secure the upper berth in the same section with the boy, and thus an easy acquaintance was assured, for they must sit together during the balance of the afternoon and evening. In fact, Billy showed no backwardness in entering upon a conversation with this chance companion of a journey, and, though he lied with sweet serenity about his errand, he seemed otherwise as frank as heart could wish. It appeared that his name was really William, and this coincidence impressed the superstitious Sanderson as an excellent omen.

"So you're going to Chicago to visit your aunt?" said Sanderson. "Well, well! I'll gamble the old lady will be proud of you. You certainly do look fine in that new uniform."

"I wouldn't wear it," said Billy, meeting the other's eye as squarely as anybody could meet the eye of Sanderson, "if it wasn't the only decent suit I've got."

"It looks businesslike," said Sanderson. "It's a nice rig. Where does your aunt live?" he asked. And Billy gave an address on Michigan avenue without the delay of a fraction of a second.

"Fine location," said Sanderson, smothering a smile.

"Yes, indeed," responded Billy. And he proceeded to describe the house with great particularity both without and within.

After they passed Albany Sanderson invited Billy to dinner, and they had a cheery meal.

After dinner they sat together in the sleeper, and Billy confessed that he was looking forward with unusual pleasure to his night's repose.

"I was up till after 2 this morning," he said, "and on the job again at 8. We're short of boys, and I've been doing a double trick. I'm near dead for sleep."

Sanderson perceived that this was the simple truth, and he was not displeased. It was a certainty that Billy would fall into a sleep from which nothing short of a collision could wake him. The diamonds were as good as won. Probably the trick could be turned before the train reached Buffalo, and Sanderson could leave it at that point with the material for his long dreamed of trip abroad in his pocket.

"Well, Billy, my boy," he said, "if you're in bed I'll go and have a smoke. You'll be sound asleep when I come back, and I'll take good care not to disturb you, but we'll have a bite of breakfast together tomorrow morning before you go up to your aunt's."

"I ain't going to her house right away," said Billy. "I'm going to a hotel first."

"What hotel?"

"The Hotel Donovan."

"I'll go there too," said Sanderson.

When Sanderson returned from the smoking compartment Billy was sound asleep.

"I can't believe that this is so easy," he said to himself. "Seems too good to be true."

He examined the boy's clothing with a practiced hand. No diamonds there—of course not! Under his head? No. Anywhere about the bed clothes? No. Must be in his grip? Yes, here's my little sparkler. Careless, careless! I shouldn't have thought it of you, Billy. Hello—empty! Nothing but the jewel case, eh? Well, this is a little more like Billy, as I sized him up in the beginning.

Sanderson was now upon his mettle, and he went to work in earnest. It was all in vain.

He then tried an expedient which had sometimes given good results in similar difficulties. He turned the sleeping boy upon his back and applied a slight pressure with his thumb just below the breast bone. Billy speedily passed from the bright land of dreams to the grim wilderness of nightmares, but Sanderson knew how to regulate the amount of this torture. Presently he got Billy talking.

"Huh!" muttered Billy. "Thinks he can do me, eh? Well, well, well! Nothing to it, nothing to it. Safe as a church."

Sanderson experimented as long as he dared and got no results except variations of the expressions already recorded. Billy would occasionally mutter the word "diamonds," and once he said, "Mr. Hazard," but as to the concealment of the brooch he gave no information except in such phrases as "They're all right." "Couldn't find 'em in a million years." "Give 'em to him if he gets 'em," and the like.

So Sanderson finally had to desist and own himself beaten for the time. He was still confident, however, that he could get the brooch in the morning. He couldn't find the thing himself. He must watch and see Billy find it. And in the morning he watched. Ah! A keen and educated eye had Harry Sanderson—an eye that knew the tricks—yet it saw nothing.

The train was on time, and by half past 8 o'clock Billy and Sanderson were breakfasting in a restaurant near the station.

After breakfast they walked five blocks to the Hotel Donovan, and there the crowning misfortune descended upon Sanderson, as he thought, not knowing that much worse was in store for him. His feet were barely upon the threshold of the hotel when he saw directly in his path the stock form and iron visage of a former acquaintance, Michael Wortley, formerly the chief of detectives for the Maine Central railroad and now attached to the Hotel Donovan in the same capacity. There was no other man on earth that Sanderson would not rather have seen.

Wortley merely waved his hand. There were guests within a yard of him who noticed nothing, but Sanderson saw and understood and vanished. He evaporated like a wisp of the vapor of morning, so silently that even clever Billy did not know that anything was happening. Filled with rage and bitterness, at odds with the universe and protesting against the injustice of the cosmic law, Sanderson walked across to the Hotel Clifford, and it seemed to him that he walked with a limp and feebly. He felt that he was growing old.

"To be done this way by a kid," he groaned, "and then to run flat against Mike Wortley! It ain't right. I've got no right to have such luck as that."

These expressions he repeated in his room as he walked back and forth, nervously chewing the end of a black cigar. Surely for Mr. Sanderson the world had fallen into a state of rank decay. There was neither sweetness nor promise in it any more.

Suddenly the door resounded to a thumping summons. Merely by instinct Sanderson glanced to the window. There was no fire escape.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Only me," answered a serene voice. "Just Billy."

Sanderson put his hand to his brow for a moment. Then he flung open the door. In strode Billy and Mike Wortley.

"It's in his grip," said Billy.

"What's in my grip?" cried Sanderson.

"Oh, just a few diamonds," responded Billy; "nothing much, as we figure 'em in New York."

"Wortley," exclaimed Sanderson, "this ain't so. I never took anything off this kid. I give you my word for that."

"Keep cool, Harry," responded the detective as he opened Sanderson's traveling bag. "Is this it?" he added to Billy, and put into the boy's hands a cheap nickeled alarm clock.

With rapid but steady fingers Billy unscrewed the clock's legs and the other projections that held the thing together. Then he pulled out the works in the usual way, but the machinery was in a sad state of disarray. In the midst of the wreck reposed the diamond brooch.

"You see, Mr. Sanderson," said Billy, "I knew what you were after just as soon as you showed up. I don't want to be disrespectful, but—but you look it, you know. There's an eager, hungry eye in your head, Mr. Sanderson. I've seen lots like you. And then when you stood all that guff about my aunt of course I knew you must be gunning for me.

"And I knew you'd get the goods too. You're a clever man, that's what you are, and the odds against me were too big. I told you the straight truth when I said that I'd been losing sleep for a week. There was no mortal chance that I could keep awake, and if I didn't the diamonds were yours. There was no use hiding 'em in any ordinary way; there was nobody that I could give 'em to. I was hard pushed. But at last my peepers rested on that clock in your grip, which I was overhauling at the time—you being in the smoker burning tobacco and having golden dreams. Nobody uses an alarm clock on a sleeper, says I, and this thing is broken anyhow. Moreover, Mr. Sanderson will stick to me so long as he hasn't found the diamonds—it will be easier to rob him than to prevent him from robbing me.

"So I dug the inwards out of the clock and chucked them through the

"IT'S IN HIS GRIP," SAID BILLY.

window, and I put the diamonds in their place. Then I lay down and slept in peace, knowing that I could get the diamonds in the morning. I never dreamed of Mr. Wortley here. I tell you, Mr. Sanderson, I can forgive you easier than him—he surely turned my heart upside down.

"But it's all mended now, and everybody happy. I'm making no complaint against you, Mr. Sanderson, and if you are going back to New York on the limited this afternoon I'll be glad to renew our acquaintance, and I'll treat you right as you treated me coming out. And here's a dollar to pay for any damage I may have done to the clock."

Evening Schools.

Evening schools owe their existence to the Rev. Thomas Charles, who about 1811 set up one at Bala, Wales, which proved to be quite successful. In 1839 or 1840 the English Bishop Hinds strongly recommended such schools for poor adults, who, on account of enforced labor, had no chance to secure an education. The idea was taken in hand by the British privy council in 1861, and from that date evening schools began to be considered seriously. At the present time they are numerous throughout Great Britain, America and many other leading nations.—New York American.

Keep the Fire Burning.

It used to be the custom in some old English inns for the fire to be kept constantly burning day and night. One such inn mentioned in "Old Country Inns" was the Plow, at Upper Dicker, in Sussex, and at the Chequers inn, near Osmotherly, in Yorkshire, the hearth fire has been burning uninterruptedly for at least 130 years. The tradition points to a time when the public house was necessarily resorted to for purposes of all kinds.

Just Like Henry.

"But why do you cry so, Frau Maier?"

"The sight of Vesuvius reminds me so of my poor dear Henry. He, too, was always smoking."—Fliegende Blatter.

PRESENCE OF MIND

May Make Heroes of Physical Cowards In Time of Danger.

NOT A MATTER OF COURAGE.

It Is the Sudden Impulse That Moves One to Do the Right Thing in an Unexpected Emergency—A Soldier and a Shell and a Man and a Murder.

There is a distinction to be drawn between presence of mind and courage. Persons who naturally are timid and nervous will in circumstances of great danger and excitement perform acts of heroism that would be beyond their powers on ordinary occasions. We speak of these as instances of presence of mind. But if you ask them they would tell you that an involuntary impulse rather than any premeditated course of action guided their will on the occasion. Had they time for reflection when all the threatening danger to themselves had become clear to their minds their natural timidity of character would have asserted itself and deprived them of action.

It is absence of fear that prompts the soldier under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns to go to the assistance of a wounded comrade and bring him to a place of safety, and nothing in human nature can compare with such self sacrifice. But in times of sudden emergency it is not always the bravest who act with promptitude. The following story is an instance of this:

One of our transports was returning from the Philippines with invalided men, and one morning at sea a group of officers on the deck discussed the subject of firing shells. A soldier was told by the colonel to bring an empty shell with a fuse. The colonel took the shell in his hands and, striking a match, lighted the fuse. As this slowly burned and the colonel proceeded with his address to the other officers another soldier passed the group, and the moment he caught sight of the shell he rushed forward, exclaiming, "Look out, sir; the shell is a live one!"

Then he did what never seemed to have come into the minds of any in the group of officers. He seized the shell out of the hands of the colonel and threw it into the sea. For this service he was promoted. The soldier who had been told to bring an empty shell had gone to the wrong magazine. Those who talked with the man touching this incident say that he repudiated any idea of having done a brave thing. "I don't know," he said, "what made me seize the shell out of the colonel's hand, but it came suddenly into my mind, and I did it." It is this wave of unconscious thought which constitutes true presence of mind. This will come to people of nervous and even cowardly natures.

There is of authentic record the case of a man known to be utterly deficient of courage who saved himself from a very awkward situation by an exhibition of real presence of mind. He was an Englishman and lived in a town in the midlands, where he was an organist. Late one evening he was returning home through some of the back streets, which at that hour were more or less empty of people. As he went along, however, he noticed some distance ahead of him a man and a woman walking side by side, the man's arm being around the woman's neck. Just under a street lamp the couple stopped for a moment, when the organist heard a piercing scream and saw the woman slowly falling from the man's arms. Almost before she had reached the ground the man darted away down a side street and disappeared.

When the organist came up to the woman he found, to his horror, that she was lying in a pool of blood. His first impulse was to run away and get clear of the terrible scene, but his better feelings prevailed, and he knelt down beside the poor woman to see if he could do anything for her. When he raised her head he found she was quite dead, with her throat cut from ear to ear. Beside her on the pavement lay a blood stained razor.

The organist was overwhelmed with horror. Before he could collect himself a group of people had gathered, and presently he heard expressions such as "He did it," "I tell you I saw him," "There is the razor," "The fiend! Where are the police?" "Hand him over!" It was certainly a very awkward position, as the rough character of the people might tempt them to take the law into their own hands and use him very badly. The arrival of a policeman seemed to steady his nerves for a moment, and then came a wave of inspiration that might truly be called presence of mind. He seized the dead woman's wrist and, pulling out his watch, went through the form of feeling her pulse. Then he put his hand over her heart and, turning to the policeman, said as calmly as he could: "I am sorry to say that I can be of no further service here. The poor woman is quite dead. There is no action in the heart or the pulse."

In an instant the murmurs of the crowd changed, and he heard "He's the doctor" on all sides. This was his opportunity, and, slowly rising and affecting to be in no hurry, he passed through the crowd, who made way for him. But when he got clear of the street and came to the first turning he took to his heels and ran for all he was worth. The cowardly spirit got the better of him in the end. He heard the next day that the murderer had gone straight to the police station and given himself up.—New York Press.

He Got It.

Teacher—Willie, give me a sentence in which the term hook and eye is used. Willie—Me an' pa went fishin'. Pa told me t' bait me hook an' I did.—Baltimore American.

A Fine Voice.

Smith—Your wife has a fine voice. Jones—Yes, one of the best in the world; otherwise it would have been worn out several years ago.

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MAY WEEK.

Time to put on new clothes; 6th and Market is the place to get them for Men and Boys, Young Men and Little Boys.

New Grey Cheviot Suits for Men and Young Men, at $10, $12 $15 and up to $25. Regular slim and stout sizes.

Fancy Blues and Self Stripes for Young Men, in sizes 34 to 38 chest at $12 to $25.

The new Browns in Cheviots and Worsteds, at $15, $20 and $25. Special cuts with the long coats that the Young Fellows like.

Our big line of Blue Serges in and ready, $8 to $25, in Men's sizes, $12 to $25 in Young Men's. Special cuts at $15 to $25 in silk lined Suits. Full line special sizes, stouts, shorts, slims and extra sizes up to 48 chest.

Young Men should see the line of extra cut extreme styles in silk lined Suits in all the new cloths at $15 to $20 and $25, sizes 34 to 38 chest.

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Important Notice.

Town taxes, sewer rents and water rents due must be settled on or before the 10th day of this month.
T. FRED GAREY,
Bailiff of Denton.

Farmhand Wanted.

Wanted, a hand, to work on the A. J. Smith farm, in Tuckahoe Neck.
J. R. BONNEY,
a22c Denton, Md.

Lost.

Automobile License Tag No. 4909, 1911. Please return to or notify at once. Suitable reward. J. W. NOBLE,
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Various kinds of stove wood—pine, ash and poplar, cut proper lengths and split—for sale at my wood yard, near Parker's canning-house, Denton.
(4-22-4t) C. A. PARKER.

Wanted.

An industrious and thoroughly reliable man to take charge of a small place near Salisbury, Md.; one who understands gardening and the care of stock. References required. Address
611 KEYSER BUILDING,
a22c Baltimore, Md.