

# THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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**W. IRWIN**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### Medical Directory.

**Drs. Jamieson & MacLaurin.**

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE A short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock

**J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.**

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—COR. Queen and George Streets—North of Methodist Church. Office hours—9 1/2 a.m., 2-4 p.m., 7-9 p.m. Telephone No. 10.

**Arthur Gun, M. D.**

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### Miscellaneous.

**JOHN CLARK, LICENSED AUCTIONEER** for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to. Orders may be left at his Implement Warehouses, McKinnon's old stand, or at the Chronicle Office. Nov. 9, '08.

### MEDICAL SCIENCE ADVANCING FAST.

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## The Making of a Successful Husband

By CASPAR S. YOST.

Advice From a Man of Experience on the Difficult Business of Choosing a Wife—Proceed Carefully, Let the Engagement Be Brief and Have the Ceremony as It Should Be.

[Copyright, 1908, by C. S. Yost.]

**M**Y DEAR BOY—I have just received your letter announcing your engagement to Miss Anna May Jackson. I don't know whether to congratulate you or not. So much depends upon the girl, you know. If I could see her and have a ten minutes' chat with her, I could tell whether you have drawn a prize or a blank. As it is, I shall trust to Providence and hope for the best.

Your description is entertaining, but not very informing. You say that she "is as beautiful as Aurora upon a summer morn," that her eyes are "filled with heaven's own blue," that her "hair is a golden aureole surmounting a marble brow," and her cheeks are "like the rosebud kissed by the enamored sun."

There is something reminiscent about this, as the critics say when they want to accuse a writer of plagiarism and are afraid of a libel suit. I distinctly remember writing something of the same sort about a girl I was sweet on before I met your mother. I saw her on the car the other day. She has grown pudgy, her chin has disappeared, and her circumference is greatest at the waist line.

Beauty Not Indispensable.

I gather that your poetic if somewhat moldy description nothing more than that the young lady is a blond and a tolerably good looking, and I mention this old flame of mine to impress you with the fact that while Aurora is all right in the spring and summer she begins to look quite different when the time comes to lay in coal. Beauty, my boy, is a mighty good thing. Your mother was the prettiest girl I ever saw or ever hope to see—begging your pardon—and she is still the most beautiful woman this side the pearly gates, in my estimation, but you can't reasonably expect to be as fortunate as your father in that particular. Beauty is a very desirable, but not a necessary attribute of a wife, and a man stands a mighty poor chance of permanent happiness who banks on it alone. It isn't always desirable even. It is likely to produce vanity, and vanity, besides several other disagreeable features, leads to extravagance. I won't stop to tell you what extravagance leads to. It would fill a book, and there would be nothing comfortable in the whole volume.

Reminds me of an old friend, one of these art enthusiasts, who fell in love with a flat because of its impressive "facade." He didn't stop to investigate what was back of the "facade," but took a lease at a pretty stiff figure. He wanted a "facade," and he got it good and plenty, as I've heard you remark. Within a month he found that everything behind that artistic front was a heartbreaking sham. The plaster cracked and dropped on his head in painful chunks; the doors sagged and refused to shut without a lavish expenditure of power and profanity; the furnace could be induced to supply nothing but refrigerated air—and he had a lease. It's probably too late, but, my dear boy, before you close the deal get back of the "facade" if you can.

Not Always a Lottery.

You have been always a pretty level headed youngster, and I have great hopes that you have chosen wisely. Indeed, I get considerable encouragement from the way she spells her names as they were given to her when she was christened. It indicates that if she ever had any silly stage she has passed through it safely. Our Annies and Mayes and Ellens are all afflicted with a mental weakness that doesn't do any particular harm if they get over it. As a rule they do, but if they don't Lord help their husbands! After all, though, the average American girl has a mighty good substratum of common sense, and if a man goes into it with his eyes wide open marriage isn't such a lottery as it's cracked up to be. That lottery theory is based on the idea—that all who wear trousers are apt to accept without question—that man, myself in particular, is all right. "The doors sagged. The doors sagged. The doors sagged." "The woman that gets me ought to consider herself in luck." As a matter of fact, there are more masculine than feminine blanks in this world, and when a man contemplates marriage he ought first to consider his own qualifications—get 'em out and look at 'em through a microscope and don't let any personal bias interfere with a proper focus.

In the first place, am I able to support a wife—the wife I have in mind?

Given the proper financial backing, are my habits and disposition such that a sensitive and sensible woman can live with me for a lifetime without an occasional desire to jump into the river? Few men stop to consider that side of the proposition, and when the wheels of the matrimonial wagon begin to creak they wonder what's the matter. Talk about the divorce evil! If woman wasn't the most long suffering creature on the face of the earth, all the courts of Christendom would be filled with divorce cases. But that's a digression. As I was saying, take stock of yourself and then consider the girl.

Sense Better Than Learning.

The main thing to be desired in a woman is sense. And by that I don't mean education. It's a mighty fine thing to be on speaking terms with the classics, and a knowledge of the higher mathematics and Browning's poems does no particular harm if it isn't allowed to stick out beyond the grammar school course is not an essential. Don't deceive yourself into thinking learning an indication of brains or occasional silliness a lack of them. Some of the biggest fools I ever knew, male and female, were chuck full of facts and figures and quotations and other mental lumber that didn't do them or anybody else any good. I don't mean to belittle the value of learning. No one appreciates it more than I do. But it doesn't spell sense. On the other hand, all normal boys and girls pass through a silly period, and most all grown people have occasional lapses in that direction, which is sometimes beneficial to the individual if not always edifying to others. But the possession of a practical workaday intelligence will stick out in spite of all that nature or teachers may do to cover it up, and if you can come down from the clouds long enough to take stock you should be able to satisfy yourself on that point if you haven't already done so.

You notice I don't ask you about Miss Jackson's fortune. I don't care whether she has a red cent or not. In fact, I hope she hasn't, for the poor man who marries a fortune is up against one of the hardest propositions our sex can have to contend with. Unless he has character and strength of purpose far beyond the ordinary he is almost sure to degenerate, to become a mere appendage, of less value to himself and the world than one of his wife's servants. If the girl you expect to marry has money, see to it that she keeps it, and keeps it where you can't get at it. Hoe your own row.

There's only one way to make a man, and digging for a home is the process. If she has nothing, you can start even and pull together, and I tell you, my boy, there's nothing in this world so heartens a man as a willing woman hitched to the same load. If she has sense and love she will pull, too, harder perhaps than you can, but if she be a fool, no matter how she may be venerated with the graces of society, no matter how erudite she may be, she will balk or kick over the traces, and if she doesn't spill the load she'll make it all the harder for you to draw. So I say that a few grains of

the gambler. You ought to get the idea of the solemnity and responsibility of marriage pumped into yourself and your sweetheart until you are both saturated with it. Then walk up to the altar with joy in your hearts, and if you can't live happy ever after it won't be the fault of the preacher.

Now, my dear boy, I neither suppose nor expect you will pay the slightest attention to anything I have said. As I heard an alleged comedian remark the other night, "I just had it on my chest, and it had to come off." Yours truly,  
JOHN SNEED.

Three Men Wine.

The best Rhenish wine is scarcely plentiful enough to furnish an average of one drink for every three Germans. The worst, on the contrary, is so bad that it takes three men to get one drink down its natural channel. Near Göttingen is the little town called Witzzenhausen, which has long been famous, or, rather, infamous, for a kind of wine known as the "dreimannervin," because it requires one man to drink it, a second to hold him and a third to pour it down his throat. Here also is located Germany's first and only colonial school, founded by some wealthy adherents of the colonial policy on which Emperor William has just won a victory over the Socialists in the Reichstag. The school was opened in 1890, with room for seventy students, which is not nearly enough for all who apply. A special feature is the segregation of the students in dormitories to keep them out of taverns, as it is well known that nothing is so disastrous to the whites in the tropics as "tropsenholler." Here is where the "three men wine" helps the temperance cause.—New York World.

Dreaming a Derby Winner.

I dare say that every year one or more people dream of the Derby winner, because thousands of people are guessing in their dreams, and two or three guess right. Take the Favonius case. A man came to an acquaintance of mine and said, "What is the Latin for the southwest wind?" "Favonius," said my friend. "That's the name," said the other. "I dreamed last night that Favonius won the Derby, but I could only remember that southwest wind was the English of the word when I awoke." There was no Favonius in the list of horses, but on reaching the race course the men found that "the Zephyr colt" had been newly named—Favonius. Probably the name Zephyr (west wind) colt had been converted into Favonius (southwest wind) in the sleeping mind of the dreamer, though when awake he could not remember the Latin word for southwest wind. Favonius won. The dream was a good guess, no more.—Andrew Lang in Independent.

A Troublesome Comma.

One more instance of the power of punctuation. Even a comma may play the very deuce. Not many years ago a distinguished graduate of Oxford decided to enter the nonconformist ministry and to wear no sacerdotal garb. And he announced this intention in a manifesto containing the words, "I shall wear no clothing, to distinguish me from my fellow Christians." That delightful comma made him the laughingstock of the university and the joy of the picture shops, whose windows were flooded with illustrations of the Rev. X. Y. Z. distinguishing himself from his fellow Christians.—London Chronicle.

than a year. Three or six months should be long enough.

Decently and In Order. When you get married, have it done right. Don't go frisking out to a suburban justice of the peace to have the knot tied without trouble and without ceremony. Next to your birth and your death it's the most important event of your life. Your funeral may be an imposing one, but you will not be in a position to appreciate it. You will play second fiddle at your wedding, but it's your show nevertheless, and you should make it as impressive as you can. I don't mean by that to encourage lavish expenditure. Gorgeous decorations and all that sort of thing detract from the true feature of the occasion. That, however, is none of your affair. The bride's parents attend to that. The point I am trying to make is that the wedding should take place in the presence of a number of invited guests, as many as practicable. Whether at home or at church doesn't particularly matter, although I prefer a church wedding because it can be made more impressive and because of the deeper religious significance. When I use the word impressive, I don't want it applied to the witnesses, but to you and to the girl you stand up with. It is upon you, both of you, that the impression should be made, and it ought to be strong enough and deep enough to keep you trotting along together for the remainder of your life. I have noticed that these fly by night, "let's go out and get married" weddings are responsible for a large proportion of the divorce cases in our courts. It's like the come easy, go easy money of



Chuck full of quotations.



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Nothing so heartens a man as a willing woman hitched to the same load.

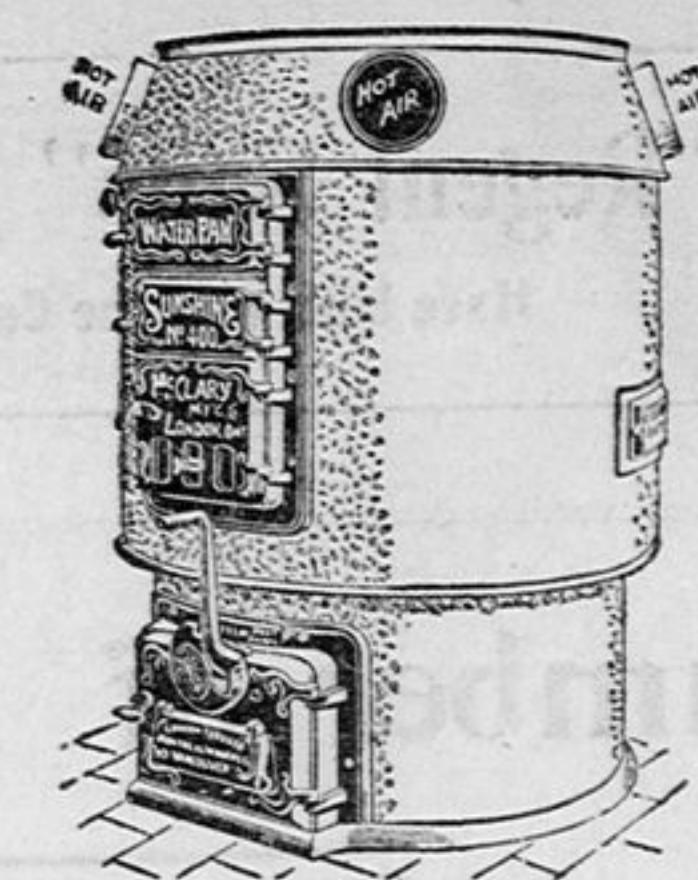
Nothing so heartens a man as a willing woman hitched to the same load. If she has sense and love she will pull, too, harder perhaps than you can, but if she be a fool, no matter how she may be venerated with the graces of society, no matter how erudite she may be, she will balk or kick over the traces, and if she doesn't spill the load she'll make it all the harder for you to draw. So I say that a few grains of

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For further particulars and information about this Furnace, give us a call.

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