

MERCHANDISE BROKER'S LAST WEEK!!

Winding up the greatest 21 days' sale on record, eclipsing all other sales and is an original direct appeal to the economical instinct of thinking people to whom the saving of a dollar is equivalent to a dollar earned. Groups of excited merchants before opening day saying it will not go in Durham. They say now, it is wonderful how they did it, and it is a mighty big shame to let the people next to our terrific profits before the Merchandise Brokers struck town. Cash buying and cash selling does the work and makes prices right. We will make the High-priced Sharks wiggle and squirm, high prices taken a fall and lie there helpless. Let the crowd be Five Thousand Strong Saturday and Saturday night.

McKechnie's Departmental Store, Durham

Sensational Price Cutting This Week!

Snaps in Dress Goods
1500 yards of black and colored dress goods in cashmere, serge, venetians, mohairs, and lustras all at half price.
600 yards of dress goods, in mixed tweed effects, 38 and 40 ins wide, worth 30c & 40c, for.....15c yd.
400 yards striped lustre worth 25c for.....12 1/2c yd.
A big variety of silk velvets in all shades at.....25c yd
3000 yards of trimming braids and appliques, worth 10 and 15c yd for.....2c yd.

Slashing prices in the Staples
10c print, all colors.....5c
10c towelling for.....5c
12 1/2c print for.....8c
8c flannellette.....5c
Apron gingham, 40 ins. wide, worth 15c for.....11c
Heavy tapestry table covers, all colors, 6 1/4, with fringe, worth \$2 75 for.....\$1.69
Ladies' black sateen waists at half price.....
Big variety of remnants at your own price.....
Lace curtains 50c to \$4.00 a pair

Crockery, Carpets, Wallpaper
5 pieces wool carpet worth 1.00, 75c
5 " " " " 90c for 61c
5 " " " " 85c for 61c
5 " tapestry " " 75c for 48c
3 " " " " 65c for 42c
3 " " " " 50c for 38c
10 " hemp " " 20c yd. 14c
Tapestry rugs 3x3 worth \$12.00, for.....\$9.98
Wool rugs 3x3 worth \$6.50 for \$4.50
Wool " " \$6.00 for \$4.00
Dinner sets worth \$7.00 for.....\$4.98
Dinner " " 8.00 for.....5.98
Dinner " " 11.00 for.....8.28
Dinner " " 17.00 for.....13.00

Shoes at rock bottom Prices
Men's fine kid bluchers McKay sewn, worth \$2.50 for.....\$1.78
Men's box calf, solid leather insoles worth \$3.00 for.....\$2.00
Men's fine kid bals worth \$2.50, \$1.75
Men's heavy grained bluchers, slug soles worth \$2.00 for.....\$1.39
Men's buff bals worth \$1.50 for 98c
Ladies' fine kid bals, patent tip McKay sewn, worth \$2.25 for.....\$1.23
Ladies' Oxfords worth \$1.50 and \$1.75 for.....98c
Ladies' buff bals worth \$1.00 for 88c
Ladies' working shoe all sizes worth \$1.00 and \$1.50 for.....79c

Men's Furnishings
Such Prices were never offered before
Men's silk ties worth 50c for.....25c
Men's beautiful ties worth 25c, two for.....25c
Men's balbriggan shirts & drawers worth \$1.00 a suit for.....75c
Men's colored shirts, soft bosom worth \$1 00 for.....49c
Men's four ply linen collars worth 25c for.....10c
Men's black and colored seamless half hose, two pair for.....25c
Men's fine dongola bals, McKay sewn worth \$2.25 for.....\$1.39

Ready-Made Clothing Dept.
30 Men's Halifax tweed suits, worth \$6 00 for.....\$3.33
Men's single and double breasted suits in black and blue serge, the latest styles, worth 10 00 for 7 50
Men's cravenette raincoats all at half price.....
HATS HATS HATS
20 doz English Barrington Hats, travellers' samples worth \$2.00, \$2 50, \$3 00 sale price.....\$1 48
Cutting and slashing prices on all wallpapers. A big assortment to choose from.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter and Eggs

A. D. LEAROYD, Merchandise Broker

The Making of a Successful Husband

By CASPAR S. YOST.

Money Doesn't Insure Happiness, but the Lack of It Is Sometimes Fatal to Ideal Housekeeping - Going Into Debt Is a Hazardous Proceedure For the Newly Married.

DEAR JOHN—I send the enclosed check with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret—pleasure that I am in a position to spare the money, regret that you should find it necessary to ask for it. You made no explanation of your need, but the fact that you did ask it worries me a little. You know, my boy, that I have never been much of a hand to harp on money matters. I have always held that there are objects in life more important than the accumulation of a fortune for my heirs to quarrel over. The tables which show how much a dollar at compound interest will amount to in a hundred years never appealed to me. I can use the dollar to better advantage now than anybody else can use the interest after I am dead. The eloquent figures which prove that if a man saves his cigar money rigidly he will in the course of a lifetime acquire enough to buy for a beautiful and most desirably situated lot in a fashionable cemetery never interested me in the least. As a straight investment a good cigar is worth all it costs. It will pay larger dividends than its equivalent in cash put away in a bank. If drawn upon in moderation, it makes a man a better citizen, a better citizen, a better citizen. But here I am wandering right at the start. I always fly the track when I begin to talk about money.

pecially as my views on this subject are not strictly orthodox.

A Different Proposition.
But the business of piling up dollars just for the pleasure of looking at the pile and the task of securing enough of the same dollars to provide the necessities and some of the luxuries for oneself and one's family, with a margin for emergencies, are two entirely different propositions. A man isn't much of a man who doesn't look after his own to the very best of his ability, and, moralize as we will, there's no getting around the fact that money is to a certain extent the basis of happiness in our stage of civilization. The bliss of poverty and the joys of the simple life are all very well in poetry and philosophy, but when you come to hitching 'em up to practical everyday life they won't work out to suit us. A dry axle squeaks for oil, and poverty, instead of singing gladsome roundelays, hollers for help. We can't be happy unless we are comfortable, and our ideas of comfort nowadays are such that nothing but money will provide it. We must have bread and butter, and some of us insist upon cake. We must have good homes and warm beds and presentable clothes. We must have books and newspapers and cigars and chocolate sundaes, and we've got to have money to buy 'em unless we can get the fellow to charge it.

And this brings me around to the main point that I want to push into your cerebellum. The moment you begin to spend money you haven't got you enter on the road to trouble, and it's a blamed short distance to your destination. No matter what your income is, if it's enough to cover the reasonable demands of your family you can live right up to the ragged edge of a deficit and still rattle along through life contented and happy. Mind you, I don't recommend that kind of a flirtation with Fortune. You have no doubt heard that she is a fickle jade, and I know by experience that she is not only inconsistent, but tricky. She'll throw you down just about the time you get puffed up with the idea that you're her best beau, and sometimes, not satisfied with that, she'll calmly sit down upon you and go to sleep. I've heard that she has a fondness for highballs, and this, if true, might explain some of her vagaries; but, however that may be, it won't do to trust her, and it's safer and wiser to leave a margin for emergencies when you are letting loose your income.

A Mighty Temptation.
Whether you keep on the firm ice or skate around the edge of the danger hole, you're all right unless you fall in, and then the Lord help you. Debt is the easiest hole in the world to get into and the hardest to get out of. When your mother and I were youngsters like you and Anna May, we had the same temptation to get outside our pasture and graze in the tall grass. We jumped the fence, just as you are doing, I'm afraid, and struck out joyfully for "green fields beyond the swelling flood." We had a gay time for awhile, but it was a mighty short while, and then we struck the rocks. We were head over heels in debt, so deep that getting out seemed an im-



Fortune will calmly sit down upon you and go to sleep.
possible job, and, like most people for whom the fool killer is looking, we compromised by going still deeper. Talk about trouble! Why, I wouldn't go through that experience again for a life seat in the United States senate. And if it hadn't been for your little mother I would have been walking down the alleys yet. "Look here, John Sneed," she says to me in her most convincing brand of voice, "we've got to get out of debt." "I've been kind of feeling that way myself for some time," says I, "but how?" "Well," she says, "there's just one way to begin, and that's to quit making new debts. We'll do business on a cash basis after this, and whatever we have



Saving cigar money to pay for a beautiful lot in a fashionable cemetery.

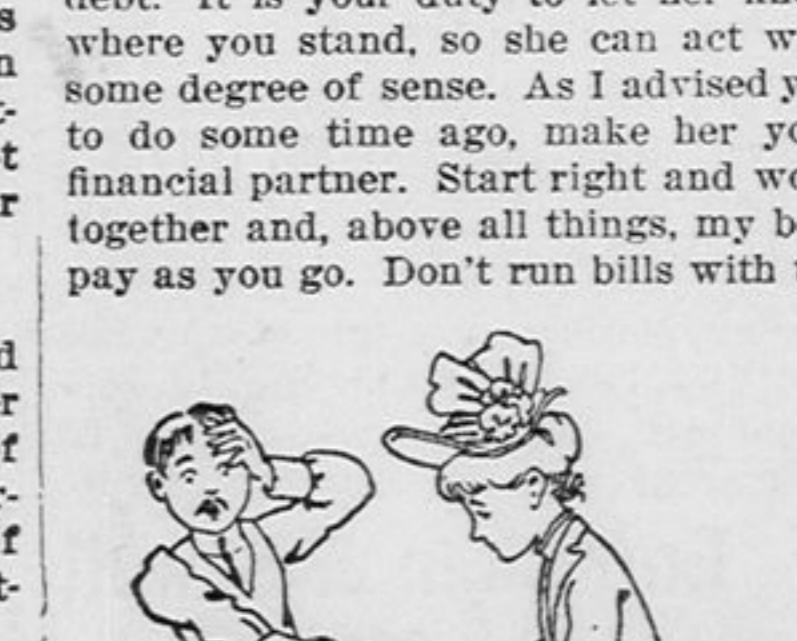
left we'll pay on the old accounts.
"All right, Polly," says I, "that goes, and, it doesn't matter what we need or what we'll want, we'll wait until we have the money to pay for it before we get it." It took us a long time to get out of the woods, but Polly stuck to me like a little man, and never since then have we borrowed a dollar from anybody or had the value of a hair-pin charged.

Make Her Your Real Partner.
You can't keep in the straight and narrow path of solvency without her help—not by a jugful. This is one of the places where the domestic partnership plan applies with double force. If one partner spends all the other partner saves and more, what's the use? No, son, she must know just what the situation is and must pull an even trace in your direction. She'll do it if she knows. You can't expect her to if she doesn't. Men are mostly to blame for extravagant women—the father possibly, in the first place, the husband in the second. If no restraint is put upon a woman's expenditures, if she is allowed to believe or encouraged to believe that a bottomless barrel is readily accessible to the man who supplies her with gold certificates, who can blame her if she tries her level best to live up to her position? How is she to know that it's all a sham—that the money she blows in so merrily and so thoughtlessly represents the very heart's blood of the man who gives it? How is she to know that he has toiled unceasingly to get it, has borrowed it from that amiable trio—Tom, Dick and Harry—until his credit is exhausted, has plotted and schemed to wrest from others, dishonestly or dishonorably, the dollars she must have without suspecting their source? "Ruined by his extravagant wife," they say when the certain end comes. They're wrong. He is ruined by mistaken love or mistaken vanity. She would have done otherwise had she known.



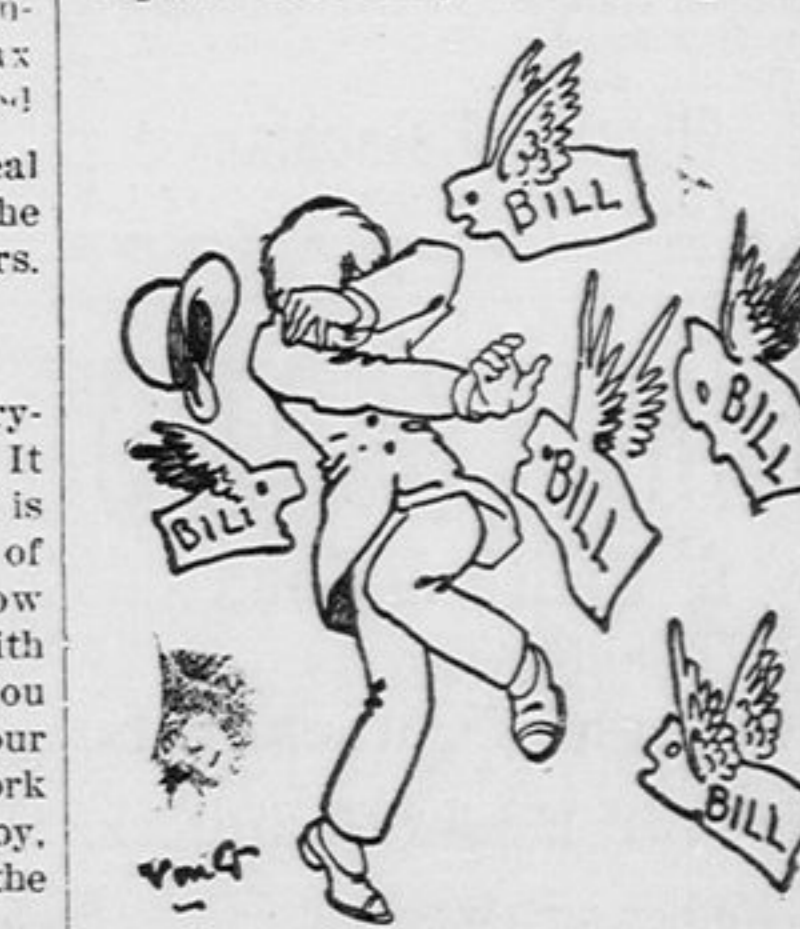
Keep clear of the devil.
There was little Billy Watson, who had an office on the same floor with me downtown. He went to the devil trying to supply his wife with all the tin she could spend and tried to jump the game with a clothesline. She caught him in the act and cut him down, but she didn't "cut him cold." No, by giner, she stuck to him like sealing wax to a pair of Sunday trousers, pinned him out of the hole and made a real man of him. She was all right all the time, but she was racing with blinders. She didn't know.

Keep an Open Expense Book.
Don't make the mistake, John, of trying to handle everything yourself. It isn't fair to you nor to Anna May. It is her duty to help you to keep out of debt. It is your duty to let her know where you stand, so she can act with some degree of sense. As I advised you to do some time ago, make her your financial partner. Start right and work together and, above all things, my boy, pay as you go. Don't run bills with the



Allowed to believe that a bottomless barrel is readily accessible.
butcher, the baker or even the candlestick maker. Pay cash on the spot for everything you buy. Then you can at least be sure that no overgrown bills will fly up and bump you in the face the first of the month. Then you need have no fear of pesky collectors hiding in ambush at every corner. Then you can walk straight down the main street with your head up like a thoroughbred, and you can look any man square in the eye and say, "Doggone your picture, I don't owe you a blamed cent!" I tell you, John, no man knows the joy of independence until he has been through the mill of the gods that grind smallest of all. Old Tom Jefferson declared that all men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The man in debt is permitted to live, but the rest is denied him. How in the name of Christopher Columbus can a poor incumbered critter pursue happiness when he himself is being pursued around the block and down the alleys by a Nemesis with a bill? He can't do it, and you can bet your last nickel that happiness is not going to hunt him up. She's a lady, all right, and there-

fore to be wooed, but no man in debt ever yet got on her eligible list. Now, son, it may be that I've gone off half cocked in this matter, as I admit I often do. It may be that your request for money is based upon con-



No overgrown bills will fly up and bump you in the face.
siderations perfectly proper; that you and your dear little girl, dear to me and your mother as well as to you, are trotting down the big road at just the pace and in just the direction we would have you go. Still, what I have said or tried to say won't do you any harm, and so I push it over to you with my love and my blessing. Yours as ever, JOHN SNEED.

Vickers.
Miss McLeod, teacher here, spent a day or so with friends in town.
Mr Robt. Adlam and Miss Hazel Marshall, of Durham, spent Sunday last with relatives in this vicinity.
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lindsay, of Glen-ig, Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. A. W. Hunt.
Miss Mary Vickers, of town, was the guest of her mother recently.
Mr. Jesse Wise visited friends in Durham Sunday last. It's a long walk.
Miss Ada Reay spent a few day last week with her aunt, Mrs. Fred Reay.
Mr and Mrs. H. McCaslin, of Hutton Hill visited the Donnelly family one day last week.
Mr and Mrs. W. G. McCulloch Sunday with Allan Park friends.
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brigham, of Allan Park, were guests of the Bailey family.
DIED.
SCOTT—In Durham, on Tuesday, May 19th, 1908, Samuel Scott aged, 83 years.