

CHRISTMAS FURNISHINGS FOR MEN AND BOYS

WE have put the Prices Right to give you
Special Christmas Bargains.

**THIS
STORE
will supply
Santa
Claus**



**Early
And Late
With
Christmas
Gifts**

**JUST RUN YOUR EYE
DOWN THIS LIST.**

**YOU MAY FIND SOMETHING
Interesting**

- Men's and Boys' Ways Mufflers 50c to \$1.00
- Men's Muffler Squares, Newest Patterns and Colors from 50c to \$1.00
- Men's Gloves, lined, from 50c to \$1.50
- Men's Gloves, unlined, from \$1.00 to \$2.50
- Boys' Sweaters from 50c to \$1.00
- Boys' Gloves From 50c to \$1.00
- Men's Winter Vests at \$1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00
- Men's Winter Caps from 50c to \$1.00
- Men's Boxed Braces, just a few Special Lines for Christmas 75c and \$1.00

NECKWEAR

We have the largest Stock in Durham, of Men's Xmas Neckwear. Our Great Variety will give you ample opportunity to make a correct choice.

Prices from 15c to \$1



Slippers & Boots

If you are thinking of boots and slippers, we have the Stock and can suit you in **Quality and Price.** We keep all kinds; some are Extremely Handsome and all are good value.

HANDKERCHIEFS

We have a very large Stock in 'Excaldas' and Silks from 10c to \$1.00, besides Beautiful Novelties in boxes for Ladies and Gentlemen, 75c. \$1.50 \$2

HARRY BURNETT

The Little Store around the Corner.

The Making of a Successful Wife

By CASPER S. YOST.

STARTING RIGHT.—Settling Down the Most Important Part of the Business—Happiness Is Made, Not Found. Don't Start Wrong by Making an Expensive Bridal Tour.

[Copyright, 1906, by Casper S. Yost.]

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL—I have just received your delightful letter telling me all about the preparations for your wedding. It carries me back to the time, some forty years ago, when your dear mother was making similar arrangements and I was doing a little stunt in the same line myself. In those days the fashions in joyous apparel for men were not so rigidly fixed as now. All your William will have to do is to raise the price. In my day it was different. To be sure, the cut of a man's coat and trousers and hat for such occasions didn't admit of much variation, but he had more latitude in the matter of color and goods, and as to waistcoats, shirts and ties, he could go as far as he pleased without fracturing any rules bad enough to shock society. I vividly remember

what a deuce of a time I had trying to decide between a bright yellow waistcoat covered with little blue flowers and a white one with black dots on it. I finally had to ask your mother's advice about it, and she favored the white one. Of course her preference settled the business, but my memory still lingers fondly on that yellow vest. I wore a ruffled shirt that it took my old colored mammy a whole day to iron and a blue necktie that made the little stars twinkle, it was so brilliant. Ah, my little girl, you can't imagine what a swell your daddy was when he was a youngster. Did I ever tell you about the time I had getting my bridal suit? I don't believe I ever did, and this is a most appropriate time to reveal to you one of the dark chapters of my life.

There was only one tailor in our town, and he wasn't much of a tailor. Besides, he had a habit of looking on the wine, or its Missouri equivalent, when it was most inconvenient for his customers. His name was Johnson, but it wasn't Andy. He resembled Andy in his affection for certain brands of corn juice, but that was as far as the likeness went. Well, I had given Johnson pretty free range and oodles of time in the matter of my outfit, and I made it a point to call on him every day and give him a mild lecture on the evils of intemperance, particularly when wedding clothes were involved. I held him up pretty well, and he was getting along fine with the job until the day before the great one, when an old pal of his from Kentucky blew into town. Then Johnson fell, and so did my hopes. I was going home that night, with my feet in the tall grass and my head up in the solar system somewhere, as happy as a honeybee in June, when I met the tailor and the Kentuckian coming up the road. They were arm in arm, and the Applan way wouldn't have been wide enough for them to navigate without butting into the fences. They were vainly endeavoring to sing "We won't go home till morning," and I knew Johnson well enough to be satisfied that they wouldn't, nor the next day either, unless I got a move on myself. I changed my mind about going home. Instead I rounded up my best man elect, and together we started out on the trail. We found them still undecided as to whether the north or the south side of the road was the better for traveling, and we persuaded them to keep in the middle of it. It might shock you if I told you how we did it, but you must remember, my dear, that we were young and hot blooded and the situation warranted extreme measures. At any rate, we thought so, and we carried Johnson home on the soft side of a pine board. Lord, what a heavy man he was! My arms ache yet when I think of it. We left him to the willing and active ministrations of his wife, and before he could get out of bed the next morning we were with him again. Maybe we didn't stay with him that day, and maybe we didn't watch every stitch that his nervous fingers put into that suit! Two or three times he tried to break loose, but every time we forced him back to work. Even at that it was dark and one sleeve of my coat was only basted in when I rushed frantically to my room to dress. I got to your mother's home ten minutes late, and all during the ceremony I was in mortal terror of that coat sleeve pulling out.

Handing Down Advice.
But that was a long time ago, sweetheart, a long time ago, and it doesn't interest you much no doubt, because your dear little head is so full of your own happiness that your daddy's bygones pass you by, like the summer winds, unheard. Besides, that wasn't what I intended to write to you about when I sat down at this faraway desk. There are a great many things I want to say to you. I've learned a 'eap, little girl, since I had that tussle with Johnson forty years ago, and maybe some of the things I've learned may

help you to find happiness when you have crossed over the line that separates the girl from the matron. Maybe it will and maybe it won't. It is hard for youth to see with the eyes of age, and all the wisdom of all the ages won't alter the fact that most of us learn by hard experience the lessons others would have taught us. Nevertheless our old fellows will keep on handing down advice to the end of the chapter, just hoping that perhaps a little of it will stick and do some good.

Now, my dear, you are going to get married to William Jackson Rollins with all the frills that I can afford to throw around the ceremony. That's right. That's what I like. Then you are going away on a bridal "tower," as they used to say down where I was raised, and after you've ripped around the country a few weeks and squandered more money than William can make again in six months you will come back home to settle down and "live happy ever after." That, I am pretty sure, is as far into the future as you've got, and I guess it's far enough, but I wish you'd take a little time from laces and ruffles and such entrancing fixings and give a little consideration, you and Drift down the stream. William together, to that business of settling down. Did you ever notice, when I've taken you to see a horse race, how much trouble and time are taken to get the horses lined up for a right start? That's the most important part of the business, getting a right start, and it's a good deal more important for young folks just starting in married life.

How to Be "Happy Ever After."
I want to see you get a right start, little girl, one that will land you and Bill at the post safe winners, and you'd better not have any mistaken notions about that "happy ever after" business. It's there, all right. You just bet it is. I've had forty years of it, and I know I know; but it doesn't come of itself, little girl—doesn't come just as a matter of course. Happiness is a manufactured product and every couple have to make their own stock. I want you to get that stuck deep into your little noggin the very first thing. Happiness isn't found; it's made. And sometimes there's a whole lot of toll and a whole lot of trouble in the making, but as a rule the more the toll and the more the trouble the better and sweeter the product. That's another point that's worth remembering. You've got to get rid of a lot of foot notions before you can get started right. It takes most people years to get rid of them, but I'd like to have you go into this business with your eyes wide open, with the full knowledge that you are not going to drift down the stream in an open boat with silken and perfumed sails and nothing to do but watch the landscape. There's something to do, my dear, something for you as well as for William. Married life isn't a simple speed trial on a straightaway course. It's a hurdle race with handicaps, and you stand a better chance in the running if you know what the weights are and something about the hurdles. So if your old daddy bothers you with information about the track don't get out of patience. He only wants to put you wise and save you as much of life's worries and tears as possible. He can't tell you everything; he can't know all that the future has in store for you, nor warn you against the unknown, but what the years have taught him he wants to give to you, and just remember that he does it not because he is just old and garrulous, but because he loves you better than anything else on earth except your mother and wants above all things to see you happy.

This Bridal Tour Business.
I don't take much stock in this bridal tour business. I wouldn't advise you to cut it out. It's the fashion, and folks will say mean things if you don't go what everybody else does. But don't overdo it; don't splurge too much; don't let William feed his money to the dicky birds that will hang

around you going and coming. Too many young couples put their future in pawn in order to cut a wide swath on their wedding journey. They come back bankrupt in spirit and purse, worn out bodily by the rushing here and yonder trying to cover as much ground in a given period as their legs will stand and getting peevish, bad tempered and broke in the process. It's a bad way to start, my dear. It stocks a weight on you that it may take years to unload, and too often it's the basis of bickerings that lead to permanent unhappiness. I don't know whether you remember Nellie Anderson or not, but she was a mighty fine girl, and when she married Tom everybody said it was an ideal match, whatever that may be. They went off on a bridal trip with the announced intention of making things hum. And they did. Tom had to send home for more money to get back on, and when they did strike the town again they were so

knocked out by worry and fatigue and indigestion that they were spitting at each other like a couple of cats on the back yard fence. And the worst of it is that they never got over it, for the last time I heard of them they were fighting yet. No, little girl, don't try to break any records on your bridal trip. Don't try to see how many different kinds of posters you can get on your suit cases. Just pick out some nice, quiet spot, where you can stay for a few weeks at a cost that will come within the limits that your husband can afford, and there pass the time together as sweetly and happily as you may, forgetting for the moment that there is anybody else on the face of this green earth or any other time but the present. That's the way to spend a honeymoon. That's what a honeymoon is for—to get away from the world for a spell, not to get into the thick of it. Then you may understand me, I say may, not will—come back at peace in mind and heart, knowing one another better and loving one another better, ready to get down to the serious business of married life in the proper spirit.

That kind of wedding trip is pretty near as good as none at all. When your mother and I were married her horse was saddled after the ceremony and together we rode through the green bordered lanes to the little home I had prepared for her. That was all there was to it. It's the best way, I think, and yet I can't advise you to do the same. Times change and customs change with them, and what was strictly proper forty years ago won't do now. The trouble with even the kind of wedding trip I have suggested is that too much sweetness is likely to pall. I remember once that you got mighty sick on chocolate drops and you wouldn't look at chocolate drops for a year. Yet it was the finest kind of candy. There's an old saying that you can't get too much of a good thing, but it's wrong, very wrong. There's nothing finer on earth than the society of husband and wife, but neither at the beginning of married life nor afterward is it best to have too much of it. It's got to be modified by the diversions of everyday occupation before it will keep well. So I say don't string out your trip too long, even if you spend it in some sequestered nook.

Preliminary Stock Taking.
And, short as you may make it, my dear, don't put in all of it billing and cooking. It's a good time for a little preliminary stock taking, a little figuring on joint assets, mental as well as financial; a little pondering over plans. Don't get too all-fired material; don't take yourselves or your future too seriously—not just yet. Just build air castles for the moment and get yourselves in shape to start life right when you get back as partners wholly devoted to each other's good; to start it with no fool notions in your heads about each other's perfections; to start it with the firm determination to take each other as you are and to build on that foundation a castle not of air, but of love, of labor, of mutual joys and mutual troubles that shall last till death do part.

This isn't all I started out to say, but I guess it's about all you'll want to digest this trip. I can imagine Bill is walking up and down the next room with his hands in his pockets, wondering why in the world it takes a woman so long to dress. That's one of the things he'll never find out, but when you go down you can tell him it was just a love letter from your next best fellow that you were reading. That will relieve his mind about the toilet and at the same time give him something else to worry about. Bill's all right, but I can't help but feel a little sore at him still for stealing my little girl's heart away from me. So I'll leave him and you to your devotions until I go home again to play a little part in the great drama of your lives. Goodby, little girl, until then. Your affectionate father.

JOHN SNEED.
Laughable Forgetfulness.
As Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, was walking down the Strand one day with a friend he stopped to greet a gentleman, who, however, received him very coldly. "Do you know," said he to Knowles, "that you owe me an apology?"
"An apology! What for?" asked the dramatist.
"For not keeping that dinner engagement you had with me last Thursday. I had a number of people to meet you, and you never came or even sent an explanation of your absence."
"Oh, I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Knowles. "I've such a memory that I forgot all about the affair; forgive me and invite me to another dinner."
It was then arranged that he should dine with the gentleman on the following Wednesday, and in order to secure against the engagement being again forgotten he there and then recorded it in his diary. On rejoining his friend he told him the story of his lapse of memory.
"Who is the gentleman?" asked the friend.
"Well, I'm blessed!" cried Sheridan Knowles. "I have forgotten his name."
"That's funny," said the friend, "but you can easily find it out by referring to the directory. You know his address, of course."
"No, not even that!" roared the unhappy dramatist.



What a swell your daddy was.



Waiting for her to dress home; to start it



Don't let William feed his money to the dicky birds.