

We
Tailor
to
Live



We
Live
to
Tailor

is here at last, and we wish through him to express our appreciation for the generous patronage of the past year. We hope to merit your confidence during the year 1910. The season's best wishes.



The Tailor Dressed Man Gets In

We are not content to sit idly by and let any man suffer the humiliation of poorly-fitting clothes because he does not know The Royal Tailors System. That is the purpose of this big advertisement. To let every last clothes wearer in this town know that now he can have his clothes made to his own order at a price he can afford. That there is a master measure taker here at this store waiting to take his measure and a Royal craftsman in Chicago or New York waiting to tailor his cloth over those measures in the latest styles.

Deep down in your heart, you have always coveted tailor made clothes—every man has. Some men may have smothered Pride and accepted a factory-made substitute because of fancied economy. But the envy of the man with a good tailor lies inrooted in every ill-tailored clothes wearer.

That envy need no longer remain ungratified in you. Here is a tailoring service, that because of its enormous output, its national field, is bringing the best hand-tailoring within the purse reach of all.

We have 500 beautiful Fall and Winter Woolens ready to show you. Call and see them to-day.

ROYAL TAILORS

WRIGHT'S TAILORING PARLORS

"Who Tailor Best in Washington."

ROYAL TAILORS

VISIT TO THE CITY'S STORES

(Continued from First Page.)
 on this past week. In his rounds he had the pleasure of visiting stores that compare most favorably with those in larger cities when speaking numerically. The visit of the News man was a revelation and when he returned to the office sanctum and attempted to give an account of his trip the entire force on the "sheet" had wondrous and surprise written on their faces. To use a broader term, they were all dumfounded. But how about the reporter? Little did he dream or contemplate before starting what was in store for him when planning his round. Now that he is back at work again and occasionally reverts to what he saw and heard he can have nothing but recollections the most pleasant, for not only did he view the pretty things galore, but to this was added the opportunity of talking to and conversing with as clever a set of employers and employes as can be found in any city south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The air was bracing and exhilarating when he started. In the beginning he decided to enjoy just a few moments pleasure in that popular playhouse, the Gaiety Theater. Were you ever there? Well, if you have not been, you should avail yourself of the first chance. To the inspiring strains of familiar airs played by the efficient pianist, Miss Clara Kelly, he left the theater for a start on what proved to be a most interesting, amusing and profitable journey. Baker's Studio.

Knowing that sometimes a fellow is not known as well as should be in a community we took the "bull by the horns" and decided to have our beauty struck right in the beginning. Of course it could not be done anywhere as Baker, the photographer, does, so here we stopped. In this beautiful studio we saw some of the photos arrayed on the walls so often spoke about—my, my, they are all deserving of the good things we've heard. Mr. Baker with that grace of manner for which he is noted, did all he could for our wants. Within a short time he presented us with a highly flattered photograph. Of course we were armed for the fray now, so with elastic step and countenance bearing a pleased smile, we again sought the thoroughfare for a continuation of the journey planned.

Wright Tailoring Parlors.

No concern in the city has grown in recent years as this. At its head is a young man, Mr. Frank A. Wright, whose entire make-up spells bustle, and he does it from early morn to late at night. It did us good to examine the lovely shades and fine texture he has on hand for gentlemen's wear. Not only does he fit you to the "Queen's taste" in a suit nobby and catchy, but when a fellow is out with the boys at night and happens to be indiscreet enough to join his "Sunday-go-to-meetings," we all have the consolation in knowing that at Wright's Tailoring Parlors they can be cleaned and pressed, made to look as good as new. "Who tailors best, or who tailors right in Washington" can be seen on every street crossing, on every show card, in fact, Wright seems to be your bedfellow. Well, the name is alright and he tailors right. If you don't think so, just give Wright's Tailoring Parlors a chance to convince you. With a new fall suit fitting us like we had been "poured in it" we bid the genial proprietor good-bye and were again traveling.

The Washington Horse Exchange.

It is not often a fellow likes to walk much in these days and time, especially when he can be provided with such fine turnouts as can be secured at the Washington Horse Exchange, the largest of the kind in the State. You bet we right early sought Mr. B. L. Susman, the president, and received the assurance that if we phoned him for a nag to give us a lift on our jaunt we could be accommodated. With such a good promise resting down in our mind we were off again.

The Knight Shoe Company.

Arriving on Main street we sought that ideal shoe emporium of the Knight Shoe Company, the only exclusive shoe store in the city. We just could not pass this place of business by. Shoes, the latest styles and fads, greeted us on all sides. Shoes for the good wife, God's best gift to man; shoes for your best girl, if you have one; shoes for the baby, provided you are a father; shoes just a fit for your own sweet self. The Daily News readers should purchase a pair of those slippers advertised at \$75.00 to \$150.00. They are exhibited in the show window only late afternoons and nights. This rule was adopted for fear the strong sunshine might mar the beauty of their color and fade the lovely leather, of which they are made. Every dame in the city should be the proud possessor of a pair. Here we were provided with suitable foot-wear and on leaving felt as if we were at last fitted out for the visit we had for weeks anticipated.

The Gem Theater.

That is the string band playing in the Gem theater. Haven't you visited this attractive show house? We replied negatively. Well, well, said the officer, go right now, for you'll not regret it. We took his advice and must say we did not. We never spent such a pleasant pastime in all

our life. One can almost imagine he is actually at Luna Park one moment, then he is transported to some clime in darkest Africa or sunny Switzerland. One moment we were laughing until we almost split our sides; then next we found ourself grabbing for our kerchief to wipe away the stains of weeping. Added to the many varied and sun-dry panoramic pictures here seen the visitor has also the privilege of listening to the sweetest of music. Shaking the hand of the clever proprietors, Messrs. O'Connor and Metford, both of whom are so urbane, we made a dive for Main street.

H. G. Sparrow.

Do you ever consider the quality of a toy or a Xmas gift before buying. We did on this occasion. It is needless to state we sought the store of Mr. H. G. Sparrow, the home of Santa Claus and here saw many suggestions for the holidays. They are arriving daily too, and by the time old Santa comes this store will be full to overflowing with gifts for the baby, the young girl—in a word, gifts for everybody. The store is certainly all that could be desired as headquarters for Xmas novelties.

William Bragaw & Co.

Talking to a friend who chanced to stop us, we learned that the well-known insurance firm of William Bragaw & Co. was still doing business at the old stand. Every risk carried by them is promptly met if the fire fiend happens your way. They are old adjusters.

Bell, The Jeweler.

Of course we had curiosity enough to want to see what Bell, the Jeweler, had for Christmas, and in a few minutes our eyes were feasting on the lovely cut glass, attractive china, etc., he had on exhibition.

The White Barber.

Feeling a little jaded we sought the white barber shop where A. B. Draughton is manager, and received one of his artistic tonorial finishes. The only white barber shop in town, and a good one it is too.

Russ Bros.

Remembering that our good wife told us to be sure and get a frame for the baby's picture, we entered the well-known store of Russ Bros. While waiting for the frame he treated us to one of Edison's sweet melodies so charmingly rendered on the phonograph. This firm sells more phonographs and phonograph records than any concern in Eastern Carolina. They also handle furniture, notions, etc. Their store is a model one and the proprietors energetic, painstaking and popular young men. Bidding these hustling young men farewell and with the promise to call again, we rambled on.

The Hub.

Everything in life has a beginning, the mighty ocean has its source in the tiny brooklet sleeping snugly yonder in the mountain, so does business. Somewhere there is the head. Have you seen the Hub, that magnificent store, of which Suskins & Berry are the proprietors? We almost wished our pocketbook was fatter than it was, for surely one cannot leave this place without purchasing some of the many values they are offering. Clothing, hats, shoes, millinery, dress goods, notions, rain-coats—in a word, they carry everything from a pin to a lady's hat, or anything from a button to a complete suit of clothes. The beauty about it all is they are selling all goods now at greatly reduced prices. They carry nothing over, so the prospective shopper has a chance to purchase the necessities at the Hub at poverty-stricken prices. Their store is one of the largest in the city, modern in every detail. No place of business is more modernly appointed.

Hill's Stables.

It would never do not to visit the genial Captain Hill and see his new horse flesh, which we did with great gusto. The Captain was out on one of his political campaigns, at least plotting for what is to come in the next one, so we had to depart without feeling the grasp of his warm hand.

J. K. Hoyt.

Turning the corner at Main and Respass streets our eyes were attracted to beautiful windows. Where could they be but at Hoyt's. Here we were told was the headquarters of "Toyland," and after our inspection we found it to be much more—a dream of loveliness. The goods here displayed are generally declared by those who have made a careful inspection to be the prettiest and most unusual in point of usefulness and attractiveness ever seen. Meeting Mr. Morris in this popular emporium and informing him why we were there, he kindly assisted us in inspecting what is to be seen in Toyland. No one unless they see for themselves, can realize for a moment what is to be seen in Washington's Greatest Store, great in size, great in stock carried, great in prices. From top to bottom Mr. Hoyt has on display everything one could imagine for Christmas mementos. Dolls, tea-sets, bric-a-brac, clothing, gents' furnishings, toys of every kind and shape—we just can't begin to tell what is there. Just go and see for yourselves and be assured that you can't best this store in a city the size of Norfolk. Three big stores in one, presided over by the cleverest of

R. L. Stewart.

Seeking our timepieces to ascertain the hour we found to our consternation the old watch was no good, for it had stopped. What were we to do

pieces who go a long ways toward making this store headquarters for every kind of buyer.