

The Only Clothing Store

In This City Which Is Cutting Prices on Late Style All-New Goods Is

This Week

Men's \$15.00 strictly all-wool Suits have been reduced to

\$9.75

Men's \$20.00 all-wool Dress Suits have been reduced to

\$13.75

Men's \$25.00 richly tailored Prince Albert Cutaway and Sack Suits have been reduced to

\$18.50

We are showing the largest and most stylish line of Men's Trousers in the city at prices ranging from

\$2.50 to \$7.50

All sizes in stock from 28 to 50-inch waist measurement.

"THE HUB"

Yes; and cutting them very deep, too, at that. Such excellent quality and stylish Suits, Hats, Underwear and Furnishings were never before offered at such low prices as we now name.

The Reason We Do It

Is because we have too many summer goods on hand, notwithstanding the fact that we have done a phenomenally big business. We must now unload to make room for new Fall Stock now being manufactured at our factory in New York city.

This Week

Boys' \$3.50 all-wool Suits have been reduced to

\$2.45

Boys' \$4.00 all-wool Suits have been reduced to

\$2.95

Boys' \$4.50 all-wool Suits have been reduced to

\$3.45

Boys' \$5.00 all-wool Suits have been reduced to

\$3.95

Boys' \$7.00 all-wool Suits have been reduced to

\$4.95

These are bona-fide and honest reductions from our former low prices, and should be seen to be fully appreciated.

Los Angeles' Leading Clothiers Hatters and Furnishers



154 to 200 North Spring St.

No Goods Charged at these Low Prices Everything Sold Strictly for Cash

"THE BOY ORATOR OF THE PLATTE"

The following sketch of William J. Bryan, published a few days since in the Chicago Times-Herald, in the light of that gentleman's selection to lead the party represented by the late Chicago convention, makes reading that is both timely and interesting: Sixteen years ago in a Republican national convention James A. Garfield made a speech nominating John Sherman of Ohio. The cheering delegates forgot Sherman, and, charmed by eloquence, named the gifted orator, Garfield, the standard bearer of the party. Chicago was the scene of that memorable convention.

It was William Jennings Bryan, the "Black Eagle of Nebraska," who addressed the Chicago convention on the silver question. His speech was a masterpiece of oratory, and it was Bryan who was elected to the presidency in 1896. He is a free silver man of no recent conversion. Fifteen years ago, while yet a struggling lawyer, his voice was lifted in behalf of the white metal, and since that time he has never wavered in his allegiance to the silver cause. While his name is not so intimately connected with legislation on this issue as that of Richard P. Bland, it is the fault of Mr. Bryan, but rather the lack of opportunity. On the score of devotion to silver the record of W. J. Bryan cannot be questioned in the view of the evident complexion of the majority which is an all-important consideration.

In the second place Mr. Bryan is a western man. He is a resident of Nebraska and has represented that state in congress. Nebraska is a doubtful state, according to the predictions of the silver leaders. Mr. Bryan was born in Illinois, which must also be carried by the Democracy in order to win of a free silver platform. Geographically Mr. Bryan is located in the heart of that great district the various states of which sent free silver delegations to the Chicago convention.

oratorical contest. He was valedictorian of his college class and came within one vote of being elected to the same position in the law school. From 1880 he spoke in political campaigns. In 1887 he removed to Lincoln, Neb., and formed a law partnership with a fellow classmate. "I don't think that fellow knows much law," said a veteran practitioner concerning Bryan soon after the letter began to practice, "but he can talk like the devil."

Bryan supported J. Sterling Morton for congress in 1888. The latter was defeated by 3500 votes. In 1890 Bryan himself ran in the same district against the same opponent. He challenged his adversary to a series of joint debates, and made so brilliant a showing that he carried the district, which had gone 3500 Republican at the former election, by a majority of 7000.

Before the election of 1894 Mr. Bryan refused renomination as a congressman and campaigned for election to the United States senate. His platform for the 10 to 1 free coinage of silver caused Morton and other administration Democrats to fight him bitterly. He was, however, nominated by the state Democratic convention. Two joint debates, at Lincoln and at Omaha respectively, with John M. Thurston, the Republican candidate for the senate, attracted much attention. The legislature, however, was Republican and Thurston was elected.

stowed away in his capacious cranium much of the golden grain of wisdom and little of the husks, and it is all there for use, either as argument or embellishment. Some men are so ugly and ungainly that it is a positive advantage to them as public speakers. Some are so handsome and graceful that they are on good terms with the audience before they open their lips. Of the latter class Bryan is a shining example. His appearance is a passport to the affections of his fellow men which all can read. He is the picture of health, mental, moral and physical. He stands about 5 feet 10, weighs about 170, is a pronounced brunette, has a massive head, a clean-shaven face, an aquiline nose, large lustrous dark eyes, a mouth extending almost from ear to ear, teeth as white as pearls, and half-wait there is left of it-black as midnight. Beneath his eyes is the protuberant flesh which physiologists tell us is indicative of fluency of language and which was one of the most striking features in the face of James G. Blaine.

"Bryan neglects none of the accessories of oratory. Nature richly endowed him with rare grace. He is happy in attitude and posture and gestures are on Hogarth's line of beauty. Mellifluous is the one word that most aptly describes his voice. It is strong enough to be heard by thousands. It is sweet enough to charm those the least inclined to music. It is so modulated as not to vex the ear with monotony, and can be stern and pathetic, fierce or gentle, serious or humorous, with the varying emotions of its master. In his youth Bryan must have had a skillful teacher in elocution and must have been a docile pupil. He adorns his speeches with illustrations from the classics or from the common occurrences of every-day life with equal felicity and facility. Some passages from his orations are gems and are being used as declamations by boys at school—the ultimate tribute to American eloquence.

"But his crowning gift as an orator is his evident sincerity. He is candid and frank and thoroughly believing what he says himself. It is no marvel that he makes others believe. "Bryan's first speech in the house—the one on the tariff in 1892, fixed his status as one of the crack orators of his generation. It astonished old stagers, electrified the country and stimulated the ambition of every young man in the land. Envious carpers lugubriously predicted that he could never duplicate that far-resounding performance, that he would be like a wasp, biggest when first hatched, and that his congressional song would be pitched in diminuendo instead of crescendo. But he utterly confounded these jealous Cassandras by delivering a speech on silver which must forever remain as a classic in congressional literature. "If it did not increase his fame as much as did his initial effort, it was for the all-sufficient reason that there was not so much room for him to grow in. If Daniel Webster himself could not come back to life he could not by twenty years of ceaseless endeavor increase his fame as an orator; for while here he butted his lofty head against the stars, but Bryan went on to the end making speeches stronger and ever stronger, manifesting new powers every time he arose. Perhaps his later addresses lacked something in effervescence, brilliancy and piquancy, but they grew constantly more logical, if less rhetorical. The following extracts from some of Mr. Bryan's speeches in congress have been much quoted by campaign orators, and did much to establish his fame as one of the leading exponents of the income tax and free silver theory: "They call that man a statesman whose ear is tuned to catch the slightest pulsation of a pocketbook, and denounce as a demagogue anyone who dares to listen to the heart-beat of humanity. The poor man who takes property by force is called a thief, but the creditor who by legislation makes a debtor pay a dollar twice as large as he bor-

rowed is lauded as the friend of a sound currency. The man who wants the people to starve, and the government to be an anarchist, but the man who wants the government to destroy the people is a patriot. Some who are ready to use the power of the government to limit the supply of money, in order to prevent injustice to the creditor, are slow to admit the right of the government to increase the currency when necessary to prevent injustice to the debtor. I denounce that cruel interpretation of governmental power which would grant the authority to starve, but would withhold the authority to feed our people—which would permit a contraction of our currency, even to the destruction of all property, but would prohibit the expansion of our currency to keep pace with the growing needs of a growing nation! The gentlemen who are so fearful of socialism when the poor are exempted from those methods of taxation which give the rich a substantial exemption. They weep and wail because \$5,000,000 is to be collected from the incomes of the rich than they do at the collection of \$300,000,000 upon the goods which the poor consume. And when an attempt is made to equalize these burdens, not fully, but partially only, the people of the south and west are called anarchists."

I deny the accusation, sir. It is among the people of the south and west, on the prairies and in the mountains, that you will find the staunchest supporters of government and the best friends of law and order. You may not find among these people the great fortunes which are accumulated in cities, nor will you find the dark shadows which these fortunes throw over the community, but you will find those who are willing to protect the right of property, even while they demand that property shall bear its share of taxation. You may not find among them as much eloquence, but you will find men who are not only willing to pay their taxes to support the government, but are willing whenever necessary to offer up their lives in its defense. These people, sir, whom you call anarchists because they ask that the burdens of government shall be equally borne, these people have ever borne the cross on Calvary and saved their country with their blood. I may be in error, but in my humble judgment he who would rob man of his necessary food or pollute the springs at which he quenches his thirst, or steal away from him his accustomed rest, or condemn his mind to the gloomy night of ignorance, is no more an enemy of his race than the man who, deaf to the entreaties and blight to the suffering he would cause, seeks to destroy one of the money metals given by the Almighty to supply the needs of commerce. The line of battle is laid down. The president's letter to Gov. Northen expresses his opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver by this country alone. Upon that issue the next congressional contest will be fought. Are we dependent or independent as a nation? Shall we legislate for ourselves or shall we beg some foreign nation to help us provide for our financial wants of our own people? You may think that you have buried the cause of bimetallicism; you may congratulate yourselves that you have laid the free coinage of silver away in a sepulcher, newly made since the election, and before the door rolled the veto stone. But, sir, if our cause is just, as I believe it is, your labor has been in vain; no tomb was ever made so strong as that of the imprisoned millionaire. Silver will yet lay aside its grave clothes and its shroud. It will yet arise, and in its rising and its feign will bless mankind."

Alexander "wept for other worlds to conquer" after he had carried his victorious banner throughout the then known world. Napoleon "rearranged the map of Europe with his sword" amid the lamentations of those by whose blood he was exalted; and when

these and other military heroes are forgotten and their achievements disappear in the cycle's sweep of years, children will still slip the name of Jefferson, and freemen will ascribe due praise to him who filled the kneeling subject's heart with hope and bade him stand erect—a sovereign among his peers.

REDUCING THE NOISES OF CITIES

Movement on Foot to Diminish the Hubbub of Urban Life Activity. The Medical Record now enters into the warfare against the unnecessary noises of cities, reciting the sufferings of the victims of nervous diseases under the inflictions to which we have repeatedly called the attention of those whose duty it is to abate nuisances. It is highly probable that New York is the noisiest great city in the world and that the most afflictive noises are unnecessary. In Berlin not long ago a hotel porter was fined for whistling, "for making a noise that disturbed the repose of the public." Here it is the custom to treat with contempt those persons who are irritated by noises. Yet it was the opinion of Schopenhauer that only such people are worthy of consideration and that those who are indifferent to noises are intellectually dull, being "insensible to reasons, to thoughts, to poetry and art, and, in short, to mental impressions of every kind."

In a world where insomnia afflicts multitudes we tolerate the rattling of loose-jointed, unrolled wagons on the stone pavements; we permit anybody to bark a dog or a shrill-voiced parrot, every pert miss may hammer piano, windows open, while her sentimental elder sister warbles ear-piercing ballads; teamsters not ten feet apart yell at each other as though there were half a mile between them. Then the eternal nuisance of the clanging gong of the street railway, necessary in a measure, but clanged with such ferocity as to bewilder instead of warning endangers persons; the church bells and especially the chimes, both unnecessary in this day of cheap and universal clocks and watches, and, worst of all, the screaming hucksters, old clothes men and the bugle-blowing knife grinders—all condensed into one noise, the most annoying and nervous invalid and thought difficult to the studios. It is possible to insure a large measure of quiet for the invalids and others who are now annoyed by noises that serve no useful purpose. There is not a butcher boy or a grocery boy who could not be compelled to moderate his noise. There is not a bawling huckster but would conceal his voice under menace of a fine, not a driver but could be persuaded by the police to lighten his saws and bolts to prevent rattling and so on. The main object of life is to enjoy the little we get in reasonable quiet, and whoever violates the right of the citizen to rest is a proper subject for admonition and repression.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

California Millionaires

What a merry set our California millionaires have proved to be! It seems to have been the fashion among those of them who have considered it died to accommodate their heirs to leave something of a surplus of wives to go with or after their millions. Senator Fair was no exception to the prevailing rule and no violator of the custom which had been established among his associates. It would not be at all surprising if several other females were to come forth like Nettie Craven and produce irrefragable documentary evidence of their union with the deceased millionaire. Senator Fair, it would appear, was not during his life entirely engrossed with the art of money-making.—San Bernardino Sun.

He Will Have the Chance

McKinley is anxious to talk tariff he will be accommodated before the campaign is over. He need not be afraid of losing opportunities to explain the most monstrously absurd tariff law ever drawn in history.—New York World.

FREAK EDITORS

IN COUNCIL

The managing editor of the New York Wornal, touched a bell. Teruka, the dwarf office boy, glided into the room cracking his fingers and leering at his employer. "Inform Mr. Dredfuhl, the Sunday editor, that I will wait him in the consultation room." Teruka, the dwarf, chuckled, bowed as low as his deformed shoulders would permit, and with a snake-like movement disappeared. Mr. Gore, the managing editor, threw an essay on modern art into the waste basket and, stepping briskly out of the room, entered the elevator and was carried swiftly to the top of the great dome of the Wornal building. From this point, an elevation exceeding 300 feet, it was popularly supposed in New York city that one could see the boundary of the United States.

The consultation room occupied a small circular space beneath the apex of the dome. It was entered by a secret door known only to the managing editor, the Sunday editor and a few of the high officials of the Wornal. It possessed no windows and was dimly lighted by candles mounted in human skulls. In general design the decorations of the room were in imitation of the famous Whitechapel club of Chicago. Skeletons, snakes, grim relics of tragedies, hangmen's ropes and grotesque specimens of animal life were arranged around the room to show that the air was impregnated with ink and writing paper. A few chairs completed the furnishing of the Wornal consultation room. Mr. Dredfuhl was prompt in appearing. He greeted Mr. Gore cordially, and having removed a shark's head from the table, lit a cigarette and opened the conversation. "How did you like yesterday's Sunday Wornal?" "It was fair."

"I was flattering myself it was an excellent number," he said. "Very fair, but hardly lively enough," said the managing editor. "You will get along better when you thoroughly understand our methods. What became of that story I suggested in which we were to show that the air collars worn by New Yorkers would make one great collar reaching around the world?" "That was crowded out by President Cleveland's message," said the Sunday editor. "That was a mistake," said Mr. Gore, severely. "Our readers care nothing about the president of the United States. Play up local features. That was a good illustrated story you had on Corns Worn by Well-known Society Belles." Mrs. Cheesey wrote that, did she not? I thought so. Have a good man and an artist get up a story about the clubbed men of New York. That will make a good front page story." "A splendid suggestion," said Mr. Dredfuhl. "How did you like my story about Suicide Alley?" "Not bloody enough," said the managing editor. "It is a shame we cannot print all our illustrations in colors. In ink you cannot tell blood from water. What have you for this week?" "I think I have a good thing for a leader," said Mr. Dredfuhl, modestly. "I have assigned Kate Goose to go down into Jersey and be devoured by mosquitoes. Just before all is lost she will be rescued by the artist and will write up her experiences exclusively for the Wornal. How do you like that?" "That is worthy of you and the Wornal," said Mr. Gore. "Have Mr. Wornal a full-page life-size picture of a Jersey mosquito. It might be well to have our statistician figure out how long it would take a Jersey mosquito to eat a cow. What else have you for next week?" "I have arranged for an exclusive interview for the Wornal with the new

manatee at Central Park," said Mr. Dredfuhl. "The manatee will make his own illustrations and will give his impressions of modern journalism. Mr. Scarhem, our poster artist, is making a fine three-sheet sketch of the manatee talking to the Wornal reporter."

"That's first rate," said Mr. Gore, as he lovingly caressed the skull of a famous murderer. "Have you anything novel in prospect for the society page?" "Mr. I. N. Sipid is writing a lovely article about the oldest cancer bird in the fine enthusiasm. 'Then we have a lot of general news about poodle dogs. Mrs. De Rocksey has engaged a special state-room on the Umbria for her dog. I shall have a seven-column cut showing the state room and the dog, with small sketches of the dog's harness, his jeweled watch, also a two-column portrait of the dog's valet.'"

"That is good hot stuff," said Mr. Gore rapturously. "Let me tell you a secret. The Wornal is going to burn them all up tomorrow. I have planned the grandest piece of journalism ever heard of!" "What is it?" asked the excited Sunday editor. "The Wornal is going to offer Queen Victoria \$2,000, or \$25,000, if she will write the lead for the Henley regatta." "That's better," said Mr. Dredfuhl. "Suppose she refuses to accept it?" "That makes no difference," said Mr. Gore. "We save the \$25,000 and get just as much advertising. I think that your loathsome contemporary with its puny offer to ex-President Harrison of \$100,000 a day to report the St. Louis convention."

The Scheme of a Vandal

"The item of the expense of keeping 'Old Glory' floating every day over public buildings or school houses where the daily display of the national banner is rendered by law obligatory, is not a small one. In East St. Louis, Ill., a company has been formed with a capital of \$100,000 to go into the manufacture of sheet iron, zinc and other metal flags. The material from which the flags now in use are made is not very durable, and the banner lasts at best but a few weeks, all depending on the weather, and after a week's use it becomes dirty as to almost lose its identity. The Stars and Stripes, duly waving and apparently fluttering, will be painted on the metal and then enameled. When dirty the flag can be lowered and washed. Such flags will withstand the gales which so readily whip those now in use into ribbons.—New York Journal.

A Bold Physician

Bismarck's private physician, Dr. Schwenninger, recently had a public lecture and conference in Berlin, at which the hearers were invited to ask questions. Among the opinions expressed by the doctor were these: That medicines never heal diseases; that the reasons why men lose their hair is because they have it cut and wear hats; that corsets are an ailment and were first introduced by deformed women; that vaccination is useful, but should not be compulsory, etc.

McKinley Has Changed Front

It must make McKinley feel a little queer now and then when he reflects that he is the chosen champion in a cause for the advocacy of which only four or five years ago he was bitterly opposed to Grover Cleveland. William McKinley is the champion straddler of the country.—Anaconda Standard.