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Dec. 15th

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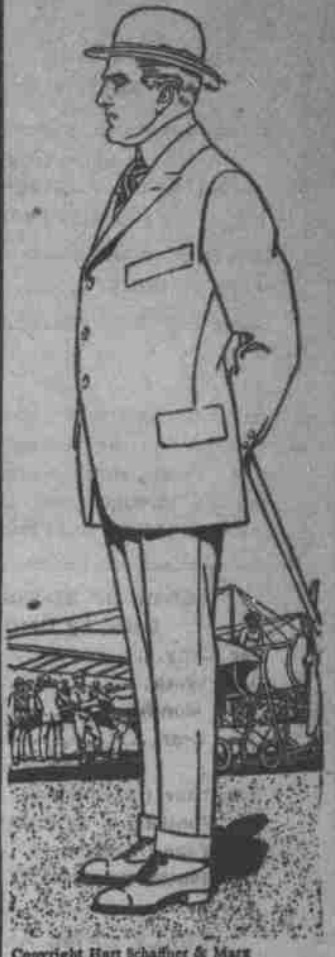
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GREENBERGER



SALE CLOSES
Dec. 24th

Writer Who Outdid Poe in Horror a Victim of Mexico

(By Bailey Millard in New York Times)

War has blotted out another bright life—that of Ambrose Bierce, a unique figure in American literature whose vivid army tales and keen satirical papers and poems stamped him as one of the most original and versatile of writers. Bierce was a master of English, as even his most ephemeral work will show, and technically none could touch him. He corrected Kipling, and Howells, and in his critical essays he showed where many other famous authors failed in their facts or their diction. He wrote the most gruesome, most harrowing, the most terrible tales ever published in this country. Some of his poems were of rare strength and beauty. His "Invocation" is said to have been the real inspiration of Kipling's "Recessional," and in this instance newspaper men have pulled the deadly parallel to the supposed confusion of the famous Englishman.

Bierce led a most remarkable life—half hermit, half Bohemian, and altogether egotistical and cynical. In the west he was the most hated and feared of writers, and also the most courted and spoiled. He lampooned nearly everybody in political and private life with hair raising audacity. As the dean of Pacific coast letters he made and unmade authors and poets. The dilettante worshipped him. He has been called "the American Swift" "the last of the satirists," and "the Marseilles of the west." He was an iconoclast of the first order.

When Villa rose against Huerta and the constitutionalists rushed to arms, Bierce, who was a northern captain in the civil war and was brevetted major for exceptional gallantry, went to Mexico and joined the staff of the doughty general. After the battle of Torreón he was missing and has not been heard from since. There is so little doubt of his death that his friends and relatives have given up searching for him and mourn him as

lost. His publisher, the Neale company, which was paying him royalties on his collected works, cannot reach him with its checks or letters of inquiry, and neither his daughter, Mrs. H. D. Cowden of Bloomington, Ill., nor his secretary, Miss Carrie Christensen of Washington, with each of whom he corresponded regularly, has had any word from him for nine months.

At the time he joined Villa he was 72 years old. His friends unite in saying that if he were alive he would not have left them so long in suspense. There has been a report from San Francisco that on leaving that city for Mexico he was very despondent, and that he was going back to his old game of war because he lacked the courage to commit suicide. There is another rumor that he actually did efface himself in Sonora.

Neither of these stories deserves credence. I knew the man well. He was a fatalist and did not believe in assisting fate. There are those who affect to believe that he is letting the reports of his death go uncontradicted that he may enjoy the reading of his obituaries. But I should say that this were very unlikely. Vain he was, and not a little curious as to what men thought of him, but not so vain or so curious as that.

Ambrose Bierce had a peculiarly anomalous position in the world of letters. The public, seeking out the best sellers, was little acquainted with his writings. This was partly for the reason strange as it may seem that he despised popularity and all that the world stands for. This was not merely from the desire to be different, but for the reason that he lived and thought entirely out of the groove. Like Thoreau, he held "men and their dirty institutions" in utter contempt. He would have lit his cigar with a page of Emerson and would have thrown Longfellow into the ash can.

He would never defer in the slightest to the literary or philosophical opinions of his fellows, cared nothing for what they might say of his personal conduct, however singular or offensive, and though he committed many breaches of custom and gave many affronts, he never apologized.

Probably Bierce was more widely known in the west than in the east, although he lived and worked on the Atlantic side during his best period of production. He made no friends among the literati, and was constantly finding fault with them in public print. He thought nothing of crucifying a popular idol. If anybody wrote about war, for example, he was pretty sure to be challenged by Bierce, who was deeply versed in army affairs, not only having been a military engineer with General Thomas, but having the whole theory and practice of modern warfare at his finger's ends. There is no doubt that to Bierce, as a member of General Villa's staff, the constitutionalists owe not a little of their success.

Bierce, who was of New England parentage, was in Ohio when the civil war began. He enlisted for the north in 1861, while in his twenty-first year. Because of his marked ability and great bravery as a soldier he rose rapidly from the ranks, and in the

course of time became a captain of infantry. He was wounded at Chancellorsville, the scene of one of his most vividly written and most horrible tales. Of the end of this battle he says in his journal:

Had the confederates made one more general attack we should have had to meet them with the bayonet alone. I don't know why they did not; probably they were short of ammunition. I know, though, that while the sun was taking its own time to set we lived through the agony of at least one death each, waiting for them to come on.

At last it grew too dark to fight. Then away to our left and rear some of Bragg's poole set up "the rebel yell." It was taken up successively and passed around to our front, along our right and in behind us again until it seemed almost to have got to the point whence it started. It was the ugliest sound that any mortal ever heard—even a mortal exhausted and unmoved by two days of hard fighting without sleep, without rest and without hope. There was however, a space somewhere at the back of us across which that horrible yell did not prolong itself, and through that we finally retired in profound silence and dejection unmolested.

After the war, from which he emerged as Major Bierce, he flipped a coin to see whether he would go in for literature or a military career. Literature won and he began to write essays and stories. The year 1870 found him in London in the brilliant set of which Tom Hood was leader. There he sent forth such poignant shafts of ridicule of men and institutions as to earn for him the sobriquet of "Bitter Bierce."

On returning to America, Bierce went west. In 1880 he was manager for a mining company in the Black Hills, where he had some desperate adventures with bad men, chiefly highwaymen. Later he was employed as a writer by Frederick Marriott of the San Francisco News-Letter. Here he was given a free hand, and in his pungent paragraphs he attacked everybody, high and low, and soon made a name for himself all over the west

as the most vitriolic satirist of his day.

When his book "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians" was published in the later '80s it was pounced upon by reviewers, who declared it to be more harrowing than Poe; but at the same time the style was recognized as that of a master. "A Son of the Gods," one of the stories in this book, is fairly representative. A young officer whose division is halted at the edge of a wood to spare the lives of the skirmishers rides forward alone to the crest of a bare bridge, to make the enemy disclose himself. He then rides on in a storm of rifle fire.

The dust drifts away. Incredible! That enchanted horse and rider have passed a ravine and are climbing another slope to unveil another conspiracy of silence, to thwart the will of another armed host. Another moment and that crest, too, is in eruption. The horse rears and strikes the air with his forefeet. They are down at last. But look again—the man has detached himself from the dead animal. He stands erect, motionless, holding his saber in his right hand, straight above his head. His face is toward us. Now he lowers his hand to a level with his face and moves it outward, the blade of the saber describing a downward curve. It is a sign to us, to the world, to posterity. It is a hero's salute to death and history!

Again the spell is broken. Our men attempt to cheer; they are choking with emotion; they utter hoarse, discordant cries; they clutch their weapons and press tumultuously forward into the open. The skirmishers, without orders, against orders, are going forward at a keen run, like hounds unleashed.

In the end, of course, the young hero is slain, but the inspiration of his deed leads his comrades to victory.

In his next volume of tales, "Can Such Things Be?" Bierce appeared as the most distinctive exponent of the supernatural and terrible the world has ever seen in literature. You may search Poe through and never find such riotous imagination as is revealed in "The Damned Thing," "Moxon's Master," and "The Middle Toe of the Right Foot."

Bierce was ever a fighter, in civic life as in war.

The bitterest of all his journalistic battles was waged against Coils P. Huntington, who in 1896 was conducting a powerful lobby at Washington to pass his refunding bill, releasing him and his associates of the Central Pacific railroad from their obligations to the government. Bierce went to Washington. A newspaper man said to Huntington, "Bierce is in town."

"How much does he want?" cynically asked Huntington.

The remark was reported to Bierce. "Please go back and tell him," said that journalist, "that my price is 75 million dollars. If when he is ready to pay I happen to be out of town he may hand it to my friend, the treasurer of the United States."

This 75 million dollars was the amount claimed by the government from the Central Pacific.

Huntington was defeated and the money was paid into the treasury. To Bierce was given much of the credit for the successful campaign made against the great railroad man.

section of the Golden Gate is no more. The keepers of the resorts were notified that the law would be rigidly enforced, and the police will get busy if the resorts are not all out of business today. It is believed that the dive keepers will accept the inevitable for there has been a grand moving out during the past week, many of the resort keepers going to other cities.

Best For Kidneys—Says Doctor

Dr. J. T. R. Neal, Greenville, S. C., says that in his 30 years of experience he has found no preparation for the kidneys equal to Foley Kidney Pills. In 50c and \$1.00 sizes. Best you can buy for backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Store.—Adv.

"SELF DENIAL" DAY

Baltimore, Dec. 15.—Today has been set apart by the council as "Self Denial Day," and in accordance with the spirit of the occasion, cigars, soda,

candy, and other luxuries are tabooed by most of the Baltimore citizens. The fund for the relief of the city's poor and unemployed will be increased by many thousands of dollars before nightfall. Mayor J. H. Preston is heading the work of raising the fund, and has found a hearty response.

Whooping in the lungs indicates that phlegm is obstructing the air passages. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP loosens the phlegm so that it can be coughed up and ejected. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Central Drug Co.—Adv.

EXHIBIT OF PAINTINGS

Washington, Dec. 15.—The Corcoran Gallery of Art today opened its fifth biennial exhibit of paintings from the brushes of American artists. Liberal prizes, donated by ex-Senator William A. Clark of Montana, are to be awarded, together with the Corcoran medals. In addition to the awards, the Corcoran fund will

be partly utilized this year in the purchase of the best American paintings.

Interest among American artists is very keen, and the best productions have been gathered for the display, which will be on daily exhibition until January 24. The art jury that will decide the winners is composed of Edward W. Redfield, chairman, Edmund C. Tarbell, Ralph Clarkson, Robert Henri and Emil Carlsen. The first prize is \$2,000 in cash and the Corcoran gold medal, and there are three other prizes.

Checks Croup Instantly

You know croup is dangerous. And you ought to know too, the sense of security that comes from having Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the house. It cuts the thick mucus and clears away the phlegm, stops the strangling cough and gives easy breathing and quiet sleep. Every user is a friend. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Store.—Adv.

The New Baby is World's Wonder



Every tiny infant makes life's perspective wider and brighter. And whatever there is to enhance its arrival and to ease and comfort the expectant mother should be given attention. Among the real helpful things is an external abdominal application known as "Mother's Friend." There is scarcely a community but what has its enthusiastic admirer of this splendid embrocation. It is so well thought of by women who know that most drug stores throughout the United States carry "Mother's Friend" as one of their staple and reliable remedies. It is applied to the abdominal muscles to relieve the strains on ligaments and tendons.

Those who have used it refer to the ease and comfort experienced during the period of expectancy; they particularly refer to the absence of nausea, often so prevalent as a result of the natural expansion. In a little book are described more fully the many reasons why "Mother's Friend" has been a friend indeed to women with timely hints, suggestions and help for ready reference. It should be in all homes. "Mother's Friend" may be had of almost any druggist, but if you fail to find it write us direct and also write for book to Bradford Regulator Co., 403 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

NEAR DEATH BY SMOTHERING

But Husband, With Aid of Cardui, Effects Her Deliverance.

Draper, N. C.—Mrs. Helen Dalton, of this place, says: "I suffered for years, with pains in my left side, and would often almost smother to death.

Medicines patched me up for awhile but then I would get worse again. Finally, my husband decided he wanted me to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, so he bought me a bottle and I began using it. It did me more good than all the medicines I had taken.

I have induced many of my friends to try Cardui, and they all say they have been benefited by its use. There never has been, and never will be, a medicine to compare with Cardui. I believe it is a good medicine for all womanly troubles."

For over 50 years, Cardui has been relieving woman's sufferings and building weak women up to health and strength.

If you are a woman, give it a fair trial. It should surely help you, as it has a million others.

Get a bottle of Cardui to-day.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn. For Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper, R.C. 124

FAMOUS TENDERLOIN CLOSED

San Francisco, Calif., Dec. 15.—The red light abatement law goes into effect today, and the famous tenderloin

The Las Vegas Light and Power Company