

# BROWNING, KING & CO.

## The Largest Manufacturers and Retailers of Clothing in the World,

Will open their New DAYLIGHT store, at the southwest corner of 15th and Douglas Street

# OCTOBER 25th.

We shall try to reach you all later by invitation to our opening. But don't forget the DATE. Husbands, wives, children, we want you every one to come on the glorious Thursday, October 25th, and see for yourselves just what we intend to do for Omaha.

We are one of you now. We are going to give you the best goods at living prices. **WAIT FOR US.**

Henry W. King & Co., Wholesale, Chicago.

Browning, King & Co., 408-416 Brown-st., New York City.

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Browning, King & Co., Retail, Cincinnati.

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Browning, King & Co., Retail, Kansas City, Mo.

Browning, King & Co., Retail, Omaha, Neb.

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## Southwest corner 15th and Douglas Streets.

R. S. WILCOX, Manager.

### A BREEZE FROM THE PACIFIC.

News and Gossip of the Week in San Francisco.

### A WAR AGAINST FRUIT JUICES.

The Murdered Fireman's Funeral—The Sharon-Terry Business Again—Gilbert Island Savages—News From the Golden Gate.

### San Francisco Letter.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—We have had the funniest sensation ever known in this city. Platts' Hall has for a long time been the scene of speculative gambling, called the clock game, because the quotations of the Comstock silver mines were marked by an electrical apparatus arranged like a clock. Men "copied the clock," or "played it open," the parties operating the game paying the profits or raking in the margins according to circumstances. This had a wonderful fascination for our people in whom the gambling spirit is very strong, and the crowds that frequented the building to back against the clock at last excited the attention of the police. Captain Douglas would not take any steps in the matter because he did not see his way to conviction of the offenders under the existing laws against gambling. So an ordinance, expressed in the most explicit language, was passed by the board of supervisors, making it an offense both to run the clock and to play against it. The mayor signed it, and Captain Douglas then laid his nets for a big haul, detaining forty-four men to arrest everybody in the place without distinction. The arrests were made about 1 o'clock, the busiest time in the game, and 310 players were taken in charge. Nine of these were wealthy and they immediately deposited a hundred dollars apiece and were admitted to bail. The remaining 301 were taken to distance view, but a majority succeeded in getting bailed before a municipal judge at \$50 apiece, before the discovery was made that the ordinance imperatively called for \$100. The remainder of the unfortunate passed the night in prison and were hauled up next day before Judge Hornblower who dismissed them on their own recognizances, with the understanding that a test case would be made of one of the proprietors of the clock.

A MOVEMENT IN AID OF JUDGE TERRY. Sarah Althea Hill Sharon Terry had indulged in the pleasing hope that she would not be molested any more after her month in the county jail had expired. But she had sorely reached the haven of her hotel when the myriads of the law-roarers there and took her back to her old quarters. Rage and grief combined threw her into a fever, and she is now seriously ill. In the meantime, however, her affairs are proceeding well, for sympathy has been aroused both for her and for Judge Terry, because Porter Ashe insists upon it that her statement is true, and that he hold the satchel with the revolver in it, and that it never passed into her hands. What is more he has gone to Washington to intercede with the president for a pardon for Judge Terry, and Senator Rogan, of Texas, has agreed to introduce him. People at first doubted Sarah Althea's statement because it seemed in-

credible that a court of justice should be the scene of so solemn a farce, but implicit credence is now given to it as Peter Ashe has acted with such decision and shown such indignation. The upshot is that there is a change of public sentiment, which will have its effect upon the Sharon crowd, and neither Sarah Althea nor Judge Terry will be pushed to the wall.

CHINESE LABORERS EXCLUDED. We see in the papers east of the Rocky mountains frequent statements that the exclusion bill will not exclude Chinese labor, but that is a mistake. Notices that all such laborers arriving upon incoming steamers will be refused permission to land have been posted on the doors of the custom house. The "prior residence" dodge is not working with the success that was anticipated, either, for Judge Hoffman has very plainly intimated that he will not permit his court to be used to defeat a law made in obedience to the wishes of the entire community. Commissioner McAllister has been more lenient, but two of those whom he admitted as "prior residents" have been already arrested for perjury, and the chances are that they will receive the hospitality of the state at San Quentin. The eastern papers make us tread with their praises of the Chinaman as a domestic servant. A trained Chinaman is a good servant, though he cannot be trusted, but an untrained one is worse than a green Seminole or Irish woman, and large accessions of both these are pouring into the city now. Some curious stories are told of the blunders of raw Mongolians. A lady had an experience with one which is rather funny. She made a lot of ginger cakes, which was the special weakness of her soul, and placed them in the cupboard. Next day she was horrified to learn that the cupboard was bare, as in the case of rich husbands. "John," she screamed, "have you eaten those ginger cakes?" "Me no subber gingley cakes," he replied, with a smile that was childlike and bland. She went into pantomime to describe them, and showed the place where they had been, but where, alas, they were not. Then he comprehended. He smiled again, and said softly: "Me eat; me no like; me tlow away."

A WAR AGAINST FRUIT JUICES. The senate tariff bill has received almost universal praise except from the adherents of Claus Spreckels, the sugar man, and nobody cares about them. But the wine men have discovered an unintentional flaw which would have a serious effect upon them, or at least they believe so. In schedule H fruit juices are admitted under a duty of 6 cents a gallon. This seems innocent enough, but Arpad Haratzky, who is reported to be catching fish, quenching their thirst by the blood of their prey. They were picked up by a schooner that had loaded up with copra or dried cocconut, and beche de mer, and was proceeding to San Francisco. Arriving in a dense fog the skipper got confused and ran the schooner ashore at San Pedro, which is about fifteen miles below San Francisco. Nobody was drowned, and the four savages preserved their confidence in their white friends in spite of the mishap. Perhaps they thought that the white man's way of landing his big proas. When they arrived in San Francisco, to which they came by the narrow gauge line, they found a proprietor, a scantly Australian, who is spending his time very pleasantly in Frisco, finding it more lively than New South Wales. Mr. Buchland can speak their language fluently, and was deeply interested in their adventure, and more particularly by the strange light in which they saw all occurrences. He

publican and were likely to remain so. But they were compelled to fight the manufacture of fraudulent French wines in New York without cessation, and to resist all legislation that might give a new lease of life to that nefarious business.

THE MURDERED FIREMAN'S FUNERAL. The citizens of San Francisco feel very strongly about the shooting business in the republican county committee rooms, and steps are being taken that will rescue the city from the domination of Boss Buckley. It is felt that if such methods of political action as he has re-introduced are not summarily crushed, San Francisco is in danger of returning to the state of things from which the vigilants rescued it. There is no use in mincing matters. A large criminal and a larger quasi-criminal element exist in this city, and this comes uppermost when the democracy is on top with just such results as the Harrington shooting scrape. How excited the people are was shown by the funeral of David Donahue, the fireman shot by Harrington. The room in which the coffin lay was profusely decorated with California flowers, many prominent men not politicians sending splendid tributes. Of course the republican organizations were fully represented, and also the firemen of the city. Long before the hour named for the lifting of the coffin, the streets in the vicinity were so blocked with citizens who came to take off their hats as the hearse passed that there was considerable difficulty in making one's way through the crowd. In front of the hearse was a delegation of firemen, each company throughout the city sending four men in uniform, but wearing black gloves and having on the left arm a badge of black crape. The Young Men's Institute, of which the deceased had been an honored member, followed the hearse in great numbers, the entire association turning out. Then came nearly a hundred carriages and hacks, and among the former were many sent by the leading families of the city though they were not present themselves. The Hon. D. McClure participated in the proceedings from the first to the last. He was present in the house and left after clouds of earth had been thrown upon the coffin in its deep grave at Mount Calvary.

REVIEWING THE SERMON. Texas Sittings: Mrs. Smith—"How did you like Dr. Palpi's sermons last Sunday?" "Mrs. Brown—"I thought it was perfectly grand, didn't you?" "Yes. The way he pitched into people for talking about their neighbors did my heart and soul good. Did you notice how that contemptible, cross-eyed thing, Mrs. Bejones, colored up? And no wonder, for I'm sure—don't you breathe a word of it though—that she is not one bit better than she ought to be. Why, her husband goes away and leaves her for weeks at a time. She says he's a traveling man. I'd like to know where he gets the money to try his dress!" "And look at the way she dresses!" "O, it's awful! She ought to be churches."

PLENTY OF WORK FOR ALL. What Manner of Men the Tramps Are. LOTS OF UNEMPLOYED GIRLS. A Reporter's Investigation of the Needs of Employers—Wages of all Manner of Workmen—Industrious Italians.

Work and Wages. The natural inference would be, judging from the large number of men who undergo the process of the police court every morning on the charge of vagrancy, that employment is scarce in Omaha, and that the city is overrun with idle men. But such, happily, is not the case, and an inference deduced from such a source is fallacious. The army of vagrants run in this city constitute an element of their own, as bona fide and as distinctive as that of any other that goes to make up the heterogeneous population of a large city. The vagrant element is possessed of the idea that to it the world owes a living, and they are nothing to themselves nor the world either. The only time they will work is when absolutely compelled to, to stay the cravings of hunger or thirst. They constitute the loungers about the dives and doggeries, the lazzaroni who stand about the street corners and public ways, basking their worthless lives away in the sunshine, with no object in life, for, no aim, no wish, no ambition above a chew of tobacco or a drink of whisky. You step up to one of these corner stinks and ask him if he wants work, and the inevitable reply will be in the negative. They'll let you know when they want work, and it is ten to one that they will manifest indignation at your presumption in inquiring into their wants. But so far as men being idle through failure to get work in this city, the number is comparatively small. Good men, in any line, young or old, experience no difficulty in finding plenty of employment for hand and brain in Omaha. Of course there are some deserving men in hard luck as there always is in towns of this size, but all they have to do is to persevere, and their efforts will sooner or later meet with just reward. Omaha has work for good men.

An Illustration. Burdette: "I don't understand," said Rollo, looking up from his book, "why an excess of wealth should be a bad thing. I should think the wealthier a man was the happier he would be." "Not at all, boy," said his uncle George, wearily; "possession in moderation is the right thing. Now, nerve is a grand thing; it's splendid for a man to have nerve. But if he has so many nerves he can't keep the rest of 'em quiet long enough to put that one to sleep his riches embarrass him."

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A Big reporter made the rounds of the city and saw scores of the advertisements for help in the want columns of the daily press, and the unanimous verdict of all is that no steady, reliable, industrious man or boy, with a trade, be whatsoever it may, can offer any reasonable excuse for idleness in this thriving, pushing, energetic, prosperous city of ours—there is employment for all who honestly want it.

The reporter dropped in on a firm who had advertised for four paralyzated iron cornice workers, and asked if they wanted such a man. "That we do," said the proprietor eagerly, "and for a good man, or a half dozen of them, I'll give \$3 a day. Are you a cornice worker—do you want a job?" "Got one?" "Where?" "With THE BEE—reporter." The gentleman then proceeded to in-

### form the scribe that they had not yet

succeeded in getting the force they are in need of and that in their line there are no idle men in the town. He said first class men could readily command \$3 a day, while even a passable man would draw not less than \$2.50.

There is no surplus, even of common day laborers in the city simply from the fact that there is such an enormous quantity of improvement in progress that all can find work. The blackboards of all the employment agencies in the city are unceasingly covered with their calls for teamsters. The former are paid anywhere from \$1.75 to \$2.50 and even as high as \$3 per day for particular work, while a teamster can procure steady employment at \$25 a month and found. A good mechanic can always find plenty to keep his hands full, and there is no good reason why the majority of them should not be well off in this world's goods, and many of them are. There are innumerable contracts being let even as late as this, and hundreds of foundations being put in. There is plenty of work for bricklayers right now and will be for three months to come. And then a good bricklayer commands 55 cents an hour, and they ought surely be able to eke out a pretty fair sustenance upon such wages. Carpenters, too, are in precisely the same boat, there is plenty of work for them at 30 cents an hour. In conversation with one leading contractor the reporter learned that dagos and the ought surely be able to eke out a pretty fair sustenance upon such wages. Carpenters, too, are in precisely the same boat, there is plenty of work for them at 30 cents an hour.

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Brick masons' tenders are well paid, receiving from \$2 to \$2.50 a day, with plenty of employment. A first class tailor need not remain idle one moment here in the city of Omaha. There is any quantity of work for them at from \$25 to \$30 a week, while "bushmen" can earn from \$15 to \$18. Good tinner, too, are in demand, at \$2.75 and \$3 a day. An advertisement for a good tinner would evoke but few responses, simply because there is a poverty of good tinner who want work anywhere. They almost always find ready work. Good cobblers make from \$10 to \$14 a week. There is not much of a demand for this class of labor, for the day of custom-made boots and shoes has gone by, and this work is concentrated within the large cities. Small establishments are almost unknown these days, and shoe stores instead of doing a custom work, simply keep a repair shop in connection with their business.

There seems to be more young women anxious for positions, clerkships, bookkeepers, assistants, typewriters, stenographers, and so on, and so forth, than there does men, in fact at a ratio of ten to one. And an advertisement for a young woman to fill any one of the positions enumerated, would bring out a flood of applications. The majority of these applicants, too, will be young ladies of culture and refinement, neat and tidy in appearance, and illy suggestive of want or the necessity of earning her livelihood. But still it is so, and to-day there is in the city of Omaha thousands of young women and girls, willing, eager to take an active part in the toil of the great hive of life, some from necessity, others from a desire for occupation, and a laudable ambition to do for themselves.

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### HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

The toque and the capote are almost equal in favor, and felt divides honors with velvet material.

Along with the empire gown come the reticule of our great grandmothers, which will be made in plush sarah or the gowns. Coat-basques, with square side pockets low on the hips, are being made by fashionable modistes for demi-toilet wear.

Black and gold bonnets may be worn with powers of any color, and the mixtures of black and green mahogany have almost as wide a range. A revived fashion in the construction of fancy bodices is the introduction of sleeves of contrasting material, velvet, brocade, moire, etc.

A new leg-o-mutton sleeve has appeared, with a flat embroidery in beads and silk at the top and around the wrists. A vest decorated in like manner is then in order. The china crape collirette is of all colors, sometimes matches the gown, but more often is in contrast, always stiffly fitted, and sometimes edged with a buttonhole scallop in silk floss.

The new big-hooded capes made in satinated cloth, in all shades of gray, tan and drab, the hoods lined with some soft contrasting color, promise to be much worn this winter. A very favorite head-covering this season is the brimless toque, with its oblong crown of dark straw or French felt. The shape is a sort of compromise between a bonnet and a round hat.

The style mostly selected in the straight dress has a close curvaceous bodice in a long point front and back, the fronts usually fastening diagonally from the right shoulder to the left hip.

Many of the new flannel blouses for autumn are cut with revers and rolling collars that recall a coat, and are worn over a front in high collar of cream or pale flannel, that stands high about the throat and spreads the linen collar.

The director coat hath all costumes for its own. Even the ulster does not escape, for some very new ones are very much cut-away in front over a vest of careful silk folds, and have the big revers turned back to the shoulders' tip.

The mixture of silk and wool so much seen in the gowns of last summer is to be more than repeated in autumn and winter toiles, and that very open embroidery done in silks upon cloth and underlies with a contrasting color will be in high favor for their trimmings.

Sarah Althea Hill, the wife of D. S. Terry, is out in a proclamation in the San Francisco press relative to her recent assault upon Justice Field. She signs herself "Mrs. D. S. Terry, nee Mrs. William Sharon." This is the first time on record that a woman was born the wife of a male citizen.

The Alphonse hat of felt, with binding and band of handsome ribbon, and the low-crowned turban of felt, velvet-faced and all agitter with plume and jeweled ornaments amid its loopy ribbons, are the two sorts of headgear most affected by the best dressers for early autumn wear.

Mrs. Mona Caird, widow, started the discussion "Is Marriage a Failure?" spends most of her time on a large estate in Hampshire, doing her time between superintending her farm and performing literary work on typewriter. She is the author of two or three novels and is as bright in conversation as she is radical on all social questions.

Mrs. Amanda Delmas, the lady who has just been received as a member of the Louisiana Sugar Planters' association, is a southern and a creole. Her youth was spent in the luxurious ease and indolence in which Louisiana planters' daughters are reared, and until but a short time ago was entirely dependent on others for counsel and support. A few years ago a change in circumstances threw the entire responsibility of a large plantation on her shoulders. She proved herself equal to the emergency, however, and has managed the crops with consummate skill. Her business methods and her judgment are highly praised by neighboring planters and managers.

For Headach Use Hoffman's Acid Phosphate. Dr. L. C. Sanford, Sheffield, Mass., says: "Most excellent in derangements of the nervous system, such as headache and sleeplessness."