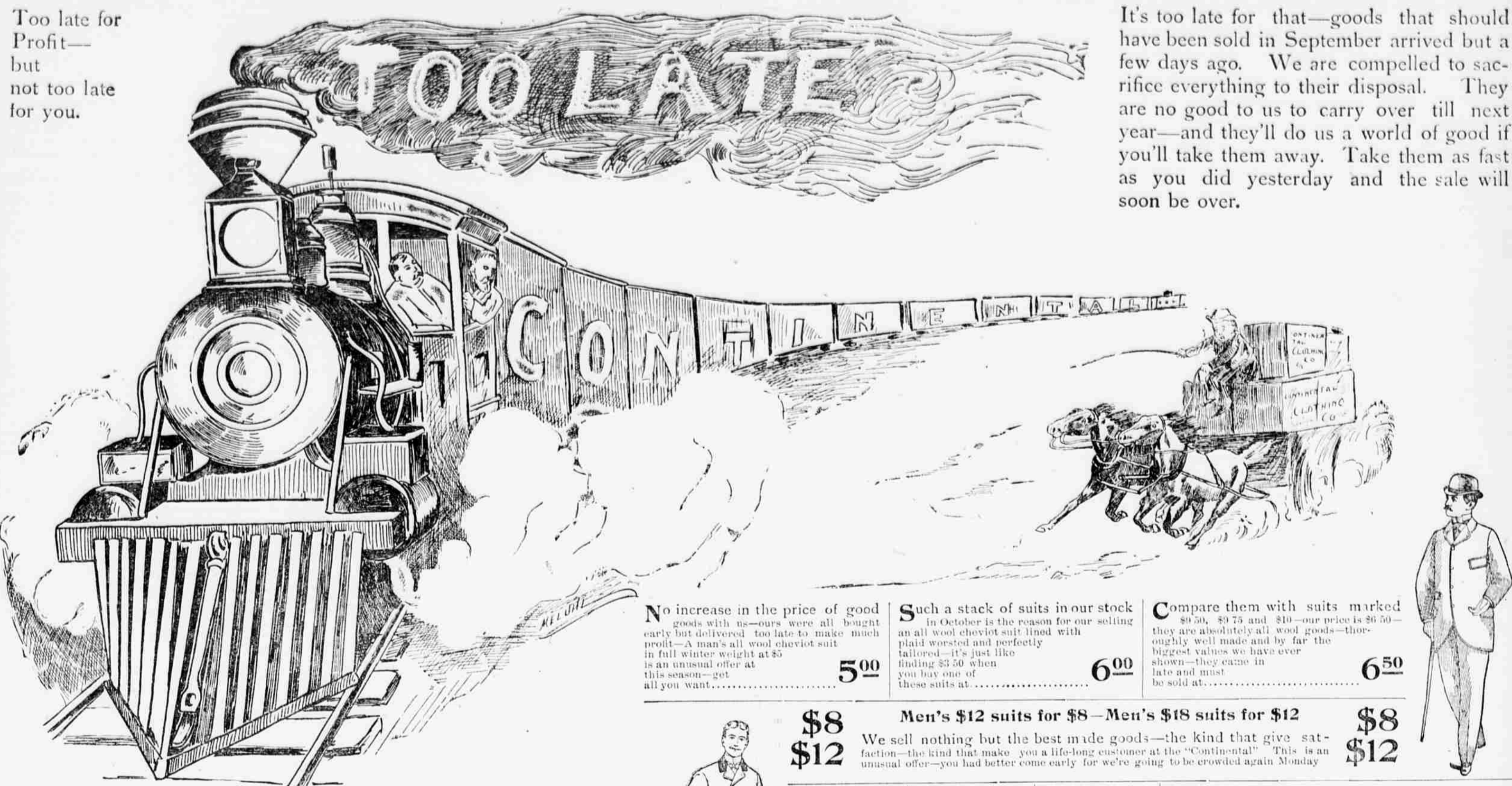


# NO PROFIT IN THIS CLOTHING SALE.

Too late for Profit—but not too late for you.



It's too late for that—goods that should have been sold in September arrived but a few days ago. We are compelled to sacrifice everything to their disposal. They are no good to us to carry over till next year—and they'll do us a world of good if you'll take them away. Take them as fast as you did yesterday and the sale will soon be over.

No increase in the price of good goods with us—ours were all bought early but delivered too late to make much profit—A man's all wool cheviot suit in full winter weight at \$5 is an unusual offer at this season—get all you want..... **5.00**

Such a stack of suits in our stock In October is the reason for our selling an all wool cheviot suit lined with plaid worsted and perfectly tailored—it's just like finding \$3.50 when you buy one of these suits at..... **6.00**

Compare them with suits marked \$8.50, \$9.75 and \$10—our price is \$6.50—they are absolutely all wool goods—thoroughly well made and by far the biggest values we have ever shown—they came in late and must be sold at..... **6.50**

**\$8 \$12**

Men's \$12 suits for \$8—Men's \$18 suits for \$12 We sell nothing but the best m id e goods—the kind that give satisfaction—the kind that make you a life-long customer at the "Continental" This is an unusual offer—you had better come early for we're going to be crowded again Monday

**\$8 \$12**

**Men's Pants—**  
A recent purchase of fine Worsted Pantaloon—full winter weight—in neat stripes—goods which usually sell for \$4.00 and \$4.50—they are all warranted fast colors—Our price Monday will be..... **3.00**

**Men's Cheviot Pantaloons—**  
Absolutely all wool fabric—in a neat brown check—dark color—which cost over \$2.50 to make—and are usually sold at \$3.00—the tables are overladen—too many of them for this season—they go Monday—up to 40 waist—..... **2.00**

**Men's fine Kersey Overcoats**  
Marked this season \$14—in blue and black—regular sizes—stouts and longs—in both colors—Monday \$9.75—don't miss it—it's the biggest value ever shown in Omaha at..... **9.75**

**Covert Cloth Fall Coats—**  
The fine ones—about 75 high grade coats marked down from \$15 and \$18 to..... **12.50**

**Young Men's Suits—**  
In blue and black cheviot serges—guaranteed colors. It must seem to the ordinary buyer an impossibility to produce such goods for the price we are selling at..... **6.50**

**Young Men's Suits—**  
30 to 35 bust measure—came too late. Ought to have been sold in September, neat Scotch cheviot in black and brown checks, at \$6.75 they are tailor made and worth \$10—price..... **6.75**

**Nobby box coats—**  
taped seams, just the correct thing, on sale at..... **7.75**

**Young Men's Suits—**  
In cassimeres, chevots—cut double and single breasted—heavy serge linings—absolutely all wool goods and perfect cut—no trouble to pay \$12.00 for the same goods in other stores—they came in late and must go out in a hurry—this price does it..... **7.50**

**Boys' Suits—**  
ages 5 to 15—  
**200 275 300 385**  
We count these suits by the hundred.

**Sailor Collar Reefer Suits—**  
At this sale for the cost of the material—all brown chevots—the new colors—  
**195 350 375 385 395**

## CONTINENTAL CLOTHING CO.

### DANA AT WORK AND PLAY

Stories and Incidents Illustrating the Late Editor's Life.

### PLEASURE EXTRACTED FROM HIS WORK

Biting sarcasms and sniplet Thrusts— Good Pay for Good Work—Instructive Maxims for Newspaper Workers.

The press of the country teems with tributes to the life of Charles Anderson Dana, the distinguished editor of the New York Sun, whose mortal remains were consigned to earth last Wednesday. Readers are familiar with the events of his life, his services at the front during the war and his subsequent career in the field of journalism. The general public is not so familiar with the home life, the workshop and the characteristics of the man whose personality is indelibly impressed in the newspaper history of this generation. His many-sided life, sketched by social and professional friends, garnished with story and incident, illustrates a career in which every American feels a pride.

### PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Speaking of Mr. Dana as he appeared to New Yorkers a recent writer said: There was no finer sight in the metropolis for many years than this fine, statuesque figure leaving the shabby old sun building and starting homeward. At 5 o'clock in the evening Park Row is a raging torrent of humanity, and he who walks therein must elbow his own way. Mr. Dana used to come to the door alone, stand for a moment like a diver hesitating before his plunge, then buttoning his coat and taking a new grip on his stick—in he went, and presently his white beard was seen floating on the current here and there till presently heard and owner came ashore on the other side. Then at a four-mile stride the old editor started across the City Hall park shoulders well back, form swinging steadily and the sturdy legs cleaving their way. If you were close enough you might have heard the whistling aria of a new opera or a line from the divine comedy uttered in the mellow tones for all the world as if the walker were a healthy youth of 20.

Mr. Dana has always been a prodigious reader of the newspapers or exchanges. He had an abnormal capacity for getting the cream of a paper at one sitting, leaving the skimmed product to others for laborious consumption. His favorite working place was at one of the windows on the third floor overlooking City Hall park. He had a sort of shelf or bracket fastened to the window frame which served him as a desk. Here you

would find him in his working hours, a heap of "exchanges" by his side and one of them in his hand undergoing the process of being skinned alive. A sweeping glance at the printed page, a spasmodic movement of the editors hand and lo! the pearl of the oyster is rescued and the shell lies in the heap of "heards." Many a gem has been rescued, many an inspiration found for a leader, witty and learned. Many a poem worth reading from the pen of a poet hitherto unknown was thus rescued from oblivion.

Mr. Dana was tall, six feet in height and he was always dressed in a neat, witty and novel way when they represented him as diminutive in stature. Others he enjoyed and considered them a good advertisement. His tastes were those of a man of mental refinement. Poetry, languages, flowers, paintings, bronzes and porcelains were his delights, and he was always dattered at the suggestion that he owned the \$15,000 reachable mass. He had a keen sense of humor and a morbid dread of a bore, and for this reason it was difficult, if not impossible, for a stranger to see him during his office hours, which were from about 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. He admired old-fashioned simplicity in business and the sole decoration of his office consisted of a "West Island" and a bust of Horace Greeley. His office suit was always one that had seen better days. A few ancient and worn-out book shelves, an old and cluttered desk and several dilapidated chairs were its chief furnishings. The floor was uncarpeted. In one corner stood a small, square wooden table, which doubtless years ago, when new, cost a couple of dollars. This table was a favorite working place of the man who made the Sun.

amuse myself, go to the theater or to visit friends." "You have the reputation of being a great collector?" "That is done around the shops and when traveling." "You are said to be a great cultivator of roses?" "No, I am not. At West Island I cultivate every tree and plant of the temperate zone, and there is a very extensive collection of plants, but all that is attended to on Sundays and afternoons after I get home." "Then you travel sixty miles every day?" "Just about." "Do you consider that a waste of time?" "Oh, no." "How can you utilize the time?" "Thirty miles is about an hour's ride; takes about an hour and three-quarters from the office to the house, and there I see a good many people. In the morning I read the papers and after that sleep and take a nap. No, time is not wasted when you are not doing anything." "I frequently asked the secret of the robust health for which he was noted and which enabled him to go through so much work. Recently in an interview he replied to the question, if he observed any special rules to keep himself in good physical condition, by replying: "No, except not to eat too much." "How about sleeping?" "I sleep at least eight hours." "Do you use any wines?" "I drink a little whiskey and water. When I was a young fellow I drank wine, but now the doctors say I must let it alone or I will have the gout."

HOME ENJOYMENTS. Though Mr. Dana worked hard in various directions for many years, he managed to enjoy life and to find a large amount of time for recreation. About twenty-five years ago he purchased the place called "West Island" on Long Island, and there he has a beautiful home in which he enjoys all his leisure time. Mr. Dana himself recently described how he found time for work, rest and recreation as follows: "I never work at home, either at night or in the morning; never study at home. It is all done here and in the railroad trains. I get there first, take the train through, about 10 or 11 o'clock. The first thing I do is to read my letters; then read the newspapers; cut out anything I want; then I read the proofs, read them all every day of the entire Sun—not all with attention, but go through them all. I don't bother about work after I get away in the afternoon. I stop usually from 4 to 8.30 and after that I do not bother myself with it, unless they send me a letter. "You have done a great deal of outside work. Was that done at your office?" "Never. I always had a separate office for that. When I was a young fellow I made a very laborious collection of poetry that I made in my home, and when we made the American Encyclopedia there was a large office for that. That was a large enterprise and a large staff, but the ordinary things we call work and study are done here." "And then at home?" "At home! Nothing but get my dinner,

Mr. Mitchell, associate editor of the Sun, quotes Lincoln as terming him "the eyes of the government at the front." His characterizations of leading generals in his dispatches are a rare pungent. Of Logan, who but little known, he wrote: "He is a man of remarkable qualities and peculiar character." Of General Rousseau he wired the chief of staff: "He is regarded throughout the army as an expert in the art of command, and he is a real commander." And Mr. Mitchell calls attention to Dana's admirable work in defending Grant, whose great qualities he profoundly appreciated at a time when a tide of feeling was setting in against Grant at Washington.

GOOD PAY FOR GOOD WORK. It is said to be largely due to Dana's example that newspaper work is so well paid for in New York at the present time. A recent writer says on this subject: "Charles Anderson Dana is the existing example of a man who has made a profession—the profession of journalism. The enormous amount of work which he did when he first went to the Sun, and which he has since done, is a constant reminder to the younger men of the Sun of the value of their work. Dana understood well the value of reiteration, of hammering away day after day in advocacy or opposition, and he appreciated the effectiveness of a catchy phrase constantly repeated. The Sun once rebuked John Kelly's arrogant pretensions by a bit of verse printed at the head of the editorial page, beginning: "No King, no clown. To rule this town." It was not very lofty rhyme, but it was more effective than columns of moral preaching. In a like manner, the Sun's "Was let me mid Coogan" made it impossible for any of its many readers to take a serious view of the political ambitions of a person who was willing to give a great deal of money for their gratification. Occasionally the Sun's own weapons have been employed effectively against itself. Some years ago it published daily after day a series of sharp, mandatory articles on the text, "Reduce the army to 10,000 men." Their publication was abruptly suspended when the "Well—not then under the present management—began to shriek: "Reduce the army to ten men with wooden legs."

LECTURE ON THE PRESS. In the last years of his active life Mr. Dana was occasionally called upon to deliver addresses on the making of newspapers. Out of his rich experience he told the aspir-

ing youth of Cornell university on founders' day, 1895, how being so inclined they might become prosperous journalists. In his closing words he spoke of a free press. He said: "There is one point more, with which I will close. The value of the free press is not now sufficiently appreciated in this country. It is only some particular circumstance, some unusual occurrence, that can make it rise clearly before the eyes of us all. I don't know that I can state it with sufficient distinctness, but in my judgment the highest function of the press is that at last, it forms the final barrier which stands between the people and any gross wrong that may be attempted, by a dominant party or by a ruling public favorite. If such a circumstance should ever happen, and God grant that it may not, the mission of the press, lifting its voice in defense of the constitution and in defense of the spirit of liberty, will be appreciated as the defender of the constitution, and of liberty itself." "And now let me finish with two or three maxims which seem to me of value to a newspaper maker: "I—Never be in a hurry. "II—Hold fast to the constitution. "III—Stand by the stars and stripes. Above all, stand for liberty, whatever happens. "IV—A word that is not spoken never does any mischief. "V—All the goodness of a good egg cannot make up for the badness of a bad one. "VI—If you find you have been wrong don't fear to say so. "There is a tradition in some newspapers of the old school that you must pretend to a silly infirmity and never admit that you have been wrong. That is a silly rule. If a man has not the moral courage to say, 'Yes, I was wrong and I don't now believe in it,' he is not fit to be a journalist. It is not courage to say that he had better retire from business and never try to make another newspaper." "Never, when asked what the best equipment for a successful journalist was, he replied: "Good health, good temper, upright principles, the best education in can possibly get and the most varied knowledge, provided it is accurate. Inaccurate knowledge is a nuisance. "An excellent thing for a journalist is to know the bible, to know Shakespeare and the constitution of the United States. His knowledge of the bible should be sufficient to enable him to know where any passage comes from—whether from Samuel, the Psalms or the Revelations. He should also have convictions, especially political convictions. "DANA'S MAXIMS. Here are Mr. Dana's famous maxims for the making of a newspaper: "Get the news, and get all the news, and nothing but the news. "Copy nothing from another publication without complete credit. "Never print an interview without the knowledge and consent of the party interviewed. "Never print a paid advertisement as news matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement—no selling under false colors. "Never attack the weak or the defense-

less, either by argument, by invective or by ridicule, unless there is some absolute public necessity for so doing. "Fight for your opinions, but don't believe they contain the whole truth or the only truth. "Present your party, if you have one, but do not think all the good men are in it and all the bad ones outside of it. "Above all, know and believe humanity is advancing, and that there is progress in human life and human affairs, and that, as sure as God lives, the future will be greater and better than the present or the past. "Mr. Dana was recently interviewed on his experiences and regarding newspaper work. "Suppose you had to start over again, Mr. Dana, would you select the newspaper for your life work?" asked the interviewer. "I don't know," was the reply. "My first ambition was to be a person of a college professor. I looked forward to the day when I would have a pulpit and could preach. I think I would have made a fairly good college professor, why, as it is, I have been a professor for a good part of my life. "I have had classes in my home. We have had a summer of social clubs there for the study of languages and literature, and I have led them. For several years we devoted ourselves to Dante, studying him in the original Italian. Then a year or so ago I had a class studying the Icelandic languages. "I am now able to read the Russian. I visited Russia a year or so ago, and I find I can get along in speaking the language, as far as ordinary matters are concerned. I can read anything in Russian with a slight use of the dictionary. "In a college education a necessity to the making of a good journalist? "I think it is a good thing for a man to have a college education, replied Mr. Dana. "But I don't think it is a necessity. A college-bred man has a better trained mind, and, as a rule, he can use his faculties, and better advantage; still, the boy who is self-educated often surpasses him who is college bred."

"Please give me a word of advice for the young newspaper men of today. What should they do to succeed in their work?" "Tell the truth and shame the devil." "ENJOYED THE GRIND. The famous editor fairly dabbled over with the enjoyment of his work and was up to his last illness at his office every day. A cabinet officer once said to him: "Well, Mr. Dana, I don't see how you stand the infernal grind." "Grind," said Mr. Dana; "you never were more mistaken. I have nothing but fun." "But," he said, "you are a man of a word used only to express uncommodious pleasure, such as has been afforded by a trip abroad or a run to Cuba or Mexico or by a perusal of something especially pleasing in the Sun's columns." "You're letting yourself grow old," he said once to a decidedly decrepit old man. "Do you read novels and play billiards and walk a great deal?" "No, no, no," said the old man sadly at each pause. "I do," said Mr. Dana, with the exuberance of a child. "I have fun from morning till night." "Mr. Dana defined a "real newspaper man"

as one who "slept on newspapers and drank ink."

### SHOP HUMOR.

Amos J. Cummings had left the Tribune but a short time before the transformation of the Sun was projected, and Mr. Dana, appreciating the value of such an assistant in making the sort of paper he contemplated, sent for him and told him: "We want you to become managing editor of the Sun." "All right," said Cummings. "But first," continued Mr. Dana, "I would like to ask you why you left the Tribune?" "I was discharged," replied Amos, "for insolence and profanity," and waited, expecting some expression of surprise or question as to the facts, but there was nothing of the sort. Mr. Dana looked over his glasses and his eyes twinkled as he rejoined: "When are they going to discharge Greeley?" "The humor that was so strong an element in his nature often cropped out in brief chats over office business in glances worthy of remembrance. Amos J. Cummings, recalling his long association with him, narrates three happily illustrative incidents. "He sent me up once to report a reception of David B. Hill—while he was governor—and among the prominent men there I mentioned General Sibley as the hero of Gettysburg. The matter appeared on the editorial page. The next day he called me to account. 'Why,' he asked me, 'did you call him the hero of Gettysburg?' 'Because he was,' I replied. He looked up and said, with a half smile: 'On reflection, I don't know but he was. If he hadn't lost his leg he would have lost the battle!'"

### DANA'S EPITAPH.

Eugene Field's "Little Book of Western Verse" contains a poem, the concluding verse of which proposes a fitting epitaph for the distinguished dead. But bless ye, Mr. Dana! May you live a thousand years! To sort of heroes lives in this vale of human tears! An' I'd like a thousand, too—a thousand—less a day. For I shouldn't like to be on earth to hear you'd sleep in the way. And when it comes your time to go you'll need no Latin chaff. Nor hither-farther date on your epitaph; But one straight line of English will do: 'Truth will let folks know The honours in the gratitude and reverence they owe; You'll need no epitaph but this: 'Here sleeps the noblest of men, who ran the Sun.' "The True Remedy. W. M. Reppin, editor Tsakawa, Ill., Chief, says: "We won't keep house with Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is safe to experiment with other remedies, even if they are tried on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store.