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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1901

STATE TICKET.

For Associate Justice of the Supreme Court
A. M. POST of Platt.
For Regents of the State University
H. P. SHUMWAY of Dixon.
C. H. MARPLE of Iola

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For District Judge:
S. M. CHAPMAN.
For Clerk of the District Court:
A. SALISBURY.
For Treasurer:
L. C. EICKHOFF.
For Sheriff:
GEO. EDSON.
For County Clerk:
FRANK DICKSON.
For County Judge:
CALVIN RUSSELL.
For County Superintendent:
J. E. LEYDA.
For Coroner:
J. I. UNRUH.
For Surveyor:
A. C. MAYES.
For Commissioner First District:
S. W. DUTTON.

THE ART IN ACTING.

The Essential Point in Which the Actor Differs from the Dramatist.

A great French critic said once, in concluding an essay, that acting was the lowest of the arts. He admitted that it was an art, but only by courtesy. I agree with him, and I do not think it requires much reasoning to arrive at that conclusion. The mimetic art means simply the interpretation of the creative art. Do you catch the idea? A pupil in the beaux arts may sketch the Venus de Milo on paper with such vigor that his fellows are wonderstruck. But the virile reproduction on paper of the statue does not place the artist next the statue's maker, nor does the representation of Phedre put the actor on the pedestal of Racine.

The sculptor, the painter, the dramatist, the musician—they create. A thousand different persons, a thousand different things rush to be assimilated by their genius. The effect is an aggregate of beings taken from the whole of a nature. The individuality of the creative genius is deepened, but is not annihilated. His art is of the highest, because he is the embodiment, the representative of nature. Balzac said that to describe a landscape he turned himself for the moment into trees and grass, and fountains and stars, and sunlight, and thus reached the heart of that which he would reproduce. In other words, he created the landscape just as Rousseau would create the same landscape upon six inches of canvas.

But for the actor—let him storm Parnassus as he will; there are few leaves in the laurel crown. It is his function to represent the creations of genius—to interpret them to the public. He has not the thousand inspirations of the author; he has only the suggestions of the glowing words. The actor is subservient to the author, notwithstanding he may forget his bondage for a brief five minutes and breathe the free air of genius.

There was an age in France, they say, when actors were provided simply with the framework of the drama and left to improvise the rest. In fact, Goldoni, the Italian dramatist, speaks of supplying plots to the French king's players from which they improvise the speeches. But we have no evidence that the actors rose above the level of the Chinese stage of today, where a similar practice prevails.

Mind you, this opinion is not acceptable to the public. I know it must be unpopular of necessity. The public looks upon Siddons, Mars or Rachel interpreting the grand creations of genius and regards the actor as the embodiment of Shakespeare or Racine or Corneille. The public shouts with applause when the actor trembles with feigned passion, but this same public forgets that the words, the action, the expression are all simply echoes of another genius. In the clamor of approval the creative art is forgotten, although that is the base of the entire structure. No actor brings this genius nearer to the heart of the public, to be sure, but at the same time let him remember that he is only the interpreter, after all, and the shouts are really for Shakespeare and Racine.

And, to end with a suggestion, is not the actor's art akin to the journalist's—that is, in the relation of the latter to literature? It seems to me that the playhouse and the newspaper go hand in hand. They are popular vehicles of thought, and are within the scope of the people. Perhaps this is not flattering and perhaps it is unjust—but then, it is only a suggestion.—Sarah Bernhardt in San Francisco Examiner.

PRAYER, WORK AND PLAY

THE ARDUOUS DAILY ROUTINE IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

A Course of Study and Training That Weeds Out from the Priesthood Many Men Who Are Not Possessed of an Unflagging Zeal—Plain Food and Prayers.

What kind of a life is it in our colleges? Well, I suppose it is much the same as the life in colleges which are not ecclesiastical. Of course, church students have many more prayers to say, and are expected to observe the rules with more fidelity than other students. They rise early—in foreign colleges at 5 in winter and 6 in summer—in most English colleges at 6 all the year round. Half an hour is allowed for dressing, after which all go down in silence to the church, where morning prayers are said, and a meditation is held for half an hour on some spiritual subject. Meditation is followed immediately by the celebration of mass, and altogether about an hour is spent every morning in spiritual exercises. Then follows study till breakfast time, at 8.

Breakfast consists of a bowl of coffee or tea, with bread and butter, at discretion in the home colleges, while abroad one has a choice between coffee, milk and chocolate, but the bread must be eaten dry. It is wonderful what a substantial meal can be made of coffee and dry bread when there is nothing else to be had. A few minutes for recreation are allowed after breakfast, then work goes on till dinner time, broken only by half an hour's recreation at 11 o'clock.

PLAIN FARE.
Dinner, which is eaten at 1, is always a good, substantial meal, and ample justice is done to it after the rather thin breakfast. No study is allowed during the hour and a half following dinner. All who are well enough must join in the public games, which for the most part are played with great spirit and keenly enjoyed.

At 3 o'clock the studies commence again, and class and lecture or preparation for them, with half an hour's rest at 4, go on until 7 or half past, when thirty minutes are given to prayer and the reading of the life of some saint. After the prayers all go to the refectory for supper, which, like dinner, is eaten in silence, broken only by the voice of the reader, who reads aloud some biographical or historical work.

After supper there is recreation, and at foreign colleges this is always the favorite hour of the day. And very pleasant it is to hear the fresh young voices and merry hearted laughter echoing along the college cloisters.

At 9 the big bell rings out again for the last time that day, and at its first peal the talk and laugh are hushed, the groups break up, all—professors and church students alike—make their way to the church for night prayers. Prayers over the points for the next morning's meditations are read out, and after the singing of a hymn all retire to a well earned rest, which in most cases is only too soon disturbed by the noisy clanging of the great bell in the early morning.

THE WORK IS HARD.
Of course, every day is not a study day. Sunday is always, more or less, a day of rest, and at least one afternoon every week is devoted to outdoor recreation.

Yet, in spite of occasional play days, as they are called, and the holidays twice a year, the life is hard enough. It must necessarily go on for some dozen years before the student is called up for ordination. The life of a Catholic priest is indeed one to which many are called, but few are chosen. A great number of those who go to college, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, with the intention of becoming priests, do not reach the goal of ordination.

In some cases health breaks down, many grow weary of the routine and strict discipline of the life, others discover that they have no calling for the ecclesiastical state, and go out into the world to begin life afresh. So, from one cause or another, the student finds that by the time he is ready for ordination he has lost the company of many who stood by his side when he entered college.

Of six who went to college some seventeen years ago with the present writer, one is dead, one is practicing as a doctor in the United States, a third is manager of a bank in the north of England, another is serving as a mounted policeman in South Africa, and only two are priests.—A Catholic Priest in London Tit-Bits.

No Animals in the Dry Parts of Caves.
No animals whatever are found in the dry parts of caves. Dampness, or a certain degree of moisture, seems to be essential to their existence. Under the stones one finds white, eyeless worms, and in the damp soil around about are to be discovered blind beetles in little holes which they excavate and bugs of the thousand-leg sort. These thousand-leg bugs, which in the upper world devour fragments of dead leaves and other vegetable debris, sustain life in the caverns by feeding upon decayed wood, fungus growths and bats' dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one can see numbers of them gathered about hardened drips of tallow from tourists' candles. There are plenty of crickets also.—Washington Star.

Queer Religious Sects in Russia.
M. Tsakni, a Russian writer, has published an interesting work upon the curious religious sects of Russia, from which it appears that there are not less than 15,000,000 followers of insane and cranky notions in that empire. These communities of devout and deluded Christians are constantly springing up in spite of all the efforts of Russian despots to keep them down.—St. Louis Republic.

The Bright Side.
Younghusband—You've made a fool of me.
Mrs. Younghusband—That will be handy for you now, my dear. You can do silly things to keep the baby amused.—New York Epoch.

Indians Who Ride in Fine Carriages.

The Sioux nation is rapidly becoming a nation of aristocrats. During the past few weeks many fine new carriages have crossed over here to the Sioux reservation, and all of them belonged to members of the Sioux nation who came here at different times and purchased them, paying for the same in good hard cash. Carriage dealers are now, in consequence, doing a rushing business with the Indians, and the demand for the finest and most expensive carriages is increasing, all the prominent and wealthier Indians appearing determined not to be outdone by any other member or members of the tribe.

The purchase by one Indian of an elegant carriage is sure to arouse the jealousy of some other Indian, and then some rustling is done. Cattle or anything that will net them the money needed is hurried to the nearest market and disposed of, and with the money thus obtained the fortunate Indian will hurry to a wagon and carriage dealer and purchase the finest carriage that can be procured.

The Purple Brule and Crow Creek Indians are already the possessors of many fine turnouts, and should they keep on as they are now doing every Indian will soon travel about in a carriage of his own. If the carriage manufacturers would paint their carriages a gaudier color it would result in largely increased sales, on the frontier at least, but at the rate the Indians are purchasing it is quite probable that they are satisfied with the plain colors.—South Dakota Cor. Minneapolis Journal.

To Have New Eyelids.

Harvey Chaffee, of East Valley, a well known oil contractor, who was badly burned by a natural gas explosion on the 7th of May, is in the city for the purpose of having the skin grafting process tried on him. Mr. Chaffee was very severely roasted. The skin was burned off his face and neck, and ten holes were left in his head. The most serious scorching was that upon the eyelids. They were completely burned off both eyes, and in their stead at present is the raw, inflamed and swollen flesh. The sight is most repulsive, but Mr. Chaffee bears his misfortune with great fortitude.

When asked if his injuries were painful, he replied: "Yes, sir, they hurt me right smart at times, but it takes a great deal to make me grunt. I can stand a heap. You ought to have seen me when I was burned. My ears were as big as your fist and my head as big as a half bushel measure. I was a regular sight. You can ask my wife there," and he referred the reporter to a pleasant woman who sat near.

The work of putting new eyelids upon the unfortunate contractor is to be done by Dr. F. D. Elsall, who said that he would cut the material for Mr. Chaffee's eyelids out of the patient's arm. Except for his burns Mr. Chaffee was in a healthy condition, and his own cuticle would perhaps knit more rapidly than that from another person. The new eyelids will be bereft of eyelashes, but utility and a cure is what is sought after rather than beauty in this case.—Pittsburg Post.

Twenty Pound Salmon for a Cent Apiece.

The present wonderful run of salmon has so cluttered the market that for some time these silver sided beauties have been selling at five cents apiece, but the price took a tumble yesterday and several fishermen sold a boat load of fine salmon, weighing about twenty pounds each, at the pitiful price of one cent apiece. One cent for a twenty pound silver salmon, the finest quality of that excellent fish, is the lowest price perhaps that a food fish ever sold for in this or any other country, but salmon are so plentiful that people do not know what to do with them.

It is estimated that enough fish could be taken there in one day to fill 1,000 barrels. Fishermen say they can make big money by selling salmon at a cent apiece to the canneries if they will only buy all they can catch. One man caught fourteen with a gill hook attached to a hoe handle yesterday, and another man claims to have found them in such numbers in shallow water in the Dungeness that he threw them out with a pitchfork and soon got fish enough to last for a month.—Fort Townsend Leader.

Sharks in Long Island Sound.

An unusual number of large sharks was reported during September in Long Island and Fisher's Island sounds. To these the name of man eater is generally applied. As a matter of fact, however, the true man eating shark (Carchodon carcharias) is rarely seen on our coast. This species grows to a length of twenty-five feet and to the weight of one ton, being surpassed in size only by the basking shark. It is a relative of the enormous shark whose teeth occur fossil in the phosphate beds of South Carolina. Any shark measuring nine or ten feet in length is liable to be called a man eater, and not without warrant, for all of them will attack man with slight provocation or when suffering from hunger.—Forest and Stream.

His Distinguishing Characteristic.

Fangle (to Crinkle, Yalevard, '93)—By the way, I saw a man from your college at a summer resort. He was carrying everything before him.

Crinkle (proudly)—Yes, sir. That is a distinguishing characteristic of our men. What was he doing?

Fangle—Acting as waiter in the dining room.—Harper's Bazar.

Gutta percha is the gum of the percha tree, which grows in the Malayian islands and that locality. The price of this article has more than doubled within two years, chiefly because of the wastefulness of the natives in collecting the gum by felling the trees and the increased demand for it in insulating electric wires.

The peach crop of Maryland was so great that a fine crop has been left on the trees, as it would not pay to pick them. Thousands of trees will be dug up on account of the rapid spread of the yellows.

We have sold Ely's Cream Balm about three years, and have recommended its use in more than a hundred special cases of catarrh. The unanimous answer to our inquiries is, "It's the best remedy that I have ever used." Our experience is, that where parties continued its use, it never fails to cure.—J. H. Montgomery, & Co., Druggists, Decatur, Iowa.

When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and have not had headache since.—J. Sommers, Stepieny, Conn.

A POPULAR FAMILY.

JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to 'catch on' to the latest new thing? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me."
KATE: "I don't know. I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."
JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting."



without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss Lattigo deserted her domestic class so suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction; I heard you telling Tommy Barnes last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest 'fads,' and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have improved so in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of your information from in this little out-of-the-way place?—for you never go to the city."

KATE: "Why, Jennie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising how it meets all wants. I very anxiously have been reading for the whole household; father has given up his magazine that he has taken for years, as he says this one gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really FAMILY magazine published. We have sent for samples of all of them, and find that one is all for men, another all for women, and another for children only. While this one suits every one of us; so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only \$2.00 a year. Perhaps you think I am too lavish in my praise; but I will let you see for yourself. I send 10 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 11th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cutting us out, as you say we have the reputation of being the best informed family in town. If that be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

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