

MEXICAN NEWSPAPERS.

JOURNALISM AND JOURNALISTS IN A SPANISH REPUBLIC.

How the Press is Subsidized by the Government—Something About "Newspaper Row" in the Mexican Penitentiary—The Profits of Newspaper Work.

Here's your daily paper of tomorrow! This is the cry I hear at 5 o'clock every afternoon in the streets of Mexico City. Dozens of newsboys are crying it. Ragged, dirty little fellows, they look out under big hats and stick cheaply printed newspapers under your nose while they yell out in Spanish the names of their papers and say that they contain all the news of tomorrow. In the morning they will cry the same papers as just from the press and pretend that they contain all the news of the day.

Mexican daily newspapers are always printed in the afternoon before the date of publication. The editors and reporters are too lazy to think of night work and they have no idea of the value of news. Telegrams are just as likely to be printed three days after reception or to be thrown out entirely as to be used at once, and a prosy three column editorial often crowds out a big accident or good news matter. The Mexican reporters do not know what the word "scoop" means, and many of them will not take telegrams, because they say they have not the room for them.

Nevertheless, there are twenty-nine dailies in Mexico City. The most of these are subsidized by the government. All have small circulation, and the biggest journal of the whole Mexican republic runs out only about 5,000 copies daily. This is El Monitor Republicano, which is the great independent daily of Mexico City, which contains about 300,000 people and which is bigger than Cincinnati.

NEWSPAPER ROW.

The Monitor Republicano pays \$40,000 a year and it is the best newspaper property in Mexico. It gets no subsidy from the government and it is supported by the Conservative party. It is one of the most independent of journals in its advertising methods. It will not take an advertisement for any fixed time, only for as long as it is convenient to publish it, and it will not make any reduction in price for a number of insertions. It has four pages and sells for six cents a copy.

The editor of The Republicano is now and then too decided in his criticisms of the government, and like all other editors in Mexico he suddenly finds himself arrested and given a few months or a year or so's imprisonment in the penitentiary. There is practically no freedom of the press in Mexico. The editor of a newspaper who is obliged to sign his name to his matter never feels certain as to whether he will not be taken to Belem, which is the name of the Mexican penitentiary. There is, in fact, a corridor of this prison which is devoted to newspaper editors and which goes by the name of "Newspaper Row."

The most of the articles in a Mexican newspaper are signed, and the paper has to print in every issue the name of a man who is responsible for those which are not signed, and in case of trouble as to the unsigned articles this man goes to prison. In some of the newspaper offices here the attaches assume this responsibility turn about. El Tiempo or The Times is the organ of the Church party, and it often denounces the government. Its editors are frequently imprisoned, but it makes about \$10,000 a year and it considers itself doing well.

The leading government paper is El Universal. This is subsidized by the government and it gets \$1,000 a month from President Diaz. The editor has also been made a senator and he gets a senator's salary. The Universal has about fifteen editors to every one reporter, and this is the proportion in most of the offices. The editorials are chiefly essays.

THE PAY OF EDITORS AND REPORTERS. The Mexicans do not know what the racy paragraph means. The first page of every Mexican newspaper is devoted to long winded criticisms and commentaries on current events or history.

The only live papers that the city has are two dailies published in English and patronized by the English speaking people of Mexico. One of these is The Two Republics, which was established about twenty-five years ago and which makes about \$10,000 a year. The other English paper is known as The Anglo-American. All kinds of newspaper work in Mexico are poorly paid. Editors get from \$10 to \$25 a week in Mexican money, which is only from \$7.50 to \$18 a week in American money. The essay editors get the highest salaries. As to telegraphic news, the papers seem to think nothing of quoting from their contemporaries telegrams which have been used a day or two before, and an event three months old will be put in with as much assurance as though it had just happened. Time, in fact, is of no importance in any affair of Mexican life, and neither the people nor the editors seem to care as to whether the matter is new or old.

I found newspapers in every one of the big cities of Mexico I visited, and there is no perfecting press in all Mexico. The presses in use are of the old French style, made after patterns which have long since been abolished. The amount paid for telegraphic service in Mexico City ranges from \$4 to \$25 per week per newspaper, and only the leading newspapers pay anything for telegrams. As to newspaper correspondents, these are paid by getting a copy of the paper free, and the papers throughout are run on the economical ground. The printers get from 28 to 35 cents per thousand ems and a good foreman receives a salary of \$20 a week. Such printers as are on salaries get from \$6 to \$12 a week, and all of these sums are in Mexican money, which is worth only 75 cents to the dollar.—Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.

A Winsted (Conn.) man belongs to twenty-four secret societies, three churches, nine military companies and four volunteer fire organizations.

The Pleasure of Matured Age.

Young people in this country are very apt to think that the world and its pleasures belong to them alone, that the outlook for older people is colorless and uninteresting, and that, at the best, they can only enjoy life vicariously through their children. This is, however, by no means the case; the sense of enjoyment is as keen, in most instances, at fifty as at twenty-five, and vastly more appreciative. To be sure, that which would constitute the pleasures of one age would not be exactly the kind which would suit another.

"I do not envy you a bit," said a dear old lady of seventy, as her granddaughters presented themselves in all the bravery of their fine attire before going to the ball. "I have my pleasures, too, and I would not exchange my comfortable seat before the blazing fire with my feet on the fender and a good novel for all of your anticipated triumphs."

Young people are really too full of themselves to enjoy thoroughly an abstract idea, too brimming over with their own personality to enter entirely into the spirit of art, music or the mystic beauty of nature. Only those who have learned that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom" can feel the keen intellectual enjoyment that is warped by no personal bias, no restless self seeking, and whatever may be the glory of youth, to it is not given the fuller and higher appreciation that only comes with maturer years.—New York Tribune.

Unsold Books in Paris.

Parisians—if we are to judge from some statistics published—do not take so kindly at present to fiction in book form. Formerly the yellow covered novel, which costs usually about half a crown or a little more when just issued, was to be seen on every table and in the hands of numerous travelers by boat, rail or car. There is now, however, a crisis threatened in the book trade, and novels are at a considerable discount.

It is estimated that there are from fifteen to twenty popular authors whose books fill the requirements of the publishers. To attain this end at least thirty thousand copies of a work must be sold. Zola and a few others reach this point easily, but it has happened lately that one of the most celebrated of the latter-day fictionists had the misfortune to find that 45,000 copies of his last production were returned to the publishers by the Maison Hachette, which has the monopoly of railway bookstalls.

Of a splendidly bound book by a famous author, ornamented with designs by eminent artists and advertised in the most extensive and elaborate manner, only one copy was got off. Of another work of the same description, but less expensive, only six copies were sold, the remainder being handed over at a ridiculous price to the secondhand booksellers on the quays. It is stated furthermore that one publisher in Paris has now on hand 3,000,000 volumes which he cannot sell.—London Telegraph.

The Mystery of Inheritance.

The body of an individual animal or plant is to be regarded, from the point of view of heredity, as consisting of two distinct elements. These are germ cells and body cells, the former devoted to the important work of reproducing the race, the latter constituting the actual bodily material, and discharging all the ordinary functions through which the individual life is maintained. Inheritance is a matter of the continuity of the germ plasma or germ cells, which are handed down from one generation to another in cumulative ratio, carrying with them in each case not the features and qualities of the one predecessor and parent, but of all preceding generations.

Assuming that the germ plasma is liable to exhibit variations, we can see how and why such variations can be transmitted to new generations; but we have also to take into account the influence on the germ cells of the body to which they belong. While, then, inheritance preserves through the continuity of the germ cells the stability of the race, it gives the rein to variation, and by the combined influences of environment acting on the body of the individual peoples the world with new and ever varying forms of life.—Dr. Alexander Wilson in Harper's.

An Easy Lesson.

There were two very young women—aged five or thereabouts and exactly of a size. One had long yellow curls tumbling about her round pink face and big, wide blue eyes that looked fearlessly at everything. The other was fair, too, but her eyes were dark and timid and there were little nervous whirls in her silky black locks. The pair were trotting along the wide pave of an uptown residence street at about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. After three blocks of it Miss Blue Eyes said, in just her mamma's tone:

"Now, Bessie, dear, I must kiss you goodby. Your house is just around the corner and nothing will hurt you. There is a policeman right opposite; run home now, and be sure you come again soon. I have so enjoyed our talk about the dear little doggie and the dolls. Tell Julia my Estelle sends love to her, and come tomorrow. I am so glad always"—floating off in the middle of a sentence.

Bessie went around the corner all a-tremble, and probably got safe home. Half way across the block her companion heaved a deep, world weary sigh and said reflectively, "You just have to be polite—but my—ain't it awful tiresome sometimes!"—New York Recorder.

No Deformed Chinamen.

"Did you ever see a deformed or crippled Chinaman?" asked a gentleman. There was a negative reply, and the questioner continued: "I don't think you ever will. If a Chinese child is born deformed it is made away with as soon as possible. Just how the babe is killed I do not know, but it is never permitted to live. You may travel all over the world and you will never see a crippled Chinaman. When an accident befalls one of them he is made away with too. This is a part of their religion, and they adhere to it closely."—Washington Post.

BONES OF MASTODONS.

WHY COMPLETE SKELETONS ARE RARELY FOUND NOWADAYS.

Portions of Animals Are Frequently Carried Away by Smaller Creatures and Then the Bones Generally Decompose. Evidence That Men Saw Them.

A reporter has had an interesting talk with Professor Ward on the subject of the mastodon remains discovered at Chalfield. "A man came to me yesterday," said he, "and showed me a rib which he said he had dug up. It was certainly a mastodon rib. He said he was going to dig for the rest of it, but I doubt if he finds very much more. You can easily see how this might be. Suppose an ox gets stuck in the mud and dies, wolves tear the flesh and gnaw the bones; perhaps a skunk will carry some of the smaller ones into his hole. Bones decompose. If there is a flood they become scattered."

"So, you see, before time has dug a grave in which the remains of our imaginary ox may rest undisturbed for ages, chance has scattered them far and wide. So it is with the fossil remains of the mastodon and mammoth, and the man who finds one bone of the animal and digs for the rest is very apt to be disappointed. There is hardly a county in the United States west of New England where remains of mastodons have not been found at one time or another. The country was full of them. I believe that a mastodon tooth was found in this city some twenty years ago, and several bones were found near the Brighton lock. The mammoth bore about the same relation to the mastodon that the Indian elephant does to the African."

"Mastodons were more numerous in this country and mammoths in Europe and Asia."

THE STUDY OF BONES.

"I have here," continued Professor Ward, "the skull and upper jaw of a baby mastodon which, as you see, is very perfect. The teeth are milk teeth, and you can see one of the second teeth imbedded in the upper jaw. The teeth formed at the rear and were pushed forward. I say a baby mastodon, and so it was; but it was as large as the largest ox to be seen at a county fair. Under the upper layer of skull you see this sort of honeycomb of bone. You know enough of anatomy to remember that the human skull is composed of an upper and under layer of hard bone, with softer bone between. The human head does not require to be large to be in proportion to the body, and a caput just large enough to hold the brain is all that is required."

"An elephant, mastodon or mammoth does not require a large brain, but they all need a massive head. Here you have the upper and under layer, as in the human skull, but the porous bone between is magnified enormously. It is nearly a foot in thickness in some of the larger specimens. I remember when I was on the coast of Africa seeing what I supposed to be an enormous hornet's nest. The natives told me it was the head of an elephant which they had killed three or four years previous. The upper layer of the skull had been shelled off, leaving the middle honeycomb of bone exposed to view. It was some time before I could bring myself to believe that it was really an elephant's skull."

Professor Ward showed his visitor his collection of mammoth and mastodon bones. He has nearly enough of different sizes to reconstruct an entire animal, but, of course, the variation in size would prevent this. It is much more satisfactory in the results obtained to take these specimens for models and reconstruct a skeleton from wood. "I suppose," said the reporter, after a prolonged inspection of these curiosities, "I suppose that human eyes never saw these wonderful animals that roamed over the country in such vast numbers so long ago."

THE ONLY EVIDENCE.

"You are mistaken," said Professor Ward, "though your mistake has been that of the world of science until recently. Bones of the mastodon have been found split open in such a way that the object of breaking them was evident. It was to obtain the marrow within. But more, the stone head of a hatchet with which the work was done has been found near by. Now, there are no animals which use stone hatchets to break up bones. That hatchet head was once the implement of some primeval warrior. A shoulder blade of the mastodon, a bone comparatively thin, has been found pierced, as if by a spear, and the spear head has been found with it. The spear was evidently thrust in and withdrawn from the body of the animal, and when it was withdrawn its head was probably torn off. Monkeys don't carry spears."

"But, though these evidences are convincing enough, they are not the best proof we have that man existed in the days of the mammoth and the mastodon and has survived them both. Antiquarians who have spent so much time in an endeavor to discover the meaning of the mounds erected by the mound builders have made one thing certain. Many of these mounds were constructed in the shape of animals and birds. There on the wall hang a number of facsimiles of these mounds. They were prepared by a member of the Milwaukee Historical society. There is one which evidently represents a hawk or some similar bird of prey with outstretched wings, and there is another which evidently portrays some squirrel-like animal with a remarkably long tail, and here you have as perfect a representation of an elephant-like animal as could well be contrived."

"Now, had the mound builders been as learned in comparative anatomy as we are, and had they reconstructed a mastodon as we have, they could never have understood the meaning of the cavity in the skull which indicates to us that the animal had a trunk. We could never have done that had we not seen an elephant. No, the mound builders saw the mastodons before they became extinct. They hunted them and, perhaps, were practically instrumental in their extermination."—Rochester Post-Express.

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