A Vivid Picture of the Wretchedness and Degradation that Prevail.

CHARCOAL MAKERS OF MT. PRATOMAGNO

The Sharp Contrasts of Neapolitan Life-The Dazzling Beauty and Most Hideous Haggishness of the Women-Wakeman's Letter.

[Copyrighted, 1893.] LONDON, Feb. 18.—[Correspondence of THE Brg.]-One of the most delightful experiences of my wanderings in Italy was a night passed with the charcoal burners in the mountains to the north of Florence. At the village of Tosi I looked up the mountain of Pratomagno and saw lines of blue smoke in feathery pencilings against the dark green of the massed mountain firs.

Those are the carbonari. They never leave the mountain, save on feast-days," said a kindly carrettajo. "When they come to Tosi for wine and oil, they are so black and dreadful, our children run and hide. But they do no harm." So with a vagarous impulse of adventure, I turned aside from the paved mountain way, and, with the cartman's son for a guide, skirted the mountain, coming in a two hours tramp through dense forests of beech, chestnut and pine, with here and there a blackened opening where the trees had aiready been burned, or sunny space, where sportsmen and shepherds snare ne mountain birds, to the charcoa, urners camp, and was hospitably received

These carbonari form a distinct class in the mountains of Italy. They generally live in the villages, the wife and daughters engaging in the vineyards, gathering olives of enestauts, and often as shepherdesses with small flocks. The fathers and sons go from one forest to another as the owners desire charcoal made. The landlord secures the felling and cutting of the trees, and the car-bonaro simply attends to building the pyres and watching day and night their smoldering progress. In this labor the sous share and regular watches are taken. The logs are stood on end in rount plies of perhaps eighteen feet in diameter, covered and chinked with mossy earth and then fired in a central hollow which has been filled with chips of dry timber, fir cones, chips from the

logs and dead leaves and grass.
Once well ablaze, this flaming funnel is covered with moss and earth, and the pile is left to smolder for five or six days. When reduced to carbone or charcoal the carbonaro delivers it to the owner, packed in sacks, two sacks comprising a donkey load, for which he receives about 10 cents, or about \$2 for each burning yielding forty sacks. At this camp, an unusually large one, a score or more carbonari were at work, and as the burning was to be for an extended period some six or eight of the carbonari had built porary huts and removed their entire illes to the forest.

This gave life and picturesqueness to the scene, especially at night. A few iron cressets had been fastened to the tree trunks, and the crackle and flarings of cones and knots lent weird colorings to the motley groups of women with dazzling teeth and eyes and men grimy and swarth beyond all recognition. I could not repress the feeling that I was at my old wanderings with my gypsy friends again, and as the night gathered over the majestic forest trees above, and one by one some strange instrument of music was produced from the shadowy huts, while meldy and dancing added their fascination to the wild, strange scene, a thousand recol-lections of days with the Romany swept back on Pratomagno's darkened heights.

Deeper still grew this feeling as I was shown to a couch of fir branches for sleep. It came not for hours; for in the gentle It came not for hours; for in the gentle soughing of the firs, the calls of the watchers to each other, and here and there through the camp suppressed tones of melody as those who watched grouped together and reassuringly sang, low and soft, the stornelli of Italy, I was with my vagabond friends by their witching camp fires in my own loved land. When the morning came after a breakfast of nan unit or came, after a breakfast of pan unto, or bread fried in olive oil, and many a kindle bread fried in olive oil, and many a kindly "addio!" and "vale!" from my grimy hosts, I found my way back to the friendly villag-

The traveler in Italy will remember of

Naples itself that it possesses no one grand predominating place, thing or characteristic of surpassing interest. This might perhaps be modified by saying it was a city of wonderful contrasts—of the tremendously rich and worully poor; of the oldest and best Italian nobility and the most wretched of titled adventurers; of dazzling beauty and most hideous haggishness in women; of most learned savants and the most sodden ignor ance; of the highest virtue and the most disgusting lewdness, so shamefaced that even male devils accost one everywhere with printed tariffs for licentiousness; of the latest nodes in dress, and garb among the lowly as ancient as the time of Tiberius; of frightful activity and tropical siesta; of deafenactivity and tropical siesta; of deafen-ing din and solemn hush; of the shrillest and most ceaseless shriek-ings day and night and meanwhile the most sibilant and melodious of tender voice of content and despair; cruelty and kindheartedness; loyalty and treachery; and -just as all Italy physically seems to be in a flower embowered heaven smiling over a threatening volcanic hell-of laughing-eved humans with hearts in which the worst of human passions forever brood, ready at an instant's kindling for sedition, rapine or

murder. In every part of southern Italy you will come upon a broad, grass-grown highway.
It is called the "traturo." For twenty centuries it has served the same purpose. On this "traturo" occurs the yearly spring exodus from the lower valleys and coastwise moors and marshes to the Apulian mountain summer pastures. In the autumn hundreds thousands return along the ancient ways. During the winter the herdsmen and shep-herds live in town hovels, or in hutsnear the towns and villages. The herds and flocks are then driven out to and returned from daily grazing. But in the summer time on the mountain sides is the real outdoor life of the guardian of the flocks and herds. Whether he be herdsman, goatherd or shepherd, he is usually given charge of a flock or herd of from fifty to 100 animals.

These folks rarely intermarry with other classes. When they do they instantly de-part from the flocks, are absorbed in lower orders of the cities, or become the most deperately hopeless of the human cattle that labor in the fields. The pride in their own descent, in the exclusiveness of their class, in the long line of shepherd ancestry they can trace, amounts almost to a passion. It is practically the one pride they possess. This isolation of blood and interest has preserved interesting traces in physiognomy. They are wonderfully Saracenic in their look. The tall, slender, supple figure, the oval face and shinning skin, the neck, tiny at the throat spreading quickly and heavily in throat spreading quickly and heavily in protuberant muscles, like a broad-butted tree, to the shoulders, the yellowish-blue tinge of the white or the eye, distended nostrils, and the dazzling teeth all pronounce the eastern origin and retained physiological

Straight as an arrow, this shepherd is clad from head to foot in undressed skins. A bifurcated garment of untanned hides, fash loned after the pattern of that one so well known to American dress reform ladies forms a sort of waistcoat and trousers com bined. The latter are opened at the sides, below the knees, often displaying gaudy but-tons ornamenting the sides of his half-gaiter, undressed skin boots. Over his waistcoat is a long, loose, armless jacket of hide, prowith numberless pockets, his rain proof storehouse of meager treasures. A jaunty, brigandish hat sits perkily upon its fine, curly head, and brings into striking relief his olive skin, his large, grave eyes and crinkly, curly beard. Slung from his right shoulder across his left hip by a broad band of hide, with occasionally the privaless treasure of a polished heavy or the priceless treasure of a polished brass or e buckle, is the inseparable capsella or shepherd's pouch. A rusty carbine, is never discharged, or a stout staff as high as his breast—but never the shepherd's crook of olden tales and modern tableaux vivants complete the picture. And it is always a picture; for this fellow with the face of an apostle and the eyes of a saint is so deliciously languid and inexpressibly lazy

that his aplendid form is forever in pose and repose.

Nearly every shepherd of southern Italy is married. He marries young. He

rears, or rather there grows, seemingly all unconacious to himself, a large family. The sons marry other shepherds' daughters; the daughters other shepherds' sons. Himself perhaps born in the grass by the side of the 'trature,' in the cieft of some rock in the edge of a torrent's gravina, or in some low but on hill or moor, he emerges from childhood to manhood a nomad; is a nomad in youth and manhood; he mates as a nomad in youth and manhood; he mates as a nomad; and never ceases a nomadic life antil the quicklime of some village Campo Santo consumes his bones. So that to every flock belongs a family.

The tatterdemalion group possesses no home but that of the daily grazing land of the flock. The sole possessions never equal \$5 in value. Their total earnings do not exceed it cents per day. Like Wallachian gypsies they squat anywhere for rest and allows and contractions. sleep, and cat anything that will sustain life.

If they possess a single aspiration on earth
it is that secret one of so many other Italian field and moor laborers to "take to the hills," that is, to become outright brig-ands. Universal indolence and repugnance to effort are safeguards against this. The Apulian shepherd himself is a picturesque fellow enough, despite your consciousness of his vacuous ignorance, his unvarying cruelty to this flocks, and his utter sodden rather than active, brutality to his wife and chil-dren, who serve as his pack mules, like the

American squaws, for transporting his slender belongings to the hills.

On the mountain sides the life of this shepherd family is a changeless one the whole summer long, unless the terrible hall storms of southern Italy fall upon the mountains, or the still more destructive wind storms, that frequently fling both shepherds and flocks from the crag to death, come whistling over peak or howling through gravina. Then the human marmot awakens from his lethargy and accomplishes prodigious feats of strength and wondrous acts of valor in rescuing endangered members of the flock or of his own terrified broad. His flock or of his own terrified brood. His food is polenta and chestnut-flour bread. He is the one Italian who drinks water instead of wine. His field-lore, though unconscious

himself, is marvelous. When spurred by extreme hunger, all mountain moorland blids are doomed where he sets his snare. It is a wild, strange, melancholy land he looks down upon, if he have the energy for looking. His wife and children are the strange of dren around him are as voiceless as himself and his flocks. The very melody of the sheep-bells becomes a meaningless din. One carries away from his environment and com-panionship with him only a pathetic sense of his hopelessness and degradation. You can only remember him as another animal in hairy hide, insensate to the trumpetings of eternal nature around him. The sheep browsing at his side are his equals in intelligence; his superiors in demonstrable forces and activities. The lone kestral wheeling above this Apulian shepherd has a wider horizon of view.

Those who care for the flocks of Piedmsnt, Lombardy and radiant Tuscany are a different folk of whom a sunnier picture can be drawn. In the main they are the little children and youths and wives of all the peasantry. In northern and Alpine Italy the beauty of the cities, quaintness and peacefulness of the villages and hamlets, the radiance of the valleys and the noble picturesqueness of the forests and mountains, seem to have given a reflex peaceful-fulness, sunniness and even virility to the

He or she shares their everyday life. The feasts, espousals, marriages, funerals, all are theirs for enjoyment and contemplation. Nearly every family has its own little flock. Often several of these are merged into a larger flock and taken to the highest mountain lands for the entire sum-mer. In such cases a shepherd and his family accompany them, and they live much as do their kind in Apulia. In October the same flock will be driven to the moors and marshes of Mar-emme, where the shepherd and his family subsist almost entirely on snared wild fowl which comes here in myriads to escape the winters of the British isles, the Baltic rerions and the German forests.

But tens of thousands of little flocks led by

tens of thousands of little shepherds and shepherdesses leave the village greggia or shepherdesses leave the village greggia or sheepfold and home every morning for the higher glades. Sometimes a dog, often a pig trained to heard a flock, goes with them. If a maiden has charge of the flock, she will If a maiden has charge of the flock, she will have her spindle or knitting, and will work and sing and tend her flock the whole day long. If a lad or stripling lead a flock, he will let the pig or the dog tend the sheep, with an occasional moment of executive observation, and the rest of the day he gathers mushrooms, hunts the young of birds, all of which are eagerly eaten save those of the swallow and hawk, snares forest fowl, or pipes on his flute in idle fantasy.

Both must bring a backload of ferns, grass, ak, elm or vine leaves, with the flocks at ight. Some of this is for temporary use; oak, elm or vine out the winter store is thus chiefly gathered I have counted more than 100 of these little flocks descending from the mountains with the shepherds at eventide. The valleys are voiceful with thousands of tinkling bells, with the notes from hundreds of shepherds' flutes, with the trill of scores of shepherd's songs. Then, as the shadows fall softly upon the hamlets, comes the housing of the sheep in the greggia, and the pastoral yields to the presaic while "Ravella" and "Nencia" gain new strength for the morrow from their bowl of steaming polenta, or porridge of

bowl of steaming polenta, or porridge of crushed white beans.

The fairest possession of all Italy is sunny Sicily. Yet Sicily has no homes for the lowly of the countrysides as we know and love even the lowliest home. Nearly all Sigilians are serfs of the few. Doubtless 2,500,000 souls out of Sicily's entire population of 2,584,000 inhabitants hold this relation to the nobility, governing classes and ecclesiastics. An infinite compassion fires one's heart for the hopelessness of such a people; and when interest in tremendous natural phenomena classic regions and dead-age remains lessens the pathetic side of life begins to possess and hurt you. Any land boasting no progressive farming population, masters of the soil they till, or without a fairly contented peasantry possessing secure and well defined rights in their holdings, is doomed to desertion and decay. In the entire length and breadth of this island, from the highways not half and hundred "farm houses" will be seen. These are not farm houses as we know them. Each is a desolate stone structure, inhabited by the family of some soprantendente or overseer, where tools are stored, and in the busiest seasons of labor a gang of wolfish faced men and women are fed on slops and herded at night on stone Senches for sleep The montanaro, or mountaineer; the atore, or plowman; the pecorajo, or shepherd; the vignajo, or vincaresser; the vendemmiatore or grapegatherer; the miltere, or reaper, and every manner of human animal that labors with flocks, or in vineyard or fields, is in tac contadino, or villager, dving in low and oisonous hovels in cities or hamlets, from out of which hollow-eyed crowds pour before laylight, munching their food as they drag themselves to their flocks in the mountain

or their toil in the vineyards and fields.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. Dr. Gluck treats catarrh, Barker block.

A Venal Pedagogue. Detroit Free Press: One day, as I rode along the banks of the north fork of the Kentucky river, I came to a log school house, an institution usually conspicuous by its absence in that section. It was about I o'cleek, and the teacher, a lank strip of humanity in homespun clothes. sat on a log, watching a lot of noisy chil-

dren at play. "How are you?" I said, as I pulled up and the children gathered around. Howdy?" he replied, driving the

children away. 'Are you the school teacher?"

Yes: I reckon I am. "What kind of a school have you?"

"Only fair to middlin'." You haven't much competition?"

"No: eddication ain't popular in these "Don't the children like books?" "Not unless they can tear the leaves

"Can't you make them study?" "I've quit tryin'."

"How long have you been teaching here? "This makes the third term." "And you can't make them learn?"

"Then what do you teach for?"
"Well, mister, bein as you're a stranger in these parts," he said, in a half whisper, "I'm willin' to say I teach for \$27 a month and board 'round, and not another darn thing," and the unambitious pedagogue turned on his heel and went in after his scholars.

STAGE REALISM RUN RAMPANT The Actor Has Been Brushed Aside by the Modern Stage Carpenter.

AND THE PARTY DEED CHARLE DEPOSIT OF THE PROPERTY OF

AS TO A KISS. Bandon Banner.

There is no way of getting round the fact that the drama is not what it was once. Kean, John Philip Kemble, Junius Brutus Booth and Edwin Forrest passed away long ago. Their mantles have been worn with more or less distinction by Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett and Thomas Keene. But now that two of these are dead, another retired, and the last named has almost outlived his usefulness, it would seem that legitimate drama is almost at the end of its rope, for there are none to take their places.

EVIDENT DETERIORATION OF PUBLIC TASTE

Local Critic Condemns the Average Play

Urging That it Shows a Lamentable De-

cline from Older and Better Stand-

ards-Whither Do We Drift?

In the matter of theatrical productions the present is truly an uncritical age. Almost everything goes -on the stage. Scores of "attractions" come to Omaha that, judged from a dramatic standpoint, have no right to exist; but they do exist, and, strange to say, they escape mob violence. The demand of the times seems to be for something either light and airy or black and bloody. We are told that nowadays people go to the play to while away a tedious hour, not to learn a moral lesson; they go to be amused, not to study the perplexities of human life. They care not what the play is nor who plays it, so long as it leads their minds from worldly care and anxiety. In these piping days of bustling trade, severe competition and overwrought business life, the average theatergoer never thinks of a play until he steps into the marble-tiled lobby, and it never en-

ters his mind after he comes out.

The classic-browed youths of ancient Athens would sit for twelve hours at a stretch listening with rapture to the impassioned lines of Sophocles, the rythmic strophe and antistrophe of Æschylus, the plaintive lyrics of Pindar and the mirthful music of Aristophanes; but we of the nineteenth cenury Omaha feel awfully bored if a play lasts more than two hours, even though the attraction is the best to be had. It is true we have not the same style of entertainments that the ancients enjoyed, and it is well for the profession that such is the case, for philosophy spouted from the stage would not be tolerated now. Instead of Greek tragedy we have "realism," in place of Pindaric odes we have skittish songs by high-kicking soubrettes, and in lieu of Aristophanes' comedy we have horse play in all dialects. Ædipus Tyrannus has taken a back seat for "The Vampires of Hoboken;" the Hymn to the Graces has been crowded out by "De Bowery" and "Gilhooligan's Twins," and the comedy of The Frogs has een ignominiously displaced by "Morearty's Mishaps.

Stage realism has run mad. It has not been so very long since people were satisfied with the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan and the tragedies of Shakespeare, with-out any mechanical effects and stage settings; but now it requires two car loads of machinery and a master mechanic to keep an ordinary play on the road for any length of time. We have had so much of this realistic effect business that it is becoming simply nauseating. In the tast two of machine plays years an endless procession of machine plays years an endless procession of machine plays ply nauseating. In the last two or three has been passing through Omaha. We have seen saw mills, flour mills, fire engines, steamboat and dynamite explosions, circus parades, pile drivers, rail-road wrecks, locomotive races, horse races, rafts in midocean, log jams and balloon ascensions, all presented with astonishing me-chanical accuracy. There have been other features equally as startling that do not come to mind, and the question is Where will this fad for realism end? It is not beyond the range of possibility that we may some day see a stage representation of the divorce mill at Sioux Falls, a legislative war in Kansas, an Amazonian revolt in Dahomey, or a lynching bee in Texas. A few months ago there was a play at one of the theaters in which two noted safe breakers, ex-con-victs, appeared and cracked a safe in the latest and neatest style known to modern burglary. Prize fighters and heroines of celebrated divorce cases get on the stage as soon as they can learn their parts. If prog-ress is to remain the watchword of the century, we may expect to see soon a horde of thickes, counterfeiters, anarchists and murlerers turned out of Sing Sing and Jollet and exhibited on the stage, where they will ply their vocations to chilly music before the gaze of admiring thousands. When that thing comes, prepare to be disappointed if announcements something like the following

lo not appear in the newspapers: A Drama of the Greatest Human Interest, THE PIG STICKERS OF KANSAS CITY One week only, commencing Monday Night.

One week only, commencing Monday Night.

Don't fall to see the great slaughter house scene, with the sausage-making process in full view of audience.

You will feel like kicking yourself if you don't hear the celebreted Butcher Boys quartet in the latest topical songs.

Jim Bender, the reformed murderer, and Frank James, the noted train robber, will perform specialties in their respective lines.

Slabs of delicious boiled ham will be distributed among the audience free of charge between the acts.

tween the acts.
It is not alone in the direction of realism that the stage is showing a decline from older and better standards. One of the most popular forms of entertainment is the ex-travaganza or burlesque opera—a dazzling onglomeration of music, gaudy scenery, cintillating colored lights, fairy figures and sentiliating colored lights, fairy figures and rainbow hosiery; a sort of musical complexity bathed in red fire and dreamy tinsel. A show of this kind is usually accompanied by a well drilled corps de ballet, a Parisian danseuse, occasionally (though not often) a comedian of fair ability, a quartet of male puppets for wooden dialogue and a miscellaneous assortment of gangrened jokes and cheap rouge. The last act is followen by a transformation scene, previous to which the ransformation scene, previous to which the louse is darkened for no other reason than to impress the audience with the fact that omething startling is going to happen. Then there are the farce comedy and the

rish piay, many of which should have been alled in long ago, but by the good graces of an ndiscriminating public they are still with us Oh, now tired one grows of seeing the ob-streperous intruder thrown down an imaginry flight of stairs, followed by a noise like the report of a Gatling gun fired off in an empty hall! When will there ever be relief from the sporty individual who wears a diamond shirt stud bolted to his back? Who is there among us who will earn enduring fame by everlastingly sandbagging the loquacious policeman who spills sand out of the end of his jimmy and dances on it? What will the recording angel set down against the poverty-proud charac-ter who always displays a standing collar without any shirt! Will not some dire disaster overtake the sentimental gossoon and the sickly smiling colleen who gush like a weaned calf over its first bucket of milk?

A lack of originality characterizes the lat-ter day productions. Old plays are worked over and presented as new, and we have the "eleventh edition", and the "nineteenth series" of that. Fresh verses are added to the same old songs and the wrinkles are smoothed out of the same old jokes. There is an unwritten law that something good must be imitated by something bad of the same class. Ole Oleson is followed by Pete Peterson, and Pete Peterson will probably be followed by Knute Knutson. There are war plays, naval plays, Swedish plays, German plays, southers plays and western plays but there is a plays, Swedish plays, German plays, South-ern plays and western plays, but there is a woeful scarcity of good plays; plays that your mother would enjoy seeing, and plays in which intelligent beings could find some-thing to being bonest tears or smiles

thing to bring honest tears or smiles. But a truce to these unpleasant reflections. he conditions are ours and we make them what they are. The day is coming that will witness a reaction against this rictous dis-sipation into which the stage has plunged. sipation into which the stage has paramated and in that day the spirits of those who gave the drama its now forgotten glory will walk the earth in the persons of their worthy successors.

M. S.

Modjeska begins her engagement next Thursday night at Boyd's new theater, pre-senting her superb production of Shake-speare's "Henry VIII." This play has re-ceived unusual commendation where it has been presented this year, as she has mounted

it as sumptuously as good taste will permit, coatumed it with rare historic fidelity of design and coloring, and interprets the characters with a cast eminentily suited to the various parts. On Modjesga's, part it has required keen and scholarly intelligence as well as a thorough knowledge of stage art to know what to present and what to omit, and that she has done her work with rare skill has been generally conceded. This bill will be repeated at the Saturday matince. On Friday night it will please many of the great actress' friends to know that she will present a Camille which is regarded by many as a Camille which is regarded by many as her greatest interpretation. On Saturday, night the engagement will close with her familiar role of Mary Stuart.

Bandon Banner.

If a body meet a body
Coming through the rye—
If a body kiss a body.
Need a body cry?
Ductors say disease germs travel
Through the sea of bliss.
Swimming where the lips are lingering
In ecstatic kiss. If one germ should meet another

Tone germ should meet another
Coming through a kiss,
Would they stop and talk sweet nothings?
Would they fight and hiss?
Must the kisser ask the kissee,
Most delicious maid,
Whose red lips the kiss invited,
If she is afraid?

THE THEATERS.

Today Hopkins' Transoceanic Star Specialty company will close its engagement at Boyd's theater by giving two of its excellent performances. The performances of this brilliant galaxy of variety stars appear to have caught the jancy of the Omaha theatergoing public, and the business has been sur-prisingly good for a new attraction. The great Trewey, with his wonderfully clever tricks, is alone worth the price that it costs to see the whole show. A special matinee will be given at 2:30 this (Sunday) after-noon, at which the price of admission has been fixed at the remarkably low price of 50 cents to any part of the house. The engage-ment closes with the performance tonight.

This afternoon at the matinee at the Farnam street theater "Mr. Potter of Texas" begins a five nights engagement, with a begins a five nights engagement, with a matinee Wednesday. It is claimed that "Mr. Potter of Texas," aside from all other points, is certainly one of the best constructed pinys on the stage today. It is, at all events, a time-tried success and while "art" critics find plenty of fault with it, from a literary standpoint, all practical critics speak of it as a marvel of construction. The first two acts are devoted to The first two acts are devoted to sing the interest in the story and the motive of action of each character; the third motive of action of each character; the third act is devoted to action, the last act to the consequences or denouement. Many people feel a desire to write a play, especi-ally after witnessing a thoroughly bad one, and regret that there is no text book or school of dramatic construction. To all such n be said, "experience teaches." Read

the novel, sketch the play to convey the rare the work with the master's own finished play. Mr. Gunter's works are now conceded to be original, but his earlier works are not entirely so and would-be playwrights are advised to follow the usual course, to elaborate some other author's idea until original idea is found to be more avail-"Mr. Potter of Texas," the novel, is almost a play as it stands, which may be ac-counted for from the fact that it was first written as a play and afterwards was novel-

The first performances of "The Crust of Society" at Boyd's theater on tomorrow and Tuesday nights will make a more than usually interesting event. Here is a play by Dumas that has lain dormant for over twenty years and which in France has always been considered his masterpiece. Mr. John Stetson had the play adapted for the American stage by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, well known in the literary circles of Boston, and Mr. William Seymour, a stage manager, and it was presented at the Globe theater. Boston, and afterwards at the Union Square theater. New York, under the name of "The Crust of Society," meeting with the greatest of suc-cess in both cities. The criticisms were in all cases very favorable to it, while the com-pany that Mr. Stetson has engaged for the presentation of the case is said to be the best. The story, of course, is thoroughly French; it deals with an adventuress masquerading as a widow, who has been the innamorata of two of the chief persons in the drama and has just been deserted by her establish herself in good social standing by marrying a gentleman of fortune and family He has fallen in love with the adventuress but is ignorant of her character and cher ishes for her an honest love. It is the sav-ing of this gentleman from the clutches of the adventuress that forms the business of the plot. The engagement is limited to two

Unusual interest is felt in the forthcoming engagement at the Farnam street theater of James J. Corbett in "Gentleman Jack" Friday and Saturday next, with matinee. Unlike other men who have shown their powers to excel and conquer and their su-perior physical development, who have apperior physical development. Who have appeared upon the stage, Corbett has gone about things in a more rational and business-like manner. Instead of appearing in any sort of an excuse for a play, in which he sort of an excuse for a play, in which he might show himself, he secured the services of one of the most experienced playwrights. Charles T. Vincent, and had that dramatist weave an interesting comedy drama around much of the story of Corbett's own life. He next secured an unusually capable company to support him, and had the play dressed in the most suitable scenery and other en-vironments, and named it "Gentleman Jack." Assurances have been offered from critics of reputation in other cities that if the attractive personality of Corbett was withdrawn entirely the play of "Gentleman Jack" is of sufficient strength to reign as one of the dramatic successes of the cur-rent theatrical season Another peculiarity which has not strongly evinced itself in performances upon the stage in which other famous puglists who have preceded Corbett have appeared is the large patronage, especially at matinees, of ladies. Altogether, Champion James J. Corbett is of unusual and interesting composition. A tall, handsome fellow, with a face that is the very picture of health, polite and considerate, never loud or boisterous in his methods, either on or of e stage, a neat dresser, Champion James Corbett, the rather phenomenal recordbreaker in many ways, will undoubtedly stand out as one of the most striking and prepossessing characters in the history of

The most renowned company of vocalists that has ever been presented to the Ameri-can public will appear at Boyd's theater on Wednesday evening next. The company is composed of Mme. Lillian Nordica, prima donna soprano, Mme. Sofia Scalchi, prima donna contralto, Miss Louise Engel, mezzo oprano, Signor Italo Campanini, prima tenor signor Guiseppe del Puente, prima baritone. Herr Emil Fischer, basso, and Mr. Isidore Luckstone, planist and musical director. The company is styled the Nordica Operation Concert company, and is under the direction of Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony cercerts, Each of these artists has a world-wide reputation, and although some of them have been heard in Omaha separately an opportunity of hearing such a magnificent aggregation of talent has never before been presented to our music loving people, and the opportunity will not be slighted, judging from the interest already manifested. The fellowing is the program that will be rendered by the Nordica pany at the Boyd on Wednesday night:

Piano Solo—Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6. ..Lizt Mr. Buckstone. Aria—The Jewess Mr. Fischer. Halevy Song—Adelaide Mr. Campanini,
Cavatina—Nobile Signor, from Les HugueMeyerbeer nots. Mme. Scalchi. Song—Toreador, from Carmen. Mr. Del Puente. Song—Toreador, Mr. Del Puente.

Polonaise—Mignon Mer. Nordica, A. Thomas Mer. Nordica, Mr. Song—Trumpeter of Sackingen Nessler Mr. Fischer.

Finale to Act II. Lucia Donizetti Mmc. Nordica, Miss Engeland MM. Campanini, Del Puente and Fischer.

PABT II.

Mascagni's beautiful opera, "Cavalleri's Rusticana," in concert form and sung in Italian. Miss Engel Miss Engel Sig. Campanini

The sale of seats will open tomorrow morn-

"Champagne that has the least alcohol is a stimulant and restorative," says Dr. Pavy, Use Cook's Extra Dry Imperial.

LIFE INSURANCE ANTIQUITY

The "Higher Criticism" Applied to the Genesis of the "Soliciting Specialist."

SAMSON'S WEAPON THE INSURANCE MAN'S

Humorous Homily and Exceedingly Erudite by Rev. Wright Butler-Hon, A. E. Cady on Insurance From a Patriotic Standpoint.

The list of toasts at the canquet of the Nebraska Life Underwriters association was so long that several of the best responses were not heard until time had turned into a new day, and the birth of another offspring from the mighty Press could not be delayed for even so instructive and alluring attractions as the feast of wit and eloquence and reason spread for the underwriters and their friends. Some of these speeches were too good to be lost and are worthy general perusal. This is what Rev. S. Wright Butler of St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church had to say of the unsuspected antiquity of the insurance man: Mr. President and Gentlemen:

"soliciting specialist" (for that is, I believe, the euphonious title preferred for the voca-tion of the life insurance agent) for an insurance whose premiums are "without money and without price," and whose policies give "promise for the life that now is and that "promise for the file that now is and that which is to come," I feel much at home in this company, and am most happy to be your guest, "Life insurance" as discussed by the speakers preceding me, has been presented characteristically according to the vocations of the gentlemen speaking the magisterial by our worthy mayor, and the legal and our worthy mayor, and the legal and ournalistic by representatives of those professions. You will allow and expect me to treat my topic, "The Origin of Life Insurance," characteristically as a clergyman—in fact it would be quite impossible for me to treat it otherwise; as the dray horse, al-though in the procession, decked with ribbons and accompanied by bands of music, yet shows the chafing of the harness of his humble toil, so a minister will unconsciously

reveal the harness mark of his calling.

To date the origin of life insurance to the close of the eighteenth century, as the enyclopedias do, would be the boldest empir-ism on my part, and to dismiss the sublime subject with an unworthy haste.

I shall proceed to show you that this ban-

yan tree, whose vast proportions shelter so numerous and wide a constituency, ramifies its rootlets into centuries remote and times prehistoric

In searching them for the origin of life insurance, I shall appeal to sacred scholar-ship, and examine the subject as becomes a minister, under various heads, archaeological, philological, sociological, exegetical, homi-letical, with the aids of modern interpreta-tion, involving both the lower and higher criticisms.

First, archaeologically. Doubtless in the preparation of your Sunday school lessons, ntlemen, you have seen illustrations of the hieroglyphics and engravings upon the monoliths and tablets exhumed from the sites of Assyria and Babylonia and have noticed the reputed bas relief of reputedly ancient conquerors—Senacherib or Nebuchadnezzar, with uplifted index fin-ger holding, in shivering awe, a figure reputed to be a Judean captive; but in the light of modern science it is now known that the story figures of triumph and subjection were emblematic of the soliciting specialist, hypnotizing his victim to the specialist, hypnotizing his victim to the writing of a policy upon his endangered life. In fact, the petrified man of Chadron and the Cardiff giant are no doubt subjects turned to stone by the Medusalike eyes of the life insurance solicitor. Indeed, the human remains of the Caucasian defiles, mingled with those of the cone bear, and the ancient lake dwallers, whose homes were on ancient lake dwellers, whose homes were on spiles at the center of the Swiss lake, instead of antedating Adam, are, in the light of the higher criticism, found to be allegories, teaching the presence of the life insurance agent in times prehistoric, for is not he always a bear on the life market, talking it down, and of old as in modern times to climb a tree is the only method of escape from the indefatigable so-

Secondly, the argument for the antiquity of the origin of life insurance from philology, or the study of language. But here we meet a difficulty. The philological argun seems to collide with the archeological. is well known that as we recede into the past the lingual facility of the race rapidly declines. Our present vocabulary is en-riched by about 25,000 terms. Shakespeare used about 10,000, while all the old testament has to say was written in less than 5,000 terms. Probably in ancient times the lan-guage of the race reached but a few hundred words, and yet who remembers any soliciting specialist for life insurance whose vocabulary did not exceed 250,000 terms?

And yet this seeming conflict of the logical and philological argument is only seeming. Were there not prehistoric Silurian times when the plesiosaurus, the icthyosaurus and many other "sauruses," together with the pter-odactyl and other festive fowl, were denizens of those unrecorded days! Does not the scripture refer to a mystic era—when "the sons of the Gods loved the daughters of men and there were giants in those days," and did not, mayhap, those monsters have a and did not, mayhap, those monsters have a
monstrous vocabulary and might not the
lost art have been recovered by the rustling
fraternity represented here tonight—else
how can we account for the voluminous verbosity that outruns all present vocabularies
and is peculiar to the life insurance agent?

Let me now come to my specially familiar
resource viz sacred literature, and trace source, viz: sacred literature, and trace your ancestry along the lines of men and events that are salient in the saving pro-cesses that have uplifted the race. As the Masonic brethern claim all the great of sacred history as patrons of their craft, t me show you your noble predecessors in

life insurance.
In the epistle of James he asks, "What is your life?" Has not that a familiar sound. your life? Has not that a familiar sound, and does it not indicate the acquaintance of the first bishop with life insurance? Isairh's injunction to Hezekiah, "Set thine house in order for thou shalt die and not is rich in its suggestion of your noble and beneficent vocation. -Pharaob, the child of the sun, wearer of

the double crown, said to the patriarch Jacob upon meeting him: "How old art thou!" no doubt intending to compute an expectation of life, looked to an issumace of a policy—no record of such issuance is given, as no doubt the rate was too high, con-sidering his confessed longevity when he answered, "130 years old am L"

But, in passing, it is quite an error to ex-pect early demise as contingent upon great age. At least so thought the centenarian, who being told upon his 100th birthday an-niversary that he could not expect to stay much longer, replied: "Oh, I may live another 100 years now; certain I am that I begin the second 100 a good deal stronger than I did my first."

than I did my first."

It is well known that the longest lived classes are first gentlemen and second clergymen; if only one could find a clergyman who was also a gentleman, no doubt he would live forest. live forever. But to return to the research for the brigin of life insurance from sacred lore. In the book of Judges we find recorded of

Samson, the hero of Israel, that when the sport and jeer of the Philistines, who, after making him captive, brought him into the temple of Dagon to make sport for them in his misfortune, he, clasping the supporting pillars of the dome, tore them from their places, 'killing more in his death than he had done in his life." Now, according to the higher criticism, we may feel that this is an allegory of the jeerings of poverty and ad-versity, and that having taken out a life insurance policy for a large at he died, and by the payment more of his creditors in death than he had done in his life. Some persons are so lucky, and their posthumous earnings far exceed those of the years of their vital efforts. Probably John Wanamaker with his million and a half policy, if he live not so long will, by dying, strike a bigger bargain than he has ever found or offered at a bargain counter.

But to return to Samson's remarkable feat, recorded in Judges xv., 15, when in a rage of patriotic zeal he caught as nearest at hand for a weapon the jawbone of an ass, and with it "slew a thousand men." This sometimes difficult statement becomes clear when we compare it with experiences common, perhaps, to your reunions, when you soliciting agents meet after a cam-

paign and relate your victories in placing thousands of dollars in policies, and some-times is it not done with the like instrument that Samson used?

There are no traces of life insurance in the garden of Eden—rather the opposite. And to your credit, gentlemen, be it remarked that the old serpent, the deceiver, reversed your perpetual reminder, saying: "Thou shalt not surely die." Heaven will have its larger happiness from

the entire absence of both our vocations. There will be no deergymen in heaven, for it is written: "There was no temple therein." Neither will there be a life insurance efficial. His occupation will be gone, for "they die

Gentlemen, were you to visit my church you are too much gentlemen to talk shop and seek to persuade my patronage. I have sought to reciprocate, and in your gatherings I have not pressed my persuasions. We have, I repeat, much in common—you represent various companies. The Mutual Life, Omaha Life, Vermont Life, New York Life, and I am a hustler, a soliciting specialist for the "immortal life," and I trust and desire that you all held policies in my com-

Insurance From a Patriotic Standpoint, Hon. A. E. Cady, in response to the sentiment, "Insurance from the Standpoint of Patriotism," said:

By general consent insurance men are as signed a place among the professionals, and yet in contrast with that given his professional brothren, it is questionable if he re-ceives the credit that is really his due. The doctor attends our ills and bleeds us here, the clergyman attends to the hereafter and the lawyers divide the estate, while the insurance man alone takes the very prosaic part of paying the bills.

And yet to the unthinking or malicious it

may appear that the association of insurance with patriotism is an invention of the ubiquitous agent. But the fact is that the agreement of modern civilization that to insure is a patriotic duty was merely the influence that converted so many talented gentlemen to the service of patriotism by making of them insurance missionaries. Every missionary within the hearing of my voice, as well as the many who are unavoid ably absent, will I am sure bear cheerful testimony to the truthfulness of my state-

There is a popular fallacy that patriot-ism means to be heroic. In some way the patriot has become associated with service ountry, deeds of valor and military glory and while it may be true that the man wh is willing to go out and be shot at to settle some dispute about taxation or the removal of a boundary line that only exists in imag ination, while it may be true that he is a patriot, it is not true that he enjoys the exlusive distinction.
The real germ of patriotism in its higher

sense is unselfishness, the willingness to deny or sacrifice to benefit another. Patri otism does not necessarily wear a uniform nor is it adorned with a badge. It is not necessarily asserting or demonstrative. The greatest tragedies are not enacted in the clare of the footlights with the tinsel and rappings of a mock heroism, and the loftiest patriotism may be both modest and obscure.

I believe the man who insures his life for the benefit of others is not only a benefactor but a patriot. I don't know just how many kinds of patriots there are, but he is one of a kind that in common with insurance men I like. I like him because he has indicated one of the possibilities for good that men possess. He has shown how a man can reach the summit of human goodness by utterly forgetting himself in his unselfish de-sire to benefit others. I like him because he is possessed of that holiest of all ambitions, the desire to leave the world better for his having lived in it, for when a man, surrounded by all the strife, the avarice and allurements of the world, can deliberately plan for others a benefit in which he no only will not participate, but which will only accrue with his final departure, that man has born unconscious testimony to the fact that he had inherited the true spirit of a patriot.

One life does not contribute much to the world's welfare as a whole, but if every man became possessed of a desire to leave some benefaction, a gift, a memory or a hone, something that would lighten the burden and make life brighter and better to those who were to follow, what an inviting place this would be for a permanent residence. Perhaps in the fulness of time this may come to pass, but for the present its approximation I believe lies in contemplating insurance from a patriotic standpoint.

A commission has been received by Dona.d Hoey's fine collection of swans to Central park, New York) from John D. Rockefeller, to arrange for a swannery at his palatial residence on the Hudson. Mr. Burns says no expense will be spared to make the Rock-efeller swannery one of the finest in the world, not excepting the famous ones on the Thames or in the gardens of the Luxembourg at Paris.



Are those ignorant pretenders who without any qualifications, any ability, any experience, any skill, claim to possess the power to cure all the ills of the human race. But their want of worth soon becomes apparent to their would-be dupes, and these consciencelessquacks are soon consigned to the oblivion they so richly merit. In strange and strong contrastwith

these miserable boasters is the quiet, dignified yet courteous demeanor of hose noted leaders of their profession,

Who, during the past 27 years, have

abundantly demonstrated their ability to effect speedy, perfect and permanent cures in all the worst forms of those delicate sexual maladies embraced within the general terms of

> NERVOUS, CHRONIC PRIVATE DISEASES.

Send 4 cents for their illustrated new book of 120 pages, "Know Thyself."

Consultation free. Call upon or ad-

Drs. Betts & Betts,

119 S. 14th Street.

Cor. Donglas St', OMAHA, · NEB.

NERVOUS DISORDERS
EVILS WEAKNESSES, DEBILITY, ETC., that as company them in men QUICKLY and PERMANNENTLY CURRED. Full STRENGTH and toma given to every part of the body. I will send (securely packed) FIRES to any sufferer the prescription that cured me of these troubles. Addraws.

JAN. 1, 1893. Forty-third Annual Report

INSURANCE COMPANY.

156 and 158 Broadway, New York.

THE YEAR 1892 SHOWS: INCREASE IN ASSETS. INCREASE IN INS. IN FORCE.

INCHEASE IN INTEREST. INCREASE IN PREMIUMS. INCREASE IN PAYMENTS TO POLICY HOLDERS.

ASSETS. inited States Bonds and other securi-Loans on stocks and bonds..... Promiums in Course of Collection and Transmission (after deducting 20 per ash on hand and In Banks and Trust

Total Disbursements ...

Companies at luterest iterest accrued and all other property ... TOTAL ASSETS \$13,293,778 II APPORTIONED AS FOLLOWS: serve on Policies, New York State

Standard (4 per cent) less Deferred

Premiums

ll other liabilities.....

We hereby certify that we have carefully examed in detail the assets as shown above, and the

SURPLUS \$1,138,584 05

...... £11,892,348 00

E. A. WALTON, P. VAN ZANDT LANE, J. OTIS HOYT, BENJ. GRIFFEN,

BRICE & WASSON, neral Agents for Nebraska and Western lowa. 244-246 Bee Building.

Good men wanted to act as district, ocal and traveling agents, to whom we JOHN MADEIRA and LOUIS KELLS, Agency Superintendents.

PROTECT YOUR EYES



Sole Agents for Omaha. DR. R. W. BAILEY Teeth Fille 1 Wit 1 Out Pain by tas Latest Inven-

Teeth Extracted Without Pain or Danger.

A Full Set of Teeth on Rubber for \$5.00. Perfect fit guaranteed. Teeth extracted in the corning. New ones inserted in the evening of same

lay.
See specimens of Removable Bridge.
See specimens of Flexible Elastic Pists Office Third Floor Paxton Block Telephone 1083, 16th and Farnam Sts Take elevator or stairway from 16th St. entrance.

DON'T MISS IT! You don't need to sacrifice the lives of your

Dephtheria and Membranous Croup will endanger the neighborhood of your homes. There is a sure specific medicine TO PKE-VENT contagion of them, and there is also lure specific medicine for

The Cure of Them when they have not run beyon! human reach

R.C. SIGEL, In Crete, Neb., f in need of any treatment, and you willfind hat his treatment—based on many years' ex-periments and study—has secured him a suc-cess which will not-disappoint you.

DO YOU KNOW

L. Page's Liquid Wash Glue

Is used by families, carpenters and all classes of mechanics.

Jas. Morton & Son Co., 1511 Dodge Street.



Well, come and have them examined by our opticing ree of charge, and, if necessary, fitted with a pair of our "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES or EYE GLASS-SE—the best in the world. If you do not need glasses we will tell you so and a lvise you what to do. GOLD SPECTACLES or EYE GLASSES FIGM \$3.0 UP. Plain, smoke, blue or white glasses, for protecting the eyes, from 5.0 a pair up.

Max Meyer & Bro. Co Jewelers and Opticians.

OUR EMPLOYMENT DEP' f. while costing the employer and employee

nothing, has enabled us to advance the later-

estsof both, and also our own, by securing better resutts with the machine Wyckoff, Seaman & Benedict 1713 FARNAM SC TELEPHONE 1753.



MCCREW THE SPECIALIST. Is unsurpassed in the treatment of all PP'VATE DISEASES and Disorders of MEN 18 years experience. 14th and Farnam Sta., Omaha, Neb

Complete Manhood AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

A medical work that tells the causes, describes the effects, points the remedy. Scientifically the most valuable, artistically the most beautiful medical book ever published; 96 pages, every page bearing a half-tone illustration in timb. Subjects treated; Nervous Debility, Impotency, Sterlity, Development, Varioccele, The Husband, Those intending Marriage, etc.

Every wan who would know the Grand Truths, the Plain Focts, the Old Scorets and New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Marriad Life, who would show for past follies and awaif future pitfalls should write for this, WONDERFUL LITTLE HOOK.

It will be sent free, under seal, while the edition lasts. Address the publishers. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.