

the first four weeks both have to perform all the work required of the common soldier; after that time the former continues with the same strict regulations, while the latter is granted more liberties; if he is a man of means, he can have a servant, or if desired, an extra horse; the common soldier is always addressed "Du" which signifies inferiority, but the man of learning is addressed "Sie," showing more equality in rank.

The salary of a soldier is but a trifle, 22 pfennig daily, which is equal to 5½ cents in American money; their food consists for the most part of black coffee, black bread, called "commiss coffee," bean sausage and potatoes. The better class are not accustomed to such a poor fare, while in many respects it is better than the ordinary man enjoys; nor is this all, many times the soldiers are kept busy drilling all day, and although they retire late at night, perchance the bugle sounds at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, which means that all must arise and be ready for service in the short period of four minutes. If any be so unfortunate as to be late a severe punishment will usually follow, and no one, I am told, likes to show authority more than some of these officials.

A soldier's life is from 21 to 45 years, that is, at the age of 21 he is mustered in and at 45 mustered out of service. This does not mean that he is in service during all these years, but that he is subject to a call from the "Fatherland" at any time.

At the present time the highest office in the German army, that of general in field marshal, equal to our general in chief, is vacant, for the reason that it can only be filled in time of war, and since the last great war fought by this nation the general field marshal who so distinguished himself in the many battles, has passed to the great beyond. Every school boy is familiar with the name of Moltke, who has been dead about five years, and who was the last to occupy this time-honored position.

This great general, of Danish ancestry, is loved by all who knew him. He was a quiet, sedate and determined man, and for years before his death it was his custom to take a morning stroll. For this purpose he arose at 6 o'clock from his iron bedstead which, Spartan-like as he was, he had been accustomed to sleeping upon for years and years, and during his rambles he always stopped at a certain cafe and took a roll and a cup of coffee. Children on their way to school would stop before the door and upon his coming out they would follow him to a certain confectionery shop and there he would buy candy for them, after which he would lift the little tots in his arms and kiss them. Strange to relate his head was perfectly bald, and as a result he wore a wig.

Although dying of old age, up to the last his step was quick and his countenance determined, his 6½ feet of stature was hardly bent by his eighty-odd years of life, and his face showed less wrinkles than the average man at three score.

Today if you talk to a German about the vacancy caused by the death of Moltke he will tell you that the people will be satisfied if another such as he can be found to occupy that important position.

NATURE AND CAUSE OF APPENDICITIS

Judging from the reports so frequently made in the daily press, it would appear that appendicitis is not only on the increase, but that it seems to have a special predilection for prominent persons. Contrary to popular belief, however, it is no more frequent nor elective in its occurrence

than formerly. It is simply a new name for the very old and very common trouble known as peritonitis, or inflammation of the bowels, which, until lately and before operative treatment was instituted, always ended in death.

The trouble having been traced to the ulceration or rupture of an inflamed appendix, causing the fatal peritonitis, the early removal of the diseased organ very naturally suggested the proper line of treatment. It is perhaps, not generally known by the public that the various foreign bodies, such as grape seeds, cherry pits and the concretions usually found in the appendix, are merely accidental consequences of the inflammation rather than causes of it. To such as never eat a grape without a certain misgiving it may be comforting to learn that it is a very rare circumstance to find a seed of the fruit lodged in the appendix. In fact, it is now proved that aside from the intestinal concretions which really form in the organ after the latter becomes diseased there is scarcely an average proportion of 3 per cent in which foreign bodies, distinctively so-called, are discovered. That these accidental or deposited substances are not absolutely necessary for the production of the disease is shown by their entire absence in a goodly number of the most severe cases. Among the latter may be mentioned a recent instance which has claimed much public attention.

The real cause of the disease is associated with the destructive tendencies of a peculiar microbe called the colon bacillus, which always exists in the intestine, and is absolutely harmless until an inflammation or injury of the appendix gives it an opportunity for the development of malignant qualities. The microbes then multiply with great rapidity, penetrate the walls of the weakened organ, intensify the inflammation and finally escape into the abdominal cavity by ulceration or rupture of the tube, thus producing the fatal or septic peritonitis.—New York Herald.

THE PISTOL SHOULD GO.

Sunday afternoon last I stood upon the sidewalk and saw that dusky cortege pass in solemn sadness to the dirge that wailed mournfully in the still autumnal air. In the hearse lay the confined body of a man who three days before was in his usual health with no premonition of the catastrophe that should send him to the grave. He was a sober, industrious, inoffensive citizen, the husband of a frugal wife, the father of a child, the support of these two in contentment being the purpose of his life. In the nature of things there was no reason why that man should die as he did, why that mother and child should be thus suddenly bereft of their best friend.

Why was it? Because men make laws for the protection of life and limb and then permit them to become dead letters on the statute book. To make laws and fail to execute them is to put a premium upon the violation or disregard, at least, of all law. Laws should not be made if they are not to be enforced. If laws are bad the right thing to do is to execute them and so secure their repeal. If they are good, execute them and so teach the people that they can depend upon the law.

There is in this city, I understand, a law against carrying concealed deadly weapons, but when was it ever enforced? Yet what law for the protection of the lives of the people at large needs more rigid execution than this? The people who habitually carry loaded pistols are those who, if any person must be killed through careless use of such weapons, should be sent to the

grave. Yet they always escape. It is safe to say that where there is not some special reason for it growing out of their business, not one person in ten thousand who habitually carries his pistol on the street, to the theater, to church or to the dance, is other than an excitable coward, a fool or a bully who should never be permitted to handle a gun. The men who really need a pistol for protection would not be guilty of carrying one to a ball room, much less of pulling it there. In a city as well guarded against thugs as Salt Lake is at present it is very seldom that any person is attacked even in out-of-the-way places, and hence there is no need for the ordinary pedestrian to carry concealed arms. The killing, even accidentally, of one harmless citizen outweighs every argument in favor of the custom of carrying pistols at all times, in all places, by all sorts of people. There ought to be a law stringently enforced that would make it necessary for every person in the city who wished to carry a gun to go before the chief of police and show cause for carrying such a weapon and procure a license for that purpose, and the penalty attached to a violation of such an ordinance should be sufficient to deter all others from the dangerous and inexcusable practice.

I recall three deaths here in the last eight months from pistol shots fired by persons who should have been prevented by law from carrying such weapons. If the plea of "accidental" should be thrown down and a few accidental murderers deprived of life and sent to settle accounts in the unknown, it would be an object lesson that could not fail to be salutary. Take the latest case. The man who, we will say, accidentally did the killing, is smitten with remorse. Why should he not be? But what can all possible remorse in his cowardly soul be to the woman and the child who are thrown into the valley of the shadow of death, deprived of their support and protection by the excitement of an ignorant bluffer at a time when he was in no danger, at a place where a pistol was as much out of place as a rattlesnake would have been? His remorse will not restore the dead, will not dry the tears of the stricken. Slowly they must live as they can until time heals the wound. But to save others let the law compel the pistol to go.

CHARLES ELLIS.

The Pacific Mail steamship Gaelic, which arrived from Honolulu Saturday, brings a very interesting story from the islands. It concerns Walter J. McBride, the paying teller of Bishop & Co.'s bank and a prominent young society man, who has become insane—it is said through drawing the fatal number in a suicide club which he joined about six years ago in Seattle. According to the story, which is apparently well authenticated, McBride received his summons about a year ago and was doomed to take his own life this month, following in the footsteps of five other members of the club who have crossed the dark river by their own volition before him. Particulars of the sad affair are not easy to get, as powerful friends of the unfortunate man have thus far prevented the story from getting into print, but a letter giving some of the facts in the case was received by a friend of McBride's residing in San Francisco. It appears that McBride drew the fatal number about a year ago, but had been given twelve-months' reprieve. The matter weighed so heavily on his mind that his reason became unbalanced, and through his strange actions and nightly ravings his friends learned the truth. He has been taken out of the bank, and is being cared for by friends, who propose to see that he does not carry out his purpose.