PRIEST UNDER BAN

FATHER J. J. CROWLEY, OF OREGON, ILL., IS SUMMARILY EXCOMMUNICATED

ATTACKED BISHOP MULDOON

Forced to Resign, He Instituted Legal Proceedings to Prevent Successor From Assuming Pastorate—Is Still Rebellious.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—Father Jeremiah J. Crowley, late pastor of St. Mary's church at Oregon, Ill., has been excommunicated by Archbishop Feehan of the Chicago diocese. The edict of excommunication, which was made public today, says:

"He cannot be present or assist at any of the public exercises or offices of religion in the Roman Catholic church, nor can he be present at mass, vespers, or any other public services in the Roman Catholic church."

The order of dismissal was the result of attacks by Father Crowley upon fellow pastors of the Catholic faith and charges of favoritism, fraud and cruelty which he made at the time Father Muldoon was consecrated as auxiliary bishop of the Chicago diocese. Father Crowley was warned repeatedly to desist, but finally Archbishop Feehan lost patience and compelled him to resign his pastorate. An hour later Father Crowley withdrew the resignation, but it had already been accepted by Chancellor Barry and it was made absolute. Then Father Crowley started legal proceedings to keep his successor out of the pastorate and renewed his attacks on Bishop Muldoon. A week ago Cardinal Martinelli, the papal delegate at Washington, came to Chicago and took final action.

He gave Father Crowley a choice of two things—to make humble penance and accept without protest a life within the confines of a monastery, or to be dismissed forever from the rights and privileges of the Catholic church. Father Crowley was given until 6 o'clock Saturday night to decide, and as nothing was heard from him, an order of excommunication was sent today by Archbishop Feehan to every pastor in the diocese. Father Crowley received a copy of the order, but he bade defiance to it today and attended two masses. No effort was made to eject him at either of the churches. It is said Father Crowley will appeal to the pope.

CANAL IS NEEDED.

Reason for Construction of Erie and St. Clair Ditch.

From Buffalo comes the latest demand for the building of the St. Clair and Erie ship canal. The project has been under consideration for several years. The plan calls for a canal only thirteen and one-quarter miles long, which would save in the through navigation of the great lakes a distance of seventy-nine miles.

Just what this saving would mean may be understood fully by a glance at the enormous freight traffic of these waters, the increase in that traffic in recent years, and the tolls and profits incident to it. The topographical features of the territory through which the canal would pass would make it easy of construction and the cost of the entire work would be comparatively small. These are briefly the reasons of those interested most directly in the building of the canal for their confidence that it must shortly be built. Indirectly interested in the project is the general population of the United States and Canada, since the people commonly are benefited by any cheapening of the cost of transportation of food products, coal, etc., and such a cheapening, it is declared, must follow the shortening and straightening of the route, particularly when in the process there is secured also an increase of safety in navigation.

The St. Clair and Erie canal is to cross the small Canadian peninsula between Lakes St. Clair and Erie. Because it is to be wholly in Canadian territory and will benefit directly American transportation traffic almost wholly, this project is considered to be out of the range of possible government work on either side, and is conceded to be legitimately a field for private enterprise. A charter has been secured from the Canadian government to enable the building of the canal, while Americans will probably be the persons who will in due time undertake the work. The United States deep water commission has approved the canal as the shortest and safest route between the two lakes.

The dredge and the steam shovel would do the work of making the waterway. Borings have shown that the underlying rock is too deep down to require any attention from the canal builders. The difference in level of the two lakes is only three feet, so there need be no locks. It is proposed that the canal shall be twenty-one feet deep and so be in conformity with the general plan for the improvement of great lakes navigation paths, which contemplates a twenty-one foot channel throughout the course.

The Erie canal connected the lakes with New York in 1830. Ten years later the railroads entered the field of competition for the transportation of traffic from the West to the East. By the middle of the century a fleet of 300-ton freighters had been constructed to ply regularly between Buffalo and the Western ports. They were limited by the shoal waters of the connecting rivers to eight feet, but the pressure of commerce soon forced the Canadian government to build locks at the St. Mary's river falls, and to deepen the channel to ten feet at the St. Clair flats. Next Superior's mine products forced the construction of new locks at the Soo with a sixteen-foot waterway, and the deepening of the St. Clair flats chanel to a similar guage, as well as the blasting away of the rocky obstructions of the Detroit river. The century closed with the beginning of work looking to the construction of a twenty-one foot channel all the way through the course of great lakes navigation, with the ultimate aim of the channel's extension to the sea.

In fifty years the 300-ton freighter has become the 500-foot steamer with 10,000 tons' carrying capacity, and the cost of transporting a bushel of wheat from Chicago to Buffalo has come down to one-tenth of the charge of fifty years ago. Through the St. Mary's river there is now carried annually 26,643,073 tons of freight, and through the Detroit river more than 40,000,000 tons. The 40,000,000 tons is carried in seven months, and exceeds the annual bulk of the Suez canal tonnage fourfold. It exceeds by nearly 15,000,000 tons the total clearances, foreign and domestic, of the port of New York for the last year.

The Hay Lake channel in the St. Mary's river, which strightens out some bends and shortens the channel by eleven miles, was completed by the government at a cost of about $2,500,000. The estimated cost of the St. Clair and Erie canal is from $6,500,000 to $7,000,000, according to whether bridges or tunnels are built for the four railroads which cross the canal. The company's charter permits it to sell bonds to the amount of $10,000,000 for the construction work.

Among the plans incidental to the canal project is the construction of a harbor at the Lake Erie end of the canal. It is said that there is no safe harbor in the western end of Lake Erie for many miles around the neighborhood of the proposed canal outlet, and that the proposed harbor would therefore be regarded as desirable by the lake navigators. A shipyard and coal storage yards are also planned along or contiguous to the canal, and, owing to peculiar conditions which keep a channel open at the western end of Lake Erie throughout the winter, a car ferry may be operated from Cleveland to the canal mouth through the closed season of through lake navigation.

In ten years from 1890 to 1900 the freight passing Detroit increased from 21,684,000 more than 40,000,000 tons. More than 90 per cent of this was through traffic. A boat with a twelve-mile speed would save by the St. Clair and Erie canal six hours each way, or half a day on a round trip. These freight boats now make twenty-one round trips in a season, and by this saving would be enabled to make an extra trip every year.

This, the projectors of the canal figure out, will make the gross receipts of that trip net profit to the shipowner. For a freighter of 3,000 tons registry this sum would be now about $5,000. For the twenty-two round trips the canal tolls would be $3,300, so that the building of this canal would, by enabling the extra trip, give such a vessel owner a profit of $1,700 in itself.

The average freight rate on the lakes is nine-tenths of a mill a ton-mile. Seventy-nine miles saved on 30,000,000 tons would amount to $2,133,000. The canal toll would be 2½ cents a registered ton, or on the 30,000,000 tons $750,000, leaving for the vessels between the expense of the canal and its saving $1,383,000. This is without regard to the extra trips.

The fogs of the Detroit river are such that in the fall of 1900 the river was practically closed for two days on account of the thick weather. The canal would be equipped with electric lights. By way of the Detroit river the course of the ship must be changed thirty-two times in the 111-mile voyage, some of the legs being only a quarter of a mile long. The canal, which is to save seventy-nine miles, is plotted along a straight line from lake to lake.—New York Sun.

R·I·P·A·N·S

ALMOST WENT WILD FROM HEADACHES.

Mrs. S. P. Faunce, Jr., aged twenty-three years, living at No. 1655 Margaret street, Frankford, Pa., writes: "I have had headaches so bad that I almost went wild. I also suffered from indigestion. I tried different remedies, but none helped me, so I concluded to visit a physician, but the medicine he gave did me no good. I had such a heavy feeling on my breast after eating that it made me feel very sick. One evening while visiting a friend I told her how bad I felt, and she asked me if I ever tried Ripans Tabules; she was using them and had found ready relief. She handed me one, which I tried, and it acted promptly and was a great help to me. I had often seen them advertised in the paper, but never tried them, thinking they were the same as other patent medicines. Well, when I went home I purchased a box and found them such a help to me that I would not be without them for the world, and always have them on hand. I shall gladly spread their praises to all my friends, and hope they will help them as they have helped me. You are welcome to use this to print in any paper."

There is scarcely any condition of ill health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a R.I.P.A.N.S Tabule, and the price, 10 for 5 cents, does not bar them from any home on justify anyone in enduring ills that are easily cured. For sale by all druggists.

ARE GOOD LOSERS

INDIANS READY TO BET ANYTHING THEY HAVE IN GAMBLING GAME

GREAT BELIEVERS IN LUCK

If His Talisman Fails Him for a Time, He Keeps Stolidly at It, and Waits His Time to Win.

The group was sitting in the smoking room of an uptown hotel and the talk had turned upon a stiff game of poker played the night before, says the New York Sun. Everyone had a high-play story to tell. Finally the old Indian fighter, who won his title of colonel before he left active service behind him, took his cigar from his mouth and plunged into the conversation.

"You may talk about your dead-game sports and your nervy gamblers," he said in a quick, crackling voice that sounded like rifle fire, "but you don't know anything about the gambling mania unless you've lived among Indians. I believe they are born with the gambling fever raging in their blood. They'll bet on anything; they'll play anything; they'll stake anything. I've seen a whole village stark, staring mad over play. What's more, I've known a whole village to be lost at play—houses, horses, cattle, wives, everything of value the place held.

"Indian gambling isn't what it used to be. The government has imposed restrictions that hold the vice within limits, but the passion is there, just the same, and in most of the tribes the Indians would rather play poker or monte than do anything else in the world.

"They are good losers, I'll say that for them. I've seen them lose everything they owned in the world without making a sign, and go away unusually cheerful. They'll put up their last cent on a horse race or a foot race, and they'll bet on tomahawk throwing, knife throwing, arrow shooting—anything that has an element of chance in it.

"They cheat like the devil, too. It isn't a disgrace. To be able to cheat successfully is a feather in an Indian's cap, an honor. To be caught cheating isn't in the least disgraceful from a moral point of view, but an Indian's ashamed of it because it marks him as stupid and bungling.

"In my day an Indian was as proud of being a great gambler as of being a great warrior. Some of the Indians played on the square, though.

"There was Quelepah. His honesty was a proverb. There was a saying 'When one plays with Quelepah, the game is honest and the limit is what one wills.' He was a professional gambler, a solemn, thin, cadaverous cuss who seldom spoke and never smiled.

"I knew him once, but I never played with him. He was still traveling ten years ago, but he may be dead now. There were a good many professional Indian gamblers in my day, but there are few now. The Mexicans fill the role. Mexican gamblers go out on regular tours, through the Sierra country and go back to Mexican towns loaded down with Indian money.

"Quelepah used to travel with two other Indians as a body guard, villainous looking Apaches they were, with big scrapping records. You see he made enemies and he coined money, so he did not care to travel alone. The Indians in the village always knew when he was coming and saved up money for weeks to play with him.

"Then one day he would come riding in on a scrubby pony, throw his blanket on the ground, squat down beside it and take out his monte cards. The Apaches sat, one on each side of him. All the Indians crowded around him, wild to play. He gave them all a chance. He never left until he had cleaned the village out thoroughly.

"Then he rode away. No one bore him a grudge. They were all ready to welcome him when he came again. There were all sorts of crazy rumors about a wonderful fetich he had.

"You see, every Indian has unbounded belief in luck. He believes implicitly in his fetich. That's the reason he isn't afraid to plunge. He has full faith in his own charmed talisman. If it fails him once, that is only because it runs up against a more powerful charm. It will make him win out next time.

"The Crees have a stick game that was always too much for my mathematics. They seemed to think they had had their money's worth of fun.

"Once up North three Injuns from a settlement twenty miles away came into our village and went up against three Hurons at platter. They played all night and half of the next day. The visitors got rid of everything portable they had except their clothes, and finally they put up their beaded leggings. The leggings were added to the home players' pile, and the three losers went home bare-legged through three feet of snow, but in the best of spirits.

"Out among the Iroquois, one night a young brave played hubhub until he lost four horses, all his money, his gun and knives and blankets and provisions and his two wives. Then he started in on his ornaments and got down to his clothes and never stopped playing until he stood as naked as when he came into the world.

"He didn't want to let up then. He offered to stake himself, to play for his servitude for a certain length of time. That wasn't an unusual thing among Indian gamblers in the old days; but this young Iroquois' opponent wouldn't have it, so the game had to stop.

"What's hubhub?" asked one of the listeners, as the colonel stopped to nurse his cigar.

"Oh, it's a dice game. The whites taught the Indians to use cards and poker and monte are the great games now on the reservations, but the whites didn't teach the Indians to gamble. The Indians knew all about that long before they ever saw a white face. Each tribe has its own games and they use a good many of them yet.

"They are all variations of the bone games or straw games. The Northern Indians went in for platter. They took a wooden bowl and put dice in it, usually six dice, though the number varied. Ordinarily the dice were made of bone, colored differently on the two opposite sides.

"A crowd lined up, two lines facing each other, and the two sides elected casters or throwers. Some Injuns had crack reputations as casters. They were supposed to own very powerful fetiches, or have some sort of magic power over the dice.

"A caster took the bowl, thumped it on the ground till the dice jumped and then twirled it fast so that the dice went spinning around. Everybody set up a howl of invocation and charm. 'Come seben, come 'leben,' isn't in it with a platter exhortation.

"When the bowl stopped twirling the side whose color was shown most in the dice won. The system of counting points varied. Sometimes it was tremendously complicated. I've known a crowd of Indians to stick at a platter game for a week at a stretch.

"Hubhub was a dice game, too, but the dice were thrown from the hand, more in crap fashion, and everybody yelled 'Hub, hub, hub,' all the time. You could hear a hubhub game half a mile off.

"The women were great on hubhub, too. The squaws were as daft over gambling as the men were, in many of the tribes, but they never had much money to lose, so they had to play a low limit.

"Ten-cent monte is the squaw's game in the Southwest, and penny ante poker suits the Northern squaws, but the braves are plungers.

"Out in Oregon the Indians play with marked beaver teeth or muskrat teeth instead of bone dice, and the Dakotas used to use plum stones. The Utahs liked to line up as if they were going to play platter, but, instead, the couples facing each other played together on their own hook, throwing hand dice.

"The Nez Perces were gamblers from 'way back. They wouldn't stop at anything. Family or group gambling was a specialty with them, family against family you know, and they didn't stick at gambling themselves into slavery.

"There are other bone games besides the dice games. The Chinooks and Chilkats' favorite game was to take two small bones, one marked and one unmarked, shuffle them in the hands, and then let the opponent guess under which finger and in which hand the marked bone was.

"Almost all of the tribes had some game of that sort, and the'd play the foolish, simple game by the day and go wild over it. They are just natural born gamblers. That's a fact. They'll bet on anything. They take an odd number of little sticks, say 51 or 101. One player holds a sharp bone in his hand and divides the sticks into two piles; the odd number pile wins.

"They do it like lightning. They don't seem to have to count. Then, again, the sticks have different lengths and values, and the calculation beats any higher trigonometry you ever saw, but those stupid Crees can do it like a shot.

"The most dramatic of the stick and bone games is one that is more or less common all through the tribes. Two lines of players face each other. Two chiefs are chosen. One chief takes the bone. He goes through all sorts of weird movements and contortions and gesticulations, passes the bone from one hand to another, etc.

"He passes, or pretends to pass it to the Indian next him, who goes through the same sort of swaying and mouthing and gesticulating and grunting, using every dramatic trick to hide where the bone really is. It's worth seeing.

"If one of the opposing side thinks he can place the bone or straw, he tries it. The hand he points at is held out. If it holds the bone the guesser's side scores. If it is empty, the guesser's side loses.

"Down on the Ute agency, years ago, all the men of a village played that bone game, with a band of Navajoes, and lost the whole village to the visitors; didn't save a scrap of anything. The Utes went on a raid, though, and evened things up.

"Whenever any of the reservation lands are opened up and the government pays the Indians for the land, there are high old times among the Indian gamblers. I remember when the Cherokee Strip was opened, the Indians down there held a regular gambling festival. Everybody played. There were ten Indians in one place who got their $100 apiece one day and sat down to play bones, five on a side. They played for fourteen hours straight. Then the game broke up. Five Indians had $1,400 apiece. The other five didn't have a copper cent.

"Don't talk to me about your gamblers down here. The Indians are the real thing."

"And how did you enjoy Paris?"
"Beautifully. Do you know we have become perfect Parasites."

A DISCIPLE OF TURPIN

WOULD-BE HIGHWAYMAN MEETS AN INGLORIOUS FATE.

Arthur Auger, claiming to be sixteen years of age, was arrested at 2 o'clock this morning at Fifth and Rosabel streets as he was waiting to hold up some chance passerby. His face was blackened and he was armed with a revolver of ancient pattern. His appearance aroused the suspicions of Lieut. Bahe, who, with Sergeant Pero and Officer Puglesa, arrested and took him to the Central station.

Young Auger admits that he was essaying the role of a bold highwayman, and claims that he was driven to it by reason of his destitute circumstances. He said his parents, who live at Twelfth and Robert streets, were away on a visit to Emery, Wis. Auger has served a term in the state training school at Owatonna.

THE GREAT SALVINI.

For many of the most finely discriminating connoisseurs of acting in this region, Salvini became the first and foremost of the histrionic artists of our day, and with nearly all "the judicious" he took, held, and holds a highly exalted position, says Henry A. Clapp in the November Atlantic. His personality was the most splendid—the adjective is fit and, indeed, required—that has illustrated the theater of his time. When he was first seen here, the beauty and strength of his classic face, the grand proportions of his figure, and the vibrant, sympathetic sweetness of his voice—a voice as glorious as ever proceeded from a man—combined to overpower the observer and listener. As was said of Edmund Kean, "he dominated stage and audience completely." His training in the continental school has been thorough, and, in temperamental force, I doubt if he was ever surpassed by any player at any period of the world. His acting was of the Latin order, not of the Teutonic or Anglo-Teutonic; it was, however, though always vital and strong, never extravagant; in gesture, though exuberant, it was not excessive; in its general method it belonged to what, in choice from a poverty of terms, must be called the exhaustive rather than the suggestive school of art; there was in it not so high a solution of pure intellectuality as in Edwin Booth's, but in its mastery, in the largest way and to the smallest detail, of the symbols of histrionic expression, it ranked, I think, above that of every other player whom the stage of America has known within the past fifty years.

"PLANET PARTIES."

A New Form of Entertainment Devised in California.

San Francisco Examiner.

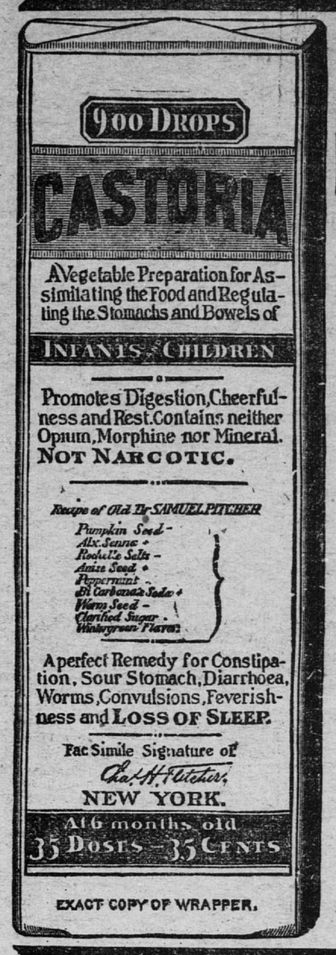
There is something absolutely new under the sun, or perhaps in this instance the old saying should be paraphrased into something absolutely new under the moon. It is the "planet party;" and to Mrs. James H. Budd, of Stockton, wife of the ex-governor of California, belongs the honor of having originated it.

That statement in itself bespeaks something out of the ordinary, for there is nothing frivolous about Mrs. Budd's "planet parties," mysteriously alluring though the title sounds. They are a new form of instruction, made doubly interesting from the delightful entertainment they afford. And what could be more romantic than a "planet party?"

It is intensely interesting to both young and old alike, for the "planet party" is star-gazing in the most literal sense of the term.

It takes the guests from the restricted limits of the parlor and the drawing-room out into the open air, across the green, grass-carpeted lawn, though the shadows of the towering trees and up the winding stairs of the observatory to revel in the glory of an autumn night under a clear, star-lit sky. There through the big telescope the wonders of the heavens are brought down to be viewed in turn by each of those present, and following this amusement refreshments are served to please the inner man. Truly, whether it be spring, summer or autumn, the "planet party" is well calculated to turn a young man's fancy to thoughts of the most tender sentiments.

Mrs. Budd's "planet parties," however, are the most sedate and exclusive little gatherings imaginable, for Mrs. Budd is very earnest in her chosen work, and brings to her entertainments a vast deal of scientific knowledege, which she imparts in a most pleasing manner. Fortunate, indeed, do those consider themselves who have had the pleasure of attending one of them. They are exclusive for two reasons. In the first place Mrs. Budd owns the only telescope in Stockton of any considerable size, and in the next place it naturally follows that the top of an observatory that is only ten or twelve feet square will not accommodate a great many people. Through Mrs. Budd's telescope something more can be seen than the little twinkling lights in the heavens. In the object glass of her 'scope they assume distinctive form. Jupiter and his moons can be seen, together with Saturn and his rings and moons. The sight of these planets is absorbingly interesting, and Mrs. Budd's "planet parties" are considered the hit of the season.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SOLDIERS WELL PAID

CAN SAVE MORE MONEY THAN MEN IN MANY TRADES

SUBSISTENCE COSTS NOTHING

Clothing and Housing Also Furnished Them Free of Expense—Duties in Time of Peace Not Arduous.

Somehow there is a popular presumption that the lot of the common soldier of all nations is a most forlorn one, says the New York Sun; that in some of the armies his miseries are frightful, that in regard to pay, care and consideration his condition by comparison with his officers is but little above that of a Chinese coolie. Careful analyses of the pay schedules and army regulations governing our military establishment wholly dissipate this belief, at least so far as the American soldier is concerned.

Data which have appeared in the Sun from time to time since the Spanish war prove that the officers of the United States army, from the grade of colonel to subaltern, are the most munificently paid of any in the world, yet, nevertheless, the disparity between the pay of the officer and the common soldier of our army is not so great as at first sight appears. The difference is far from warranting even a suspicion that the private soldier fares ill at the hands of his country, and that the plums are all reserved for his superiors.

As a matter of fact the enlisted men of the United States army are better paid and provided for than American farm laborers, coal and iron miners, ordinary railroad employes, cab drivers, motormen and conductors on street railways, mill hands, laboring men in the various other lines of employment, well as labor is remunerated in this country. The pay and allowance of the American soldier throughout the year amount in the aggregate to more than the average earnings of the Pullman sleeping car conductors or the clerks in country stores. Statistics show that at least three-fifths of all the wage earners in the country receive less returns for their services than the enlisted men of the United States army.

It is true that the original pay of the recruit is only $13 a month for the first two years of service, or $156 per annum. But the scale of pay is so arranged by law that at the end of five years' continuous service he is receiving $16 a month or $192 per annum. And if the veteran re-enlists he receives at once an increase of $2 a month to $18, or $216 per year, which continues throughout his second term. Upon every subsequent re-enlistment his monthly pay is increased $1.

The pay proper of the private soldier is, of course, not large. But the soldier is not obliged to pay out of it one cent for maintenance; he is fed, clothed and housed at government cost. When he travels it is at government cost, and even the tools he uses are furnished free of charge. Nor does he pay out anything for medical attendance, hospital service or medicines, and when sick he is relieved from duty. But he loses no time while sick in hospital as is the case with civilian laborers; his pay, clothing and subsistence allowance go right on from the day of his enlistment until discharged from the service. Thus the American soldier can save every cent of his earnings if he is so minded. After the civilian employe has paid his board bill, his clothing account and various other drafts upon his earnings, to say nothing of possible medical charges, how much will he have left out of a salary of say $3 a day for the twenty-six working days of each month? Moreover, he is usually out of service a considerable portion of each year, or sick, when his pay stops, whereas the soldier's pay goes right on.

Besides, the private soldier always has before him the chance of promotion to the non-commissioned grades, which carry increase of pay. The private soldier's pay is by no means the limit for enlisted men. Following is a table showing the minimum pay of the private soldier and certain company and regimental non-commissioned officers during their first enlistment, and the maximum upon re-enlistment for a second term:

Pay of Non-Commissioned Officers.

Grade.	Minimum. Month.	Minimum. Year.	Maximum. Month.	Maximum. Year.
Private	$13	$156	$18	$216
Corporal	15	180	20	240
Sergeant	18	216	23	276
First sergeant	25	300	30	360
Sergeant major	34	408	39	468
Hospital stew'd	45	540	50	600
Chief musician	60	720	65	780

Besides these there are other grades to aspire to, such as quartermaster, commissary and ordnance sergeant. All the non-commissioned officers have the same allowances as the private soldier, and no more, except in the item of pay. Thousands of men in the army are drawing this maximum of pay, and many even larger sums by reason of the $1 increase from subsequent enlistments.

Now compare the foregoing ratings with the pay of commissioned officers of the lower grades, taking into account the required difference in expenditures. The smallest commissioned pay is that of a new second lieutenant of infantry, $1,400 a year. But the government makes him no allowance for subsistence, clothing or equipment. He pays for his uniforms, food and appointments, and all his little personal expenses, just the same as the civilian employe, none of which, however, falls upon the private soldier or non-commissioned officers. Besides, the commissioned officer is obliged to sustain certain extraordinary expenses to maintain the dignity of his profession. After deducting all these expenditures from his pay, at the end of the year it is conceivable that his purse might be shorter than that of the common non-commissioned officers and privates, who pay for nothing and maintain the dignity of the profession by simply doing their duty.

Of course, as the second lieutenant rises in rank his pay is proportionately increased, and it is also increased 40 per cent, after twenty years' service, the addition being made at the rate of 10 per cent at the end of each five years' period. Meanwhile his personal expenses are somewhat increased by his advancement in rank. The pay of an infantry captain is $1,800 per annum, no percentage increase. But after deducting subsistence, clothing and incidental expenses from this sum, how much more will the captain have left at the end of the year than his first sergeant?

That there should be a difference between the pay of the officer and enlisted man, however, is very comprehensible. The officer leads and orders, and hence is responsible for everything; the soldiers are his children, who have no cares to encumber their minds. Upon marches or journeys by rail he never bothers himself about the route. He does not lie awake nights worrying about whether the supplies will be up in the morning. He knows very well that his officers are looking out for all those matters, and he marches serenely forward sure of his destination, or goes tranquilly to sleep when the march is over, perfectly confident that his rations for the next day will be on hand as usual, no matter what the difficulties of the situation. The private soldier seldom complains of the difference in pay and authority and responsibility.

Very little study of these data will convince intelligent readers that the life of the American common soldier is not wholly barren of those objects after which mankind incessantly struggles. It is certainly clear that he is not meagerly paid or fed at all events. In the German army the private soldier's pay is $2.50 a month, that of a sergeant $9, and of sergeant major $15. A musician receives but $4 a month.

TUNKEY THE ENGINEER.

In the October St. Nicholas, Cleveland Moffett gives an account of the breaking of a record in running a train. The last stage of the journey found the officials behind schedule time. But it was made up—by a quiet man named Tunkey. Still, in spite of these brave efforts, they pulled out of Erie fifteen minutes late, and started on the last relay with gloomy faces: It was eighty-six miles to Buffalo, the end of the race, and they must be there by 11:31 to win, which called for an average speed of over seventy miles an hour, including slow-downs. No train in the world had ever approached such an average, and their own racing average since leaving Chicago was much below it. So what hope was there?

There was hope in a tall, sparely built man named Bill Tunkey, about whom nobody knew much except that he was a good engineer who ran a rather clumsy ten-wheel locomotive not considered very desirable in a race. All other locomotives had been eight-wheelers. Still, the new engine had one advantage; she carried water enough in her tank for the whole run, and need not slow up to refill, as the others had done. She had another advantage; that she carried Tunkey, one of these men who rise up in sudden emergencies and do things, whether they are possible or not. It was not possible, everybody vowed, to reach Buffalo Creek by 11:31. "All right," said Tunkey, quietly, and then——

Within forty rods of the start he had his engine going thirty miles an hour, and he pressed her harder and harder until eleven miles out of Erie she struck an eighty-mile pace, and held it as far as Brockton, when she put forth all her strength, and did a burst of five miles in three and one-half minutes, one of these miles at the rate of 92¼ miles an hour, as the watches showed. "And I never want any more of that in mine," said the superintendent.

The next town was Dunkirk, where a local ordinance put a ten-mile limit on the speed of trains. Tunkep smiled as they roared past the station at more than eighty. A crowd lined the tracks here, for the telegraph had carried ahead the news of a hair-raising run. That crowd was only a blur to staring, frightened eyes at the car-windows. The officials were beginning to realize what kind of an engineer they had ahead this time. Whisssss! How they did run! Wahr! Wahr! barked the little bridges, and were left behind! H-o-o-o! bellowed a tunnel. And rip, whirr! as they slammed around a double-reverse curve with a vicious swing that made the bolts rattle in the last car. Men put their mouths to other men's ears and tried to say that perhaps Mr. Tunkey was getting a little overzealous. Much good that did! Mr. Tunkey had the bit in his teeth now and was running the race alone.

At 11:06 they swept past Silver Creek with 29 miles to go and 25 minutes to make it in. Hurrah! They had made up time enough to save them!

At 11:20 thy passed Lake View.

"Twelve miles more, and 11 minutes," yelled somebody, waving his hat.

"Toboggan slide all the way," yelled somebody else. "We'll do it easy Hooray!"

They passed Athol Springs at 11:24, all mad with excitement. They had 7 minutes left for 7 miles, and were cheering already.

"We'll make it with half a minute to spare,' said the only man in the private car who was reasonably cool. He was 4 seconds out of the way, for they crossed the line 26 seconds before 11:31, and won the race by less than half a minute, beating the New York Central's record per mile on the whole run by the fraction of a second, and beating the whole world's record in the last relay by several minutes, the figures standing—Tunkey's figures—86 miles from Erie to Buffalo in 70 minutes and 46 seconds, or an average speed of 72.91 miles an hour.

"Do?" said the official. "What did we do? Why, we— we——" He paused helplessly, and then added, with a smile: "Well, if you'll excuse the slang, we didn't do a thing to Tunkey!"

The Trials of a Novelist.

Puck.

Penley—Has Blufferton begun his new novel yet?

Skrivner—No. I heard that on account of it being the holiday season he is having some trouble in getting his publisher, his dramatist and his advertising expert together.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Chicago Great Western railway will sell tickets to various points in the west on Oct. 15, Nov. 5, 19 and Dec. 3, at one fare plus $2 for the round trip. For information apply to J. N. Storr, city ticket agent, corner Fifth and Robert streets, St. Paul.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN L. N. SCOTT, Lessee and Manager.
TONIGHT | Matinee Wednesday, 25c and 50c
MR. TIM MURPHY
In His Latest and Greatest Success.
A CAPITOL COMEDY
A big audience last night heartily endorsed Mr. Murphy's new play. Night Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Thursday, Richard Golden in "Old Jed Prouty." Sunday, Blanche Walsh in "Janice Meredith."

GRAND
THE QUAINTEST OF COMEDIES.
ROSE MELVILLE AS SIS HOPKINS
Matinee Wednesday.
Next Week—Robt. B. Mantell.
Minnesota State Band Concert Sunday, Nov. 3.

STAR THEATER
MATINEE DAILY. EVENINGS AT 8:15.
Biggest Show of the Season.
The Jolly Grass Widows.
50—People—50.
Free List Suspended.
PRICES 10c 20c 30c
Next Week—CITY CLUB COMPANY.

EMPIRE THEATER...
High-class vaudeville. Matinees daily at 2 p. m. Admission Free
ALL DEAF.
Fifteen Star Specialties, headed by Allen and Bright, Gibson and Nash and Jim Dalton. Don't fail to see the wrestling match every evening this week.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Suction. Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.
Patented.
Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. MARVEL CO.
Room 335, Times Bldg., New York.

BUY THE GENUINE
SYRUP OF FIGS
... MANUFACTURED BY ...
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
REGARDLESS OF THE NAME.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS
C. A. Zimmerman
Will aid you to select a Camera, sell it to you at the lowest possible price and teach you without charge the proper use of it. Headquarters for the UNIVERSAL DEVELOPER and Green Fixing.
101 EAST SIXTH STREET.
TELEPHONE 1868-J-3 MAIN.