

# Current Topics

**The Kiowa Ghost Dance.**  
Under ordinary circumstances news that an Indian tribe is indulging in the wild frenzy known as the ghost dance is enough to call up visions of murder and rapine. In past days numerous murderous raids of the red men have been preceded by such festivals. But a ghost dance now being held in the Wichita and Kiowa reservations of Indian territory is not believed to presage any such terrible scenes. The reservations named are to be opened to white settlers when the allotment of lands to Indians shall have been completed, and the red men fear that once the paleface goes in among them the days of tribal power will have been numbered. With the view of preventing the impending incursion these older chiefs have organized the



BLANKI.  
Leader of the Ghost Dance.

ghost dance, which will, they hope, serve to keep the white men away. Blanki, the leader of the ghost dance, is a high priest in his tribe and a dreamer as well. He is a quiet man between 50 and 60 years of age, of dignified manner and with a thoughtful countenance, according well with his tribal positions as chief priest and head man.

**He Stole \$700,000.**

Cornelius L. Alvord, note teller in the First National bank of New York, 2 Wall street, has stolen \$700,000 of the bank's funds and has absconded. The bank's officers positively deny that anyone in the bank or that any of its depositors was in collusion with Alvord. He had been twenty years in the bank's employ, six years as its note teller, and had the implicit confidence of its officers. It is probable that Alvord lost the greater part of the money he stole in speculating in the street, at the very entrance to which he handled millions of dollars. George F. Baker, president of the bank, has issued this statement:



President Baker.

"The aggregate of the false entries, amounting to \$700,000, has been charged off on the books of the bank, out of the reserve fund, without diminishing the surplus, and profits of the bank as reported in its last published statement. It is expected that the shortage will be materially reduced by a substantial sum, of which there is a fair prospect of recovery."

Sig. Gallo, the new Italian minister of public instruction, is being criticised by the German press because he has eliminated the study of German from the curriculum of the intermediate schools. That language was introduced in the Italian schools by Sig. Baccelli, Gallo's predecessor. The German papers assert that Italy's commercial relations with Germany, Austria, and Switzerland are becoming closer year by year, and that the German tongue is necessary to Italians.

**New Count Coming.**

Baron Von Sternberg, who has been first secretary to the German embassy here for several years, has been transferred to a new post and will be succeeded by Count Quadt, who has just arrived and is now looking for a suitable residence. Count Quadt has spent his life in the German diplomatic service and is a man of great wealth and social inclination. The Countess Quadt is a daughter of Signor Martino, the Italian ambassador to Denmark.



The late Lord Russell once presided at a dinner given to Sir Henry Irving on the latter's return from America. While the dinner was in progress Lord Russell suggested that Comyns Carr propose Sir Henry's health. "I can't make speeches, you know," said Sir Henry gently replied. "I heard you make a fine speech before the Parnell commission." To which the pungent Irishman answered: "Oh, yes, but then I had something to talk about."

**Say Mrs. Cruger Is to Wed.**  
From Italy come rumors that Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is engaged to marry a wealthy young Bostonian named Gardner, and New York society is pleased thereat.



Mrs. Cruger.

Before the death of her husband Mrs. Cruger fell into the habit of writing short stories and novels, which dealt wholly with society, and for which publishers eagerly bid. It was then she came as near founding a salon as was possible in New York. Her houses at Oyster Bay and in the city were the rendezvous of persons of both sexes with literary and artistic tastes. After the death of Mr. Cruger and the discovery that wealth was not hers, Mrs. Cruger dipped deeper into the stream of light fiction, and under the nom de plume of "Julian Gordon" wrote clever sketches than ever. Then came the desire to live abroad and for the past year or more Mrs. Cruger has occupied a charming villa in Florence.

**A Galveston Hero.**

There are few men in Texas with such a well developed propensity for getting into disagreeable jobs as Col. Hunt McCaleb, who was adjutant general of the city forces when Galveston was under martial law. When Gen. Thomas Scurry was appointed to the military command of the city by Mayor Jones he at once offered the appointment of adjutant general to Col. McCaleb. Why he did so nobody appeared to know, for McCaleb is not popular. In normal times he is an unassuming newspaper plodder of the most ordinary stripe. But he seems fairly to revel in a row, and perhaps that is why Gen. Scurry appointed him to the responsible position of adjutant general, and gave into his hands the work of managing the great mass of detail which devolved upon the military government.

There was no law to guide him save common sense, and, according to his story, when he needed a law right badly to cover a case which presented itself at the adjutant general's office,



COL. McCALEB.

he would grind one out as fast as his stenographer could work a typewriter. During the ten days of martial law forty-six general orders were issued. Gen. Scurry says they were models of military conciseness. In these forty-six orders this newspaper plodder, whom the hurricane had tossed into a position of despotic power second only to the military governor himself, gave to the town a code of laws which brought order out of chaos, defined the common law rights which would be respected and indicated in no uncertain terms the common law rights which ceased to exist under this fearful and peculiar military despotism. But more wonderful than this was the fact that the people proper, who had been governed with an iron hand and often at the muzzle of a rifle, rose up and proclaimed against the proposed abrogation of martial law. It was McCaleb who first suggested to Gen. Scurry that the time had come to get back to civil government. As the adjutant general had been in the closest touch with the people, Gen. Scurry placed great store on his opinion. He saw the correctness of it, and told the mayor that martial law must cease, and in twenty-four hours the machinery of civil process was again in motion.

**The Right to Hiss.**

A Kansas City judge has laid down a new canon in theatrical criticism. Two men at the Standard theater in that city who did not like the performance expressed their disapproval by hissing. They were arrested and fined, the court deciding that while every citizen has the right to indulge in criticism, he has no right to disturb the enjoyment of others. The learned judge apparently did not remember that persons sometimes applaud and usually applaud in the wrong time, which disturbs many persons. The two victims ought to go to Paris, where recently an audience, displeased with the performance, broke the windows and chairs and wound up by turning a hose on the performers. There are many occasions when an audience feels like turning on the hose, but Paris is the only place where this luxury is enjoyed.

## The Weekly Panorama.

**Believed to Be Alive.**  
A London paper prints a story to the effect that Charles Stewart Parnell is not dead, but leading the Boer forces in South Africa.



Charles S. Parnell.

Parnell is by no means the only man officially reported as dead, and concerning whom a popular belief prevails that he still remains in the land of the living. Throughout Russia a similar superstition exists concerning that General Skobelev whose sudden death at Moscow has always remained shrouded in a certain amount of mystery. The idol not alone of the army but likewise of the masses of the Russian people, the popularity of this heroic figure, who still lives in the hearts of his countrymen as the "White General," at one moment gave serious concern to the government at St. Petersburg, especially when the general, having without authority pledged Russia's co-operation in certain anti-German enterprises of France, showed a disposition to use his influence with the people to force the czar into an immediate war against Germany. Moreover, his close intimacy with the leaders of the pan-Slavist party at Moscow, and his pronounced sympathy with their views, all contributed to render him a species of "enfant terrible" to his government.



Gen. Skobelev.

It is these circumstances, coupled with the fact that his alleged death took place precisely at the moment when Russia found herself on the verge of a war with Germany, for which she was in no sense prepared, that has given rise to the so widespread belief that his demise was fictitious; that he merely vanished from the scene; prompted by motives of patriotism and expediency, and that he remains to this day in the land of the living. So firmly is this conviction rooted in the minds of the people that only two years ago the entire population of a large town in the interior of the empire, after adorning the chief thoroughfares with bunting and triumphal arches, flocked to the railroad station with bands of music and silver salvers bearing bread and salt, all for the purpose of welcoming the "White General," who, according to a rumor, originated no one knew how, was to arrive by the midday express train. In Austria many believe that Arch Duke John is still alive.

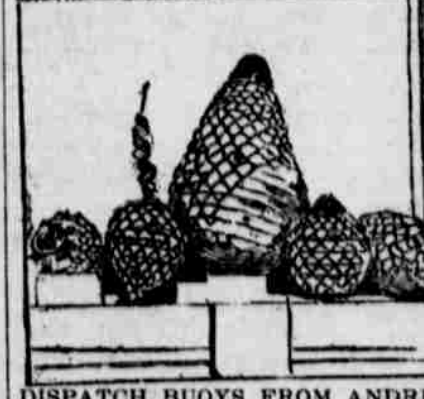


Arch Duke John.

Librarian Putnam has abolished the custom of permitting persons of responsible character and unquestioned position occasionally to take books from the Congressional Library, after making a deposit, as a precaution against accident. Mr. Putnam says that there have been no abuses of the custom, but that he thinks the absence of all risk the safer plan.

**News of Andree Still Lacking.**

The dispatch buoys of Andree's last enterprise, just brought to Stockholm, give little tidings of his fortunes, for they were cast to earth and wind and wave in the early time, when the aerobats were full of hope and their friends had not begun to despair. These messages were sent at brief intervals back to the world by the man who was all too probably to see it no more, and after the last message silence and distance allowed up the expedition—the men, the balloon and the whole project of a new invasion of the pole.



DISPATCH BUOYS FROM ANDREE.

Among the large army of the "missing"—those who are not returned as prisoners or slain in the battles of the race, because their end had no witnesses and because, but for the lapse of time which persuaded us of their death, they might be living still—Andree has a lofty place. No new hope is afforded by the experiment made some weeks ago to test the sustaining power of a balloon of 8,000 cubic meters, supplied with all scientific apparatus and provisions for three weeks.

Dr. Thomas H. Norton, American consul at Harpoot, Turkey, recently gave a dinner to the members of the Phi Beta Kappa society resident in Pera. Nearly a dozen persons were present, representing Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Vassar, Hamilton, Bowdoin, Amherst, Williams and Columbia.

## In the Public Eye

**Mrs. Astor a Mascot.**  
Mrs. Jack Astor of New York and Newport is regarded as a veritable mascot by the yachtsmen of the seaboard. She has an unbroken line of yacht-sailing victories to her credit and is in great demand by the skipper of the thirty-footers at present. The finish of a race is a foregone conclusion when Mrs. Astor steps aboard. Mrs. Astor braved the elements one day last week in the race for the cup offered by Harry Payne Whitney. Gowned in a natty costume of black, with the ends of a white feather boa about her neck streaming out in the fresh breeze, she made a beautiful picture. There was quite a sea on the outside, but the little races made better weather of it than the seventies, and Mrs. Astor added to her triumphs



MRS. JACK ASTOR.

by bringing victory to the Pollywog, which was sailed by Mr. Whitney's brother-in-law, Almeric Hugh Paget.

Frederick Macmonnies, whose fountain at the World's Fair is still fresh in the memory of many Americans, has determined next spring to give up the mallet and chisel for the palette and brush. He is now in Paris, at work on an equestrian statue of Gen. Slocum, which is to be set up in Brooklyn. When that is completed he will take up painting, and make New York his residence.

**Sampson Son for Navy.**

Admiral Sampson's retirement in February will not take his family out of active service in the navy. His three sons-in-law, Lieutenants Jackson and Roy Smith and Ensign Cluverius, are young men in the service, and his son will enter the next year by a promised presidential appointment.



Ralph Sampson.

An English paper says that the only reason that Queen Victoria does not appear personally at the opening of parliament is that she is physically unable. She would have to walk a long distance and climb a flight of stairs, and has now passed the age when she can do that.

**She Is All American.**

Miss Arline Peck, daughter of Ferd W. Peck of Chicago, commissioner general to the Paris exposition, has renounced her titled foreign suitors. She is true to her early determination to wed an American. The engagement was announced last week in Dayton, Ohio, of Miss Peck and William A. Simms of Chicago.



MISS ARLINE PECK.

The family will return from Paris in December, and it is expected that the exquisite lingerie, gowns, hats and cloaks, which are piling up in Miss Peck's Parisian trunks, are to be part of her trousseau, and that the wedding will take place shortly after their return.

It seems to be the growing fashion in the smart set for the sisters of one family to marry the brothers of another. Miss Peck's elder sister is the wife of Mr. Charles Simms, a brother of William.

Commander Robert H. J. Stewart of the British navy has been specially promoted to the rank of captain, with seniority from Sept. 6, 1900, for service in connection with the capture of the Taku forts in China.

Capt. Gustave Gerardot of New Orleans is the holder of the oldest commission as a member of the Bar Pilots' association. He is still an active member of that association and is as nimble as a boy.

## The Happiness of Hearts.

BY E. S. BRAINERD.  
(Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
Years ago Mrs. Marchmont stood at the foot of the social stair and determined to scale its heights. At first it was slow work; but of late, in fact, since Honore had grown up, it had been comparatively easy climbing. Limited means had restricted the Marchmonts to rather small and out-of-the-way summer places. "But really," Mrs. Marchmont declared, "one sometimes met the most charming people at these quiet resorts."

Truth to tell, Mrs. Marchmont had the good sense to know that she couldn't be much in a pond of extensive dimensions and that she was something of a big frog in the little puddles; so she stuck to shallow waters. However, when Honore developed such astonishing beauty and popularity, Mrs. Marchmont had wandered farther up the coast where the waves ran high and where one came in contact with such people as the Herbert Van Alstyne's and the Mamliton-Wares' and it seemed to Mrs. Marchmont that she was almost about to reach the goal on the upper landing of the stair.

Everything depended on Honore now—Honore, with her superb bearing and her Titian hair and her always absolute correctness. Mrs. Marchmont was very proud of Honore; she had always been a dutiful daughter, even from the time when she was a little girl and sat propped up in bed reading novels and eating chocolates and things until her mother came in from a dance or a theater. But lately Mrs. Marchmont hadn't known quite what to make of Honore. Not that she was any the less devoted or attentive to her mother, but she seemed to be developing new ideas not strictly in accordance with those of her mother. For instance, the night after the hop at the Creton's, at which event the Herbert Van Alstyne's and the Hamilton-Wares' had actually asked Mrs. Marchmont to sit with them on the gallery and the ugly little foreign count had danced three times with Honore, Mrs. Marchmont playfully alluded to herself as the mother of a possible countess, Honore had thrown herself into her mother's arms, and, bursting into tears, begged her to go away—anywhere—she would work, and they two would be so happy, giving up all this tawdry sham and



She was so tired of it all.

make-believe. She was so tired of it all!

It would seem so good to have a little home—just one little room, and to make it bright and happy; she was so tired of ruffles and silk skirts bought after months of scrimping and hoarding their little income; she had never had a home; a real, real home like other girls. It had just been roving and pretending ever since she could remember. Mrs. Marchmont, too, began to weep, and to cast self-accusations, to quote the threadbare verse about a "thankless child," and went to bed with a case of nervous hysteria. After this all blew over Mrs. Marchmont and Honore resumed their usual relations, and, except for a tired, weary look in her eyes, Honore was the same dear girl she had ever been.

From this time on the attentions of the Count became more and more marked. He was not a pleasant man to look upon, but around him there shone the halo of a titled name and ancestral halls. Mrs. Marchmont began to patronize the Herbert Van Alstyne's and the Hamilton-Wares' were spoken of by her as "really very clever people, don't you know." She dwelt in the glaring light of titular fame; she had passed the upper landing and was making her way to the dome. But one thing marred the sunny glory of her little day. It was the other man! The other man, James Howard, who laid at the feet of Honore only the coronet of a glorious manhood, a great brain and a greater heart; a big, broad-shouldered fellow with clean-cut features and eyes that looked straight into those of his fellow men and women unflinchingly, and whose only offering was the gift of a great love.

The few weeks at the seashore was a terrible strain on Mrs. Marchmont's purse strings and she was obliged to retrench. So, with the aid of the Count, who followed them very soon, she, with Honore took rooms at a little hotel far up in the hills. For days Honore was almost happy, riding every morning up among the fresh, fragrant hills. She grew to love a little house that lay on her way and one morning as she passed, a woman came down the little trodden path between the riotous growth of hollyhocks and larkspur and met a man at the gate. She seemed a young woman, a woman not very fair or beautiful, but with an earnest,

happy face that made Honore look for her each morning. Somehow or other that man reminded her of Jim, with his strength and vigor, and then she tried to fancy that she was the girl, and that she came down the path to meet him, and she wondered if all the blaze and sparkle of a title would be worth the glory in Jim's eyes!

All day long there lingered in Honore Marchmont's memory the picture at the gate. The little path of trodden earth that led from the doorway through the dew-wet, swaying hollyhocks to the gate beyond, and at the gate, the woman in the blue print gown and the eager, happy eyes of the man who waited for her. At nightfall she could endure it no longer. The Count was leaving on the late train; he was impatient—it must be now or never, he told Mrs. Marchmont, so with the recriminations, pleading and entreaties of her mother in her ears and a letter in her bosom from the man she loved, Honore spurred her horse on toward the hills.

It was just dusk when the horse stumbled along the dusty lane, now through the somber wood. There were only the sounds of the night to be heard. The low cry of a late bird, the muffled lowing of distant cattle, the strumming bass of a bullfrog by the stream and the lighter melody of a locust's trill. A covey of birds, frightened by the passer, flew with a whirr of brown wings into a hedge by the roadside, a fluttering bat went blindly by and the dark range of forest trees stood silhouetted against the flushed western sky.

She came again to the little house she had passed in the morning and the girl was waiting at the gate.

Honore reined her horse and spoke quickly: "I saw you here this morning—I hoped you would be here when I came tonight, I wanted to speak with you." She hesitated. "Was that man at the gate—this morning—was he your lover?"

The girl peered up into the face above her and answered "yes."

"Was he—do you love him—are you happy?"

"The girl at the gate came closer and laid her hand on the bride rein. 'I know what you want—I knew this morning—I wanted you to come back. You are Miss Marchmont at the hotel over there,' she nodded her head toward the lower range of hills. 'I saw you that day when you rode past with the two of them—that little, black Count and the man that looks like my Jim.'"

"Jim!" uttered Miss Marchmont breathlessly, "is his name Jim, too?" "Yes, Jim—Jim Watson," the girl went on, peering up into the face that bent down over her.

"I've watched you, oh, so often. I was sorry when he went away and the other one staid. I just knew you couldn't love him, but I was afraid for you. Let me tell you about myself and then you'll know, you'll understand. I've lived here all my life," she went on in a quiet, passionless voice. "I was born in that little room there, where we cook and eat and sleep, and when I was a little thing no higher than your knee, Jim and me played together, and he carried me over the stony places in the mountains and brought me the first arbutus and the finest trout and quail and all the simple gifts of these woods of ours. When I was seventeen I went to work at the hotel, and I saw the other girls over there, who, like you, had come to spend the summer, and I envied their dresses, swishing with silk and their white hands beaded with rings, and when I would come home after my work was over, I hated this poor little path and I loathed the one crowded room and spurned the flowers with my feet and Jim—poor Jim—I broke his heart."

"I used to sing, and one day at my work, a lady heard me. She called me to her; she made me sing again and again; she showered me with praises and flattery—and I believed her. I went away. I worked and studied and sang and the world was good to me. Maybe it was one year—maybe two—but one morning I awoke and my mouth yearned for the taste of new milk, and my eyes ached for the mountains and the streams and the hollyhocks and my heart hungered for love; love, for which all the wealth and fame and power in the world will not compensate; enough; I came home—and here I am—and here is Jim—and here alone is happiness."

She ceased speaking, and the girl on the horse bent down and kissed the straight white part where the brown hair rippled away on either side the woman's head.

"Goodnight," she said softly. "God bless you and yours."

"Goodnight," called out the other, in the fast gathering gloom. "Goodnight, and God bless you and Jim."

**Health Officers Have Troubles.**

Trouble is brewing in Frankfurt, Ind., between the school-teachers and the board of health. There was a small-pox scare some time ago and the board ordered that no scholar should be admitted unless able to "present satisfactory evidence of successful vaccination." This the board defined as a scar showing where the virus "took." Teachers refuse to examine the children's arms, declaring that they could not tell whether the scar came from vaccination or some other cause. At Evansville, in the same state, there is much grumbling among taxpayers because it cost the county \$10,000 to stamp out the smallpox there. Some of the bills are held to have been exorbitant and an ordinance regulating all such charges in future has been adopted by the county commissioners.