

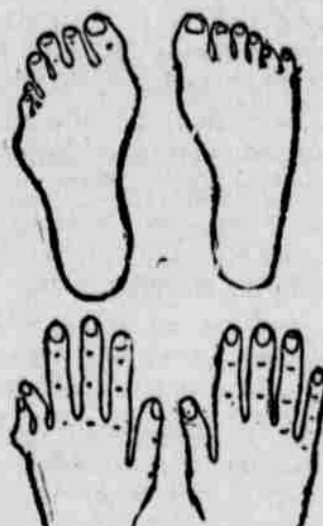
Current Topics

Cost of the Steel Strike.

President Shaffer's public statement of the terms upon which the steel strike has been settled contains nothing of importance that was not known before, but his attack upon the American Federation of Labor and the United Mine Workers adds another significant item to the losses of the Amalgamated Association throughout the strike. Mr. Shaffer indulges in bitter censure of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mitchell because they did not call out their followers. Irrespective of contracts, as he had done. His words scarcely can fail to complete the alienation of the two large organizations thus attacked. The strike also has shattered the Amalgamated Association itself, perhaps beyond repair, besides making non-union mills of many which were nominally union before. During the two and a half months of the strike the workmen lost about \$10,000,000 in wages. The losses of the company can be recouped to a considerable extent, but lost time and wages are never found again. The average number of men idle during the strike was something over 50,000. At one time the number was nearly 160,000.

Six Fingered Man.

In the current number of the American Naturalist Professor H. L. Osborn gives the tracings of the hands and feet of a student at Hamline University. Each foot is provided with a supernumerary toe. While one hand is normal, the other is provided with an extra finger. The case is that of a



TRACINGS OF HANDS AND FEET, young man 25 years of age. His parents, grandparents, and all of his relatives so far as known were perfectly formed. Cases of this sort are not uncommon, and are known as polydactylism.

Central American Germans.

German business houses in Guatemala, Nicaragua and Costa Rica control almost the entire foreign trade of the five republics with England and California, besides the entire traffic between Germany and Central America. The shipping along the Central American coasts is also to a large extent in German hands. These conditions are causing an immense loss of trade to Great Britain. With the taking of the commerce from Great Britain has arisen in England a hatred of things German until the nations that were at one time allies are now not far removed from the point of war.

Moistens Stamps.

Most envelope and stamp moisteners are complicated or bulky affairs which are unhandy for use when it is desired to dampen a single envelope, but the device in the illustration seems to surmount these objections. It is the invention of W. E. Kentrick of Vermont, who states that the implement is adapted for use with mucilage as well as with water. The rear portion of the moistener is a reservoir for the storage of the water, which feeds through a tube to the bottom of the compartment containing the sponge. The feed is regulated by a valve located between the reservoir and the sponge, and the parts may be easily separated for refilling. To use the moistener it is grasped by the thumb and finger, as shown, the finger pressing the spring tongue against the flap of the envelope.



HANDY IMPLEMENT FOR DESK USE.

ope to squeeze the water from the sponge as the envelope is drawn between the two with the other hand.

Richard Croker's visitors at his English country place, Moat House, give a glowing account of his public services as a benefactor of Leicestershire. Not content with beautifying his own property, he is improving the village by widening and straightening the public roads, by extending a picturesque wall and by placing seats for villagers in the meadows under the trees. He has also licensed the village boys to bathe in his new lake at certain hours and has promised to provide a fountain near one of the old mills. He has furnished employment for a large force of workmen in improving his estate.

News and Views

Descendant of Hamilton.

Lieutenant Louis Hamilton of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, who commanded the special guard of honor at the Buffalo city hall and on the train which took President McKinley's body to Washington, is a



LOUIS HAMILTON, great grandson of Alexander Hamilton.

Premonition of Death.

In his autobiography, "A Sailor's Log," Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans relates a strange incident of premonition which a fellow sailor had the night before the attack on Fort Fisher, in January, 1865. He says: "We had on board the Powhatan a fine young seaman named Flannigan who came from Philadelphia. On the night of Jan. 14 he came to my room with a small box in his hand and said to me: 'Mr. Evans, will you be kind enough to take charge of this little box for me—it has some little trinkets in it—and give it to my sister in Philadelphia?' I asked him why he did not deliver it himself, to which he replied 'I am going ashore with you tomorrow and I will be killed.' I told him how many bullets it required to kill a man in action and in other ways tried to shake his convictions, but it was no use—he stuck to it. He showed no nervousness over it, but seemed to regard it as a matter of course. I took the box, and, after making a proper memorandum, put it away among my things. On the afternoon of the next day, when we were charging the fort, and just as we came under fire, at about 800 yards, I saw Flannigan reel out to one side and drop, the first man hit, with a bullet through his heart. I stepped quickly to his side and asked if he was badly hurt. The only reply was a smile as he looked up into my face and rolled over dead. The box was delivered as he requested, and I afterward assisted in getting a pension for his sister."

Woman as Bill Poster.

Miss Cora Guthrie Kimball is the only woman in the United States, and



in the world, probably, to be at the head of a bill posting company. Miss Kimball lives in Moultrie, Ga., and there she carries on a very successful business. Miss Kimball turned to bill posting after several years spent in kindergarten teaching. The entire loss of her voice compelled her to abandon her chosen field of work. Recovering her voice in a year or so, but fearing a return of the affliction, Miss Kimball decided to turn to something in which she could use her arms independently of her tongue and earn a comfortable livelihood.

England and Elections.

There is but one political district in Great Britain which has not enjoyed the excitement of a contested election since 1885. That is Rutland, for which a Mr. Finch has sat since November, 1867, and during those years, although there have been eight general elections, this lucky man has had to fight for his seat only once. In Ireland, differing in this as in so many things from England, there are no less than thirty-six out of the hundred constituencies in which there has been no contest since 1885. The changing about of the members has been so great, however, that in only nine of these thirty-six constituencies does the same member sit to-day as sat there in 1885.

Margherita of Italy.

Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy has the reputation of being the best educated woman in the ranks of European royalty. She reads and writes English, French, German and Spanish, and has a wide acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics.

SAYINGS and DOINGS

Anarchism and Atheism.

Anarchists are always atheists. Their fundamental proposition that there is no rightful government begins with the assertion that there is no God. If there is no God there is no moral government of the world, and in the general chaos it is every man for himself. If anarchy has any logic, anything beside its brutal hatreds, that is it.

When that typical anarchist, the unsavory Johann Most, was in Chicago. In a meeting of anarchists, speaking freely in German, he declared that the first thing they as anarchists had to do was to "destroy every altar, to extinguish every religion, to tear God down from the heavens." What right, he said, would any man have to govern other men unless God gave him that right? "Down with God." In this Most was only a rabid echo of Karl Marx. The assassin of President McKinley, like Emma Goldman, has been blatant in protesting his atheism, declaring that there is no God, that he has "no use for God."

It is a remarkable fact, and one that will not soon be forgotten, that just when the assassin imagined he was doing something to usher in the new social condition, in which there would be neither God nor government of any sort, there came from the heart of the president such an acknowledgment of God as had the effect to waken in the hearts of all the people such a sense of the relation of God to human affairs as had never before in our history found more impressive utterance.

A Shaggy Bird.

A strange bird to be found in Central Africa is called by the natives



THE WEE-TOO-TOO-HOO.

Wee-Too-Too-Hoo, from its cry. Instead of having feathers the bird is shaggy. It is about the size of a swan and it has a long and slender bill, of which it makes a remarkable use in supporting itself when it rests. The bird lies quiet during the day in holes in the ground or at the root of trees and comes out in the twilight. It feeds on worms, grubs, and also hian berries. It makes a peculiar snuffling noise when hunting or feeding. It lives in pairs, and the female lays twice a year a large egg, which is deposited in a hole at the foot of a tree.

What Peary Has Done.

The recent return of the Peary relief steamer Erik reveals the results of that indefatigable explorer's labors during the last two years. While he has not yet succeeded in reaching the pole, his achievements are considerable and satisfactory. His greatest success consists in having discovered and charted the northernmost island of the Greenland archipelago, which is also the most northerly known land in the world. He has called the island Melville Land, and expresses the belief that there is no land anywhere lying nearer the pole. With pardonable pride the lieutenant congratulates the Peary Arctic club on the fact that, through its instrumentality, the most northerly cape of Greenland has been "lifted out of the Arctic mists and obscurity." Henceforth the geographers will no longer print the map of Greenland without northern boundaries.

Greatest of Artists.

This is the title which the musician depicted in the accompanying sketch has selected for himself. No other artist is capable of playing so many different instruments at the same time. For some years past he has been attracting attention on the continent by his wonderful feats, and has offered to pay any person \$500 who can succeed in imitating him. So far no one has accepted his challenge. M. Malboech is capable of playing as many as thirteen instruments—the piano, cornet a piston, clarinet, violin, a chime of forty bells, the bass drum, slymbals, triangles, two kettle drums, tabor and castanets. By means of his hands he plays either the piano or the clarinet and piano at the same time, but more generally the cornet a piston and piano. The left hand, used for the latter instrument, actuates the chimes also. The secondary instru-



ments are played through the pressure of the feet upon the pedals. These multiple occupations do not prevent him while playing the cornet from smoking his pipe. He correctly executes pieces that are often difficult.

The Ponca Sun Dance



The Ponca Indians on the reservation near White Eagle, Ok., have just lately held their annual sun dance, a ceremony that always attracts more or less of a crowd of curiosity seekers. Two hundred members of the tribe, including a number of squaws, took part in it and nearly 1,000 of the tribesmen shed the light of their countenances upon a weird scene. Besides there were a goodly number of whites present, while neighboring tribes of Osages, Kaws and Pawnees helped to swell the motley crowd of spectators.

White Eagle, head chief of the Poncas, was master of ceremonies. He is a magnificent specimen of his race, standing over six feet high, erect as the center-pole in his tent and with a



face betokening much intelligence and force of character. The dignity he displayed throughout was worthy of a Roman emperor, and not only did he inspire his own people with awe, but he called forth the admiration of all the visitors.

The scene was both unique and picturesque. The white tepees of the Indians stood in a large circle on the prairie some distance east of the government agency buildings. To the northward flowed the Arkansas river, whose course is marked by an avenue

of rugged bluffs clothed in verdure. On the summits of some of these bluffs fires had been kindled and the smoke rose from them in blue circles and spread itself over the landscape, giving the semblance of a genuine Indian summer. Large herds of cattle were grazing on the plain, and the twinkling of their bells, mellowed by distance, came faintly to the ears of the listeners. In front of the tepees the braves sat stolidly smoking their pipes, while within the squaws were busy preparing viands for the approaching feast that ends the ceremony.

A Time-Honored Observance.

For three days and nights the sun dance continues. Once a powerful tribe on the frontier, the Poncas hold to the traditions of their fathers with unusual tenacity. The sun dance, being the principal festival of the year, is especially esteemed, and its observance has become, through long continuance, imperative. Time and environment, it is true, have modified some of its characteristic features, but in the main it is precisely as it has been for a century or more. The custom came to the Poncas from the Sioux long ago, but even at this day in essential details it is the same as the sun dance of the Sioux. The Poncas say that the dance is an invocation to the Great Spirit through the power and majesty of the sun for an abundance of food in the coming year and for preservation from disease and evil spirits. It also expresses gratitude for whatever good fortune has come in the past. The literal significance of its customs and of the decorations and equipments of dancers is difficult to learn. Even the most capable students of the sun dance have told little else than how it

was performed, advancing into perplexing uncertainties when they attempted to tell why this or that thing was done. However, the motives that prompt its observance are not far removed from those that influence the whites in their observance of a day of national thanksgiving.

A Pale-Faced Guest.

For the observance of the sun dance a level plain is selected. A circle is made of the tents of the Indians and within this the ceremonies take place. On the recent occasion the entrance to this circle was from the east, toward the rising sun, the tepees facing toward the center. First the customary council of the head men was held



to decide upon the program. Only the head chief and his band chiefs have the right to sit in the council of their own volition and the honor of an invitation, seldom conferred, is greatly coveted by Indians whose status is simply membership in the tribe. Unless invited the latter are not even permitted to approach the council tepee.

Culpeper county, Virginia, has decided to mark within its boundaries the lines of battles during the civil war.



Latton Is Booming.

Latton, Ok., is a town which grew in a night, and which is still growing. It was a flat, hopeless stretch of prairie one day, the next it was a village of tents. It sprang into being with the babble of men's voices and in response to their restless greed. Two months ago it was the last corner left of the Indians' hunting ground, a poor patch, but theirs nevertheless. Then it was converted into a number on a lottery ticket; then it became a camp of land-seekers; now it is a county seat. Will it one day be the capital of the state of Oklahoma? Who can tell?

The bunch grass was scraggy and brown about it; the sun was hot; there was dust and dreariness everywhere. The trains ran through it from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts and travelers closed their eyes as they passed, wishing themselves well rid of such hopeless solitude. If anyone had prophesied that the place would be a bustling town within a month, who would have believed it? Who would or could have chosen such a place for a town site? It was so pitifully discouraging. Yet there stands a town, almost a city, with a first-class post office, a county building, and what not of public establishments. With two

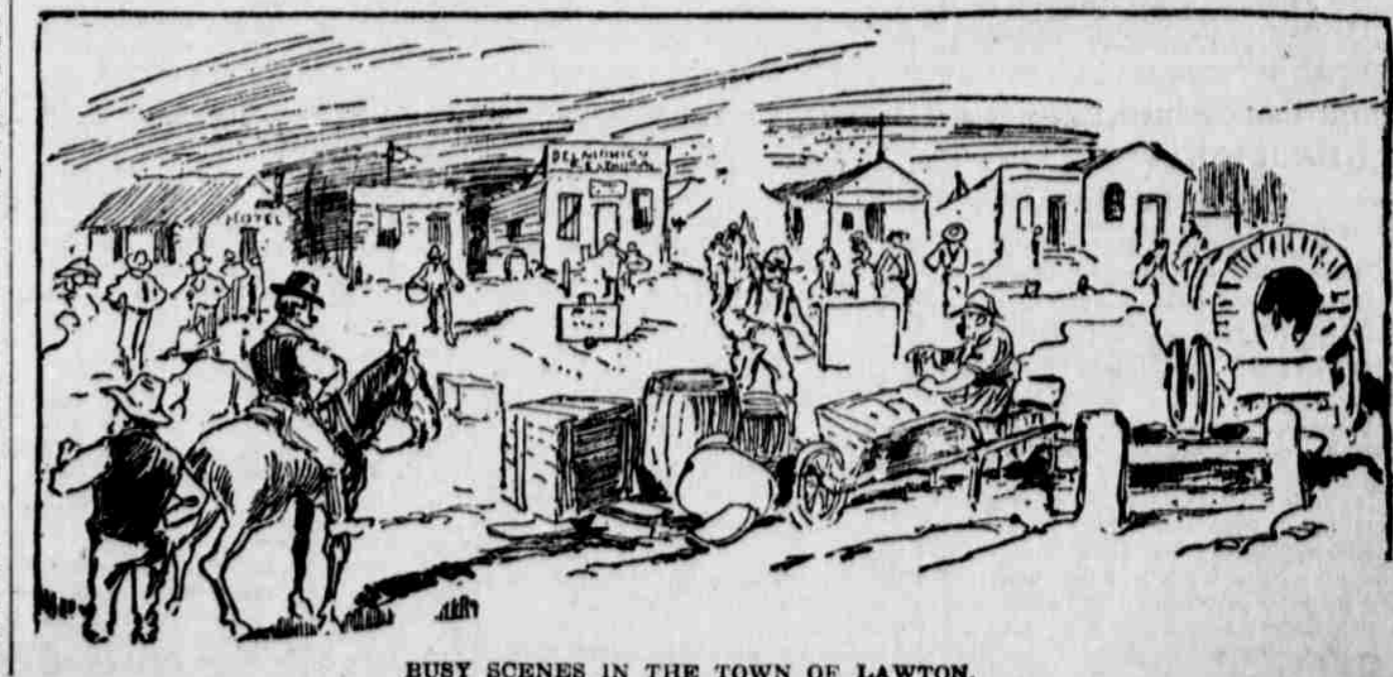
miles of business streets, with 300 stores and offices, with 86 saloons, what a prospect has Latton before her!

People who have witnessed such growths before in the building of the west shake their heads dubiously over Latton. It may disappear, even as it came, they insist; such things have been known. The town may be alive to-day; it may be dead tomorrow; each day which passes is but so much unraveled from the tangle of its destiny. Merchants are satisfied that they have been prosperous for the day; they dare not anticipate the future, so uncertain is it. What the town stumbles upon must be accepted whether it is for better or worse.

Latton town site was bathing in the sunset when prosperity struck it. When the sun rose again Latton was a town. Where the clatter of crickets had re-echoed the day before, the shouts of men were to be heard. Homes were of white canvas, streets were weed grown, but the town of Latton lived. A great army had settled down upon the prairie and a new chapter in the development of the west was begun. With all the carelessness of an excited, hurrying people the

Lattonites began to lay out their town. Stakes had already been set here and there by government surveyors, who had planned and named Latton. The name was for the brave man who had fought and died in the Philippines, and, patterning after him, the town had been courageous of undertaking and prompt of action. It has sprung into a city, sturdy and full of promise. No time to pave its streets nor to house itself with brick and wood, yet Latton has a schoolhouse, a first class post office, churches and many another of the institutions which follow the American people.

Grand avenue is the longest and finest of the thoroughfares, paved with bunch grass and lighted with tall candles. It is lined on each side with an elaborate sign to indicate its usefulness. There is "The Owl Drug Store," "Mother's Grocery Store," "The Bon Ton, Gent's Furnishings," and so on down the street. The wit and ingenuity of the citizens of Latton have not been spared. Streets are named "Goo Goo street," "Bluffers' avenue," "Lucky Number boulevard," and so forth. The town is up to date in everything.—Busy Scenes in Latton.



BUSY SCENES IN THE TOWN OF LATTON.