

Men and Women WHO ARE IN the Week's News

John Jacob Esch, the Wisconsin congressman who is one of the president's field marshals in the matter of railway rate legislation, had the good fortune to participate in drawing the bill on this subject which passed the house of representatives last winter. He was not particularly well known until the railway rate problem came to the front, but his knowledge of that subject constituted his opportunity. He hails from a state where the question of regulating the railroads has been an issue for a number of years, and a very live issue at that.



JOHN J. ESCH.

Representative Esch is smooth shaven and has a very strong, pleasing face. He was born of German parentage in Monroe county, Wis., in 1861, graduated from the high school of his native place and also from the state university. He engaged for three years in teaching and while showing the young idea how to shoot began the study of law, graduated from the law department of the state university in 1882 and was city treasurer of Sparta in 1885. He has been active in the national guard of the state and has served as judge advocate general, with the rank of colonel. This is his fourth term in the house of representatives.

Ralph Peters, the new president and general manager of the Long Island railroad, has a new joke which he declares was cabled to him from Paris, says the New York Times. It has to do with the attempt to assassinate King Alfonso of Spain when he was riding through Paris in a carriage with President Loubet of France.

"Whom are they after?" Mr. Peters declares the king asked the president. "After you, my dear Alfonso," replied the French chief executive without a smile.

When Norway separated from Sweden there was talk at once of giving some prominent office in the new government to the famous explorer, scientist and patriot, Fridtjof Nansen. There was even a Nansen presidential boom, to use an American phrase, when it was supposed that the government to be formed might be a republic rather than a monarchy. He was also mentioned for the post of minister of Norway to the United States. However, he has been chosen as minister to Great Britain. It seems that, in connection with the agitation for the independence of Norway, Dr. Nansen went to England and carried on a campaign of enlightenment there for the benefit of the British public. The sentiment thus created proved of advantage to the Norwegian cause when the separation from Sweden came.

Although known to the world at large chiefly as an explorer, Nansen's activity in his own land in behalf of the interests of his countrymen has been such as to endear him to them in an unusual degree, and the courage he once displayed in penetrating the ice fields of the arctic he evinced again in leading the way along the adventurous pathway of Norwegian independence.

Some years ago when Nansen was in

Dr. Herbert J. Pratt

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America he told a story of one of his countrywomen who journeyed to the United States in search of employment. She was taken into a household as a cook, but failed to give satisfaction. Nearly everything she undertook ended in failure, and finally the lady of the house asked desperately: "Hilga, is there anything you can do?" "Yes," responded Hilga with a grin. "Ay can milk reindeer."

Frederick A. Burnham, president of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance company, who has figured in the investigation of insurance matters which the Armstrong legislative committee is making, has occupied his present post since 1895. He was born in Rhode Island in 1851 and educated at institutions in Chester and Middletown, Conn., and at the Albany Law school. He made a specialty of insurance and commercial law, and the late Edward B. Harper, when president of the Mutual Reserve, made him head of the legal department of that concern. On the death of Mr. Harper he succeeded him in office. In the course of the insurance inquiry it was brought out that Mr. Harper's will contained a clause which practically made it incumbent upon the company to select Mr. Burnham as his successor. An investigation of the affairs of the Mutual Reserve was made last year by the Canadian parliament. James D. Wells, formerly second vice president of the society, testified in the course of this inquiry that a former superintendent of insurance of New York state had offered for \$100,000 to let the Mutual Reserve write its own report of an investigation his department had made of the society. He further said that Mr. Burnham told him he had paid \$40,000 to secure the manuscript copy of the same state superintendent's report. Mr. Burnham has denied that he ever made such a statement.



FREDERICK A. BURNHAM.

John Kendrick Bangs, who for some years has been in New York, is to become a countryman again. "I have blue penciled city life," he said recently. "My eye is on a farm in New England, where I hope before long to be able to provide an appreciative public with limited editions of squab-chickens, large paper turkeys and delectable eggs. And," he added slyly, "no item in either class will go out without my signature."

The arrival in this country of John Oliver Hobbes for a lecture tour has caused some persons of neglected education to make remarks based upon the supposition that the author belongs to the sterner sex, but in private life "John" is Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, and she is a woman who possesses a most attractive personality as well as exceptional literary talents.

She was born in Boston in 1867 and at nineteen married an Englishman, Reginald Walpole Craigie, from whom she afterward obtained a divorce. She sometimes laughingly calls herself a citizen of the world, for she began her travels at the age of three, when she was taken on the usual American tour through Europe by her parents, and she has traveled extensively ever since. She studied in Rome and Paris and also in London, where she attended Greek and Latin lectures at University college. She is an accomplished musician and received much of her training at the Royal Academy of Music.

It is said that Mrs. Craigie took the name John Oliver Hobbes as a literary signature because she thought no publisher would take her "Some Emotions and a Moral" if they knew it was written by a girl of twenty-two.

Professor John W. Burgess, who has been appointed first incumbent of the Theodore Roosevelt professorship at Berlin university, has been dean of the faculty of political science at Columbia university, New York, since the creation of the office in 1890. The chair he will fill represents a sort of international comity in the field of learning, and was established at the instance of the German emperor, who talked the matter over with President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia when the latter visited him last summer. James Speyer gave \$50,000 for the endowment of the chair, and at his suggestion it was named in honor of President Roosevelt. The German government will do its part in the scheme by establishing a chair at Columbia to be filled by a German scholar.

Professor Burgess was born in Giles county, Tenn., in 1844, and in 1860 entered Cumberland university at Lebanon, Tenn., but graduated from Amherst college, as the Tennessee institution was closed for a time during the civil war. He studied law, but decided to devote himself to the teaching of international law, constitutional history and political science, and has held professorships at Knox college in Illinois and at Amherst as well as at Columbia. He will receive a leave of absence from Columbia while in residence abroad.



PROFESSOR JOHN W. BURGESS.

In Far Counties. When the shower came up the artist, who was walking through New Hampshire on a sketching tour, sought shelter under a tree, where he was soon joined by another wayfarer, a man of middle age, who looked a sort of better class tramp, and indeed was one. The two entered into conversation, and it came out that the wayfarer was a harness maker by vocation, but a rover by predilection.

"Yes," he said, "I'm a rolling stone. I'm never happy in one place. I'm here today and gone tomorrow. There ain't any fossil about me. I'm on the move all the time. The world is made to see, I say, and I'm bound to see all I can of it."

The artist began to think that he had fallen in with a modern Marco Polo, and by way of leading up to some interesting anecdotes of the antipodes he remarked: "You must have been quite a traveler."

"Well, that's about so," the man modestly replied. "I reckon I could find my way over New Hampshire with my eyes shut, and I was once two months in Vermont."

Cold That Kills and Cold That Cures. In England severe cold generally kills a good many people. In certain parts of North America cold still more severe puts new life into them. It requires no argumentation to show that there must be a definite reason for this. The chief reason is that English cold is mostly damp, while in North America it is mostly dry. There is the greatest difference in the world between dry air and damp air. The former is usually air pure and simple, possessing a full quantity of oxygen and often charged highly with ozone. The latter consists of air mixed with the vapor of water. When the former air, fully oxygenated, is breathed it stimulates more powerfully than champagne. The latter, less oxygenated and charged with vapor of water, not only does not stimulate, but depresses.—Public Opinion.

Pasta's Wonderful Voice. Mme. Pasta's voice extended from low A to D in altissimo and was one of the most remarkable illustrations ever furnished of the value of musical culture in overcoming natural blemishes. Her voice was stubborn and unmanageable, but by dint of study and indefatigable perseverance she brought it to a state of perfection that was the admiration of her contemporaries. Her delight was the bravura style of ornament, and where the composer had not been sufficiently liberal in bestowing ornamentation on her part she invented cavatinas of her own and used them with such effect that they were generally regarded as the best part of her singing. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1815, her last in 1850.

The Meaning of Sympathy. It was a clever Frenchwoman who said: "Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages. They have learned to understand and to be understood by many. It is an impossibility to fully sympathize with another's experience unless it has been at some time one's own. In trouble or grief we turn instinctively to some one whom we know has been through the same experience. It is the old human longing for companionship that shows itself. The feeling is strong within us that she will feel and know with me. Therein lies the meaning of sympathy."

The Minister's Response. A well known minister of a kirk in Glasgow was one day passing along the High street when he was accosted by a crowd of street gamins, one of whom said mischievously, but with becoming gravity, "D'ye ken, minister, the de'il is dead?" The minister made no immediate response, but on the whole crew reiterating the cry, "The de'il's dead! The de'il's dead!" he turned and, raising his outstretched hands, as if to pronounce a blessing, reported, "Ach, ye puir leetle faithless bairns!"

England's Curiosity Shops. Many of the curiosity shops planted in the back streets of most country towns in England are simply kept up by large London firms, who, from a prolonged study of human nature, have discovered that people who are shy of buying old furniture or old silver in Bond street or Piccadilly are ready and eager purchasers of precisely the same objects at a rather higher price when they come upon them in the back streets of a country town.

When the Stove Preached. "De preacher wuzn't feelin' good last meetin' day, an' he made de stove preach de sermon." "Made de stove preach?" "Yes; made it redhot fum top ter bottom an' den tol' he sinners ter take a good look at it an' go ter thinkin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Ungrateful Ones. "Do you think it pays to be generous?" said the man of doubtful mind. "Well, that depends," replied the philanthropist. "To tell the truth, it isn't the money I've given away that I regret; it's what I've lent!"—Detroit Free Press.

Marine Graveyard. First Fish—You need not feel so proud, you "old graveyard!" Second Fish—This is an insult. Why do you call me an "old graveyard?" First Fish—Because you are full of bones.

Her Hope. Josie—I was taken for twenty-five today, and I am only eighteen. Julia—What will you be taken for when you are twenty-five? Josie—For better or worse, I hope.

A QUEEN IN EXILE.

Pathetic Story of Ranavolo of Madagascar—Her French Pension.

There is a pathetic side to the story of Ranavolo-Manjaka III, the deposed queen of Madagascar, who is now on a visit to Paris. She was once ruler over 3,000,000 people and a territory measuring 250,000 square miles. She came to the throne of Madagascar in 1882, when a war was in progress, and it was her duty on several occasions to appear before the assembled thousands of her warriors and stimulate them by a few stirring words to enthusiasm for a brave defense of their fatherland. On one such occasion she said: "I am a woman, but I have the heart of a man, and I myself will stand up and lead you to fight with those who would take away our land. God forbid that we should become slaves of the foreigner."

But the tide of war and of fortune was with the foreigner. In 1885 the



RANAVOLO-MANJAKA III.

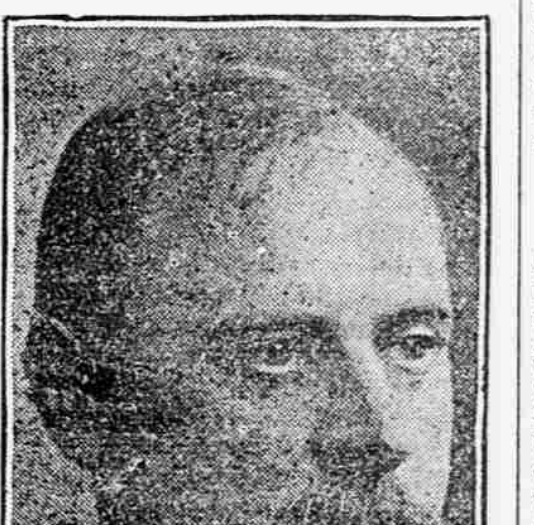
war was terminated by a treaty in which the French acquired protectorate rights over Madagascar, and Ranavolo became a vassal queen instead of an independent sovereign. Ten years later hostility toward the French again led to war, with the result that Ranavolo was deposed, while Madagascar became a French colony. She was exiled first to the island of Reunion and thence, in 1899, to Algiers, where she has to live except when she obtains special permission from the French government to pay a visit to some other place. She has received a regular pension for years, and in deference to public sympathy for the exiled queen it was recently raised from 30,000 to 50,000 francs.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES.

Famous Surgeon Who Says Disease Is Not a Bad Thing.

Americans heard a good deal about the famous English surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, when he operated so successfully upon King Edward and brought that monarch through an illness which threatened to put a premature end to his reign. He stands at the head of his profession in England and holds the title of sergeant surgeon in ordinary to the king and surgeon in ordinary to the Prince of Wales. He is a foremost authority on the subject of appendicitis and peritonitis and was the first surgeon to introduce removal of the vermiform appendix as a cure for appendicitis, which, by the way, he calls "perityphlitis." It is said that he has operated upon more than a thousand cases of this nature and that only two persons of all this number died.

Recently Sir Frederick has been attracting attention by his utterances to the effect that disease is not altogether a bad thing. Disease, he says, may be beneficent, and he declares that if it



SIR FREDERICK TREVES.

were not for disease the human race would soon be extinct. In illustration of his idea he instances the malady known as a cold, and says that sneezing drives bacteria from the nasal passages, while coughing removes them from the windpipe.

Sir Frederick was born in 1853, educated in London and won his reputation in London hospitals. At the outbreak of the South African war he threw up his London practice and volunteered for service. He was appointed consulting surgeon, was present at every engagement from Colenso to Ladysmith and on his return was knighted. It is related that when he got back in London he met one day an officer who had been wounded and the greater part of whose brain the surgeon had removed. On the surgeon asking him how he was getting along with half a brain the officer answered: "Oh, it's all right, you know. They here given me a good berth in the war office."

A Thackeray Story.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor tells an interesting story of Thackeray in her memoirs "On Two Continents." The Taylors met Thackeray in London soon after their marriage. Mrs. Taylor writes that she found "confirmed in his person the characteristics which I had guessed at from his works—a warm heart under the mask of scathing satire. On the occasion of a small dinner which he gave us he said to my husband, after the gentlemen had rejoined the ladies in the drawing room: 'By the bye, I must give you a wedding present. What shall it be?' Then going to an etagere he took down a silver inkstand and gave it to his friend, in spite of the evident displeasure of his youngest daughter, usually so amiable, who exclaimed with all the naïveté of her fifteen years, 'Oh, not that one, papa! But papa gave no heed and a few days later sent us the gift with the inscription engraved upon it, 'W. M. Thackeray to Bayard Taylor, Oct. 27, 1857.'"

Freak Statue.

One of the most interesting freak statues in England is to the memory of Sir R. Holmes. It is to be seen in the church at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. The funny thing about it is that it was not originally intended to represent that naval celebrity. It was sculptured for and represents Louis XIV. of France and was being conveyed to that country when the vessel containing it and also the sculptor was captured by an English ship commanded by Sir R. Holmes. The body was finished, the head being left for completion on its arrival in France. On learning who it was for, the English commander compelled the sculptor to finish it by chiseling his (Holmes') head on the king's body. Sir R. Holmes was afterward made governor of the Isle of Wight and held this office from 1697 till 1692, and after his death the statue was erected to his memory.

Snow Banners.

In the Sierra Nevada mountains, when conditions are favorable for the display, there occurs a beautiful and startling phenomenon of nature. At times when the wind drives up the mountain sides in a certain direction and with sufficient velocity there stream out upon the air snow banners from a hundred mountain peaks. They are formed by the circling wind acting upon the light snow and are thick and dark at the top of the mountain, like a flagstaff, then they float away broadly for a mile in length in waves of iridescent light. This magnificent display is rarely seen by other eyes than those of savages, but sometimes it has been the good fortune of a naturalist to witness it when among the wild beauties of the mountain fastnesses.

Ancient Theatrical Programme.

Theater programmes were known even in ancient times, though they were then of a very peculiar construction. In Greece and Rome they consisted of small tablets, which were handed out to the audience at the entrance. Those occupying the best seats obtained programmes beautifully worked in ivory, while those occupying the cheaper seats were given tablets in bronze.

The bronze tablets were distinguished by a dove worked in the metal, and the term "piccionerio," used in Italy today as designating the lower priced seats in the theaters, dates from this antique custom.

Another Phrase.

No person can say with absolute authority just where the line between decorum of character and undesirable obstinacy should be drawn, but many persons attempt to do it.

"I like my wife's prompt decisions as to what she'd better do," said the husband of Mrs. Orlando Jones, "and I admire the firmness with which she settles all disputed matters for the children, but the surprising obstinacy which she displays concerning my affairs is a constant surprise to me. It seems so out of character."

Margaret of Austria.

Bearded women have been very numerous. The most noted of the number was the famous Margaret of Austria, appointed by Charles V. to be governor of the Netherlands. She had a long, stiff black beard and, concealing the idea that it added to the majesty of her appearance, was very careful of it and so combed and trained it as to make it seem much greater than it was.

His Inexperience.

Judge—Have you anything to say, prisoner at the bar, before sentence is passed upon you?

Prisoner—I hope that your honor will take into consideration the youth and inexperience—

Judge (interrupting)—Wha-a-t! You have been convicted seventeen times!

Prisoner—Oh, no, your honor; I was alluding to my counsel.

A Semiobliging Friend.

"I am so glad I have met you, as I have two favors to ask of you."

"What are they?"

"I want you to lend me \$10 and not to say a word about it to any one."

"Two favors at once, man! That's too much of a good thing. One of them—yes, I won't breathe a word of this to a living soul."

One of the Fallacies.

Clerk—As I am about to get married, I came to ask if you would not give me an increase of salary. Employer—My dear sir, that is not necessary. You know a young man always saves money by marrying.

The Definition of the Defeated.

She—And so you think I'm a coquette? Why, I don't believe you know what a coquette is. He (bitterly)—A coquette is a woman who syndicates her affections.—Life.

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A HORNED PEOPLE.

Queer Race That Lives Near the Chinese Prefecture of Chienchang.

Adjoining the Chinese prefecture of Chienchang is a deep gully barred by a river which no Chinaman is permitted to pass until he finds bail for his good conduct in Loiodom.

The Lolos are a slim, well made, muscular race with oval reddish brown faces, high cheek bones and pointed chins, from which the beard has been carefully plucked. They are far taller than the Chinese and indeed than any European race, but their marked peculiarity is the horn. Every male adult gathers his hair in a knot over his forehead and then twists it up in a cotton cloth so that it resembles the horn of a unicorn.

This horn is considered sacred, and even if a Lolo settles in Chinese territory and grows a pigtail he still preserves his horn. The Lolo man's principal garment is a wide sleeveless mantle of red or black felt tied about the neck and descending almost to the heels. The trousers are of Chinese cotton with felt hangings. No shoes are worn, but a conical hat of woven bamboo covered with felt furnishes a head covering as well as an umbrella.

The Chinese divide the Lolos into two classes, which they call respectively "Black Bones" and "White Bones," the first being the nobles and the latter their vassals and retainers. There is also a third class of captive Chinese and their descendants, called "Watzu," practically slaves, who are tattooed on the forehead with the mark of their tribe.

The Lolos never marry except in their own tribes, captive Chinese women being given to their bondsmen. The marriage of a Black Bone is a time of great festivities and many banquets. The betrothal is celebrated and ratified by the present of the husband to the bride's family of a pig and three vessels of wine.

On the wedding morn the bride is richly dressed with many ornaments. She is expected to weep profusely, whether she feels so inclined or not. In the midst of her tears the groom's relatives and friends dash in, seize the bride, the best man carries her out of doors on his shoulders, she is clapped on a horse and hurried off to her new home. Here she finds horses, cattle and sheep, provided by the groom's family, while her own people send clothes, ornaments and corn. Women occupy a high position among the Lolos, and a woman chief is not unknown among the tribes.—New York Herald.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When you die, you will die as dead as anybody.

We all have enough to be cross about. Still, it isn't a good idea to show it.

People like to be called enthusiastic, but how they hate to be called "gushing."

The only difference between the modern family row and that of the older days is that the modern one isn't as big a family.

The "good fellow" you slap on the back and tell your troubles to may seem good natured, but he complains of you to his wife.

There is nothing so disappointing as to have one take you aside to tell you a great secret and then discover that you already know it.—Atchison Globe.

Ayer's Hair Vigor Losing your hair? Coming out by the comb? And doing nothing? No sense in that! Why don't you use Ayer's Hair Vigor and promptly stop the falling? Your hair will begin to grow, too, and all dandruff will disappear. Could you reasonably expect anything better? Ayer's Hair Vigor is a great success with me. My hair was falling out very badly, but the Hair Vigor stopped it and now my hair is all right.—W. C. LOSTON, Lindsay, Cal. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.