

STANDS ON HIS RECORD



THIS IS THE PLATFORM MADE FOR THE OLD VETERANS SENATOR BURKETT

ELMER J. BURKETT, United States Senator from Nebraska, is asking a nomination at the hands of the republican voters of the state for a second term.

His record in Congress and one term in the United States Senate is so well known to the people of Nebraska that comment here is unnecessary. He has a record of doing things, and while it has not always been possible for him to get just exactly what he wanted, he has certainly done all in his power to advance the material interests of the people of Nebraska.

The State has never had a representative in the National Congress who has accomplished more, nor attained a higher standing in the councils of the nation. He is probably entitled to more credit for the passage of the Postal Savings Bank law and the extension of rural free delivery than any other man in Congress. The positions he has attained upon important Senate Committees, especially on the appropriation Committee, is an asset to the State that can be attained only by experience and length of faithful service, something that a new man would not reach except by the same strenuous route traveled by Senator Burkett in his long years of service.

Nebraska can hold her own and come to the important place she deserves in national affairs only by retaining her tried and true representatives. Every voter should remember this, and under the Primary System it devolves upon each individual voter to go to the polls and see that we lose no advantage already gained through the efficient service of our senior senator.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th, EVERY VOTER WHO BELIEVES IN ELECTING A SENATOR BY THE DIRECT VOTE OF THE PEOPLE SHOULD BE SURE TO RECORD HIS VOTE. DO NOT DELEGATE TO SOMEONE ELSE THIS DUTY YOU OWE AS A CITIZEN. The old veterans appreciating the service rendered by Senator Burkett have made a platform for him specifying some of the things he has already achieved and shows something of his ability to accomplish what he undertakes.

The Senator stands squarely on the Platform of the Republican party, which is progressive in every particular, and insists always that lines must be sanely drawn, but be in keeping with new ideas and necessities. He is in the prime of life, clean morally and politically, honest and able, a hardworking, painstaking and faithful public servant, and deserves the support of every true Nebraskan.

ROOSEVELT MAY WRITE STORY.

Studying Industrial Conditions in Anthracite Region.

Scranton, Pa.—Theodore Roosevelt spent several days among the workers in the heart of the Pennsylvania anthracite region. It is said he intends to write a story descriptive of the coal fields. He met and talked with the men who dig the coal as they came from the mines black with grime. He talked with them about their homes, their children and their

SOIL CONSERVATION PROBLEM.

Intelligent Efforts Toward Fertilization a Most Imperative Necessity.

Washington.—The loss of the thousands of finished American farmers who are pouring into Canada every year is a serious after-effect of wasteful exploitation and the failure to conserve this country's natural resources, especially the soil. The fertility of our soil has been reduced below the point of profitable production in many

manner of living and learned from their own lips how they look at life. He climbed to the top of a coal breaker and spent half an hour there in the stifling coal dust, so that he might see what the boys who work there have to do.

Many of the toilers had no idea of the ex-president's identity, which he took care to conceal.

Mr. Roosevelt later left the village and motored to Peekville, a hamlet four miles further north. There is a silk mill in Peekville and Colonel Roosevelt went through it, talking of our communities, and people instead of remaining at home and building up impoverished farms, are migrating in search of virgin land.

This explanation of the Canadian movement made by W. J. Spillman, the expert on farm management, brought into the department of agriculture by Secretary Wilson a little more than eight years ago and now chief of an important branch of the department which has done much toward bridging the chasm between science and practical farming. Mr. Spillman thinks that the stream of migra-

tion which is flowing over the northern borders should act as a warning to the farmers of America and show them the need of restoring and maintaining the productivity of the soil.

Some of the American emigrants are taking up the lands in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, where there is almost a stampede to establish farms on the virgin soil, in the belief that the fertility of the land is "inexhaustible. Experience has proven that no soil is inexhaustible unless cared for under an approved system of farm management.

with the young girls, who spend their days winding silk thread on spools. After he had removed the dust at his hotel he met John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine workers of America. Colonel Roosevelt said: "I have been interested in the conditions in the mining towns of Pennsylvania. When I read two articles in a magazine written by Miss Sanville and Miss Cochran of the consumers' league of Philadelphia, I got in touch with them and arranged to visit the mining towns and talk with the people."

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Scandal Wrecks Romance of the Zoo



NEW YORK.—The fowl house of the Central park zoo was scandalized one day recently when some sharp eyed tattlers noticed the simultaneous disappearance of Clara, one of the young wild gray geese recently given to the zoo, and Brigham Young, the little Black Spanish game rooster whose wild ways have deprived him of the countenance of the best classes in the fowl house.

It came out that Brigham Young and Clara were out in the park together. Chief Keeper Snyder, who went on their trail as soon as he heard about their disappearance, got wind of them near the alligator pool. A black wing feather by the eagle cages also showed that B. Young had been there. He had lost the feather trying to converse with a South American condor.

Then he went on up the path, walking in a manner that said that he thought himself a pretty fine fellow. The little wild gray goose seemed to be extremely proud of him.

It was about here that the little gray goose felt such a thrill of freedom and life that she quacked in her course, uncultured voice, and abruptly left the earth for a flight in the air.

B. Young tried to do that, too, but he fell back to the ground in a most undignified manner. When the gray goose came back after a circle of the neighborhood, he expressed to her, no doubt, his grave disapproval of undue boisterousness in a young woman considerably beyond the kindergarten age.

At any rate a coolness sprang up here between the couple. They went on down the mall until they came to the pool of water equipped with the fountain mechanism that spouts up many minute streams of water from the surface of the pool. B. Young started to walk slowly around the low curbing of the pool, but Clara, the poor, simple thing, jumped right in and, swimming out until she came underneath the showering streams, began quacking as loudly as she could, flapping her wings in a quick, excited way.

B. Young does not worship the convention. But even he stood stock still and glared at Clara. She caught his eye, but did not seem to be in the least ashamed. Whereupon he turned away, acting as if he didn't know the young thing cutting up in the pool.

Chief Keeper Snyder came down the mall on the trail. On the way back to the fowl house, Clara and B. Young refused to notice each other.

"A simple case of incompatibility," said Snyder, "but, fortunately it was discovered early. We would prefer to say nothing more just at present." However, B. Young plans a visit to Reno, Nev., where divorcees are so easily obtained.

Chicago Woman Maid for Her Hostess



ST. LOUIS.—While a score of invitations were on their way from Mrs. James Howe's beautiful Swiss chalet in Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, to attend a five hundred club party and luncheon recently, Mrs. Howe's serving maid announced her resignation, to take effect immediately.

The dire news reached the hostess as she was dressing to receive her guests. "What's the matter?" called Mrs. C. Gregory Fleckenstein, Mrs. Howe's guest, from the room where she was putting on her white lingerie gown. Mrs. Howe told her Mrs. Fleckenstein, whose home is in Chicago, was to be the guest of honor at the club party. But this had not been announced. Nor was she acquainted with those whom she was to meet.

"Let me be serving maid," she said promptly. "I think I can do almost as well as a real one. Where is my costume?" She hurried downstairs and returned in a dainty white

dress and checked serving apron. "What a charming maid you have," was almost the first remark of the first club member who appeared.

"She's French," replied Mrs. Howe, "and she can't speak a word of English. For that reason I'm afraid I will not be able to keep her. It's a pity, for she's so neat."

"I'll be glad to take her, if you aren't going to keep her," said the next guest. "Only I don't know whether I want such a pretty maid around the house. Of course, I trust my husband—"

When the party had gathered and the "maid" began serving the luncheon some of the guests tried their French by essaying remarks to the maid.

"Oui madam, oui," with a curtsy, was the only reply. Again there was a whispered series of compliments on the graceful movements of the trim figure.

As the card play began the "maid" retired, and a few minutes later the guest of honor, Mrs. Fleckenstein, entered the room in her party gown. There was a gasp of admiring surprise as the "maid" of a few moments before was recognized. The unconventional introduction was the preface to a pleasant acquaintance between Mrs. Fleckenstein and the guests.

Stevenson's Grandson Finds Treasure



SAN FRANCISCO.—When little Louis Osborne, the eight-year-old son of Lloyd Osborne, novelist and stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, armed himself with his midget shovel and went out on a sand hill near his home here to dig a few days ago he had visions of finding treasure. This is not an unusual thing for the lad, for he has not heard his father's illustrious stepfather talked about without getting some spirit of adventure of the author of "Treasure Island" fixed in his mind.

So while Louis dug he hummed "Sixteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest, Yo Ho! Ho! and a Bottle of Rum."

The lad stopped digging because his shovel had encountered an obstruction. Tested carefully the thing that resisted proved to be metal. Then Louis dug more furiously than ever.

In a few moments he unearthed a metal box. And, sure enough, it contained treasure. Opening it hastily, the boy found 2,600 shares of valuable stock, deeds to city property, other valuable papers and several empty ring boxes.

Of course, the boy did not realize the value of the property, but he knew the papers must be worth a great deal or they would not have been placed in such a secure box. So he hastily carried his find to his mother, who turned the property over to the police.

The papers belong to Augustus Imbrie, a wealthy man whose house is closed and who is out of the city. The police think robbers ransacked the Imbrie residence and, after taking money and jewelry from the box, buried it.

Praises Traits of His Dog in Rhyme



CHICAGO.—The muse of poetry was invoked recently by Isadore Herman on behalf of his dog Rover, who had gotten into trouble through carelessly inserting his teeth in the leg of little Israel Stern, son of Eli Stern, a neighbor.

Stern, on behalf of little Israel, filed suit in the municipal court against Herman, asking \$1,000 damages for the punctures which Rover inflicted on his son's leg. Herman, in response to Stern's complaint, came back with the following petition to the court:

"Defendant denies that said dog is or was of a savage disposition or a vicious temper, not even in dog days, but, on the contrary, defendant avers that said Rover has always borne a good reputation among his neighbors, pals and associates in the community in which he resides for being a peace-

ful, quiet and law-abiding canine, always kind to his friends and faithful to his master. The defendant further avers that the dog is a great home body and is always at home at night."

The following lines in the bill express the attachment the defendant feels toward his dog Rover:

I like to see a little dog  
At pat him on the head,  
So prettily he wags his tail  
Whenever he is fed,  
Some little dogs are very good  
And some are useful, too,  
And do you know that they will mind  
What they are bid to do?

"The defendant therefore prays," continues the bill, "that this honorable court will spare both dog and defendant from any decree which would in any way interfere with the long relationship heretofore existing between the defendant and his dog Rover."

Murder Without Malice.

The dean of the Suffolk School of Law, Boston, sends us the following gem from a freshman examination paper:

"Where murder is committed without malice aforethought it is a case of manslaughter."—The Green Bag.

"PLAY WITH THE CHILDREN"

Fabled Fountain of Youth Could Not Be More Potent Than Association With Little Ones.

"Play with the children!" was the recurrent advice of a wise and successful man. "This will keep your heart young, your viewpoint fresh, your wit sparkling. The child heart is at once the purest and the happiest in all nature; the child tongue is a transfiguring power."

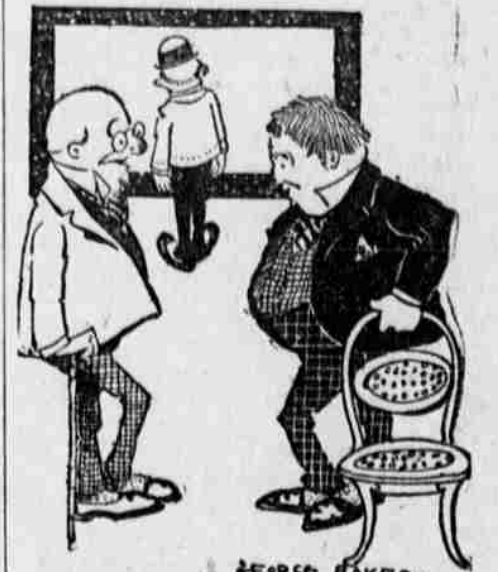
Something of this indubitable power attaches to good stories of those naive and innocent "little ones" scripturally declared specially blessed and potent. The child mind transforms, the child touch lifts to glad laughter incidents and accidents not otherwise worth noting. Witness this little tale of the careful mother to whom came a tiny son all agog over the acquirement of new and forbidden knowledge.

"Mother!" cried the child, baby eyes shining, baby cheeks glowing, "do you know what I'll be hornsogled' means?"

"No, dear," said the mother, solemnly, seizing the opportunity to implant a lesson. "I'm sure I do not."

"Well, I do," was the ecstatic answer, the suggested lesson being utterly ignored. "It means just the same as 'I'll be gol-darned!'"

WELL QUALIFIED.



Squillbob—That fellow over there would make a splendid magazine poet. Squilligan—A genius, eh? Squillbob—No, but he has dyspepsia so bad that he wouldn't get so hungry living.

Judges' Wigs.

The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern, judicial appearance, and no one can say that it fails in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day, he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view, that not only judges, but barristers, also took up the custom throughout Europe.

The Ready Theorist.

"You see," explained the scientist, "house flies are dangerous because they carry germs on their feet." "Ah!" exclaimed the ready theorist; "then the remedy is simple. All you need to do is to make them wear overshoes and leave them on the porch when they come in."

Quantity Not Quality.

Teacher—Willie, have you whispered today without permission? Willie—Yes, wunst. Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said "wunst"? Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am, he should have said twist.

A woman's idea of an intelligent man is one who can tell whether or not her hat is on straight.

Know How To Keep Cool?

When Summer's sun and daily toil heat the blood to an uncomfortable degree, there is nothing so comforting and cooling as a glass of

Iced Postum

served with sugar and a little lemon.

Surprising, too, how the food elements relieve fatigue and sustain one.

The flavour is delicious—and Postum is really a food drink.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.