



SENATOR MILLARD'S RESIDENCE.

## Nebraska's New United States Senator

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

of the house my forefathers have been in the United States so long that I feel that my foreign blood has been thoroughly Americanized."

### No Fads or Hobbies.

Senator Millard is a man who never had a fad or hobby. He does not play golf or any outdoor game. Billiards and cards have never held any attraction for him. He is fond of horses, but does not care enough for them to keep any high-steppers. There are fifty better carriage teams in Omaha than the black span which the senator drives.

"Joseph Millard is not the sort of a man who cares to make himself conspicuous by docking his horses' tails and driving through the streets at a pace that will attract the attention of everyone within three blocks," said an intimate friend of the senator. "He avoids publicity as much as possible. There is not a better dressed

man in Omaha than Mr. Millard. His dark clothes are always faultless. He would make a good model for a tailor, yet who ever thinks of the man's clothes? They are but a part of the perfect gentleman who never makes himself conspicuous.

"The love of quiet and retirement has always marked the man's life. He lives well, but simply. He is a man of good taste and refinement. He has traveled widely. When he sees a good picture he knows it at a glance. The man's home is filled with well-chosen works of art. He would not care to be called an art connoisseur. He is not a man who cares to pose. To sum his character up in a few words—he is a cultured American gentleman."

Reading is the senator's chief recreation. Magazines, newspapers and reviews always have a place on his library table and no question of national interest escapes his attention. He talks and writes well. Pa-

miliarity with masters of English shows plainly in his diction.

### His Business Methods.

Senator Millard is methodical in his work. He has a well-ordered mind and is very systematic. He never misses an engagement and is always to be found in his office during business hours. He is even-tempered and genial, but ever a man of few words.

The senator makes an occasional trip to New York, where he is interested in several financial institutions, but spends most of his time in Omaha. For years he has enjoyed the personal friendship of many prominent financiers and statesmen. Since his young manhood he has been able to win the confidence of men of affairs and his advancement has been due, in a measure, to this trait. He enjoys the close friendship of such leaders as Senator Hanna and Secretary Lyman J. Gage.

The Nebraska legislature has seen fit to select a long-term senator who has spent most of his life in Nebraska and is thoroughly in sympathy with the west and its needs. Although Mr. Millard has seldom taken an active part in politics, he has always been a staunch republican and rang true on the money question when the state was in the paroxysms of the free silver craze.

He has seldom addressed a larger audience than a directors' meeting, but he has a wide knowledge of questions of state and has opinions which he does not hesitate to voice. He is not a politician. His life has been spent within the walls of his bank and in his home. But he has always been in touch with the world, and there is no reason to believe that he will not make a great senator.



JOSEPH H. MILLARD, JR., THE SENATOR'S GRANDSON.

### The Easter Bride

As light as lightest air  
She comes e'en as a spell,  
A spirit debonaire,  
That rarely breaks the shell.

Her sudden coming wreaths  
All hearts in lovelit dreams—  
When on the rose she breathes  
The rose more brightly beams.

The music of the sea  
Is in her rippling hair,  
Whose wind-kissed drapery  
Is blowing here and there.

The breeze goes pit-a-pat  
And slacks its pensive pace,  
To linger on the hat  
That's lighted by her face.

Oh, fay, and gnome, and sprite,  
And butterfly, and bee,  
All hover with delight  
And madcap ecstasy.

Around this smiling, sweet  
Creation that today  
Appears on twinkling feet  
And haunts along the way

Rich purples, greens and golds,  
That shimmer as they shift  
In airy dimpled folds  
One's spirit to uplift.

Until, though poor or rich,  
One slings at joy's flood tide,  
Is this an elfland witch  
Or just an Easter bride?

—R. K. M. in New York Herald.

### An Easter Rose

The lilies shot so straight and true,  
Their lancing leaves between;  
Besprent with April rain or dew,  
Their chilly white and green.

"Oh lilies, pale as heartless Fear,  
Or Grief that cannot weep;  
I would the rose—the rose were here,  
Mine Easter tide to keep.

"Ye do not speak of Him aright,  
Who, on this blessed dawn,  
Brought immortality to light,  
That, else, had been foregone."

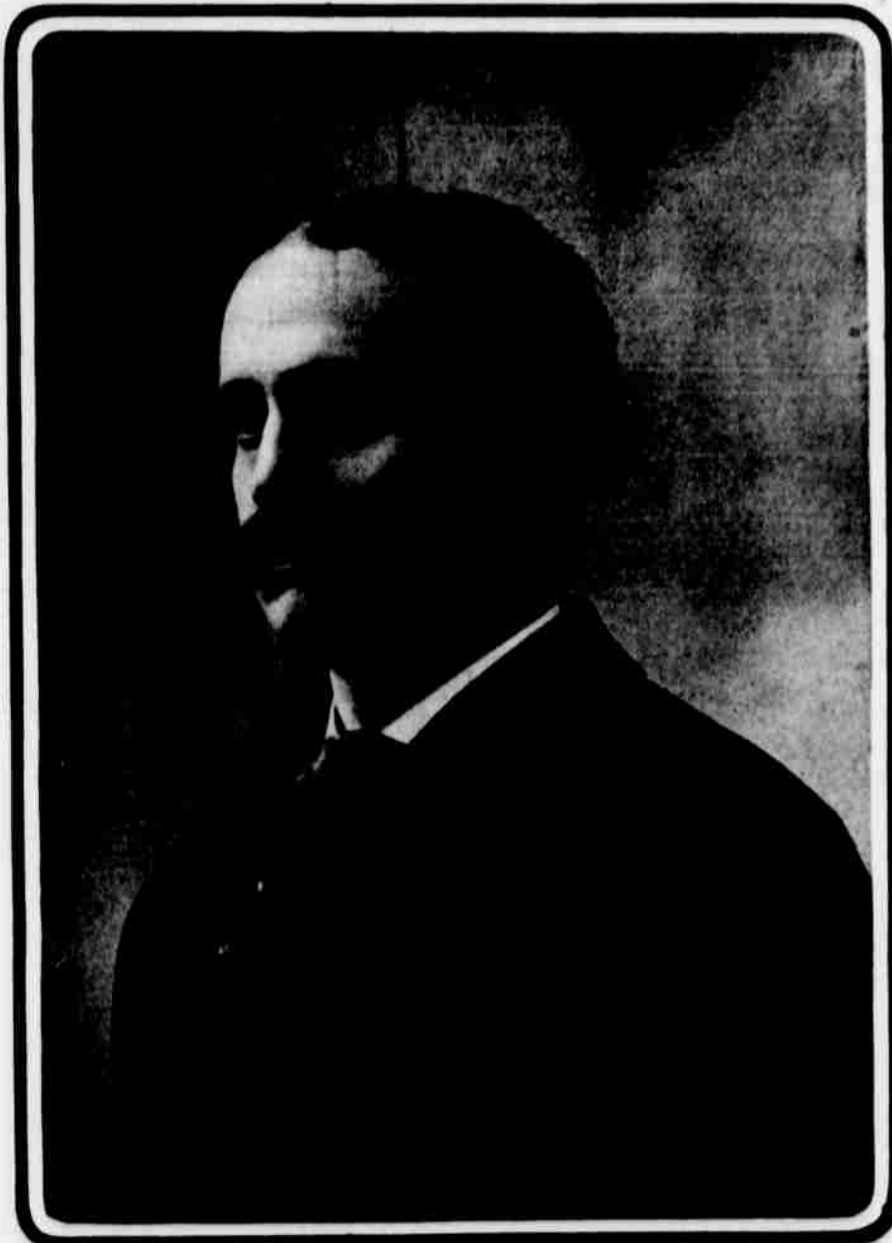
I raised the lilies faint and cold,  
The sheaf then fell apart;  
Oh, miracle of joy! behold,  
A rose was at its heart!

The lilies unregarded lay;  
The rose took fragrant breath,  
And said to me, or seemed to say  
"I keep no pact with Death!"

"Of Life, of Life, of Life alone,  
Inviolable and deep,  
I witness bear as I have known—  
And I thine Easter keep!"  
—Edith M. Thomas in Collier's Weekly.

### Wreckmaster's Record

Anthony Berdanien, who died recently at Frackville, Pa., served for thirty-nine years as wreckmaster of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad. During that time Mr. Berdanien replaced on the rails after accidents about 200 locomotives and 15,000 cars.



WILLARD B. MILLARD—SENATOR MILLARD'S SON.



MUSIC ROOM AT MILLARD HOME.