agant organization of a permanent census bureau, as brought into the house by the unanimous report of the committee. He is growing stronger every day at home and abroad.

Few men in Nebraska politics have developed so rapidly as Mr. Burkett. When first selected as congressman he was a young lawyer making sure progress. Gifted with a musical voice and the ability to talk well, with tireless energy and high aims, he soon laid the foundations of success in that profession. Called after but one term's experience as a member of the state legislature to a higher sphere of duty in the congress of the nation, he wisely chose for his political advancement the same instruments that had given him prestige in professional life. He has clung close to the course he marked out for himself when the toga of a congressman was placed upon his shoulders and with consummate tact and constant watchfulness he has succeeded in getting so close to the people that his position is almost impregnable.

Mr. Burkett stands high with his colleagues at Washington; not only because of his ability and his willingness to work, but because he is a man of ideas, of a constructive turn of mind. The fact that he has been able to make so strong an impress upon the powers that rule in the brief space of three sessions is a very good index of his capacity and an excellent promise for the future. Mr. Burkett has already made himself well-nigh invaluable; fathe next two years he is pretty certain to strengthen himself immeasurably.

OBSERVATIONS

BY SARAH B. HARRIS

English-Italian Language Book

Miss Sarah Wool Moore, who taught painting, drawing and modeling in the state university a few years ago, is the secretary of the New York society for the prevention of cruelty to Italians. Most of the hard usage which the Italians have suffered from in this country has been inflicted upon them by that class of their own countrymen called padrones.

The padrones advance an Italian emigrant his fare across the Atlantic. The emigrant, in return, agrees to work for the padrone a certain time at a specified rate per day, only slightly in advance of the wages he receives in Italy. For instance, if the fare is sixty dollars the emigrant agrees to work for the padrone for three months at seventy-five cents a day. Of course, the emigrant must take out enough from the seventy-five cents a day to feed and lodge himself and his family, if he have one. Under these circumstances the emigrant's bondage is frequently prolonged to a period of more than a year. He can not speak the English language. The padrone hires him in a gang with other newly-arrived dumb foreigners to some corporation or labor contractor. The padrone receives for "his man" a dollar and a half or two

dollars a day. It is perhaps not until the end of a year's starvation that the emigrant finds out the nature of the compact and the real value of his labor in America.

A mean Italian is the meanest man on the earth. There are no native American padrones. But because the outrages are perpetrated on American soil and for very pity of his helpless, ness in the hands of his greedy countryman, this society for the protection of the Italian emigrant has been formed.

Miss Moore has written an Italian-English grammar for the use of the Italian emigrant. It is a small book of 118 pages. It is characterized by choicely grouped vocabularies. The book is written for the Italian laborer and, instead of taking words from all departments of activity representing ideas of use to more intellectual people, she has selected for the immediate attention of her proteges the words they must either know or run the chance of being cheated by one of their rapacious countrymen. The first lessons are devoted to ordinary occupations and the utensils belonging to them, Lesson second, The Gardener, is preceded by a picture of a group of gardening tools: a wheelbarrow, a Jawn-mower and a sprinkling pot surrounding a rose, a tree and a pumpkin. The third lesson is on the body. The picture contains portions of the body and a whole little boy and girl. Other lessons and pictures illustrate the blacksmith, the stone-cutter, the gardener, the kitchen with tools pertaining to each, et cetera.

The idea of translation has not occurred to the ordinary peasant of Europe and he has to be taught that what the Italians call un uomo we call a man. When once the peasant has comprehended the idea of two words for the same thing he has taken a perceptible step in advance and towards freedom. The exercises for translation are especially adapted to the use of the primitive Italian and to guard him from the trickery so often practiced on the ignorant and foreign.

"Tony worked every day for a padrone. He worked by the day and the boss paid him every two weeks. The boss gave him the money in an envelope. On the envelope there was written, not the name, Tony, but a number, because every laborer had a number. And below the number was written the amount of money which the boss owed Tony as wages. Tony worked hard and faithfully. Every morning at seven o'clock he was at his place with his pick, his crow-bar and his shovel, and no man in the ditch dug faster. At noon Tony rested for one hour. He ate his lunch and often he sang a song which was as sad as it was sweet:

'Ai nostri monti ritorneremo
L'antica pace ivi godremo'
and then he worked all the harder in
the afternoon.

"At night he was tired and glad to go to sleep in his poor bed. At last pay-day arrived and the laborers received their wages in sealed envelopes. Tony had worked twelve days at \$1.50 a day, so the boss owed him \$18,00 and on the envelope was written 'eighteen dollars.' Tony felt very rich; he knew also that he had earned the money by good work. In the evening when he opened the envelope he counted not \$18.00 but \$16.00. The bad boss had cheated poor Tony out of \$2.00. It was petty larceny and the rich boss was a small thief. It is better to count the money right away."

This little anecdote has the brand of truth. And all the lessons are evidently founded on a sympathetic study of and among the people for whom the author has written the book. The stories have a literary value and inLOUIS N. WENTE, D. D. S., OFFICE, BOOMS 26, 27, 1, BROWNELL BLOCK.

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P. B. SPRAGUE.

P. B. Sprague, manager of the Sprague Drug Co., Thirteenth and N streets, has dwelt in the state of Nebraska thirteen years, though not this length of time in Lincoln. All that time and more he has been in the drug business and is consequently equipped with all the efficiency that time can confer.

Marietta, Washington county. Ohio, was the place of his birth, 1845 being the year. He was reared on a farm in that county and went to school there until he took normal work in a school at Lebanon, near Cincinnati. It was in this school that he took a course in pharmacy. After teaching school in Ohio for six years he moved west to Rockford, Ill., in 1870, where he again taught school for two years. Then in 1873 he chose the profession of druggist. For four years he labored in a wholesale store and in 1878 went into business for himself, locating in Red Oak, Ia., and then at Beatrice in 1888, when he made his first entry into Nebraska.

For thirteen years he toiled in his profession, working up an immense trade. But his health failed him and he went to California. This was in 1891. He has been back but six weeks, after having passed a year in Los Angeles. Upon returning he bought out the Dunn Drug company at 1247 N street, has refitted the place and is doing a growing business. With the erection of new brick buildings in that vicinity trade is being drawn in his direction as never before. His leading feature is prescription work, for which his shelves are crowded with fresh drugs. Of course he is provided with all the drug sundries that go to make up a thoroughly modern store, but his prescription work will be a specialty. He has cut out entirely such lines as paints, oils and glass. That is not his business.

Associated with him is his son Clifford K. Sprague, a graduate of the Beatrice high school. There are three sons and one daughter in the family. The eldest, Harry B. Sprague, is manager of the Western Union office in Rapid City, S. D.

At present the home of Mr. Sprague is at 1331 J street, but he expects to buy property here some time in the future. He is a member of the Odd Fellows, Encampment and Canton lodges.