DISTINGUISHED HONOR TO HONORABLE MAN

Address of Nebraska New United States Senator

YOUNGEST STAR IN SENATE

Hon. Elmer J. Burkett of Lancaster County Speaks to Legislative Members

The hall of the house of Representatives was literally packed when the Hon. Elmer J. Burkett was declared by a joint committee of both houses and senate elected United States senator for a term of six years beginning on the 4th of March. The crowd which witnessed the formality was as mixed and as truly democratic in its makeup as one could find. There were dignified judges of the supreme court, members of the house, senators, state officials, friends and neighbors of Mr. Burkett, women, children, ragged boys from the streets, state house employes, business men—every class of humanity, almost, was represented and everybody joined in the chorus of approval which greeted the announcement that Mr. Burkett had at last realized the hope which the people of Nebraska were pleased to hold out to him.

In his address before the joint assembly Mr. Burkett said:

Mr. President, Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislature, I deem this election to the United States senate the highest honor that the state can give one. It is the highest position that any state can give any man. I thank you for it. "Thank," is so small a word and so easily said, and oft-times so lightly said, that some way it seems almost inadequate to express my feelings. If the English language contained a stronger word of gratitude I assure you that I would use it. My appreciation is sincere, but language fails. As there are no words to express grief, nor any to portray the sublime emotions of joy, so are there none adequately to convey the feelings of the heart bounding with gratitude.

I pledge you six years of the best service that I can give to the state and the nation as my appreciation of your generosity here and now. I crave your indulgence while I go further and thank the people of the state who elected you, and thus gave you the power to confer this honor.

THE REPUBLICAN POLICIES.

I indulge the hope that I shall merit the continued help and support and kindly feeling of all the people of the state. I am elected a republican and I shall be such in political matters, where party policy divides us. I believe that republican policies are for the best interests of the American people. But first I am an American citizen and a Nebraskan. I want Nebraska to do her part in the great work of the nation. I want to keep the high standard which my distinguished predecessors of all parties have set.

I realize that with this election there comes much of duty and something of responsibility. There is also something of achievement and something of honor in being elected a United States senator. But I have never believed that "success" in politics was simply to be elected to something. The prize in public life is not getting into office; that is only the opportunity to contest for the prize. There is little in title. The genuine reward—the cherished ambition of the soul is the approbation of a loving constituency for some measure of success in performing the duties of the office. You have given me the title—I will try and make it honorable. You have given me the opportunity—I will undertake to win the prize.

I congratulate you all upon your own election. It is an expression of confidence that you may well appreciate. It is an old and familiar platitude that "the world wants better men." I am an optimist and believe that the world has the best men today and the most of them since "The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky." From a personal acquaintance with each of you I believe that this legislature will be the best that Nebraska has ever had. I say that with all deference to the high character of preceeding legislatures, one of which I had the honor of being a member.

We are living in the most enlightened age of the world's history and consequently in the most exacting period of human existence. And, while we congratulate ourselves upon the former, we must qualify ourselves for the latter. More is expected of a man than ever before in morals as well as capacity.

HIGH STANDARD DEMANDED.

This demand upon men is no less in private life than in public life. It only seems so because fewer eyes are focused there. In fact, the higher standard in private affairs is responsible for the higher demands in public office. Behavior in private life moulds the ethics of the nation. It must be observed of every student of history that governments have been better as the people themselves have improved, that governments have become humane as the people have become enlightened, just as the people have become fraternal and strong, conservative and substantial as education and Christianity have supplanted ignorance and superstition. On the other hand a voluptuous people has always reaped a licentious abuse of government. The same generation that furnished a weak-minded, inglorious king, fighting the maddened, storm-tossed water of the ocean with his blood-begrimed and impotent javelin produced, as the historian tells us, but a single virtuous woman in all his kingdom to restore his sight and appease the wrath of the gods.

As a people and as a nation we have every reason to rejoice at our position among the people and the nations of the earth. We lead the world in material progress. American diplomacy is triumphant. "Old Glory" is "The Gem of the Ocean," and is known and respected wherever her folds kiss the breezes of heaven. The United States has demonstrated a good many things during the short century of its existence. It has based strong government on good government. It has given more protection to the individual, more peace to his mind, more hope to his heart, than any other nation on earth. It has conferred a new purpose to liberty and extended a new meaning to hope and opportunity. It has proven that justice and kindness are more potent of control than tyranny and oppression. It has shown that national sacrifice is national glory. It has made philanthropy world-wide, mercy international and humanity universal. But over all and because of all it has demonstrated the more important fact that the people can govern themselves—that a popular government can exist—that the people through their own chosen agencies can make laws and enforce them. Encouraged by their own successes through succeeding years the people, chafing under restrictions, have reached out and taken unto themselves prerogatives that the founders of the republic did not believe belonged to them. And from year to year we find the disposition of the people growing to know more and do more of the things that pertain to their government.

NEED OF LEGISLATION.

One might suppose that a day would come when all necessary laws would be made and that nothing would remain for the legislator to do. But a moment's reflection will convince us that such a time will mark the millennium—when the wiles of the devil will be curbed and the ambitions of civilization will be triumphant in a reign of holiness throughout the world. While men are human, some of them hopeful and aspiring and others depraved and degraded, there will be need of legislation.

It is not a wholly unfamiliar expression that "we have too many laws now." But this is true only to the anarchist in direct opposition to all forms of government and to that other class of individuals who test their wits rather than piety in their "preying" for daily subsistence.

The development of human tastes and ideals finds its expression in the laws and we all hope that development may go on. The material progress of the country and the mental achievements of the people from year to year demands constant revision of the old laws and the enactment of new ones.

Every line of the statute books marks the progress of the people and the development of the country. Speed regulations, safety appliances, and danger signals is legislation of this generation and necessitated only as man's inventive genius makes him to travel with the velocity of electricity and carry with the power of steam. Trade regulations, rate making, traffic control, corporation surveillance in legislation is the natural product of this commercial age.

Law making must keep up with the evolution of industry and with every possibility of injustice. The rebate, arbitrary and disproportionate rates under same conditions and other forms of discriminations between individuals and communities are injustices and wrongs against the public and therefore proper subjects of governmental inquiry. The congress of the United States, so far as its authority goes, has recognized its duty and has not been slow to act. Anti-trust laws, the interstate commerce commission, the anti-rebate law, the bureau of corporations, appropriation of money for special counsel, and enactments for speedy trial, are some of the governmental factors that congress has already employed.

FAVOR PRIVATE OWNERSHIP.

Sufficient has not yet been done.

New agencies may yet be needed, additional powers to those already created may be sufficient. A governmental agency given the authority to determine rates and yet without power to enforce its decrees, is not only futile and impotent for any good, but like the old Continental Congress that could declare war, but not muster an army or raise a dollar, is of little consolation at home and commands no respect abroad. I am not in accord with the distinguished citizen of our own state who advocates state ownership of railroads as the solution of the problem. I do not believe it is the best way or the most economic way. In general terms I do not believe that the government should do anything that individuals can do. What the government has undertaken to do in the past has been what was too large for private enterprise to undertake or of not sufficient remuneration to warrant the investment of private capital. Public ownership thwarts individualism, stupefies hope and ambition, hampers inventive genius and destroys opportunity. Better than own the railroads is to exercise such proper and sufficient control as shall make them efficiency and economically to serve the public.

With President Roosevelt's recent message still fresh in our minds and with our confidence in his honesty and energy there can be no doubt with anyone that this matter of transportation and all the others of the great problems of our internal trade and commerce, as well as those of labor and capital, will have as they are now receiving, proper investigation to the end that wise, conservative, patriotic and efficient legislation shall be had. And let me say here, as I indicated to you in my telegram a few days ago, that it will be my pleasure to stand firmly with the president and to sustain his arm in his efforts to solve these great problems.

We have passed the period of uncertainty in this country. We are no longer "an Infant Republic,"—but a "full grown nation." We have gone beyond the "hoping that we shall become a great nation"—we are a great nation. We have spent our time of apprenticeship as a governing power, and we believe that no question is too subtle for us to fathom and no undertaking too great for us to handle. We made America free, we made Cuba free, and under the guidance of a good Providence, we have gone seven thousand miles into the ocean to carry freedom to the people of the Philippine Islands. We sent our guns there, we sent our boys there, we sent our teachers and preachers and bibles there. Old Glory is there—and by the conscience of eighty millions of people liberty is there. We are not going to stop until we make it easier for some people to visit the islands who don't seem to comprehend just what we are doing over there.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

We have undertaken to dig the Panama canal, so that by and by a ship can sail from Boston right into Manila harbor. The American people wanted the canal a long time before we had the Philippines and before most of them knew just where the islands were. And if we fail to appreciate the Divine Will in the Manila bay incident, we ought at least to be grateful for the excuse it has furnished the United States for confiscating the liabilities of a defunct, impotent and somewhat discredited corporation and assuming the responsibility of digging the canal ourselves. The suddenness of it shocked some nerves and the certainty of it no doubt shocked some calculations. But the canal will be built because we have the nerve to undertake it—the genius to do it and the money to pay for it.

The overwhelming majorities increasing year by year with the tariff the main issue establishes without doubt that the American people believe in the protective policy. During our hundred years of national life we have tried all forms and all schedules. But experience teaches us that the greatest prosperity has come to use when the products of labor of this country have been protected against the importation of the products of labor of foreign countries. The degree of protection needed in the main can be measured by the difference in the cost of labor here and abroad. America is the best market place in the world and the American producer is entitled at least to an equal chance in that market with the foreign vendor. The years under this policy have been the happy, prosperous and progressive years, they have been the years when labor was best employed when factories were busiest, when wages were highest and mankind most contented. With the policy determined and protection established, the question then settles itself down to one detail, to produce the desired results.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

The only tariff question, or the only phase of it that now confronts us is the schedules of the present tariff law. While there is some disagreement as to the rates in some particulars, there is lacking as yet any sufficient consensus of opinion as would warrant the risk of the provisions of that law to the more or less uncertain results of general tariff revision. I can think of no greater danger both fancied and real, that could possibly threaten us than a hasty, precipitate revision of the Dingley law. No law was ever made with more care. No law was ever made by more competent hands. No law ever produced so splendid results with the quickness almost of magic and the continuance of years. No law ever sustained itself so long in the confidence of the industrial world.

It is easy to talk of tariff revision. It is more difficult to agree on the revision and to frame tariff laws. Or to put it in a better way by using the words of the late, lamented Speaker Reed, "It is easy to revise tarff—in your mind." In view of the delicacy of the undertaking to all industrial United States, and the danger of too hasty or immature action I most heartily approve of the decision of the president as reported in the press not to call, for the present and early summer, at least, an extra session of congress for tarifh revision.

Gentlemen of the legislature, I accept this position to which you have elected me and thank you for it. At the proper time I shall assume the duties and undertake the responsibilities, and, God being my helper, I hope to perform them faithfully and well.

Sub-Editor—"A correspondent sends us a full account of a cock fight, with photographs of the steel spurs used, the cock pit, spectators, birds in battle, etc., with every round described."

Great Editor—"Glorious! Get it all in."

Sub-Editor (doubtfully)—"But this is a family paper."

Great Editor—"Y-e-s—I—know. Head it 'A Brutal Sport—Where were the Police?'"

Old Gentleman—"Tell me, my friend, why you are so ugly to passengers.'

Brutal Conductor—"So they'll hate th' street car company wot employs me. See?"

"N-o, not exactly."

"Why, when they hate the company, they'll just laugh to theirselves when they see me cheatin' th' company by not ringin' up fares. See?"

Customer—"These shoes you made for me squeak so I can't stand them. You'll have to take them back.

Shoemaker—"Ain't you a church member?"

"No."

"Oh! Beg pardon. I thought you were."

Magistrate—"Why don't you answer to your name?"

Vagrant—"Beg parding, jedge, but I forgot wat name I gave las' night."

Magistrate—"Don't you give your own name?"

Vagrant—"No, jedge, I'm travelin' incog."

Clerk—"A lady in the front of the store wants some elephant tusk jelly. What on earth shall I do?"

Fashionable Grocer—"Tell her we just sold the last lot to a boarding house keeper, but we'll get another hogshead in soon. She'll change her mind then."

Cupid is a sorry leader; after leading people into trouble he leaves them to fight it out themselves.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

A Winter Afternoon.

A swirl of brown leaves frosted thick with snow;
A low, gray sky of interlapping clouds;
A bank-high streamlet that has ceased to flow;
Gaunt-armed, bare trees, close wrapped in sleety shrouds.

A lone bird fares athwart the drooping sky
With sure, strong wing which pulses swift and true;
Forth from his covert slinks the fox, his eye
With hunger wild, roams searching out the view.

A farmhouse, gabled, lying wrapped in snow;
A wraith of smoke corkscrewing the cold air;
The muffled shapes of men which come and go,
And bitter, biting winter everywhere.
—Edward Carlisle Litsey, in Housekeeper.

Christmas Day in the Army.

"Christmas in the early days," said Addison Ballard, "was not like the Christmas of this day. I was raised in Warren county, Ohio, and in a neighborhood of well-to-do people, and here is what I received from my parents as a Christmas gift: One big red apple, a little sack of choice hickory nuts, one pair of knit mittens and a home-made knit comforter to wear round the neck.

"In addition, myself and brothers were given jointly 1 cent's worth of powder, which was inserted in a corncob and exploded, or in a hole bored in a log. In the latter case other boys joined with their allowance of powder to have a greater explosion. For candy we had maple sugar and for a special treat the young people of the neighborhood climbed the hills near our house to hear the boom of cannon fired in Cincinnati fifteen miles away."

"I was that sort of a Buckeye boy myself," said the sergeant, "but of a later date. I wore a red or a red and white comforter as late as the year before the war, and my Christmas gift from home in 1862 was a pair of closely knit red and black mittens. We were then in camp at Nashville and the mittens were a great comfort, but were regarded as a standing joke by the boys. We were rather cozily quartered and we began to prepare for Christmas a week in advance.

"Some of the boys went ten and fourteen miles east and south from camp looking for geese or turkeys, chickens or rabbits. Those who went outside our lines came back excited and anxious. They found everywhere indications of a general advance on Christmas day, and they didn't like it. On Dec. 24 we knew that we would spend Christmas in camp, but that we would advance in battle order on the morning of Dec. 26. Knowing this and knowing that three days' rations were to be cooked and carried in haversacks, the boys were not as merry on Christmas day, 1862, as they had expected to be.

"The whole army moved toward Murfreesboro on the morning of the 26th, and as we passed waiting regiments I saw several pairs of mittens not unlike my own, and I knew that the good mothers at home had thought of our cold hands. One man I saw wearing a red comforter, such as I had worn as a boy, and I wondered if he came from the old home neighborhood. Five days after that as our brigade emerged from the cedars at Stone River, pursued by the rebels, I saw in the rebel line two men wearing red comforters.

"One of these wore the comforter around his neck, with ends crossed on his breast and carried down to his belt. The other wore the comforter around his neck with ends flying. I wondered if these were, like my mittens, Christmas gifts from old-fashioned homes. I knew later, because the rebel of the red comforter fell, not five steps from where I went down, with two wounds. It was very cold that night, and the wounded in blue and gray began to creep toward the little depression in which I was lying and snuggled close to keep from freezing.

"Some one took my mittens out of my pocket and put them on my almost helpless hands, and someone else able to use his hands lifted my head to his lap as he sat on the ground, and I felt the ends of a knit comforter brush across my face. It was fresh and new, and he said it was a Christmas gift and he had worn it in battle because his mother had sent it. That led the freezing men, huddled together like shivering hogs, to talk of Christmas and their people at home, and I found that my man of the red comforter was of the same stock as myself, his family settling in Tennessee, mine in Ohio.

"He had a pair of mittens like my own, and the customs of the two homes were not unlike. We did not freeze that night, and were carried off the field next day, but in such condition that I never knew how we were removed nor what became of the men who came to me that night. Some of them did not recover, I was told in the hospital, but I was informed that not one of the dead wore a red comforter. All this came back to me yesterday when I came across a white army hospital blanket with my initials worked in red in one corner. It was my blanket, and I remembered that as the letters went into shape forty-two years ago a tear fell from my mother's eyes for every stitch taken. I lived, however, to carry that blanket through the war."
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

War Chargers of Great Soldiers.

There has seldom, if ever, been a braver and more loyal war horse than Traveler, who carried his master, Gen. Lee, through scores of battles and came through them all without a scratch. It is said that he whinnied pitifully when he followed the general's coffin to the grave; and it was not long after that, while grazing, a nail became imbedded in his foot and he died of lockjaw.

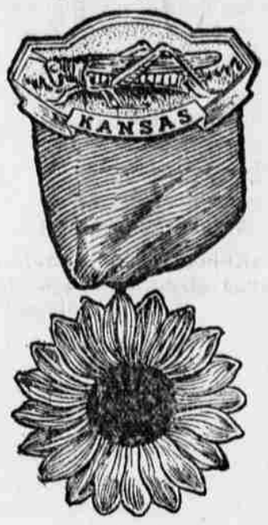
Copenhagen bore Stonewall Jackson through ten fierce battles before the fatal bullet struck his rider. He survived, through an honored and lovingly tended old age, until 1886; and he may be seen to-day, stuffed and cleverly mounted in a glass case in the library of the Soldiers' home in Richmond, Va.

Gen. Sheridan's famous black horse, Rienzi, long survived all the dangers of war and died, loved and mourned in 1876. His body was mounted and is to be seen in the museum of Governor's island, in New York bay.

It seems to have been the fate of most of these famous horses to survive their masters. Such, however, was not the lot of Nellie Gray, the handsomest charger in all the confederate army. Nellie, with Gen. Fitzhugh Lee on her back, seemed to bear a charmed life, so many were the dangers she escaped, until at last she fell in the very thickest of the fight at the battle of Winchester.

Cincinnati, the most loved of all Gen. Grant's horses, was more fortunate than Nellie; for he survived all the horrors of the civil war and died "as sincerely lamented as he had lived respected."

The Badge Money Cannot Buy.



KANSAS

Veterans Well Behaved.

"The conduct of the great body of the 33,000 old soldiers who are inmates of the national soldiers' homes is excellent," said Gen. Martin T. McMahon, president of the board of managers of those institutions, at the Arlington.

"Only about 3 per cent of the veterans give us any trouble, and these are not nearly so annoying as the well meaning, misguided contingent of outside cranks and temperance fanatics who are continually trying to tell the president and congress how the homes ought to be run. For instance, the outside band of philanthropists would abolish the canteens established in the homes, despite the fact that experience has proved their great usefulness. These canteens, or beer halls—since nothing but beer is sold in them—make directly for the good of the inmates and are in the interest of sobriety and decent conduct. The amount of beer sold to the individual is strictly limited, and no one who is intoxicated is allowed to enter the beer hall, nor can drinks be obtained after 5 o'clock p. m.

"The evils of intoxication on the part of veteran inmates come from patronizing drinking resorts in the vicinity of the grounds, where the old soldiers can buy cheap whisky, and where they are often drugged and robbed. The abolition of the canteen would simply increase the patronage of these resorts. Instead of reducing temperance, such a policy would promote it and would make drunkards out of many now leading respectable lives."—Washington Post.

New Pension Ruling.

"Some years ago," said an army officer, "the War Department held that a soldier who was injured while out hunting in the far West on a pass was disabled in the line of duty and therefore entitled to a pension. It was held that as hunting is encouraged by military authorities, the soldier in doing what he was encouraged to do was not thereby taken out of the line of duty.

"Following the precedent established in that case, the department has recently held that a soldier whose leg was broken by being run over by a street car was disabled in the line of duty. In this case it appears that the soldier was absent from his post on a pass for the purpose of self-improvement; that is he was going to attend a lecture. It was held by the authorities that this case was analogous with the other one referred to, in that each case the passes were granted with the idea that the use to which they would be put would be a benefit to the soldier, and through him to the service."—Washington Star.

A GREAT SUFFERER

LAY HELPLESS AND SPEECHLESS FOR HOURS AT A TIME.

Sinking Spells, Headaches, Rheumatism, All Caused by Poor Blood—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When Mrs. Williams was asked for some details of the fearful illness from which she had so long suffered, she spoke as follows:

"Ever since I had nervous prostration, about thirteen years ago, I have had periodical spells of complete exhaustion. Any excitement or unusual activity would throw me into a state of lifelessness. At the beginning my strength would come back in a moderate time, but the period of weakness kept lengthening until at last I would lie helpless as many as three hours at a stretch."

"You were under medical treatment, of course?'

"Yes, when I became so bad that I had to give up my housework, in May of 1903, I was being treated for kidney trouble, and later the doctor thought my difficulties came from change of life. I was not only weak, but I had dizzy feelings, palpitation of the heart, misery after eating, hot flashes, nervous headaches, rheumatic pains in the back and hips. The doctor did me so little good that I gave up his treatment, and really feared that my case was incurable."

"What saved you from your state of hopelessness?"

"In July of 1903 I had a very bad spell, and my husband came in one day with a little book which told of remarkable cures effected by a remedy for the blood and the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He bought a box for me, and that was the beginning of my return to health. My appetite grew keen, my food no longer distressed me, my nerves were quieted, and my strength began to revive."

"How long did you take this remedy?"

"For two months only. At the end of that time I had regained my health and cheerfulness, and my friends say that I am looking better than I have done for the past fifteen years."

Mrs. Lizzie Williams is now living at No. 416 Cedar street, Quincy, Illinois. The pills which she praises so highly, cure all diseases that come from impoverished blood. If your system is all run down, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the very best remedy to take. Any druggist can supply them.

The famous diamond, "Star of South Africa," belonged originally to a witch doctor. A farmer named Nieuwkerk traded a wagon and several oxen for it, and sold it for $55,000.

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15 YEARS OF TORTURE.

Itching and Painful Sores Covered Head and Body—Cured in Week By Cuticura.

"For fifteen years my scalp and forehead was one mass of scabs, and my body was covered with sores. Words cannot express how I suffered from the itching and pain. I had given up hope when a friend told me to get Cuticura. After bathing with Cuticura Soap and applying Cuticura Ointment for three days, my head was as clear as ever, and to my surprise and joy, one cake of soap and one box of ointment made a complete cure in one week. (signed) H. B. Franklin, 717 Washington St., Allegheny, Pa."

The great thing which counts in this world is not talent, but faithfulness.—John Clifford.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The pure in heart are slow to credit calumnies, but they sometimes like to hear about them.

Why It Is the Best

is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

A liberal education is considered the best dowry, but £10,000 a year is still rather liked.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Say little, look wise and all your neighbors will flock to you for advice.

Defiance Starch

should be in every household; none so good, besides 4 ounces more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

$25.00 Cream Separator

FOR $25.00 we sell the celebrated DUNDEE CREAM SEPARATOR, capacity 300 pounds per hour, 350 pounds capacity per hour for $29.00; 500 pounds capacity per hour for $34.00. Guaranteed the equal of separators that retail everywhere at from $75.00 to $125.00.

OUR OFFER. We will ship you a Separator on our 30 days' free trial plan, with the binding understanding and agreement if you do not find by comparison, test and use that it will skim closer, skim colder milk, skim easier, run lighter and skim one-half more milk than any other Cream Separator made, you can return the Separator to us at our expense and we will immediately return any money you may have paid for freight charges or otherwise. Cut this ad out at once and mail to us, and you will receive by return mail, free, postpaid, our LATEST SPECIAL CREAM SEPARATOR CATALOGUE. You will get our big offer and our free trial proposition and you will receive the most interesting, liberal Cream Separator offer ever heard of. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.