

taught all people that the home is the center of the state; that the domestic virtues are the only sure foundations of political virtues; that honesty and truthfulness and sobriety and self-mastery must be taught and enforced, by precept and example, morning, noon and night by the parent, in the home; and that no lesson in the school, and no training by the schoolmaster alone, can ever make good the good citizen. He was always preaching the blessed gospel of home-building and home-loving.

And it was the source of the inspiration of Arbor Day. This early settler in this land when it was new, looked over a treeless state of scattered farms, a dull, weary, sorry land, and he asked himself, how can its nakedness be clothed with the beauty of abundant foliage? And the answer was "Plant Trees."

The legend of Arbor Lodge was adopted by the state, and Arbor Day was made a holiday, when the children of the schools and the people of town and country gather to the work of planting trees. The custom has spread; England and France and Germany have caught the idea, and very soon it will be a universal festival; not the prairies of Nebraska only, but all the earth will be clothed with the verdure of trees planted on this great holiday.

In many other ways, Mr. Morton touched the life of this people, but our limits restrain our recounting them.

From Senator Chas. F. Manderson, Omaha

It is with a deep sense of the inability of language to express one's full appreciation of manly character and the living in consonance with high ideals that I make this tribute to J. Sterling Morton.

Thirty years of acquaintance with him, which ripened in the later years into an appreciative friendship, brought to me a satisfying knowledge of a man with deep convictions, which, based as they were upon morality, found in their possessor the courage that fearlessly proclaimed them and sought by every honorable means for their full fruition.

Being in public life when Mr. Morton was Secretary of Agriculture, the opportunity came to me to observe his methods. When convinced that a course was best, nothing could swerve him from its close and steady pursuit. His reports were marked by a deep insight into the Nation's needs, and a fearless condemnation of the petty ways by which many in public life perpetuate their official existence. He was the persistent foe of governmental paternalism and interference with private rights by federal power. No man I have ever known hated sham in politics and humbug in politicians with a more intense hatred than Mr. Morton, and

his scarification of both, by voice and pen, brought upon him the vituperative condemnation of smaller men who mixed envious jealousy with their fear of him.

He spoke with power in public speech, was a brilliant and attractive conversationalist and wrote with the exquisite polish of an Addison and the sarcastic power of a Dean Swift. The political frauds and timid time-servers who were scoriated by his pen will bear for many a day the welts that came from his castigations.

With all this manly force there was a gentleness in him that found its best expression by the domestic hearth. His home life was ideal, and whether to those of his own flesh and blood or to the stranger within his gates, his kind consideration and gentle courtesy won all hearts. He exemplified the fact that the bravest are the gentlest, the noblest are the daring.

His life was a benefaction.

His memory shall endure with all who love true manhood.

From President Theodore Roosevelt.

I knew him in public life, and as a friend outside of public life; and I valued him most highly for those qualities of sturdy manhood, of courage, fearlessness, broad-mindedness and absolute integrity which we like to see in one whom we regard as specially representative of our nation.

Mr. Morton was prominent among that limited number of men who champion great movements; to whom it is given to associate their names with a movement of marked benefit to the people as a whole. More than any other man, Secretary Morton will stand as the representative of those far-sighted enough to realize the great need of tree culture.

From Richard Olney, Boston.

Mr. Morton was a man of the highest character and of marked ability. Without being in the technical sense a scholar, he was well abreast of the current thought of the time, had read much and widely, and, though all his life engaged in enterprises requiring practical knowledge of men and affairs, was by nature inclined to study first principles and to treat them as all-sufficient rules of conduct. Once his intellect and conscience were satisfied as to the course to be pursued, his loyalty to his convictions knew no bounds. There resulted a rigidity, not to say a "marked severity" of attitude towards those of different views which, while never disintitling him to respect, was not well calculated to make converts. But if the uncompromising feature of the man's na-

ture often seemed to gratuitously arouse personal antagonisms, he never lacked for friends whom he grappled to him with hooks of steel. Had his nature been less downright and outspoken, his talents might well have secured for him any office in the gift of the people. He was an orator of great power, and as a writer was always sure of attention from the vigor and originality with which he expressed himself. His charm of manner was unusual, his sense of humor particularly strong, and his erect form and almost military carriage made him a noticeable and impressive figure on any public occasion at which he appeared.

Taken all in all—he was a model American citizen; an exemplar of the highest qualities of manhood in both public and private life; even whose "failings leaned to virtue's side;" whom it is a privilege to have personally known; and in whose death not merely relatives and friends but citizens of the country at large will recognize the blow of a great calamity.

From Judge H. P. Bennet, Denver.

We have been warm and abiding personal friends for nearly a half century. Little did either of us think last September when we met and parted that it would be the last on earth. He was hale and hearty then and little did I expect to survive him. The memory of our last meeting and his generous hospitality will ever afford me much comfort until I join him in the great beyond.

From John G. Gasmann, Alameda, Cal.

I wish to assure you that we who had the pleasure of knowing your highly esteemed father feel with you and for you. And not only have you, the members of his family, cause for deep sorrow in your bereavement, but the community where he was intimately known and most highly esteemed, as well as the state of Nebraska, and country at large, join with you in regret and sorrow that one so highly honored by all has been taken away from loving hearts—from an appreciative community and a grateful country.

God grant that the lessons he instilled in your minds may always be remembered, and that the name which he made so illustrious may be ever kept unsullied for all time to come.

From Edward Atkinson, Boston.

I little thought I should outlive him. He was a rare man indeed. Among my friends whom I have made in political life, William L. Wilson and your father came closest to me as men for whom I felt great personal affection.