

tion! May they, with devout thanksgiving, comprehend that every generation is the living heir to all the possessions and achievements of its long line of ancestry, receiving as priceless bequest all that, from the dim and hoary past, has been wrought out by the struggle, the sacrifice, and the martyrdom of countless upward-aspiring men and women; and may they in turn accept the duty of retransmitting a legacy made richer and more precious by virtue of their own strenuous and lofty contributions! May in that era the irritating questions of our time have received a satisfying solution! May all prejudice of sex, of race, of color, of religion, and of class, have ceased to exist! May the close physical relationship of every animal, human and non-human, have come to be understood, stimulating a sense of brotherly guardianship in man, and cementing ties of love and service between every being that lives and breathes on this planet! May you more perfectly comprehend the full, unfathomed meaning of the fact that Law and Beauty are the underlying, all-pervading characteristics of the universe, generating in your minds a spirit of trustee-ship for this globe, leading to the loving preservation of every attractive feature and landmark of Nature, and to a far higher cultivation and expression of man's efforts to re-create beauty which we call Art! May the mad pursuit and worship of wealth have given place to the striving and admiration for those high, shining virtues, which in every station, however modest or exalted, adorn and dignify the true man! May a full realization have come that the abiding possessions of mankind are spiritual; and that over the ocean of Time have endured, not the wealth, the ostentation, and the material splendor of nations, but those spiritual vessels which, as priceless cargo, have borne the golden thoughts of good and wise and poetic men! May in your time every capitalist be a veritable laborer in humanity's vineyard, giving to society a full equivalent for benefits received; and may every laborer be a capitalist, so far as in just and generous degree, he will directly share in the results and profits of his own labor! May your generation give heed to the physical breeding of the race, controlling and restricting the right of reproduction in order that Society may be relieved from the burden of the physically unfit and the mentally and morally defective! May to you the criminal be a being not to be shunned and immured, but a soul to be purified and reformed! May self-loving politicians have given place to altruistic statesmen whose primal affection shall be love of country! May patriotism have expanded into a flame of justice and of fraternal devotion for every race that inhabits this globe! May the Golden Rule have become the basis of

action between nations! May that multiplied murder and that barbarous waste which we call War, have ceased to exist! May this nation and every nation have learned that, whatever its strength and force, it dare not think itself strong enough to do wrong!

May powerful natures and powerful nations realize that their vigor is given them not to dominate and trample on, but rather to uphold and to bless, the weak! May mankind appreciate that diversity is Nature's law and charm, teaching that every nation, under international safeguards, should live its own life, and be encouraged to develop its own characteristics and its own civilization! May the guiding principles of the fathers of this Republic—those prophetic men from whom we are separated by the span of a century—burn more brightly on your national altar, inspiring a more sacred and more unyielding regard for the common and equal rights of all mankind! May the influence and memory of those who are now living here be not wholly lost; and, stretching over the vanished years, may our spirit-hands sustain and help you upward on the patriarchal world-ladder, inciting to higher standards of life, to deeper love for our city, and to nobler efforts for the Commonwealth! And may this "Century Chest" come to you so full of interest, so laden with profound significance, so possessed of abiding value, that you will transmit a similar Chest to your descendants with the reiterated hope that they may also repeat this ceremony, thus binding the centuries together with wide links of affectionate regard, and bridging the ages with living words of buoyant hope, of glad prophecy and of steadfast love!

**WORK ON WINTER WHEAT.**

The following letter, written by Dr. Miller to the Omaha Bee, is a well-deserved tribute to a man whom those who have known him are sorry to see leave Nebraska. Mr. Smith has just resigned the position of assistant general passenger agent of the B. & M., to engage in business for himself in New York City.

Mr. Arthur B. Smith's departure from the scenes and labors of twenty years of successful life in Nebraska has been signalized by an important statement in respect to the discovery of winter wheat as a great crop in our state. I am made the principal hero of the narrative. Now that this young man has gone out from among us I wish to speak for hundreds of men who know him as well as I do and for tens of thousands who do not, by saying that his absence from among us means a distinct loss to our best citizenship.

It may have been four years ago that I received from Mr. Smith one of the most flattering expressions re-

calling the work of Manager Holdrege and myself in the interest of winter wheat ten years ago. He insisted then, as he insists now, against my private protest, upon ascribing the victory in that battle to me. The actual truth is that Mr. Smith's magnanimity has run away with his judgment on this purely personal phase of the discovery of winter wheat in Nebraska. Permit me to state the facts to show how much our people owe to Manager Holdrege and Mr. Arthur B. Smith himself for this great benefit.

General Manager Holdrege is the man, influenced by Mr. Smith and arguments made by me, who directed the undertaking and experiments with this great staple. The telegraph lines of the Burlington were instantly opened by his direction. Mr. Smith began and prosecuted the organization of the work and secured the first experiments with winter wheat. Under Mr. Holdrege's quiet, but always sharp, observation, Mr. Smith's success was amply demonstrated by the results which he now proclaims. Nothing discouraged, nothing daunted him. If failure came to him in one case he found success in another. With all respect to Manager Holdrege and without in the least depreciating my own part in bringing about the important discovery in the agricultural progress of our state and country, Mr. Arthur B. Smith is entitled to lasting honor in having assisted with his own executive ability in making possible 50,000,000 bushels of winter wheat in our corn-stricken state in this year of our common Lord 1901; 25,000,000 of 100-cent dollars in the pockets of the farmers of our state in a single year by the aid of this great man-eating corporation through the test which they were brave enough to make in a matter of vital importance to more than 1,000,000 people who are dwelling here today and to countless generations who are to come after them. Mr. Holdrege, as my belief is, transported all the seed free of cost for experiments.

My strenuous efforts in behalf of this great staple were based upon four facts, which were within my knowledge at the time I presented the case to Manager Holdrege and Mr. Smith. First, that all winter wheat in our country is raised south of the northern Nebraska boundary; secondly, that Colorado had shipped into Omaha thirty years ago, by wagon, flour from wheat of its own raising, which was of a superior quality; thirdly, that this superior wheat grain in Colorado was due to the gigantic wash from the Rocky mountains, which is in our own soil and which furnishes an excellent pabulum for wheat grain, and, fourthly, that the sowing of wheat by the drill method here provides ample protection from two elements of destruction which existed on account of the absence of snow, viz: Warmth against cold and the blowing of seed out of the ground by the terrible winter winds. GEORGE L. MILLER.