

### THE TREES WE PLANT ON ARBOR DAY.

[The following address was delivered by John P. Brown, secretary of the International Society of Arboriculture, before the Connersville, Indiana, High School, on Arbor Day, October 25, 1901.]

It is difficult to realize the conditions which exist in a country that has no trees. Throughout Northern Africa not only upon the Sahara, but Egypt, Nubia and Arabia, of Asia, all are treeless and arid. The caravans, slowly and painfully journeying across the hot sands, greet the sight of a few palms at infrequent oases, with unmixed pleasure. Here they find water—possibly grass for hungry and famishing animals. Here the shade is refreshing, the atmosphere less oppressive, the lowered temperature is most agreeable. It is in such a country where a tree is fully appreciated by every individual. It would be sacrilege to destroy one tree.

But we have not to go to foreign lands to find deserts, hot sands, the terrible siroccos, and the most welcome oasis. My earliest experience on the desert was in Nevada in 1865. This is almost a treeless state. In summer the winds, sweeping across the plains, carry the fine particles of hot sand, which fill the eyes and nostrils. In winter the blasts are extremely cold and penetrating, with nothing to break their force. What a blessing—a joy to find a few cottonwoods about some spring, where, for a little while, we are free from the many annoyances of a land without trees. But we have other regions as bare as the silver state, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah; but why mention localities! Sixty per cent of the United States is free from the cumbrance of terrible trees.

The winds blow just as hard over a forest as upon the plain and prairie. Cyclones and hurricanes do not choose their locality, whether upon land or sea, over forest or plain; yet the daily press makes no mention of those which are harmless. What makes the difference? The friendly trees gently guide the air currents upward and they pass by without disturbing us who are on the surface far below the turbulent elements.

Trees equalize the temperature. A tree is very largely water, each cell is but a thin wall which is filled with water, yet this water never freezes. There is great heat in any growing plant. A hyacinth will thaw its way through a foot of frozen soil. The crocus pushes aside the frozen earth and joyfully raises its head to greet us with its richly-colored flowers, long before the frost has emerged from the ground. In winter it is warmer near a forest than elsewhere, while in summer, as

you all well know, it is cooler and we seek the woods or trees to avoid excessive heat. But trees have other uses; they supply the material from which a great majority of the articles we constantly use, are made. Fifty thousand inhabitants in our own state and one million in America, are employed in wood industries. Thus a large portion of our population are dependent upon the trees for their support. I hope there are many in my presence who will be alive fifty years hence. Great changes must occur during those fifty years. There will not be a sawmill in the entire United States. Furniture, if made here, and made of wood, will be from trees grown in the far away tropics. Carriages will not be constructed of wood; American forests will have disappeared. An impoverished soil will require an increased expenditure for fertilizers. Summer rains will continue to become less frequent.

As forest influences cease, irrigation will become as necessary in Indiana as in Egypt, Utah or Arizona. Would you know how such a calamity may be averted? Suppose that upon each Arbor Day during the coming fifty years every school child should plant one tree. This would certainly be a slight task for each child to perform, but the results would be indeed far reaching. Two hundred acres would thus be converted into forest each year. Ten million acres would become forest in the half century. Factories would thus be supplied with wood, millions of laborers, by such a course, provided with a continuous support.

What this nation neglects to do, the school children of America can, if they will, perform.

#### Perpetuate Our Forests.

Fifty years ago a young man in a neighboring state planted a number of catalpa trees. Little did he think those tiny switches he was putting in the ground would ever be of special importance. But they thrived and grew into handsome shade trees. The man has grown old with a large family about him. They enjoy this beautiful grove, while thousands from abroad visit the place to see such handsome trees. Recently one was cut and made into lumber. It was 104½ feet high. An 18-foot line just reached about its trunk, and it contained 3650 feet of lumber worth \$146.00. It had grown from a little twig to weigh more than ten tons.

While in Massachusetts this summer I visited the historical Bancroft Elm, which has a spread of seventy-five feet, a height of eighty feet and is thirty-seven feet in circumference at the ground. Yet, little more than a century ago, this was but a sapling. I measured the Batchel-

der Pine near Reading, Mass. At the ground it was eight feet in diameter, being three feet ten inches in diameter, at a height of fifty feet. Its height was one hundred and twelve feet and age one hundred and thirty-three years. If cut into lumber this would have made four thousand six hundred feet, worth \$138.00.

I wish to impress upon your minds the value and importance of little things. It may be an acorn, or the winged seed of the catalpa, or the nut of the hickory. From the beginning all trees and forests must start. And when you plant a little tree—a mere twig—we may look into the future a short half-century and see the massive trunk and spreading branches which will shelter and protect an infinite number of children for many generations, and they will call you blessed.

To observe Arbor Day without referring to its celebrated author, would be equivalent to playing Hamlet with the Dane omitted. It has been my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with J. Sterling Morton and to have several times enjoyed his hospitality at Arbor Lodge. Mr. Morton, as a poor lad, located near Nebraska City 46 years ago, in 1855, upon a treeless prairie. He has a competency and at the same time his love of home with all its pleasures and conveniences, has led him to plant and protect an hundred acres of forest which within the 46 years has grown into stately trees possessing a very great value. There are 10,000 pine trees hard by the elegant residence, and to awake by daybreak and listen to the songs of a thousand warblers all singing at once, trying to out-vie the others in loudness and in sweetness of their melody, is worth many miles travel to enjoy. What myriads of noxious insects, the pests and mortal enemies of man, those birds require each day and hour. How many fields of grain and orchards of fruit are saved from destruction by these birds, so encouraged and protected at Arbor Lodge. The Conservative, a weekly paper published at Nebraska City at \$1.50 a year, does not allow an issue to appear without some pointed article favoring the forests and arboriculture. Why, if every farmer in the prairie regions—this includes Indiana now—had the same proportions of woodlands as has the author of Arbor Day at Arbor Lodge, the farm crops of the country would be doubled and such a visitation of grasshoppers as I suffered from in Kansas in 1874 could, under no possible contingency, occur, were as many birds present to devour them.

President Roosevelt has been invited to attend the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition to be held in Charleston, beginning December 2. He will attend it on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, if possible.