

As I looked at them I asked the people why they did not raise Durham cattle. They replied that they had tried the experiment, but that the old cattle quickly died, and that their offspring grew to be like the others in a year or so."

SECRETARY MORTON'S HERD BOOK.

"By the way, Mr. Secretary, where does your family come from? You are Scotch, are you not?"

"I come of Scotch-English ancestry," was the reply. "I was just looking over my 'herd book' at the department today—I mean my genealogical record. It makes my family angry to have me call it my herd book. Well, I found that one of my ancestors sold the Mayflower to the Pilgrims and he came over himself on the next ship. The family drifted from New England to New York, and my father went from New York to Michigan and settled in Detroit."

HIS COLLEGE DAYS.

Secretary Morton is a well-educated man. He talks fluently, using the best of English, and my chat with him showed me that his studies had covered a wide range. During it I asked him where he had gone to school, and he replied:

"The first part of my education was acquired at the Michigan University at Ann Arbor. I was there two years and then left on account of the action of the college as to fraternities. The faculty decided to wipe out the Greek letter societies, and in wiping them out they wiped me out. I was a member of the Chi Psi fraternity, the one to which Tom Palmer, the ex-United States Senator and minister to Spain, Melville W. Fuller, the chief justice of the Supreme Court, and Don Dickinson belonged. We were all boys together, but Palmer had at this time left college and taken a trip to Spain. After leaving Ann Arbor I went to Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., which was then presided over by Dr. Eliphalet Nott, and finished my education there."

HIS WEDDING JOURNEY.

"How old were you when you went west?"

"I was just about twenty-two," was the reply. "I went west on my wedding tour, and the trip to Nebraska at that time was a far greater undertaking than it is now. We went by rail from Chicago to Alton, on the Mississippi river. There was no such a thing as a sleeper at that time, and we had to sit up all the way. From Alton we went by steamer to St. Louis, and from St. Louis up the Missouri to St. Joseph by steamboat. Here we got a stage and rode on to Council Bluffs. The trip took about eight days and nights, and it was full of hardships. It could be made now in about a day."

"We settled first at Bellevue, and the next spring we moved to Nebraska City, where we took up the quarter section on which I now live. I have added a little to it, but it is the same ground that I got from the government thirty-eight years ago. We began life in a log cabin, and my boy, by the way, has just had a picture of this cabin made in connection with some others on a sheet advertising his cereal and starch manufactory. Under the cabin he has put the words 'The house in which the president of the company began business.' As I looked at it I asked him what business he had

carried on in the cabin, and he replied: 'I suppose you might call it a milking business.'"

SECRETARY MORTON'S ROMANCE.

I doubt whether there is a man in the country who loved his wife better than did Secretary Morton, and there are few husbands who have been more devoted to their memory. I heard something of the story while I was in Nebraska this summer. Gov. Morton was engaged to his wife when she was fourteen. She was married to him at the age of twenty-one, and their married life was one long honeymoon of twenty-seven years. She bore him four boys, and when she died these four sons formed the pallbearers who carried her to the tomb. During my talk with Secretary Morton I spoke of his wife and asked him if he had a picture of her. He took a locket from his left breast pocket and handed it to me. On the back of it was the face of a very pretty woman, and as I looked at it the Secretary told me that it was the picture of his wife, and he feelingly referred to her influence over his life and her character. He handed me a memoir which was published at the time of her death, and he told me that this locket had never been out of his hands since that time. She was, indeed, the best half of the Secretary's soul, and his life since she died has been wrapped up in his children and grandchildren. The four Morton boys are all married and the Secretary has a number of grandchildren. On Thanksgiving of 1890 the Secretary held a sort of Morton reunion at his home, and photographs were taken of the little Mortons in all shapes and in all sorts of groups. A book has been made of these pictures and the dignified Secretary appears in many of them. In some pictures the children have their heads ornamented with leaves and feathers, and one of the pictures represents a wrestling match, in which one of the participants looks strikingly like Secretary Morton. Another represents Wirt Morton, a lusty, laughing baby, with its finger in its mouth, and the subscription states that the infant is aged six months. I noted at the first of this book that it bore the book plate of the Secretary of Agriculture. It consists of a tree and a scroll under it, in which are printed the words, "Plant trees." Below this is the inscription "Arbor Lodge" and Secretary Morton's name, which he parts in the middle and prints "J. Sterling Morton."

As I looked at this the conversation turned to the planting of trees and the Secretary told me that 13,000,000,000 trees have been planted in Nebraska since he inaugurated the institution of Arbor day there in 1875.

HOW UNCLE SAM'S MONEY IS WASTED.

The conversation here turned to the department of agriculture and I asked the secretary whether he was making any changes in the methods of running it. He replied:

"I am making a great many, and I am trying to bring the department down to a practical business basis. I believe in spending money where it should be spent, but I don't believe in wasting it. I have already found a number of big leaks which I am stopping. One is in these experimental stations which have been established by the department over the country. Why, I found one at

Garden City, Kan., the business of which was to evolve a grass which would grow on the arid plains of the West. Twenty-two thousand dollars have been spent on it in five years, and a Professor Veasy is trying there to produce a sort of grass which will grow without rain, water or soil—a sort of grass orchard, I presume. From what inquiries I made I found that this Professor Veasy had a home address at Denver, Colorado, and he seemed to be only heard from at the times when his salary was due. I have stopped the appropriation and I suppose he will now materialize in some shape or other.

OTHER FAT JOBS.

"Kansas always gets its share of the appropriations," continued Secretary Morton. "In looking over the state I find that Plumb and Ingalls have patched it all over with just such jobs, but similar things exist in other states, too. I got a request the other day for \$50 for a United States flag, which was to be put up over a sugar beet farm at Schuyler, Neb. I couldn't see the reason for the appropriation and I investigated the station. I found it was costing us over \$5,000 a year and that all we could get out of it was some beet seed, which the regular sugar-beet factories would send to us if we would only pay the freight. We pay on these experimental stations about \$360,000 a year, and I think the most of them should be abolished. My idea is that experimenting should be done through the agricultural experiment stations of the states. There are forty-four of these scattered all over the Union. They get an appropriation from Congress of \$750,000 a year. This goes directly to them, and over it we have no control. I think that the seeds could be distributed through these experiment stations and not by the Congressmen. It costs \$135,000 a year to send out seeds from here. I am going to recommend Congress to abolish this part of our business. As the seeds are now sent out they do not reach the parties they should, nor do the proper kind of seeds get to the proper localities."

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOG.

"What are you going to do as to the meat inspection, Mr. Secretary?" I asked.

"I am going to abolish a good part of it," was the reply. "Our meat exports to Germany last year amounted to only \$2,000,000, and I find that the Germans reinspected all the meat that came in. We sent \$34,000,000 worth to England, where there was no inspection. The inspection costs a vast deal more than it comes to, and in eleven months it has footed up a total of about \$200,000. Why, during that time we paid out \$4,000 to inspect the meat at the Indianapolis abattoirs, and how much meat do you think was exported from here? Just \$351.50. For every dollar's worth of pork sent to Germany from Indianapolis we paid more than \$10 for inspection. It isn't good business."

CORN BEER VERSUS CORN BREAD.

"How about American corn in Europe? Is Cornmeal Murphy going to revolutionize the continent?"

"I think not, though he is still in Europe. More of our corn should be used in Europe, but I believe that we can create a greater market for it by getting the Germans to use it in the