



VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND



lands but a something to exploit for present profits, have passed utterly out of the memory of man.

In the provincial university that British Columbia will some day (?) build among the sacred oaks of Vancouver's Isle-of-Dreams, one hopes to see established a department of forestry. Thus only can our young people come to realize the value and the responsibility of their forest inheritance, for true it is that among the agencies that the All-Mother uses to make this earth a home for her every creature, the forest stands pre-eminent.

Counting the rings of a fallen giant, we slip back in imagination to a time when in the Mother-Land under rival badges of red and white York fought with Lancaster for a guerdon of pale glory, to a day when the western continent was as yet to European minds undreamed of. Even then were these Pacific slopes clad with the cedar and pine and hemlock of which we centuries after find ourselves the joint-heirs. This kindly forest clothed the earth as with a garment, protecting it from storms and erosion. This same forest has been the home of many a race of shy creatures, the shelter of unknown varieties of land life from the lowest to the highest; it has saved its trusting tenants from winter's rigor and summer's heat. With a splendid lesson of provision for the future, aeons ago it was storing up in coal measures for our use and enjoyment the heat and sunshine of far-away summers. And it is today, as it has always been, the most active agent in the preservation and upbuilding of man, furnishing us with the necessities and luxuries of life, nourishing our bodies, and, if we will, listen to its whisper, gratifying our soul's desires.

If we of this age are too obtuse and sordid and too near-sighted to grasp the meaning of our forest inheritance, it was not so with the Brother in Red whom we unceremoniously despoiled.

The giant cedar of British Columbia, the "Thuya gigantea" of the botanists, with its great base-girth of twenty feet and the wondrous beauty of its waving branches, has had a unique and marvellous influence in shaping the destiny and directing the culture of Salish and Dene and all allied tribes of Coast Indians.

Round winter watch-fires, young men from its branches wove withes and with song and jest maidens fashioned their baskets; when the last challenge was given and from red lips banded back the last repartee, there remained for the morrow using a better aftermath than accrues from bridge-whist. From the outer bark of the cedar, the grandfathers in Israel wrested the raw material for lines and ropes and roofs of the long-house, from it they made their "travelling fire" or slow matches. The inner bark was the dry goods store of the squaws, their Friday bargain-counter of fabrics in the rough. From this soft inner stratum of bark they made pillows and beds, wove the family wardrobe, shaped deforming bands for infant heads, and padded baby's cradle.

The beautiful straight-split planks of the cedar's redolent trunk made the walls of the ancestral halls, the private dwellings and the community long-house. Kipling says, "Smells are surer than sounds and sights"; till he creep into his last resting-place in a cedar coffin, each wee Coast-born Siwash has stored away in that corner of his cranium which records olfactory impressions a lasting remembrance of the intoxicating smell of drying cedar slowly curing in the smoke of cedar camp-fires. The "feel" of it, as the Scot would say, is enough to bring him back from the asphodel meadows.

In an intimate and literal sense the cedar is the "family-tree" of the Coast Indian. Every dish and platter, bowl, kettle, pot and tub is made from this easily-wrought wood. The canoe, which is to the Siwash motor-car and run-about, jaunting-car and summer-residence, house-boat, and travelling-van, war-chariot and funeral-hearse, pleasure-yacht and freight-wagon, and half a hundred other things incidentally, is invariably fashioned by fire and rude hatchet from the stem of a single cedar.

What else does the cedar furnish the Siwash? It gives him his commemorative columns, his heraldic emblems, his treasure-chests and his totem-poles. It forms a hiding-place where he stores his dried salmon against a rainy day; and in some sections of the country at least, in the days of old, among the singing branches of the cedar were the dead (and the near-dead), hung high, waiting the post-mortem bivouac in mortuary biscuit-boxes.

Do we wonder that the Indians worshipped the cedar and sang ceremonial songs to the spirits lodged in its branches? We can surely do better than that. In Sweden and in Germany every man who cuts down a tree is required to plant another in its place. He will not sit under the branches of the seedling that he plants; but another will. It is this otherworldliness that we want to foster. Some one has prophesied that Canada's population will have increased tenfold in the time that it takes to grow a saw-log. If this is true, let us save from fire and wilful destruction, from wasteful and selfish methods the "sawlogs" that we already have and plant new sawlogs. Our Canadian supply of timber is munificent, but it is by no means inexhaustible. It has been declared by authority that accepting the highest estimate of our commercial log timber now standing, the present saw-mill capacity of the United States could exhaust it within twenty years. And those saws of our energetic brother are greedy for

our logs; in anticipation they are grinding their teeth.

The temptation to sell all our timber in sight for ready money is great; but before it is irretrievably too late let us look the question fairly in the face. Are we aware that British Columbia has in its evergreen forests an asset which will be worth infinitely more if husbanded for the future, than if the money to be derived from its present sale were placed in banks with compound interest for the given time? With the exhaustion of the forests of the temperate zone, the prices of wood and wood products will increase more rapidly than the price of any other industrial material. It is not honest for one generation to utterly exhaust, for the price of a mess of pottage, the vested forest wealth that belongs (if properly conserved) to those who live on the land to all perpetuity.

The song of the axe, the hammer and the crosscut are sweet to the ear of our people; as engine whistles to engine, we see in ready imagination the ocean-freighters and the coast-wise steamers carrying their cargo of pine and Douglas fir to the waiting people of far-off lands. At our feet the new home takes form in the little clearing. Across the mountains in the land of wheat grow up in the skirts of the railroad, those marvel towns that smell of sawdust, naked dust of paint. It is all constructive, strong and sane and sound and very wonderful; it speaks of the courage of faith-possessed women.

But out in the heart of the ancient wood there are wasteful methods at work; too often after the first cutting half the crop is left a prey to future forest-fires; for the garnered crop the lumberman is not reaping adequate reward. Behind him he leaves a fire-swept desolate waste where fire will follow fire until all things valuable have been destroyed.

It is too rich a heritage to lightly suffer to slip away; it has taken too long to attain its present worth. It is a forest superimposed upon a forest. Beneath trees ten feet in diameter often lie the fathers of the forest, still sound, pinned to the ground by the roots of trees themselves centuries old. It is a venerable something that we are dealing with; something so old that our infant years in comparison are but as the life of the salmon-berries and salals, the ferns and blackberry vines whose tender greenness would fade and hide somewhat of the ugly blackness we have wrought.

I think it is the inevitable Mr. Dooley who says it makes no difference what kind of a doctor you have, if you have a good nurse. Our Pacific forests so far have had the worst of doctors and no nurse at all. It is not too late for us to call a halt, make an end to wasteful methods, and conserve our forests, and in that act conserve equally the romance and beauty with the invested and hereditary wealth of British Columbia.

"The woods were made for the hunters of dreams. The streams for the fishers of song; To those who hunt for the sunless game The streams and the woods belong."

There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine. And thoughts in the flower-bell curled; The thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern Are as new and as old as the world."

LOGGING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

A correspondent of the London Times, whose identity is shielded behind the mask of anonymity, but who wields a pen little less powerful than the greatest living writers of descriptive English, contributes the following article to a recent issue:

In England a man may read in newspapers that business is flourishing, or else depressed; he may hear vaguely of people to whom market conditions have meant serious gain or loss; yet he may look upon his daily life and detect in it no difference. For the Englishman's world is a stable, established world, where even the material of exchange is solidified credit, solid money; and solids contract and expand but little under influence of heat and cold. There are still, however, parts of the West that belong, as it were, to a newer creation; to a world uncoiled, with business present in the gaseous state. Trade expansion and contraction, boom and slump, these follow, swift and prodigious, upon slight changes in the commercial temperature; and a man will receive no vague impressions from his newspaper, he will have conviction rammed home in his mind by startling changes in his own dear fortunes.

It is in such a far-away part of the West that I will ask you to observe recent changes in a business possibly remotely conceived of by you; a truly Western business, in which men are apt to work (like Jim Pinkerton) "with one foot on bankruptcy, the other on a

borrowed dollar," a business at this moment chilled to nothingness by some quaint, ultimate effect of the currency crisis in New York. I speak of "logging."

Take a map of British Columbia, and notice how the three-hundred-mile stretch of Vancouver Island, like a great breakwater, shuts off from the ocean a strip of sea, and how that sea is all littered with islands. Then follow the outline of the mainland coast, from Vancouver north, a jagged outline all dented with inlets, and sounds, and arms—fiords they call them elsewhere. Realize, first, that the shores of these fiords are mostly mountain slopes; make a final effort and picture mountain slopes and narrow valleys, and hilly islands—all the land everywhere covered with big forest to the very edge of tide-water, and you have sufficient for the purposes of this article, an idea of the country the big logs come from. There were logging camps on the Coast thirty or forty years ago—small camps that used strings of oxen or horses for hauling logs to the sea. There must have been hand-loggers too, even in those days—men who cut logs on sea-coast slopes and coaxed them down to water by patent, ingenious work—like jackscrews. But it was with the coming of the "wood's donkey," the donkey engine that hauls logs with a wire cable—that the handling of big timber became a really practical matter, and the logging business of the British Columbia coast became important.

Gradually as the years went on the hand-loggers and the logging camps kept creeping further north. Seven or eight years ago the first trickle of them had reached as far as the Knight Inlet district, 200 miles, perhaps, (by winding channels) from Vancouver. Four or five years ago a donkey camp or two started work in this district. In the next two or three years fresh camps kept opening. Then

wages would make men stick closer to their jobs, making hay while the sun shone. Loggers, however, were not affected in that way. They were even in hard times independent migratory, sort of persons; last summer they became seized with a kind of frenzy of movement, like that of midges dancing in the sun. The steamers and the hotels were cluttered with travelling men. Every camp, desperately short handed, had one gang of men arriving, one gang leaving. Woe to the camp whose cook was not first class, or whose supply of fresh beef or canned strawberries or eggs was irregular. I have seen a man "quit" because the flies bothered him, and the same day another go because he was not offered a drink out of the imperfectly concealed bottle in the office—neither men had worked two days in the camp. Three men, felling timber by contract, left seven dollars a day because August "would be too hot for working." Ten days or a fortnight in a camp was an extremely long stay; then off one must go to "blow in" one's check at the nearest hotel. Easy come, easy go.

I shrink from mentioning such a thing as a hotel to an English newspaper reader, but the truth is that half an hour spent in a logging hotel will give a man a very clear idea of the state of the logging business on the whole coast; in the same way that a little friendly intercourse with a quartermaster-sergeant, over an issue of rum, used to give any common trooper the clearest ideas about large matters inquired into, years after, by the War Stores Commission. Here is what a man said about a loggers' hotel that is a place of call for coasting steamers, and the distributing centre of the Knight Inlet district:

"The bar was a-roaring day and night. Billy had a band of bully boys tending bar for him; about 16 strong they were, and there was always some of them sober enough to work the cash register—right round the clock. Gee! them was great times. If a man liked he could keep drunk right along and never cost him a cent. I seed some of the finest kinds of fights too, in this very bar-room—four or five a night. There was always a card game going on, \$10 or \$20 the bet. I've seen a fellow go up to \$500 on a single jack-pot. In the morning you would see the boys lying scattered all over the rocks and down on the beach—just like a lot of dead flies when you've emptied out a jug of stale milk. . . . Such was one effect of \$10 per 1,000, board measure, as a price for logs. Another effect was the wild rush to stake timber."

In British Columbia, you should know, a man could go anywhere on unoccupied crown lands, put in a corner post, compose a rough description of the boundaries of one square mile of forest measured from that post, advertise the description, and thus secure from the government exclusive right to the timber on that square mile, subject to the payment of a rent of 140 dollars a year. ("No Chinese or Japanese to be employed in working the timber.") Such a square mile of forest is known as a "timber claim."

Years ago the mill companies and the pulp concession speculators secured great stretches of forest for their future use—on nominal terms that rankle now in every logger's breast and make him talk of political "pull" and "graft." The woods, however, seemed limitless to ordinary men. One might stake a claim or two over specially tempting timber if one were intending to cut logs in that place, but why take up leases as a speculation? One might as well lock up a coal mine, speculating on the future exhaustion of the world's coal supplies.

But a ten dollar price for logs stimulated the demand for good logging claims, and then suddenly it dawned on everybody that such claims were limited in number and were being taken up rapidly. Then arose a fierce rush to stake timber. Hundreds and hundreds of men—experienced loggers, inexperienced youths from town—blossomed as "timber-crusers." The woods were furrowed with their trails. Men in rowboats and sailboats and small decrepit steamboats and gasoline motorboats pervaded the waters of every channel and fiord. They staked the good timber, and then the poor timber, and then places that looked as if they had timber on them, and then places that lacked that appearance. I know a man who staked 22 square miles within 30 days; imagine, if you can, how much he could have learned about the timber he was to sell.

What happened to all their claims I do not know. They were successfully sold, I believe, to vague "American interests," and to readers of advertisements in Chicago and Philadelphia and the East generally. The English investor seems to be becoming rare out West.

Obviously, last October, the joyful spirits of logging men began to yield to a vague uneasiness that came from the South and was in the air, bacillus-like. Men arriving from Van-

couver talked of a strange difficulty in finding work after a holiday in town. They brought newspapers with them that told of a poor crop in Manitoba, of a shortage of money there, and of a currency crisis in the States that was liable to roll dense vapor clouds of depression over Canada. British Columbia lumber, it was said, had ceased to sell in the Northwest; the saw-mills could not even get their money for lumber already sold.

The outlook became gloomy to us on Knight Inlet—loggers and hand-loggers with half-completed booms of logs. How much would prices fall before we could go to market, our booms rafted, and ready for the tugboats? Men brooded as they worked.

Then, of a sudden, word came that the demand for logs had died. Logs were unsaleable. We were a little out of the world in our camp; and the appalling news came to us, a bolt from the blue, in a belated letter of refusal from a Vancouver sawmill. My boss took boat down the inlet forthwith, and caught, at Port Harvey hotel, the next steamer for town. There was an ominous silence; then he achieved a letter.

"I have tried all over (he wrote) to sell the logs; no one will buy them even at five dollars; now I am trying to borrow a little money on them. I never saw times as hard as they are now; they lend money at twenty-five per cent—some are paying sixty, and glad to get money, at that."

This was in mid-November.

By the end of that month the full force of the storm had struck the logging world. Camps up and down the coast had shut down, pell-mell; collapsing like card houses. Men were pouring into the up-coast hotels and crowding the steamers going to Vancouver. That city, we heard, was full of "broke" men, for no one had saved money in the boom time. Of course hotel proprietors in the loggers' quarter of the town were expected to hold up men who, in prosperity, had the habit of blowing in checks over bar-counters. But what could a few hotel men do among these thousands? The city itself had to act, had to start a system of relief. Soup kitchens in the magnificent West! Hungry men had to do perfunctory work on vacant town lots, get paid in meal tickets and sleep in the old police station. As for the idle by conviction, they could read each morning, in inch letters, advertisements by the chief of police. "Hoboes keep moving," he wrote, "Vancouver refuses to support you." ("Hobo" is rude for "tramp.")

I do not think you will find much insistence on such facts in the brave files of local newspapers; nor mention of the shocking phrase of a great hotel proprietor. "I can supply," he said in epigram, "five hundred white men; wages one dollar a day!"

I have made shy reference above to the existence of a hotel in our district; and have even given you the reading, in prosperous times, of that thermometer of the logging business. Now for the hotel in hard times, the hotel as I found it a couple of months ago.

Eighteen men were living in the building, with not a cent among them; mildly cheerful, quite at home, waiting for bad times to pass. They knew the proprietor must keep the hotel open, or lose his license; they knew he must get food from town for himself, and, therefore, for them. For in British Columbia you cannot see men go hungry; someone has got to feed them. Sad work for hotel men trying to keep down expenses!

And so there was food of sorts in the hotel kitchen; sometimes flour, sometimes beans, sometimes tea and coffee. Claps we dug on the beach, at low tide. He who cared could cook. I ceased to lament my unpaid wages. Hard times had unlooked-for softnesses.

Across the bay was that other pillar of society—the store; that store that had done over \$40,000 worth of business the winter before, the store that had at this moment \$12,000 worth of debts upon its sad-eyed books. The storeman could not leave, he had goods ventured upon many a half-completed boom for 50 miles round. There he sat, before empty shelves, a sort of Alice-through-the-looking-glass, doing business the wrong way round. The less business he could contrive to do, the less money would be owed him, and the less he would owe his wholesaler in Vancouver, and the less the wholesaler would owe the manufacturers, and the less unpleasantness there would be all round. Success lay in the invention of sound reasons for the unaccountable non-arrival of goods ordered for old customers.

My steamer came at last. The hotel proprietor looked bored when I murmured something about "what I owed him." He waved a weary hand. "Given up all that sort of thing long ago," he said.

The same weariness seemed to have overcome the steamboat purser. Formerly he would put men off at the next stop if they had no money for their fare, and it would take them weeks of little interrupted trips to reach Vancouver. Perhaps hotel men along the route criticized his policy. At all events he let me "run my face" happily enough (outside the dining saloon) to Vancouver. There I took my blankets ashore and went to a crowded hotel where I was "acquainted"—and had something to eat!

John B. Hill, of Atlanta, is the first negro in the United States to receive a Carnegie hero medal. A check for \$500 was sent as a reward for risking his life in saving several people in danger from a runaway team in Atlanta.



LUMBER MILLS AT CHEMUNUS