

WORK IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RESERVE.

In the July issue of 'The Rocky Mountain Review' whose appearance was mentioned in these columns a couple of months ago, there are evidences of efficiency and careful management on the part of the officers of the Rocky Mountain Forest Reserve. A series of tables indicate briefly the exact extent of the work carried on, the difficulties encountered and the business transacted. Fires are divided into three classes, of which class A are small fires, such as spreading camp fires, not covering more than a few square rods; class B, fires requiring assistance and extra expense, generally not covering more than five acres; class C, large fires requiring extra help and expense. The figures in these classes for the quarter ending on June 1st are as follows:—21, 3, and 9, a total of 33 fires. Of these 2 were started by railroad construction, 22 by locomotives, 1 through clearing land, 4 through camp fires, 1 through lightning, 1 through dropping burning match, and of two the causes were unknown. Of permanent improvements there were constructed the following: roads $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles, costing \$1,032.13, standard trails 112 miles, costing \$4,086.87; secondary trails, 215 miles, costing \$3,161.97, telephone lines, 51 miles, costing \$5,367.47, fire guards 330.5 miles, costing \$304.11. There were also erected 2 district ranger stations, at a cost of \$2,313.09, 13 ranger cabins, costing \$3,891.42, 8 barns, at a cost of \$1,633.48, 6 bridges, costing \$4,074.34, and one lookout tower, costing \$28.31. There were also uncompleted projected with a total value of \$4,860.72. In timber and hay receipts the reserve officers took in \$31,221. This sum was divided as follows:—Crow's Nest, \$8,979.39; Bow River, \$20,428.28; Brazeau, \$1,436.50; Cooking Lake \$28.45; Cypress Hills, \$348.38.

DOUGLAS MALLOCH'S NEW BOOK.

Douglas Malloch has written another book and the *American Lumberman* has published it. In case some do not recall the work of this writer we reprint the real foreword which appears on the protection cover. 'Douglas Malloch' is a western poet who has spent much time in the forests, writing songs for lumbermen. His poems have travelled by word of mouth from pioneer to pioneer. In this volume appears 'Today', which has been reprinted a hundred times, and has been attributed to many and diverse sources.'

Those who think poetry cannot deal

with such commonplace subjects as lumbering should read this book. They will get new views on poetry and on lumbering. The first volume 'In Forest Land' was good: 'The Woods' is better and it proves both that Mr. Malloch is a real poet, a poet with good red blood in his veins and in his verse; and that he has the strength to resist the current misconception that strength consists in coarseness. Some of the subjects he handles are not parlor themes but somebody ought to handle them, to make them live, to make the careless world see at what cost of labor and lives the world's comforts are secured. While there is no imitating of any other poet some of the lines remind one of the strongest phrases in 'The Sons of Martha.' And through it all the poet never loses his moral bearings or his optimism. There are nearly fifty poems in the volume many of which we would like to quote such as 'Children of the Spring,' 'The Pine Tree Flag,' 'Down Grade,' 'The Soul,' 'The Sky Pilot,' 'Brothers and Sons,' but lack of space forbids the presentation of more than two 'Possession' and 'Today,' which are here given.

POSSESSION.

There's some of us has this world's goods,
 An' some of us has none—
 But all of us has got the woods,
 An' all has got the sun.
 So settin' here upon the stoop
 This patch o' pine beside,
 I never care a single whoop—
 Fer I am satisfied.

Now, take the pine on yonder hill:
 It don't belong to me;
 The boss he owns the timber—still
 It's there fer me to see.
 An', 'twixt the ownin' of the same
 An' smellin' of its smell,
 I've got the best of that there game,
 An' so I'm feelin' well.

The boss in town unrolls a map
 An' proudly says 'It's mine'
 But he don't drink no maple sap
 An' he don't smell no pine.
 The boss in town he figgers lands
 In quarter-sections red;
 But I just set with folded hands
 An' breathe 'em in instead.

The boss his forest wealth kin read
 In cent and dollar sign;
 His name is written in the deed—
 But all his land is mine.
 There's some of us has this world's goods
 An' some of us has none—
 But all of us has got the woods,
 An' all has got the sun.