WITH THE LUMBER JACKS IN WINTER

A TYPICAL YOUNG NORTHWESTERN LUMBERMAN

A LOGGING LOCOMOTIVE AND CREW

TYPICAL LOADING TERMINAL

LUMBERMEN ENJOYING A BRIEF RESPITE FROM THEIR LABORIOUS WORK

TAKING AN INVENTORY OF TREES READY FOR THE LOGGERS

THE LOGGERS AT WORK

WITH the lumber jacks in many sections of the United States the winter is the busy season of the year, the harvest time, as it were, and they work almost as energetically to "get out" the requisite number of logs during the interim of snow and ice as does the farmer to get in his grain ere the autumn rains set in. Only, to be sure, the lumbermen are not menaced by quite the same uncertainty as to weather conditions as is the farmer in autumn, for in many of the northern lumber camps it is almost unheard of for a season to embody less than five months of sledding, that is, five months of continuous snow and ice.

In the logging regions of the Pacific Northwest, of course, where may be found perhaps the greatest of nature's lumber storehouses, the winter does not make the marked difference in conditions that it does in the forests of some other sections of the country. In western Oregon and Washington there is so little snow, and that of such a transient character, that the lumbermen cannot depend upon it as they do elsewhere to help them with their work. But, on the other hand, the Puget Sound and Columbia River country is free from that severe weather which renders it imperative for lumber jacks elsewhere to constantly have a care lest they suffer from frostbitten hands and feet. Similarly in the south, where cypress is king and where much of the logging is done in swamps, the winter presents no change of method or equipment for the twentieth century logging crews. In what we might term the traditional seats of the lumber industry, however, winter puts a very different face on the whole matter of getting out the logs and transporting them to the sawmills that transform them into the marketable form known to the average consumer. In Maine, in northern New York and Canada, in Michigan, in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas the summer is in one sense a vacation season for the lumber jacks. At least it is an interlude of restricted activity and the lumbermen, unlike some other members of the community, welcome the passing of the long, bright days and the advent of the Ice King. The explanation of this state of affairs is found, of course, in the fact that snow and ice afford the material for the ideal arteries of communication in the lumber regions. The felled trees may be conveyed to market more quickly and more economically over snow roads and ice trails than by any other method known to the industry. Indeed, there are lumber regions where without these factors—and their sequel, the "big thaw" in the spring—it would be virtually impracticable to get the timber to market at an expense that would justify operations.

The snow and ice, important as is their aid, are not the only influences that are now tending to make the lumbermen concentrate their activities in the fall and winter. Of late years a constantly increasing number of our lumbermen have been brought to see the wisdom of adopting what is known as conservative lumbering—that is, lumbering which treats a forest as a working capital whose purpose is to produce successive crops and which calls for work in the woods that will leave the standing trees and young growth as nearly unharmed as possible. Well, the minute a man becomes a convert to conservative lumbering he is certain to become an advocate of the cold season as the proper time for carrying on all the operations of lumbering.

To make this point clear it may be pointed out that the difference between practical work under ordinary methods of lumbering and under conservative lumbering is principally in the selection of the trees to cut, in the felling of these trees, and in the first part of their journey from the stump to the mill. It is an established fact that the amount of harm done to a forest by the cutting depends considerably upon the season of the year when the work in the woods is carried on. Much less damage will result to the young growth and to the trees left standing if the lumbering is done after the growing season is over instead of being allowed to go on in the spring and summer while the bark is loose and the leaves and twigs are tender. Moreover, if there be a heavy blanket of snow on the ground, a tree, after it has been felled with ax or saw, stands a chance of crashing to earth with less damage than it would sustain at another season of the year. The tree trunk that falls on a bed of snow is not likely to split or to break as would otherwise be the case when the forest monarch comes down on rocky, uneven ground.

After all, however, it is in the various stages of the transportation of the logs that the snow and ice yield the greatest aid. First of all it simplifies the operation of skidding or dragging the log lengths from the depths of the forest. This work was formerly done by horses, mules or oxen, and is yet to some extent, but for the most part the modern donkey engine has supplanted all other forms of energy for skidding. Supposedly the skidding operation is designed only to get the logs out of the forest depths where no log-carrying vehicle could be operated without infinite trouble and damage to the standing timber. However, when the Snow King is in command it sometimes happens that a similar method may be employed for moving the logs to the rollway or storage yard, perhaps a mile or two distant, where the logs are held to await the spring freshets or are loaded aboard railroad cars that convey them to the mills. For this long-distance log trailing there is employed a more powerful type of engine than the donkey above referred to and a stronger wire cable is supplied. The pathway for the logs is an icy boulevard—kept in condition by "flooding" as circumstances require—and this becomes so smooth from the polishing process afforded by the passage of the logs that it is practicable to transport at each operation not merely a single log but whole "strings" of logs attached end to end by means of stout chains.

At some lumber camps it is the practice to employ giant sleds to carry the logs on the first stage of their journey from the forest to the saw mill. Of course snow is requisite to the satisfactory operation of these sleds, but when a "path" has been worn for the sled runners along the icy roads the vehicles traverse the line thus furrowed with a facility suggestive of that with which a locomotive glides along the steel rails. There is, of course, a minimum of resistance to the progress of a sled along such a glazed surface and in many instances log loads of almost incredible weight are thus transported over the glistening surface. A "new wrinkle" that characterizes winter practice in some of the up-to-date logging districts consists of what might be denominated an ice automobile for log carrying. Powerful traction engines have been used for some time past on the Pacific Coast to draw trains of log-laden trucks out of the forest, but this new form of commercial motor vehicle goes even these marvels one better. In principle, the ice automobile is not very different from the ordinary commercial motors which are now employed for delivery work in every city. However, the self-propelled adjunct of winter logging is provided with sharp teeth which it sinks into the snow or ice as it progresses, thus insuring steady progress with no slipping or sliding on the smooth surfaces.

But because the winter finds the lumber jacks very busy in a temperature that ranges as low as 20 to 40 degrees below zero it must not be supposed that they do not find time and opportunity for plenty of fun in the isolated camps where they spend the season. A logging camp may be anywhere from five to twenty-five miles from the nearest store and postoffice, but the "jacks" are kept liberally supplied with fresh butter, fresh meat, smoking and chewing tobacco, etc. A graphophone or phonograph is an almost inevitable adjunct of the isolated logging camp and the lumbermen manage in one way and another to get records of the latest song "hits" from time to time.

The average logging camp has two main structures—the bunk house where the loggers sleep in bunks arranged in tiers, and the cook shanty where the food is cooked and served. To call this eating hall a shanty is, however, something of a misnomer, since the word is likely to suggest a modest hut, whereas the cook shanty of an up-to-date logging camp must be large enough to accommodate a crude dining table perhaps 40 feet in length. The cooking in a logging camp is usually done by a man and wife (almost invariably German), who hire out as professional cooks and who have the help of two masculine assistants. They work over a range that is 10 feet long and on top of which stands a coffee urn that holds as much as a barrel; a meat boiler that holds 100 pounds of pork or beef, and a can in which there can be boiled at one time more than a bushel of potatoes. Below are the ovens where are baked some 10 to 15 square feet of biscuits every day. In some camps heavy stoneware is provided for use on the table, but at a majority of logging establishments each of the 50 to 150 men is simply allowed a spoon plate, and cup of tin and a knife and fork of steel.

PRAISE WORTH WHILE.

"A society woman paid you a handsome compliment the other day, Mr. Drugsly."

"Ah, indeed! May I ask who the lady was?"

"Certainly. It was Mrs. Whoopindyke. She said you sold the best dog soap in town."

EXTREMELY POLITE.

"You ought to call on Dr. Pullem, he's the best dentist in town."

"One of those so-called 'painless' dentists, eh?"

"No; but he always says, 'I beg your pardon,' before pulling a tooth."

REVENGE.

Official (to barber condemned to death)—In an hour's time now, my poor man, you must prepare for your doom. Have you any last dying wish?

Condemned Barber (savagely)—Yes. I'd like to shave the crown prosecutor!—London Opinion.

Temperance

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

Records Show That 30 to 36 Per Cent of Those Treated Have Been Cured of Drink Habit.

Although it has been several years since Benjamin Rush declared that habitual drunkards were diseased persons, there are even yet many men and women today, Dr. R. E. Bering declares, who do not agree with him, and consider it a waste of time to help them throw off this terrible burden under which they labor. It has been considered almost useless to undertake to cure anyone addicted to these habits, that all users were out of the pale of society and could never be restored to good manhood or womanhood, but from an experience of several hundred cases covering every phase of the situation, the doctor asserts, "I am sure that these habits are as positively and certainly curable as are any of the curable diseases. This is a bold and broad statement and one not yet accepted by the general medical profession in all of its detail, but it can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of anyone."

Dr. Day, for many years head of the Washingtonian home, Boston, an institution now in the fifty-second year of its experience, made a study of 8,000 cases that had formerly been under treatment, and found over 30 per cent sober and temperate. He says that "twenty-two years' experience in this work has taught me that the task is neither hopeless nor thankless, nor would it be if the measure of success had been lessened one-half from the known rate of percentage of cures."

Dr. Mason, formerly of the King's County home, New York, examined the records of 2,000 cases that had been away from the asylum for 10 years and found 3" per cent of all cases cured.

Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Conn., editor of the "Journal of Inebriety," an author of much note, says: "The best authorities unite in considering 30 per cent of all patients remaining under treatment for one year or more as permanently cured."

ONE OF CARDINAL VIRTUES

Admirable Remarks Upon Subject of Temperance in Essay by President Hyde—It Is Self Control.

An essay by President Hyde on "The Cardinal Virtues" contains some most admirable remarks upon the subject of temperance. Of course he uses the word in its widest sense as self-restraint in all things. Temperance, says he, cuts off remorselessly whatever pleasures are inconsistent with the attainment of best results. The temperate man selects that which best fits his permanent ends.

The temptation to intemperance in drink comes chiefly from false ideas about pleasure. The man seeks enjoyment, but the injury is out of all proportion to the petty gains he secures. Today a man who permits himself to be seen drunk is not wanted for employe or partner or son-in-law or intimate friend. The man who keeps on using intoxicants when he knows they injure him confesses himself to be a slave and a fool. In view of the doubtful gain which even a moderate use of alcoholic liquor brings to those who interpret temporary exhilaration as permanent benefit, it is wisest to abstain. In view of the misery which liquor causes in the world, in view of the difficulty of using it without encouraging the abuse of it, and in view of what society would gain if its use were everywhere discouraged as a beverage—it is best to adopt a moderation which amounts to practical abstinence.

A man must practice stern self-denial and rigid self-control. But he must do more than that. He must cultivate beauty and sweetness in his life.

He is not simply to cut off whatever pleasure proves inconsistent with the attainment of the highest and best purposes in his own life but he is to seek to be rightly related to his fellow men and to develop in himself those qualities which will add to the joy of living.

ROOT OF POVERTY IN DRINK

Relationship Between Crime and Liquor Is One of Saddest to Engage Attention of Sociologists.

The other day, writing about some poor people in whom I was interested, I said that the root of most poverty was to be found in drink. The fight against drink should lie equally between men and women; each should do their share, says a writer in an exchange. We do not want our young country to follow in the steps of the mother country with regard to drink.

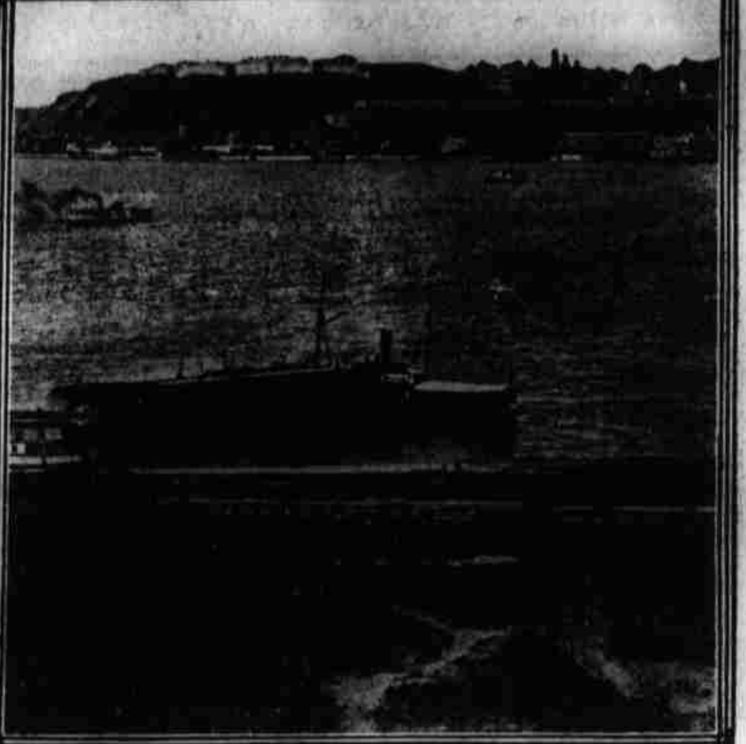
At a recent meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, Dr. Albert Wilson said no nation shows so much mental deterioration as England, and no nation is so alcoholized.

The relationship between intoxicating drink and crime, the lecturer went on, is one of the saddest subjects that could engage the attention of the sociologist. In the United Kingdom about 1,000,000 persons are arrested every year, and of these about 300,000 are sent to jail. Out of those million arrests from 6 to 70 per cent. are associated with indulgence in alcohol.

The late executioner Berry, Dr. Wilson continued, once informed him that he had carried out more than 600 executions, and that in his opinion in four cases out of five the criminal had been brought to the gallows through drink. Berry came to feel that the culprits were more sinned against than sinning, so that he gave up his business as public hangman and became a temperance advocate.

Crime in the United Kingdom costs the state about $36,000,000 a year. If that sum, Dr. Wilson thought, could be spent instead on the careful nurture of the poor during the first ten years of their lives, the national benefit that would accrue would be immense.

IN OLD QUEBEC



CITY OF QUEBEC FROM GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TRACKS

PERCHED high on a lofty promontory 400 feet above the water, on the edge of a bluff at the junction of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence rivers, Old Quebec reminds one of the Mediterranean city of Gibraltar if you approach it by boat and of the American city of New Orleans if you enter the place by rail.

Traveling by way of the St. Lawrence takes the visitor through a beautiful harbor composed of a great tidal basin which is partially lined with docks that speak of great skill in engineering, and at one of these the visitor lands on a narrow strip with the water on one side and the steep ascent to the greater half of the city on the other.

It is here that you imagine you are scaling the rock of Gibraltar when you travel upward in search of a lodging place. Once up, however, you are suddenly transplanted into the atmosphere of New Orleans with its narrow and crooked streets and its foreign tongue. In the business section of Quebec there is one street which cramps the pedestrian into a width of only four feet, and most of it is all up-hill and down.

But it is the language which first holds the visitor's attention. It was as far back as the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, that France resigned all claims to her possessions in North America, and yet three-fourths of the people speak French, though Quebec boasts of a population of over 75,000 souls. The English heard is of a decided French accent. In the churches there is French, in the theaters and public halls it is French, and the same tongue is taught in the public schools. There seems to be a natural prejudice against the English language, though none can tell you why. The people of Quebec are loyal British subjects when any one questions their nationality.

One thing, too, is very apparent—they possess that easygoing, care-free disposition of their Latin forefathers, which extends to a great extent to the English element also. Business in Quebec makes no one hustle. Down on the waterfront there is shipbuilding and a great deal of shipping, but they go easily with it. Quebec's harbor is safe and so commodious that the largest vessels can ply to the docks with perfect ease. There are several lines which run direct from there to the chief ports of the world.

Back in the province where the rivers become unnavigable for vessels the timber men float their product down toward the city in rafts of logs steered by red-shirted logmen, who turn them over to the stevedores at the docks and make for the nearest pint of ale.

There is, too, a dry and bracing air throughout the province that makes the farmer glory in his product. A rich, loamy soil responds bountifully to his tilling and his wagons and carts come into the city well loaded with cereals, hay, root crops, Indian corn, hemp, flax and tobacco, and although his season is a short one, he turns out a goodly portion of apples, plums, grapes and tomatoes.

Just below the city are the famous falls of Montmorency, which enter the St. Lawrence. They furnish all the power that could be desired and there is consequently a string of mills lining the banks. These turn the exportable crops into marketable wares, and they are shipped abroad from Quebec. What Quebec sells to its own citizens are mostly the products of its waters, but every day quantities of smoked whitefish are sent into the United States for sale.

But the old town has another kind of business in which it prospers during the summer months and fairly well during the fall and winter months. Each year there is an influx of thousands of American and foreign tourists. A few years ago the structure of a great steel bridge began to creep across the St. Lawrence, and it pleased the Canadians. When it reached two-thirds of the way across and collapsed their hopes fell with it, for it was designed to run the trainloads of passengers and merchandise direct from the United States into the city. Immediately after the collapse work began on the new structure, and so Quebec's hopes are again rising.

There is a reason. These thousands of tourists spend lots of money, not solely because the goods purchased are any cheaper or better in quality than at home, but because they come from beneath a foreign flag.

Shopping in Canada nowadays is not as productive of gain as it used to be before our customs laws became so strict. We now are allowed to bring back $100 worth of wearing apparel, and in some cases we pay more and in others less. The ladies mostly stock up with laces, furs, gloves, and handkerchiefs, while the men take advantage of the good quality of cloth to be secured. It is then that one can get the best grades of worsteds and cheviots and Scotch plaids, the product of English and Scotch mills, for a price that would be asked for the lowest grade of American cloths, but the tailors in Quebec don't seem to have yet acquired the graceful cuts practiced by their American cousins.

Quebec is a town that, like many of the ancient class, boasts of two sections, the old and the new. In the new section there is one of the greatest and finest hotels in Canada, that sits directly on the bluff and gives its guests and visitors a view up and down the wide valley of the St. Lawrence for a distance of thirty miles. It is from this point that the "rubber-neck" electric cars start every two hours and carry the thousands of sightseers over a complete circuit throughout the city and suburbs while the guide megaphones the points of interest.

The city, in fact, is divided into an upper and lower town. Down at the base of the bluff the cars run beside the river passing the docks and warehouses, big wholesale stores that abound with groceries, hams, smoked beef, and ship's stores, the manufacturing plants, and finally through the dwelling quarter of the working class.

Up on the bluff they take in the public buildings, the citadel, the many religious institutions, and finally whirl you out through the pretty little suburbs of St. John, St. Louis and St. Roch's and then on to the Plains of Abraham.

That is the historic battlefield where Wolfe and Montcalm fought for the possession of Canada, and where a granite column forty feet high now stands to the memory of the former. Both generals are also memorialized by a sixty-five-foot shaft that rises from the governor's garden, overlooking the St. Lawrence.

Everything in Quebec must have been built upon the everlasting order in the early days of the past century, for the prominent historical marks are in a good state of preservation.

Upon the bluff the city is divided into two parts, the old and the new. In the new part of the town is the Hotel Chateau Frontenac standing on the edge of the bluff and looking out upon the great promenade and driveway called Dufferin Terrace. This is a walk 1,400 feet long and 200 feet high above the St. Lawrence backed by a beautiful green bank that slopes up to the city level. This is Quebec's social rendezvous on summer evenings where the residents and visitors gather to listen to the concert given by the military band from the garrison.

Beyond the hotel stands the great citadel which is often called the Gibraltar of America. Certainly it looks impregnable. It is regarded as the most important military post in America, covering an area of about forty acres.

Not Her Quarrel.

The fact that corporal punishment is discouraged in the public schools of Chicago is what led Bobby's teacher to address this note to the boy's mother:

"Dear Madam. I regret very much to have to tell you that your son Robert idles away his time, is disobedient, quarrelsome, and disturbs the pupils who are trying to study their lessons. He needs a good whipping, and I strongly recommend that you give him one. Yours truly, Miss Blank."

To this Bobby's mother responded as follows:

"Dear Miss Blank. Lick him yourself. I ain't mad at him. Yours truly, Mrs. Dash."

Rattlesnake and Fly Paper.

W. C. Schmalin, living near Midland, Va., was attracted by a commotion in one room of his house, and investigating found that a rattlesnake which had ventured in at the open door had got tangled up with a sheet of sticky fly paper, and was tying himself into closer and closer knots in his efforts to get away. The snake could not break loose from the hold of the paper and was soon put out of the way by the use of a handy club.

A Wise Plan.

"The trouble with Whingley is that he mistakes his opinions for established facts."

"I'm afraid nearly everybody has that weakness."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, I never permit an opinion of mine to interfere with my better judgment."

Supplied.

"Mr. Downanout," said the maid, "there's a man at the door with a bill—"

"Indeed?" said Downanout. "Well, Marie, just tell him that there's nothing doing. I have all I want in that line."—Judge.

Ingenious Idea of Chinese

Shuangh chi'u-er, although the name may sound like a disease, is not a form of writer's cramp. On the contrary, "their" purpose is to prevent it. The words Chi'u-er are two iron balls, an inch or so in diameter, which nestle in the right hand of every Chinese man of letters for hours each day, and being revolved about the other [illegible] and the action of shifting one about the other brings the fingers into play and lends them that suppleness and digital dexterity which is necessary in the manipulation of the Chinese lettering-pen or fine-pointed brush. Oh what a simplicity!—September Atlantic.

Could Not Sleep in Quiet.

A landscape architect was showing a photograph of an elevated structure in Hamburg. "Mothers put their babies to sleep under this," he explained. "The roadbed is balasted so that the trains make no noise." We can beat that in the South End. Babies brought to the day nursery could not sleep in quiet rooms. So they were laid away in cots next to the game rooms, and in the general racket they slumbered the sleep of the innocent. The secret was that they had been born in houses neighboring the elevated railway. These are the short and simple annals of the poor.—Boston Transcript.

How It Happened.

Condescending Chappie—I weally can't wemember your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before.

Nervous Host—Oh, yes; very likely. It's my house.—Sketch.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the petrifaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.—Johnson.