These Are Trees of Life

By W. L. Whittlesey

The argument for our Arbor Day is written around the Mediterranean Sea, in letters of barren plain and stony mountain, a mile high and hundreds of miles wide. Forests, woods, and groves are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, not in the New. So also are such trees as the fir, cedar, oak, and pine. They were gone by Christ's time, and He knew them not. The Crusaders cut down the olive groves about Jerusalem to make siege timbers with which to batter in her gates. In the long turmoil which followed there was no replanting, and the hills of Palestine took on that rock-covered desolation from which those slopes are being painfully redeemed to-day. The Dead Sea has no bordering forests.

The light soil of Syria and Anatolia washes frightfully beneath the rain when there are no massed forest roots to hold it together.

Italy's problem of bleak mountains, raging floods, and dry summer gulches is modern. Stone cutting can give Italy houses, but cannot give her soil. The only way to get that is to put the trees back on the hills.

In southern France the farmers terrace their bare cut-off mountains and carry up in baskets the soil that has been washed down for lack of forest rootage to hold it. An American soldier saw this and said: "The French ought to love their country. They've made a lot of it by hand!" They are carrying the war of growth to victory over barren nature.

The defeat of the Great Armada marked the end of Spain's forests as well as of her naval supremacy. The Spaniard's "hatred of a tree" became a proverb and desolated the hill slopes of Mexico and Peru as well as of Castile and Aragon. Turks and Spaniards fought many years, but their destruction of trees conquered them both. Fire bared the mountains of Maderia (which means wood), and the resultant floods have swept much of the soil into the ocean. From Angora to Lisbon the Mediterranean lands will never again support the human life they once did until the trees have been restored.

In France, as in California, tree planting has improved the soil and softened changes of climate. Man-made forests have anchored the sands back of San Francisco and brought more rain to western Nebraska. Over much of the so-called "American Desert" trees now seed themselves. Both France and Germany have proved that permanent forests pay just as the old Roman regions have proved that dead woods mean dead lands.

John Evelyn, friend of Sam Pepys, wrote his "De Silva," a forestry essay in Latin, in those most heedless days of Charles the Second. That book planted a million oaks in seventeenth-century England, and from these were hewn the keels that rolled down to Trafalgar and ended Napoleon's dream of mastery on the sea. When Edmund Burke likens the policy and constitution of a great country to that of the oak, he is praising steadfast human wisdom which plants for the needs of a hundred years hence.

Our individual part in all this is clear. These life-giving trees are planted one by one exactly as they are felled one by one. The gigantic figures of our lumber needs and lumber losses all root back to the acts of men who either care about trees and increase them or are careless of trees and destroy them. Much of our country's area is owned and much of it will always give its best service to the nation as woodland. That must be made the owner's care.

Much can be done by lightening taxes on forest land, by making city, provincial, and national forests examples of the best art of tree raising, by proving that it pays to raise good crops of pulp and timber, by penalizing heavily those abuses of greed and carelessness that turn the green wealth of our new continent into the barren poverty of old Europe. But the base and driving power of this crusade for a better life will always be found in that spirit of Arbor Day wherein, as Spenser's "Faerie Queene" has said:

Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing pine, the cedar stout and tall;
The vine-prop elm; the poplar never dry;
The builder oak, sole king of forests all.

London Bridge Built Century Ago.

On March 15, 1824, one hundred years ago, the first pile of the London Bridge of to-day was driven deep into the bed of the Thames. The present granite structure is the work of Sir John Rennie (though his father actually designed the bridge) and was seven and a half years in the building. This was because work had to be begun in a hole. The authorities of that day insisted that Sir John build immediately above the old bridge, the latter to be left standing until the new one was finished.

Now, the old bridge, built way back in eleven hundred and something, stood on a hill, the foundations of the piers being 28 to 30 feet above the bottom of the river on either side, this being the effect produced upon the river bed by the scour of the tides, up and down. For hundreds of years London Bridge had been a kind of dam, 700 feet of the river's 900 feet of width at low water being at one time occupied by piers; consequently the passage of the waters through the many arches resembled a torrent.

Eight hundred men were employed on the new bridge, and of these forty lost their lives through accidents of various kinds. The Corporation paid almost a million and a half pounds on the bridge and its approaches.

It is a tradition that you cannot cross London Bridge without seeing a white horse. Once upon a time one couldn't cross it without seeing also heads, human heads, fresh from the executioner's basket. Henry VIII. especially was fond of derorating the bridge with heads. There is a story that the Bishop of Rochester's head was placed on the bridge and remained fresh and lifelike for two weeks, so that crowds collected to see the miracle, an incident which annoyed the King so much that he ordered it thrown into the river. This was done, but they put Sir Thomas More's head in its place.

Of Praise.

There is a potency in praise;
Along earth's multicolored ways
The threat of ill fades in eclipse
If one wears praise upon the lips.

The praise of beauty, praise of good,
Of human kindness, not of feud;
The praise of love and not of strife,
For loving is the right of life.

Give me to go through all my days
With Prayer which is the soul of Praise!

—Clinton Scollard.

Face It!

Whenever a difficult task is yours,
Just face it with courage, my son;
Don't grumble, don't shirk—
Get quickly to work,
And before you know it—'tis done!

—E. E. Brown.

Listeners are learners.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

Photograph shows Livingstone's first view of the Zambesi, from one of the scenes in a new motion picture play of the noted explorer's trip across Africa, the exteriors of which were made at the locale.

DEVELOPMENT IN QUEBEC

SPRING RUSH TO GOLD FIELD PREDICTED.

Increased Agricultural Settlement Will Follow as Natural Consequence.

The most reliable and conservative authorities predict something of a rush to the North-western Quebec gold field with the disappearance of the snows in the spring. The significance of this to the mining industry of Canada is at once understood. Its bearing upon the agricultural industry of Quebec and the province's general colonization efforts is not so readily seen. Yet it is pointed out that a gold boom which is justified by deposits and the permanence of the camp is the greatest colonizing factor in the history of developing countries, as the history of other gold mining areas has proven. This being the case, the Province of Quebec should benefit in a peculiar manner.

There would appear to be no doubt about the permanence of the Quebec gold mining area. No new mining area has had more thorough expert investigation and probably no rush in history has had greater justification. Whilst it is generally agreed that the field will develop slowly, this development is assured and the ultimate evolution of an industrial area of intense activity a future certainty. Such an area definitely established and continually expanding furnishes a profitable and sure market for a certain amount of agricultural produce, and inevitably prosperous farming areas develop about mining territories. It has been pointed out that many of Quebec's farming settlers annually find their way across the Ontario border to the vicinity of the Northern Ontario mininr camps.

The New Mining Area.

The new Quebec mining area is peculiarly situated. Roughly the gold belt runs along the southern edge of the Great Clay Belt, which, with the exception of the Prairie Provinces, contains the largest amount of unsettled fertile agricultural land in Canada. The area between the trans-continental railway in the north and the inter-provincial boundary is somewhat greater than the Eastern Townships of Quebec, one of the greatest areas of varied production in the Dominion, whilst the proportion of arable land is much greater.

There has been very satisfactory settlement in progress in the district since the conclusion of the war, with a substantial agricultural output, which is swelling each year. To the south of the field, the new line of the Canadian Pacific Railway penetrates an old-established farming section with twelve municipalities and twelve towns and villages. The farming population of 10,500 has been successfully engaged in agriculture for years, sending its products down Lake Temiskaming. It is estimated that this area, now given direct communication with Montreal, Toronto and other markets, has over 70,000 acres of fine land yet unproductive.

It is in this expansive area, of which the townships of Rouyn and Boischatel form only a small part, that the Quebec Government has for some time been concentrating its colonization efforts, to find homes for the young people of its older farms and alienated sons who are continually finding their way back to their native land. Colonization lots have been broken, acreages on each prepared for incoming settlers, and houses and barns erected. Colonization roads have been built at great expense and the most advanced steps taken to prepare the way for the colonists it is hoped to secure to populate the region.

Adequate Transportation Facilities.

The development of the gold mining area must inevitably set this colonization effort forward with considerable impetus. This has been the experience of Ontario, where some of the most prosperous farming settlements have evolved about the mining areas, where with the adjacent mining communities providing lucrative markets, the long waiting of pioneers was considerably shortened.

Quebec's situation in this regard is peculiarly advantageous. Both the provincial government and the railways have endorsed the gold area and exhibited their faith in its ultimate development. The most adequate transportation facilities are already provided almost into the heart of the area and there is promise of extension. The area is adjacent to a huge block of splendid agricultural land the worth of which is definitely proven. Much preliminary work has been done by the provincial government already and special offers of assistance made to settlers. In every consideration Quebec should experience in the spring which will bring with it as a natural consequence increased agricultural settlement.

Precious Seeds.

Suppose as you are going out of the front door some fine spring morning your wife calls after you, "O John! I want to have a bed of double petunias this season. I wish you'd buy some seeds to-day."

And suppose, adds Mr. Allison Gray, that you should actually remember your wife's request and should stop at the seed store on your way home. In spite of that strange feat of memory you are just an ordinary man; you know nothing about petunias. Until your wife mentioned seeds you thought a petunia was a gland! Pituitary or petunia, it was all the same to you. You do know something about nasturtium seeds perhaps; so, after guessing at the amount needed for a flower bed, you say to the clerk:

"Give me an ounce or two of double petunia seeds."

To your surprise the clerk shows signs of falling into a fit. When he has recovered his power of speech he stutters. "D-d-double p-p-petunia seeds. An ounce!"

"Yes," you say, "I want enough to make a nice bed of flowers."

"Well," says the clerk, with a glance of mingled scorn and pity, "an ounce of double petunia seeds will cost you, at a rough guess, at the rate of two thousand dollars a pound!"

It's your turn to stutter now. But you manage to explain that you don't want a petunia farm! You just want a nice little bed in the back yard.

"All you need is a packet of seeds," says the clerk.

He produces a very small envelope, takes your fifty cents and then remarks. "Guess you don't know much about double petunia seeds. Let me show you."

He tears open the packet and carefully extracts a smaller envelope. "The seeds are in the inner envelope," he explains. "But you'll have to look sharp, or you won't find 'em. People often bring a packet back and say it was empty when it had enough seeds in it to start a garden. They are a great deal smaller than grains of sand. People sometimes mix them with sand when they plant them. That's almost the only way they can see that they have planted them."

Well, here is something else that may surprise you, a true story about the seeds of a common garden vegetable. Some years ago the Equitable Building in New York City was destroyed by fire that burnt for three days. It was bitter cold weather, and the shell of the ruined building became coated with ice from the streams of water played on it. On the ground floor was a bank. After the fire a representative of a certain large seed company went to the bank to recover the valuables that the firm had deposited in the vaults. I doubt whether you can guess which of the valuables he was most concerned about.

It was cauliflower seed! Years before the firm had developed a new variety known as "snowball cauliflower." At the time of the fire their entire crop of seed from the snowball cauliflowers of the season before was stored in the vault. It was worth forty-eight dollars a pound then, and the vault that the company hired was half full of it.

During the three days of the fire the vaults had been exposed first to the heat of the flames; then they had become coated with ice. The all-important question was whether the little germ of life in those precious seeds had withstood the experience? A germination test was immediately made, and to the immense relief of everyone concerned the seeds sprouted.

If I were to pray for a taste which would stand me in stead under every variety of circumstance and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills . . . it would be a taste for reading.—Sir John Herschell.

A Poem You Ought to Know.

"A Retrospective Review."

Thomas Hood, with his inveterate habit of punning, said, "I have to be a lively Hood to make a livelihood." Editors paid him much for his fun and little for his fancy.

Yet, among poets of the second rank, he holds a secure place by virtue of his "Bridge of Sighs," "Eugene Aram," and "I Remember, I Remember." His famous "Song of the Shirt" did much to influence legislation against "sweating." The following verses, extracted from a longer poem, show both the humor and the pathos of Hood:

Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash a tear-drop from mine eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing:
But now these past delights I drop,
My head, alas, is all my top,
And careful thought the string!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote — my pleasant dreams
Will never soar so high.

My football's laid upon the shelf:
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro.
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy—
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat—ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Why We Doff Our Hats.

Most people extend the right hand on meeting a friend, but few realize that they are imitating the cavalier of the Middle Ages, who held out an unarmed hand as token that his sword was sheathed, and that he was friend and not enemy.

You take off your hat when you enter a house—but why? It is because the knight of old doffed his helmet—the most vital part of his armor—when he arrived to show that he came in peace. And as he touched his helmet on meeting a friend to show that he was prepared to unhelm, his descendant of to-day touches or raises his hat.

Even the clothes we wear are distinct in showing allegiance to more ancient ones. What is the Norfolk jacket but a reproduction of the chain-mail hauberk, with the belt for the sword? The frock coat is the old time wafenrok, which was worn over armor.

The clergyman's cassock is a survival of the days when almost all men were skirted; while the wig which to-day barristers don links us with the time when every gentleman wore his horse-hair peruke.

A Busy Queen.

Queen Mary of England is by no means what many good people still hazily imagine a queen to be: a great lady of much leisure and many privileges who occasionally wears a crown instead of a hat. She is a busy and useful woman, and in the sense of being fashionable and a leader in elegant society she is not a great lady at all. Social dominance in a wider sense she of course has; but the British "smart set" is not the court set.

In the matter of clothes she follows the fashions "after a fashion," but she has no instinct for style. Oddly enough, that circumstance adds to her popularity. The great British public have long accepted the fact that to the women of France and America belong naturally style, chic and distinction; and the public rather distrust excessive elegance as un-English. Their own ideal is that of the Queen herself; clothes notable rather for good material than for the manner in which they are made or worn.

"Many a thousand Englishwomen," says Mr. David Blumenfeld in the Montreal Star, "would rather not go out than be seen in shoddy though fashionable costumes. Hats that cost pounds on pounds adorn Queen Mary's head, but their cost is by reason of the stuff in them, and not on account of the milliner's name. 'What Queen Mary wears to-day Paris never wore, nor will,' was aptly said by one of the most famous dressmakers in the world.

"The Queen is up by nine o'clock and breakfasting in a tweed tailor-made coat and skirt. This meal she takes with the King and with any of her sons who may be at home. After breakfast, like the King, she has her correspondence to attend to. Every girl of from fourteen to sixteen writes to the Queen begging for her autograph; every lovelorn maiden in the last resort writes to her to expose her gaping heart wounds, begging for a word of sympathy; every pushing society matron or charity-bazaar dame tries to inveigle the Queen into the meshes of correspondence.

"When her correspondence is finished the Queen will probably change her costume and motor out to a hospital or a children's home in which she may be interested or to a large factory where hundreds of women are employed. Women's welfare although officially a duty from the Queen's point of view, is as much a hobby with her as any of her private pursuits are."

Domestic, motherly and wholly unspectacular, Queen Mary is loved for the traits that have made her womanly rather than queenly. She has, however, one unusual and most fortunate gift, a truly royal memory for names and faces and for the characteristics and family histories that belong with them. "She is very often asked by King George to come and chat in his apartment with one of those many notables who are requested to call at the palace from time to time—explorers, men of science, famous foreign diplomats and the like; and the Queen, without being prompted, will at once begin to ask questions about things that happened to the men fifteen, twenty and twenty-five years before."

Greater Than the Garter.

Prior to June 26th, 1902, the day upon which King Edward the Seventh would have been crowned, but for a sudden attack of appendicitis, the highest honor in his gift would, in most people's estimation, have been the Order of the Garter, and it is still the premier order of chivalry in the world.

On that day, however, a new "Order" was instituted, which, for real distinction, takes precedence of any other. It is the Order of Merit, which is limited to twenty-four men and women of extraordinary eminence. It confers no title, only the addition to the name of the magical letters "O.M."

Twelve outstanding figures in our national life were originally selected for this honor, but, with the death of Lord Morley recently, there is now only one left of the original members, Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, who is now in his eighty-fourth year.

Among the present members of this unique order are Mr. Lloyd George, Earl Beatty, Lord Haldane, Earl Haig, and Thomas Hardy, the novelist and poet.

REG'LAR FELLERS