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## The Protection of the Wild and the Things of the Wild.

BY MR. CY. WARMAN.

ADDRESSING the Canadian Club on "The Protection of the Wild and the Things of the Wild," Mr. Cy. Warman, the noted journalist and author, said:

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Canadian Club,*—The saddest story in the history of the United States, save that of the Civil War, is the story of the West; and the saddest chapter is the one that tells of the wanton waste and utter destruction of the wild life of that delightful land. Trees and animals always fascinated me, and yet, when I look back upon my barefoot days, it seems to me that they were regarded generally as things to be cut down and killed. No one, not even George Washington, seems to have spared the tree. The first animal story to stick and stay in my memory, was of a red deer surprised one sunrise in our little stump-fenced garden, clearing the stumps and racing away to the woods. As often as I recall my boyhood, I seem to see myself limping up through life with one suspender and a stone-bruise looking for a wild deer. In all probability, if I had found it, I would have killed it, though the last of its race.

The fact that my father was able to locate his Mexican War land grant in Illinois in 1850, would seem to indicate that the frontier was not far away, but the deer were gone when I arrived. And yet, the quick passing of the deer was like a lingering illness compared with the cruel swiftness with which the big game perished on the plains.

To me, the conquest of the West was a tragedy. The Civil War postponed it for half a decade, but it had to come. At the close of that carnage we came red-handed from the slaughter at the South and went at the West. There were few preliminaries, and no parley. We simply swam the Big Water and possessed the plains. The red man, the hereditary Lord of the Land, stood up and demanded recognition. We smashed him and moved on. The wild things that peopled the prairie smelled blood and bolted north and south.

In the wake of the trail-blazers and road-builders came the adventurers, and alleged sportsmen, galloping beside the clumsy cattle of the plain, carbining them and killing them for their tongues and sometimes merely for pastime.

And by the time the pathfinders had dragged their chain to the sundown sea, the builders had bridged the continent, and the first flag stations began to dot the desert of the far West; in short when the white man had opened the first steel trail to the Pacific, there was not a living thing worth mentioning in rifle-range of the right of way.

And this all happened but yesterday. General Granville M. Dodge, the Chief Engineer of the first Pacific Railway, may be seen at his office, No. 1 Broadway, most any day.

The last spike, connecting the Union and Central Pacific, was driven in May, 1868. Then came other builders setting stakes along the old Santa Fe trail, and yet other builders building the Northern Pacific, and by the time these lines were completed it was all over with Lo and the buffalo. Somewhere I have seen two paintings, one showing a buffalo bull smelling a grade stake, the second the finished line, and by the roadside great heaps of bleaching buffaloes' bones waiting to be freighted to the refineries, back in "God's country," as they called the place from which the killer came.

I would not belittle the builder, or rob him of the fame he has won. He is, in fact, my special hero, as all who have read my books will attest, but it is an everlasting shame that the West could have been won without losing the best of it all.

I have always believed that the war had a lot to do with the slaughter of the wild. A large majority of the men engaged in the construction of the first railway to bridge what was then called the Great American Desert, were ex-soldiers who seemed to take a savage delight in slaying every living thing that crossed their trail. The dead-shot "City Marshal," the border ruffian, and the professional bad man were the natural product of the bitter seed sown in that seething hell called the "Civil War."

Out of this carnage came the sentiment which found expression in that remotely humorous saying, "All good Indians are dead," to which the red man, through one of his interpreters, replies:

The white man's blood is pale and cold,  
(The red man's blood is red,)  
And, like the red man, I've been told,  
He's good man--when he's dead.

The red man opens up a game,  
That no man knew about,  
The white man jumps the red man's claim,  
And rules the red man out,  
No doubt—  
He rules the red man out.

The red man, like the red deer, had no rights that the average white man of that tempestuous period felt called upon to respect. A parson came upon a cowboy cursing an Indian, and remonstrated, saying, "You should not curse a fellow creature as you have cursed this man." The cowboy looked at the parson, squinting in the summer sun, and said, "Say, now, Parson, you all don't reckon Injuns is folks."

This was not an uncommon sentiment. It seemed to be in the air.

Now I am not casting these stones because I am myself without sin. I've liked Indians. A Boston critic, putting down my third literary offence, wrote that in his opinion I had killed more Indians in three books than Custer killed in three years. In proof of my contention that all this was the fault of the age and the result of early environment, I find that since coming to Canada, without giving the matter a single moment's thought, I have stopped killing Indians. This is partly due to the fact that killing Indians was never a popular pastime in Canada. There's no open season for Injuns up here. Also the northern Indian is, by my measurement, a better Indian than his red brother of the south. At the risk of shocking some of you, I am ready to say that he is a better man in more ways than one than his white brother—north or south. However, that's a different story.

Let us return to the other animals. The point I am aiming at is that what is known as the Middle West was the natural home of the deer, the elk, the antelope, and all that interesting hoofed and horned family, and that all this beautiful, not to say valuable, wild life was wasted. The American West is almost empty of wild life to-day. I have ridden for days in Southern Colorado hearing only the hoof-beats of my horse, and seeing nothing more attractive in the way of animal life than a horned toad.

Fortunately for the people of the Republic, the Eastern States are beginning to protect game. They find it pays, and the forest, fish and game of Maine yield a rich revenue to the State. Half a million men, women and children visit Maine

annually, leaving fifteen million dollars each year. They go to Maine because the forests are full of wild life and because one may fish and shoot from early autumn to the end of the year for \$15. I am told that ten years ago no deer were seen in Western Connecticut. To-day, as a result of a few years' protection, you can pick up the fresh trail of the deer, four-legged and properly spelled, forty-five minutes from Broadway.

For you, of Canada, this wind that put out the wild life of the American West, is not an ill wind, for it has enhanced the value of your wilderness. At the same time, it has taught you, if you care to have it so, a valuable lesson—to hold what you have.

But first of all, you must save the shelter. The forest is the natural home of big game. Destroy your forests, and your game will go, your rivers will dry up, your fish will die, and desolation will brood over this land that God made most fair.

The preservation of the forest need entail no expense to the State. There are forests in Switzerland that have been cut over 400 years, and the annual revenue increases as the years go by. The old saying that you cannot have your cake and eat it too does not hold good here. By scientific lumbering you cut out the old trees and encourage the young ones. It would be almost as foolish to let your forests go to waste uncut as to allow them to be lumbered wastefully. Work them, and reap the rich reward, but work them up in Canada.

If I want to steal your stories and sing your songs, it is only fair and decent for me to come over and burn a Canadian candle, while the wheels go round. If an American manufacturer wants to work up your raw material, compel him to come across. The idea used to prevail that the big plant came to Canada for cheap labor. That is not so to-day. The International Harvester Company pays precisely the same scale of wages in Hamilton and Chicago, and still saves thirty cents on the first cost of producing a certain machine in Canada. Whatever the answer to this, it is certainly no reflection upon Canadian workmen.

Speaking now as a Canadian to Canadians (I'm at least a half-breed), I say let Americans and American capital come and assist in turning to account the rich resources of the Dominion, and in developing your country, but let them do their developing above the boundary; there should be no striking below the belt.

The story of the swimming saw log is interesting and instructive. To offset a two-dollar tax on Canadian pine, the

Dominion imposed a two-dollar export duty on logs. To remove the latter, American lumbermen had the duty on lumber repealed, when the Dominion reciprocated by removing the duty on logs.

Later the southern lumbermen had the duty on lumber restored, but with a club in hand. They said, in substance, "The duty on lumber is two dollars, but if Canada puts the duty back on logs, it will be four dollars."

In order to prevent the exportation of logs to be worked up on the other side, and at the same time side-step the big stick, that is the threat of another two dollars on lumber, the Ontario Government made a new regulation. They said, you can have all the logs you can pay for, but you must manufacture in Canada. That in substance is Ontario's answer, and it seems to one who is not an expert in such matters that Quebec would do well to follow Ontario's example.

Having solved the saw log problem, you will have to do something to protect your pulpwood and tie timber. Ontario is doing something already, and you own railways—national and Provincial; you are paying 40 cents for ties that could be had three years ago for 20 cents, because of the American demand, and instead of diminishing the demand is increasing, for there is no panic on this continent—only a slight attack of commercial hysteria, aggravated by the approach of a Presidential election. Up here it's a sort of "sympathy strike."

Certainly it is good business to cut and market your merchantable timber, but the cutting should be done intelligently, and all brush and debris burned as the cutting proceeds, which reduces the danger from forest fires and leaves the soil fit to receive new seed. No acre of forest should be mown like a meadow, leaving only a hateful stubble of stumps. Uncle Sam is cutting one hundred billion feet annually and growing thirty-five billion feet to fill the void. Thirty years at this pace will clear his land.

Many of the once wooded mountains of Italy are barren, desolate hills to-day, because when the forest was all removed the rains washed the soil away, making re-forestation impossible. From the car windows, as the train toils up to Jaffa and Jerusalem, the traveller looks on a sear and silent land

"By cool Siloam's shady rills,  
How fair the lilies grow."

What a pretty picture! Alas! the shade has been removed, the rill has ceased its singing—the lilies have drooped and

died, and that is what will happen to the Highlands of Ontario and your beautiful Laurentian Hills if you do not protect them.

It is not my job to regulate the speed of motor cars, but I can't help yelling "Look out!" to the Man in the Street. And that's the man I'm aiming at now—the man in the street. Your property is being destroyed, not maliciously, but carelessly, and the result is the same. Protect your forest while you have it, for when it is gone you will be utterly helpless. You will not be as fortunate as your neighbors. There will be no "last wilderness" just over the line for you to visit and enjoy, even by paying high license. Yours is the last wild, and if you squander it your children's children will sit in the sun beside silent streams that are murmuring musically to-day.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana has the innocence to suggest that if you will let American machines in free Uncle Sam will do as much for your pulp. The Senator neglects, however, to state that my Uncle *must* have the wood, but you can get along without American machinery, simply by compelling the factory to come across.

President Roosevelt suggests a reduction in the tariff on pulp, and that Canada refrain from imposing an export duty. Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, makes a good guess when he predicts that Canada will not follow the President's suggestion.

Whatever his sins of omission and commission, including his Commerce Commission, President Roosevelt will win the deathless gratitude of the nation because of his enthusiastic support of that branch of his Government which has to do with the protection of the little forest left in the United States. Over there they are setting aside from five to ten millions annually in an effort to assist nature to cover the scars they have given her. But how much easier it is to save what we have than to win back what one has lost!

In New Hampshire there is a forest that was lumbered sixty years ago. The usual fire that followed killed everything save a few defective pines left by the lumbermen. These remaining pines seeded the soil and at the end of sixty years the owners were able to harvest thirty thousand feet board measure to the acre. That is an average of 500 feet per acre per annum, but if they had taken only the larger trees, burned the debris at a cost of 20 cents per thousand feet of lumber, this forest might just as well have been harvested every five years. In Michigan a forest destroyed in the same way, having only a few seed trees, grew a second growth of pine which was cut in thirty years.

Limits that are sold are sold. What has been done is done—but from this day forward there will be no excuse for any Government that sells timber without reserving the right to boss the job of cutting.

Hear this from an American publication, *Forestry and Irrigation*, Washington, D.C. :

“It is very much to be hoped that the Canadians will not allow us to cut their timber without regulation, however eager we may be to buy it. This would be for their benefit and likewise for ours. For the sake of a permanent supply, we should wish that Canada or any other country from which we may have to import lumber should put its forests under the same careful administration that now is given to the national forests in the United States.”

The United States Government has demonstrated beyond dispute that brush and debris can be burned as the logging proceeds and that the cost of this work will add only fifteen to twenty cents per thousand to the cost of the lumber to the consumer.

Now is it not ridiculous to leave this litter and invite disaster for so trifling a sum?

It would be useless for me to tell you in detail how to handle your forests, even if I were competent to do so, for it's not your job. It would be ridiculous for me to tell the men on the job because there are men connected with the present Ontario Government who forget more every day than I know about scientific forestry; but I can, and you can, give them enthusiastic support if they try.

Broadly, there are two kinds of lands in Ontario—land fit for settlement and land fit for forests. All you have to do is to spy out, survey and separate these lands and they will all yield rich returns. The Crown forests of Saxony yield \$4.50 per acre per annum despite extravagant, semi-military management. Ontario should have at least 50,000,000 acres of forest and game reserves, instead of about 7,500,000. Some of these should be game havens, like Algonquin Park, some open to the sportsman, as Temagami. Mr. Southworth estimates that 40,000,000 acres of forest would produce \$30,000,000 net annually.

Up in the northwest corner of Thunder Bay, north of Lake Nepigon, south of Lake Joseph and east of the Rainy River district, lies a great stretch of wilderness which should be set aside immediately as a forest and game preserve.

And when you have established these forest reserves try to attract some of the millions that are spent in Maine.

In 1906 you sold 411 shooting licenses, at the old, and by no means low price of \$25, yielding a revenue to the Province of \$10,275. Last year about half that number at \$50, realizing from this source the same amount, \$10,275.

As near as I can come at the facts, almost as many deer were killed; you got no more revenue, and lost 205½ sportsmen who would have spent riding on the railways, including the T. and N. O., in your shops and hotels, and frolicking through your fairs, at the lowest calculation \$50,000. Now there must be, somewhere, a real reason for depriving the Province of this rich revenue, but I'll have to be shown.

Lord Hawke, who has returned to London after shooting in Canada, says his two moose heads—one secured in New Brunswick and the other in Ontario—cost him \$1,000. He does not complain. He is coming back this year, but he considers the charge of \$50 out of all reason, considering the short season and other limitations.

A large majority of men to whom hunting is a joy and vacation have worked for the money and saved it; they cannot throw it away. The State of Maine charges only \$15, and they hesitated for a long time whether they should make it \$5 or \$15. Now it is a great mistake for Canada, if it wants sportsmen to come, to exact a charge of \$50 when hunters can get a license for \$15 in Maine. I would say it would be a very wise thing for Canada to put its license no higher than Maine. If you have a \$15 license in Maine, and a \$10 in Canada, the extra money saved will help to pay the railroad fare. If you have the license at \$50 the man will say "not for me" unless he is a millionaire.

And there are the dogs. The red deer, at his worst, is semi-domestic. The natural home of this interesting animal is south of Temagami, but if you do not call off the dog you'll drive him far north, where he will perish. Dogs mean wild deer, few and far between, and dry does. Maine has proven that dogs rather than cheap licenses reduce the number of deer. There are more deer in Maine to-day than the woods can winter, and they are coming across to Canada.

Canada is earth's happy hunting ground. I believe the greatest measure of happiness comes to the people of comparatively cold countries. Four seasons are essential to the proper rounding of the year. Here in Canada, the zest and novelty of winter is not worn when you begin preparing for the holi-

days, and by the time you have digested your plum pudding you begin the joyful anticipation of spring. Then the "Indian" in us calls loud.

When the first black crow is calling in the dawning down the dell,

I am dreaming of the summer; in my dream  
I can hear the mudjekeewis sighing softly, I can smell  
A wild rose blooming near a northern stream.

I am waiting in my wigwam for the coming of the spring,  
For the forest flowers to blossom in the vale,  
I am watching from my wigwam for the wild goose on the wing,  
When I'll gather up my traps and hit the trail.

To the "Highlands of Ontario" in the merry berry-moon,  
To the haunts of Hiawatha that are nigh;  
By the banks of Athabaska, where it's always afternoon,  
I am waiting for the Wawa to go by.

I do not agree with the late Russell Sage, who would have no holiday. The fact is, his whole life was one long holiday, for he found his highest enjoyment in hearing his bonds multiply. He thought he needed no holiday, because he lacked the capacity to enjoy one. Perhaps he was better off financially without a holiday. If he had seen the fish frolicking in Temagami he could not have skinned "suckers" so cheerfully. If he had heard the "call of the wild," gone into the wilderness and looked a fawn in the face, the bleat of a shorn lamb would have distressed him, so he denied himself, and never knew how much he missed. A man is always better for coming in contact with nature. To be utterly alone in a desert when the dark comes down is awful, but inspiring. To stand alone in a deep forest is to "feel things." It has made a man, not deeply religious or over sentimental, exclaim in a breath:

"By day I walk the woodland green  
And come so close to God,  
His answering signals may be seen  
In each wild rose's nod."

One of the best signs of the times is the awakening of all America to the fact that this continent must not be shorn,

that the rivers must be allowed to continue to sing their songs, and that the furred, feathered, hooped and horned things shall not perish and fade from the face of the earth.

The voice of Nature is your mother tongue, and you won't forget.

A touch of Nature makes a man of a boy and a boy of a man. It puts a new song in your mouth.

Only last summer your north woods caught and held for ten glad days a dozen Chicago newspaper men, authors and poets, charmed and delighted them, and sent them out singing:

Crystal Temagami, Wasacsinagama,  
Low waves that wash up the shadowy shore,  
North up the Nipissing, up the Temiskaming,  
We will come back and sing to you encore;  
Back to the wilds again, show me the way,  
Make me a child again, just for a day.

Wondrous Temagami, Wasacsinagama,  
Swift running rivers and skies that are blue,  
Out on the deep again, rock me to sleep again,  
Rock me to sleep in my little canoe;  
Back to the wild again, show me the way,  
Make me a child again, I want to play.

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