

Glories of Washington State

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

Seattle, Wash. The shingle is the great staple of the state of Washington. In the course of a year the 1,000 saw-mills of this commonwealth eat up 16,000 acres of timber, tearing it into billions upon billions of the thin, tiny strips that are such an important commodity of commerce.

But the lumber fame of Washington does not rest entirely with the little shingle. Far from it, its slanting mountain sides are the home of the lordliest pines in the world. The trim, shapely Douglas fir is the unrivaled dandy of the tree family. The flag on Windsor palace in England, as well as the one that flies over the castle of the mikado of Japan, are supported by poles that grew in our great north-western forests.

The product of the Washington saw-mills goes to every state in the Union, and to almost every country in the world. One steamer carries to Manila, in one cargo, twelve railroads of lumber. The export business provides some strange inequalities. We hear so much about the great foreign market, yet the home trade is always the most valuable for the producer.

There are some most astonishing facts in connection with the Washington lumber industry. It employs 31,000 men, and the annual output is worth \$21,000,000, yet for every dollar that is earned several are wasted. The conditions surrounding the business are such that every year millions of dollars' worth of wealth is destroyed that nature required thousands of years to create.

One of the best posted men in America on lumbering matters is Victor H. Beckman of Seattle. He is the secretary of the manufacturers' association and was selected to take up the matter of freight rates with James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, whose word is law in the northwest.

I interviewed Mr. Beckman here to ask what the rates were from the north and southern fields to the territory in question, to which he replied: "From Minnesota it is 17 cents, from Texas it is 23 cents, and from Missouri and the Indian Territory it is 15 cents.



If we were given a rate of 45 cents you see we would still suffer a great handicap; but a 10-cent reduction in the tariff would increase the value of the stumpage in the state of Washington fully \$25,000,000.

The speaker was again interrupted with the query if the desired reduction would not tend to greatly injure the interests of the northern and southern mills, and he said: "No, it would not. At the greatest the northwest could not supply more than 20 per cent of the whole, and we think it is not unreasonable to ask for this much of the trade.

Mr. Beckman responded to these questions by saying: "The difficulty seems to be in the fact that there is not enough freight to fill the cars for the return trip. You see, the haul from here to the Missouri river is mostly over desert. There is no local market, and I would be out of the question to haul the empty cars half way across the continent.



of lumber, while here 1,200 feet are precured from one small log. One of these forest levitators, measuring 100 feet to the first limb and having a diameter at its base of nine feet, is not an easy proposition to handle. The cut cannot be made at the base, because the grain of the wood is curly.

In order to get the tree to the railroad it is frequently hauled through the forest by means of skids and a dolly engine. Sometimes the engine cannot be gotten very near to the log. In this event a steel rope an inch thick and sometimes a Swedish iron cable, a half long is hitched to the big piece of timber and it is slowly dragged along over greased runners.

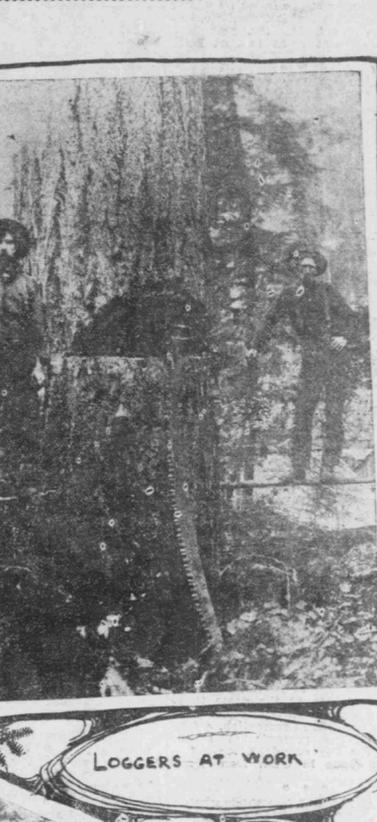
One morning in February two boat crews started for a day's fishing for black bass. One of the two fishermen was an old man, and the other a young man. They were on Lake Poinsett, where a trysting place was agreed upon.



they are blown into halves by dynamite. The life of the big woods calls for brains and courage. The logger is generally a Swede or a Norwegian. The river driver is generally Irish or French. In riding the logs down stream to the mill he must be cool, nimble-footed and quick, to keep the rapidly turning and twisting timbers from throwing him into the icy water.

A shingle packer is to the big woods what the breaker boy is to the coal fields. He is generally a hard lot. A recent strike was brought on among the boys because their union demanded apple pie instead of custard and the

With that he held up a monster. It was said to be the largest bass ever taken in those waters. In length it was more than a yard. Its weight was fourteen pounds. As all were admiring it a man in the first boat said: "What makes it so bloody? Did you have to stab it with a knife to get it off the hook? Or did you use a gaff to land him?"



out this fish, within three-quarters of an hour, he had been intimidated. There is a sequel to the story. On the way to New York these four fishermen had to wait an hour for a train at Titusville, and they were highly entertained by conversing with the men in the hotel lobby. After listening to numerous wonderful yarns, one of the four told the story of the bass. He was listened to with profound attention. When the story was ended the "crackers" looked knowingly at each other, and the oldest of the lot spoke.

"What do you mean?" "Here's the rest of him." He threw over the hole in his side. "It did, perfectly." The incident shows the voracity of the black bass. With its side nearly torn

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cook failed to comply with the order. The fact that there were no apples in camp, and none to be had immediately, did not enter into the calculations of the young delegate who ordered the walkout. If there is any characteristic of the woods people it is the fact that few of the sportsmen have more than one or two fingers. On account of maimed hands being so general among them, it is predicted that their coming generations will be born that way. FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

OLD-TIME LAWMAKERS. Difference Between Two Houses of Legislature Defined.

It is getting to be very much the custom nowadays for newspapers to speak of the "upper" and "lower" houses of the general assembly. That nomenclature some years back was resented by the members of the house of delegates as too much of an imitation of British speech when reference was made to parliament. Here in the republican Virginia delegates rarely could be brought to admit that there was any "upper" or "lower" house, and Speaker Ryan was wont to explain that the only difference between an senator and a delegate was that the former was entitled to receive a perquisite from the state and the latter was not. Even this difference has been removed at this session. The delegate now draws a perquisite from the state just as a senator does.

Originally the idea was that a member of the legislature needed a knife in trimming his quill pen. When the quill went out of vogue and the metal pen came in, the house cut off the knife perquisite, and it was for many years, but lately members found out that their pencils needed to be sharpened, and perquisites were made for the distribution again of knives. So customs and fashions return, though the reason for the change is no longer exists. On gentlemen's frock coats above the tails buttons are still placed, though swords and sword belts are no longer worn.

In time we even look for the restoration of the legislative snuffbox, when it will become the duty of the clerk (clerk) of each house to keep a supply of snuff sufficient for each member, and to send the box around the house whenever any difficult question is up for consideration, or when members show a disposition to fly into temper with one another.

Another old "fixture" of the capitol was a big stove, on which an aged colored woman roasted peanuts to be sold to members and visitors. That stove is still preserved as one of the most valuable antique assets of our commonwealth. It was made in England in 1770 and was considered a wonder of ingenious mechanism in its day. It is a three-story affair, but for heating purposes, but all the same it was found to be a pretty good peanut roaster, and was so used in the rotunda many years. It was first used as a heater in the house of burgesses at Williamsburg, and was brought to Richmond when the capitol was transferred here.

In those days the colony didn't have any "upper" or "lower" house. What it had was the "house" a goodly company of hard-complexioned gentlemen, many of whom queued their hair, wore velvet coats and lace ruffled knee breeches and buckles, and low-quartered shoes. At least the rich planters did. The men of the hills of Boston to their fields in South Carolina. The bonds of fraternity which bound them together, we doubt not, were capless. If Virginia adopted the bicameral system, the senate and the house—what some of our friends now speak of as the "upper" and "lower" house.

Great Scot. Ain't it hot? And the almanac. Say that the parallax. Of the icthythermals. Has somehow got mixed With the isobarics. Or the hotboxious. And can't be fixed. So that. We can't tell where we are at. But if this here. Keeps on hitting the hot. We can guess pretty close to the spot—where we are not. Very orthodox, either. See? (Judge.) "How do you do?" said the man-o-war who he called in past the lighthouse. "Aren't you?" "Why, howdydo, Mr. Newsarge?" replied the lady lighthouse, waving her bow at him. "How are you enjoying light housekeeping?" asked the man-o-war, continuing his progress up the channel. "Pretty well," she answered, "but it is a hard job to keep my buoys behaving properly. I think two or three of them ran awaglast night. If you see any of them playing about in the channel please tell them to hurry home, won't you?" "Oh, don't be too severe with them," urged the man-o-war. "We older fellows can get along all right, even if they do try to play pranks on us. Remember that buoys will be buoys." And he bade her farewell as he turned to salute the fortress gallantly.

Scanning His Motive. (Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "You can't be dead sure that a young man is saving his money because he stops smoking cigars and begins to smoke a pipe." Boston Globe. No, he may be smoking the pipe to get even with the neighbors. With Mitigation. (Chicago Journal.) Jenkins—Then you mean to tell me I have told a lie? Chambers—No, I don't wish to be quite so rude as that, but I will say this—you'd make a very good weather prophet. Why It Was. (Boston Advertiser.) Mrs. Greene—What do you have an alarm clock in your chamber for if you don't have the alarm wound up? Mrs. Gray—If you could have heard the awful things my husband said when the alarm went off you wouldn't ask me. Didn't Worry Her. (Chicago Evening Post.) "Did you read that article on 'Why Men Don't Propose'?" "The girl likes it." "It doesn't interest me," she said. "No?" "No." You see, I know one man who does.

WAS A WHOPPER-IN MANY WAYS

In 1884 Michael P. Dwyer sought health in the cooling reefs of Florida, and, singularly enough, purchased a hotel at Rock Lodge, to which his betting personality attracted numerous turfmen of more or less note. "Mike Dwyer," hotel keeper, some 400 patrons. In January, February and March the house was filled, most of the men and women wintering there being New Yorkers and Brooklynites more or less interested in the turf.

Behind the hotel, in a walk of fifteen minutes, was a small pond; then, after a drive of half an hour, you reached Lake Florence. Fishermen had to hire a wagon and team to haul boats to the deep water. The first pond was neck deep to a tall man, and you had to go through it or turn back. The horses and the sportsmen clung to boat or wagon as best they could.

The sport was fine. Lake Florence is overgrown to a great extent with reeds, leaving narrow channels in which to troll, and hungry bass leap ferociously from the cool shades to take the hook. The line is paid out 150 to 200 feet, and when a strike is made the fishermen as well as the fisherman knows it. So much line is difficult to control in weedy waters, so that considerable skill is required to land your fish. The current must pull like all blazes while the fisherman reel in.

The boat were about a mile apart. The occupants of that in the lead caught seven splendid heads before reaching the camp. They weighed from five to nine pounds each. A strike just in the mouth of the canal nearly brought the boat to a standstill. The negro oarsman exclaimed: "Po' Gad! De debil must 'a' hung a hern on dat hook!" The fish dashed furiously across the canal and back again many times, ripping the line and the hook.

It was as hard a fight as one would care to see. The boat got out into Lake Poinsett and there were hopes of getting the line and its victim there, clear of the reeds, where the battle might be conducted on more equal terms. But just before this could have happened, when the bass was within thirty feet of the boat, something gave way and Mr. Bass was gone.

It was a bitter disappointment, and naturally, the talk of the day. The book (the tackle was unimpaired) was found a bit of fish flesh that might have weighed a quarter of a pound. This explained everything. The bass had been snagged in the side and the hold had torn out. The sideways pull had given him a great advantage, causing him to seem three times as large as he really was.