# Our Forestry Problem

COL. W. B. GREELEY
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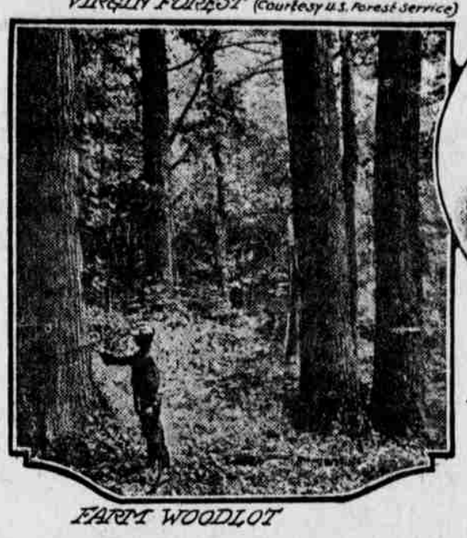
CUT AND BURNED-OVER LAND



VIRGIN FOREST (Courtesy U.S. Forest Service)



FARM WOODLOT

FOREST SERVICE FIRE LOOKOUT
Courtesy U.S. Forest Service

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

THE center of the lumber industry, within the lifetime of many persons now living, has moved from New England, to Pennsylvania, to the Lake states, to the Gulf states. The Southern Pine association now reports that within eight years 3,000 big sawmills will be junked and that the output will be reduced 50 per cent. That leaves us the virgin forests of the Pacific coast. Already the Pacific coast lumber, with a 2,000 or 3,000 mile haul, is to be found in the larger cities of the East. So the lumber industry has made its last jump. The United States Bureau of Corporations gives us sixty years to use up all the log lumber at the present rate of consumption.

When the Pacific coast lumber begins to run short, we can import lumber or we can do without it. If we don't like either of these alternatives, we can grow some more timber and pulp wood and cooperage and box stuff and trees to yield turpentine and resin and tannic and acetic acid and wood alcohol and airplane propellers and lead pencils and clothes pins and ax handles and such things—which come from the forests and nowhere else.

Whenever we get ready we can grow all the timber we want. Growing timber is a simple affair—if we go at it right.

We can put it another way and say that originally there were 800,000,000 acres of virgin forests in the United States. There are now only 200,000,000 acres, or 25 per cent of this, left. The 600,000,000 acres that are gone were depleted in the last seventy years.

Unless something is done about it, the United States will some time be a treeless land—its vast original forests laid low; those of its industries which depend upon timber for their existence, crippled or broken.

There are healthy signs that a good many people are of the opinion that something should be done about it. And one of the things to be done about it would seem to be a practical and comprehensive policy of reforestation. All interests seem to agree on the necessity of reforestation.

There are now two reforestation bills before congress. One of these is the Capper bill and the other is the Snell bill. The former aims at federal encouragement of state action. The latter provides federal regulation of forestry in the states and proposes for the next five years to increase the government's appropriation for forestry to $10,000,000 a year.

Another indication of the general feeling that something should be done about it is the hearings held in various parts of the country by a "national forestry policy committee" appointed by the United States Chamber of Commerce. This committee began operations in New York. It then went in succession to Chicago, Minneapolis, Spokane, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco.

David L. Goodwillie, a Chicago box manufacturer, is chairman. The other members of the committee are Charles S. Keith, president Central Coal & Coke company, Kansas City, Mo.; F. C. Knapp, president Peninsular Lumber company, Portland, Oregon; George L. Curtis, Curtis Companies, Inc., Clinton, Iowa; John Fletcher, vice-president Fort Dearborn National bank, Chicago, Ill.; Charles F. Quincy, president Q. and C. company, New York city; Dr. Henry S. Drinker, Merion Station, Pa.; Dr. Hugh P. Baker, secretary and treasurer American Paper & Pulp association, New York city; Harvey N. Shepart, attorney, Boston, Mass.; Junius H. Browne, vice-president Pacific Lumber company, New York city; Dr. W. B. Heinemann, president B. Heinemann Lumber company, Wausau, Wis.; W. DuB. Brookings, secretary of the committee, Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Washington, D. C.

This committee has gone into the subject in a broad way, seeking to get every viewpoint before making a report on which it is hoped a policy can be formulated. The chairman appointed several subcommittees of the original committee to deal with specific subjects coming under the general heading, of forestry. Some of these subjects are government regulation, private holdings, individual versus public right, fire protection and expenditures, acquisition of land, national forest survey, taxes and taxation, utilization of wood and forest conservation, reforestation and national forests.

"As an example of how serious a problem our forestry problem is, let me point to the well known fact that in seven years 50 per cent of the sawmills of the South will be out of business," says Mr. Goodwillie. "What this means is better realized when we consider that the sawmills of the South now produce 30 per cent of all the lumber used in the country.

"These meetings are simply to get at all the facts, to give us a thorough grasp of the problem, to inform us fully of its scope. When we have finished we will make a report and recommendations to the board of directors of the chamber and they will consider what action is necessary.

"Taxation is a big factor in this problem. If we exempt certain timber lands from taxation, as they have seen wise to do in some of the older countries, it will encourage the seeding of that land to timber. As it now stands millions of acres that might, and really should, be yielding timber, are sown to other products and bringing a niggardly return.

"This is simply because this is timber land and timber should be on it. The farmers, however, consider that since it is taxed they must sow something which will bring an immediate return. There are 5,000,000 acres of nontillable land in Illinois alone.

"We have in the United States 81,000,000 acres of what is called denuded land, and more than 400,000,000 acres of what we call cutover land. Denuded land is land on which forest fires have occurred and where the fire has eaten its way so deep into the soil as to destroy the seedlings that might spring up.

"Cutover land is land from which timber has been taken and on which a second growth is possible and often times springs up. Such land will make forests in a period of some forty years if it is taken care of. Taking care of such land is another phase of the forestry problem."

The National Forests, created in 1905, now contain 155,000,000 acres of forest and grazing land. They are managed by the forest service, a bureau of the agriculture department. Col. W. B. Greeley is forester. Presumably he is well informed on forestry conditions. Here are some figures he gives which show how the changed and changing conditions have affected a particular part of the country. Says Colonel Greeley:

"Chicago is the greatest lumber market in the world. Since 1890 an average of over 2,000,000,000 feet of lumber has come into Chicago every year. In 1920 the figure was nearly 2,500,000,000 feet, 60 per cent of which went into local construction and manufacturing industries. In 1900 the average freight paid on lumber coming into Chicago was less than $3 per thousand feet. Since that time the local sources of supply for this territory have been exhausted one after another. Lumber shipments have traversed greater and greater distances, and the average freight bill paid by the Chicago distributer has steadily risen to more than $12 per thousand feet.

"In other words, the increased transportation charge on lumber shipments into Chicago, as a result of the exhaustion of the forest regions surrounding it, represents a toll of $22,500,000 annually. And while this has happened there have accumulated in the central and lake states nearly 23,000,000 acres of logged-off forest land which is producing neither farm crops nor timber; $22,500,000 is the yearly tax which the wood-using industries and home builders, supplied through Chicago, pay for the idleness of a large part of the soil in the surrounding states which should furnish the natural supply for this district. This sum would plant every year 1,500,000 acres of land with forest trees.

"This illustration may be extended to cover the four states of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan. These states consume annually between 4,000,000,000 and 5,000,000,000 feet of timber in furniture factories, sash and door mills, factories manufacturing agricultural implements, wood-turning establishments and other wood-using industries. Sawmills are excluded from this estimate, also the requirements for general construction and housing, and the consumption of lumber on farms.

"The manufacturers referred to represent an invested capital of $760,000,000 and enroll 250,000 skilled employees. This great manufacturing industry was built up on the softwood forest of the lake states and the hardwood forests of the Ohio and upper Mississippi valleys, whose products were available at a low transportation cost. In these four states enough forest land to supply in full the needs of these industries now stands idle."

Concerning the general situation he says:

"We are cutting our timber probably four times as fast as timber is being grown. It is useless to decry the generous use which American industry has made of our forests. It has contributed powerfully to the industrial development and commercial supremacy of the United States. The forestry problem does not result from the liberal use of our forests, but from our failure to use our forest-growing land. There is an ample area of land in this country, which is not tillable, to support all of our timber requirements, all of our wood manufactures, all of our home building and agricultural use of lumber, indeed an even larger export trade than at present, if that land can be kept at work growing timber.

"Reforestation has not been taken seriously by the average business man in the United States. Reforestation has been looked upon as a fad quite removed from the practical interests of the manufacturer, as something more concerned with parks or shade trees or rose bushes. Nevertheless, reforestation has now become a commercial necessity of the United States."

Here is how a particular state is affected says Prof. P. S. Lovejoy of the Forestry faculty, University of Michigan:

"A third of Michigan virtually is bankrupt, unable to pay its way with schools and roads, getting poorer instead of richer from year to year, producing less and less of value. This third of Michigan takes 10,000,000 acres or so, the most of it being in the northern part of the Lower Peninsula, the rest in the Upper Peninsula. The bulk of these bankrupt lands were originally in pine forest. From 1870 to 1900 Michigan led the world in the quantity, quality and value of its timber exports. Today Michigan is a tremendous importer of timber and other forest products. This is unusual but not in itself a proof that anything is radically wrong. Ohio, also, was covered originally with timber and is now a great importer, and is, nevertheless, prosperous and thriving.

"But in the case of Ohio, the removal of the forests was followed promptly by intensive agricultural developments; the land went from a lower to a higher kind of use.

"Michigan-grown hemlock, shipped 200 miles, sells at the same price in Detroit as does fir grown on the Pacific coast and shipped 2,000 miles. The hickory for the wheels of Michigan automobiles is coming from Arkansas and Mississippi. The oak for Grand Rapids furniture is being cut in Louisiana and Tennessee. Michigan does not even supply itself with enough telephone poles and railroad ties, but imports poles from Idaho and ties from Virginia. Much of the paper on which our newspapers are being printed is made from Canadian spruce. Box-boards are being shipped in from Pennsylvania and Arkansas and California. The state imports much more timber than it cuts and cuts much more timber than it grows, constantly grows and cuts less and constantly imports more.

"The freight bill on imported lumber alone is costing Michigan around $2,000,000 a year, and, each year the freight bill is due to increase greatly as the sources of supply recede with the steady devastation of the forests of the South and West. Meanwhile Michigan continues to support 10,000,000 acres or so of idle lands which a few years ago were producing the most generally useful kinds of timber the world ever had. White pine lumber practically is out of the market. There is not a town of 5,000 in the state which does not import yellow pine from the Gulf states."

Forest fires in the United States annually destroy more than 2,000,000,000 feet of timber. More than 100,000 forest fires have occurred in the United States during the past five years, 89 per cent of which were due to human agencies and therefore preventable. These conflagrations burned over 56,488,000 acres—an area greater than that included within the states of Ohio and Pennsylvania—and destroyed $85,700,000 worth of timber and property.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### THE MARBLE FAUN

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham

FOUR individuals were standing in the sculpture gallery of the capitol at Rome. Three of them were artists, and they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"You must confess, Kenyon," said a dark-eyed young woman, whom her friends called Miriam, "that you never chiseled out of the marble a more vivid likeness than this. Our friend, Donatello, is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?"

"Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender New England girl, whose perception of form was singularly clear.

"Donatello," said Miriam, "you are a veritable Faun. Shake aside those brown curls and let us see whether this resemblance includes furry ears."

"No, no! dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, "you must take my ears for granted," and he lightly tripped beyond the reach of her extended hand, only a moment later to come close to her and look into her face with appealing affection.

"You have bewitched the poor lad," said the sculptor laughing. "That is a way of yours. I see another of your followers behind yon pillar, and his presence has aroused Donatello's wrath."

They had emerged from the palace, and there, partly concealed by a pillar in the portico, stood the wild figure of a bearded man.

"Miriam," whispered Hilda, "it is your model."

Miriam's model, as Hilda called him, had suddenly appeared a few weeks previously when the four friends were visiting one of the Catacombs. In the dark depths of the earth, amid the labyrinth of passageways, Miriam had been lost. Guided by the shouts of the others she had finally reappeared accompanied by this strange and uncouth creature. And from that time on he continued constantly to haunt her footsteps, disappearing perhaps for days only to return and glide like a shadow into her life. What hold he had on her or she on him remained unknown, enhancing the mystery, already deep, which hung about this beautiful woman.

One of Miriam's friends took the matter sadly to heart. This was the light-hearted, faun-like Italian count, who seemed such a child of nature. He cherished against the mysterious stranger one of those instinctive antipathies which the lower animals sometimes display.

In the Medici Gardens the unwelcome creature had appeared among the trees just as Donatello was declaring his love for Miriam. "I hate him," muttered Donatello as he caught sight of the sinister figure. "Be satisfied; I hate him, too," said Miriam. Whereupon Donatello had offered to clutch him by the throat, that they might be rid of him forever; and the woman had difficulty in restraining the gentle youth, whose hitherto light-hearted nature seemed suddenly suffused with rage.

But it was otherwise a few nights later on a moonlight ramble that a company of artists were enjoying among the ruins of old Rome. The four friends were of the party, which, after visiting many places, climbed the Capitoline hill and stood on the Tarpeian rock. It was bordered by a low parapet. They all bent over the railing and looked down. Miriam and Donatello stood together gazing into the moonlit depths. They were so absorbed with the scene and with each other that they did not notice the departure of their friends. Hilda had gone off with Kenyon, who had drawn her quietly away, and the others had departed in twos and threes, leaving Miriam behind alone with the Italian. But not entirely alone. Hilda had gone but a short way with the sculptor when she missed her friend and turned back. She reached the paved courtyard with the parapet just in time to witness unnoticed a tragic scene. Out of the shadows the familiar figure of Miriam's persecutor had appeared and approached her. There was a struggle beginning and ending in one breathless instant. Along with it was a loud, fearful cry which quivered upward through the air and sank quivering downward to the earth. Then a silence! Poor Hilda saw the whole quick passage of a deed which took but that little time to grave itself in the eternal adamant. She turned and fled unseen, and the lovers were indeed alone.

"What have you done?" said Miriam in a horror stricken whisper.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor," Donatello replied: "what your eyes bade me do as I held the wretch over the precipice."

The last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Had her eyes indeed provoked, or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But, alas! thinking back she could not deny that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she saw her persecutor in mortal peril. Yes, Donatello's had been the hand; but hers had been the look, except for which the hand had not been lifted.

She turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom, and pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their hearts together. "Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth," said she. "My heart consented. The deed knots us together like the coil of a serpent." They threw one glance at the heap of death below to assure themselves that it was not all a dream—then turned from the fatal precipice and made their way back into the city arm in arm and heart in heart.

An agreement had been entered into before the moonlight tragedy had taken place that the four friends should meet next morning in the Church of the Capuchins to study together Guido's famous picture of St. Michael and Satan. Thither at the hour agreed upon Miriam and Donatello turned their steps. Conscious of secret guilt, they were the more anxious to keep a casual engagement.

But, when they drew near the church, Kenyon alone was waiting for them. Hilda had promised to be of the party, but she was not there. The three pushed back the heavy curtain and entered the nave, only to have their gaze arrested at once by a conspicuous object. On a slightly elevated bier lay the dead body of a monk, tall candles burning at his head and feet. The rigid figure was clad in the brown woolen frock of the Capuchins, with the hood drawn over the head but so as to leave the features uncovered. Something seemed to act like a magnet upon Miriam. She passed between two of the lighted candles and looked down. "My God!" she murmured, "what is this?" She grasped Donatello's hand and felt him give a convulsive shudder. No wonder that their blood curdled. The dead face of the monk gazing at them beneath its half-closed eyelids was the same visage that had glared upon their naked souls the night before as Donatello had flung him over the precipice. What did it mean? Kenyon drew near, perceived their agitation, and started to say something. But Miriam laid her finger to her lips and quietly said, "Hush." From the shadowy church the tree emerged into the Roman sunlight, Kenyon to go in search of Hilda, but leaving a darker shadow still to settle down upon the lovers. The young Italian was petrified with horror. Miriam tried to cheer him, assuring him of her undying love. But she met with no response. They parted, almost as strangers, it being agreed that Donatello should seek his castle in the mountains.

Thither, in the summer, Kenyon went to pay a long-planned visit. He found the poor faun sadly changed. The idea of a life-long penance had taken firm possession of Donatello. He was intent on finding some method of self-torture. Kenyon, knowing now something of what had happened, arranged with Miriam that she should be in the public square of Perugia on a specified day, near the statue of Pope Julius. There the lovers met again. The sense of their mutual crime had stunned, but not destroyed the youth's affection. They needed one another. Kenyon cheered and encouraged them. Their two lives flowed together and the great bronze statue of the Pope, his hand outreached in a papal benediction, beneath which they had met, appeared to impart a blessing on their marriage.

So Kenyon went back to Rome to woo the gentle Hilda, whose sensitive soul was burdened by the knowledge of the awful guilt of her friends. The secret weighed upon her heavily. She sought the seclusion of great churches, and at last, Protestant though she was, she found relief by pouring out in the confessional at St. Peter's the story of the crime that she had witnessed.

But for Miriam and Donatello the end was not yet reached. The sense of sin had awakened in the faun-like youth what human love could not assuage. Miriam could not rid him of the idea that he must surrender himself to justice. Kenyon had glimpses of the pair, now taking part in revelries, but again concealed behind habiliments of woe. In a desolate spot in the Campagna Miriam at last disclosed the mystery surrounding her own past. It was the story of a marriage to be forced upon her from which her soul revolted. She escaped, though not without unjust suspicions of a crime. Concealing her identity she gave herself to art. Then, in the Catacombs, the man whom she loathed, half brute and half religious maniac, had reappeared, dogging her steps and threatening to disclose her to the world—with what catastrophe the sculptor knew.

As for Hilda and Kenyon, they went forward into happiness, their pure love consecrating all they did. But even as they plighted their troth to one another in the Pantheon before the tomb of Raphael, upon turning around they saw a kneeling figure on the pavement. It was Miriam, who reached out her hands in a blessing, but a blessing which seemed also to repel. As for Donatello, remorse eventually worked its way and when heard of last he was in a dungeon as deep as that beneath the Castle of St. Angelo.



### Springtime Quandary.

Another sign of spring is the worried efforts of young fathers to decide whether it will be a new baby carriage or a second-hand motor car.—Indianapolis News.