

What La Follette Has Done

After an uphill fight of several years Governor Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin has succeeded in having his reform ideas incorporated in the laws of Wisconsin and is now ready to retire as governor and occupy the seat in the United States senate to which he was elected in January. His organization is supreme in the state, and he proposes to see that it remains so.

The man nominated for governor next year by the "half-breeds" will be picked by him. District Attorney McGovern of Milwaukee will probably be the man. The "half-breeds" are complaining because they are not getting any representation in the La Follette appointments, but their complaint does not move La Follette. He believes in putting friends on guard, and will follow the policy to the end.

The so-called La Follette laws, enacted at the recent session of the legislature, form a long list. The most noteworthy are:

1. The railroad commission rate act.
2. The anti-pass act.
3. An act introducing the merit system into the state government.
4. An act strengthening the railroad taxation law.
5. A new ballot law.
6. Amendments to the primary election law.
7. Bonus acts regulating incorporations.
8. A law to prohibit corporations from influencing elections.
9. A law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes in the state.

La Follette's most notable victory was in obtaining the enactment of his railroad rate bill in the form in which he had it introduced. The "half-breeds" fought it. They tried to kill it by loading it down with amendments, but the governor's forces stood firm, and in the end the measure went through by a unanimous vote.

The law went into effect June 15. A commission has been created by the governor, and it is recognized as a body of men that will enforce the law. Now that the bill is a law, most everybody is willing to say that it is fair to everybody concerned. The law confers on the commission authority to make rates where existing rates are believed to be unjust or discriminatory. A rate fixed by the commission remains in effect until passed on first by the circuit court and, on appeal, by the supreme court. An injunction will lie in case the rate is shown to be unlawful.

There may not be unnecessary delay in hearing rate cases, it is provided that actions brought under the railroad act shall have preference over all other civil cases in both circuit and supreme courts. The law puts the burden of proof on the railroads "to show by clear and satisfactory evidence that the commission complained of is unlawful." Under the law the governor may at any time remove a member of the commission who is remiss in his duty.

Possibly the most important provision of the law is that which prohibits the granting of passes to public officials. The railroad commission has decided to enforce this provision to the letter, and the railroads say "Amen!" The language of the act is that "No person holding any public office or position under the laws of this state shall be given free transportation or reduced rates not open to the public."

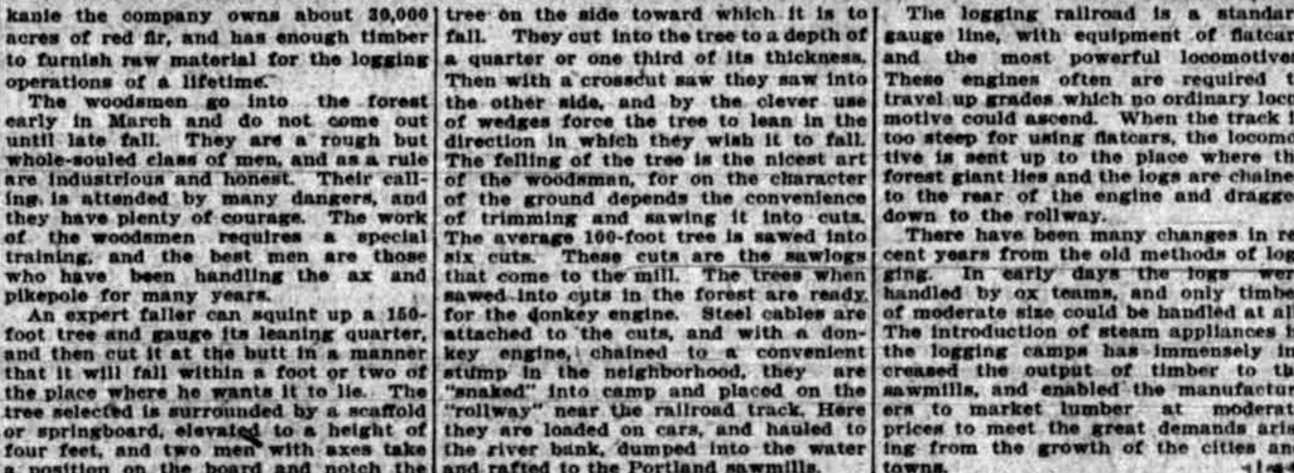
To make sure that the pass evil would be wiped out the governor had the legislature reinforce the provisions of the rate bill by an independent act, which is in the following sweeping language:

"No person, association, copartnership or corporation shall offer, or give, for any purpose, to any political committee or any member or employe thereof, to any candidate for, or incumbent of, any office or position under the constitution or laws, or under any ordinance of any town or municipality of the state, or to any person at the request or for the advantage of any person, or any free pass or frank, or any privilege withheld from any person, for the traveling accommodation or transportation of any person or property, or the transmission of any message or communication, or any other benefit, to any member or employe thereof, or to any officer or position under the constitution or laws, or under any ordinance of any town or municipality of the state, or to any person at the request or for the advantage of any person, or any free pass or frank, or any privilege withheld from any person, for the traveling accom-

SCHOOL HOUSE AT BENSON LOGGING CO.



LAUNDRY AT BENSON LOGGING CO.



WOODPECKERS MAKE BIRDSEYE MAPLE

WHEN a man has spent \$20,000 in studying the ways of wild things, as Orestes Davis, "it would seem as if he should know something about the nature of animals and birds, but I am obliged to own that I am more ignorant today than I was when my father came here from Massachusetts and built a sawmill in 1834, when I was 9 years old. He left all his property to me, including miles of timber lands and money in bank, and I have spent all of it except this spot where my camp stands.

"What have I accomplished? It depends very much upon how you look at it. The way the world sees things, my life has been wasted. Instead of being rich I am very poor, so poor that the town keeps me in the almshouse free of cost through the cold weather. I have almost assured myself of very many facts, though I am not absolutely certain concerning any except two.

"The first is that every woodpecker that digs a hole in a tree for a nest chooses the east side. I have spent more than half a century studying woodpeckers. Within half a mile of my camp are 612 woodpecker nests. I have the largest collection of woodpeckers in the world, though none of them is tame or more than half domesticated. I know that these birds insist on having the holes that enter their nests face the east because I have waited until the eggs were laid in the holes in posts I had put out and then turned the posts about. I have done this when the birds were away, and never has any bird continued to incubate her young when the hole was changed from due east. I think the woodpeckers choose an eastern aspect for the reason that they can know when the sun is up. They are all early risers, and having no

A Submarine Desert

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER AGASSIZ has reported, says the Fall Mail Gazette, that he has discovered a hitherto unknown island, 1,200 miles wide, in the eastern Pacific, between the Galapagos islands and Easter Island.

That portion of the Pacific from the Galapagos through the equator passes on the one side, to Easter Island, the barren rocks of Sala-y-Gomez, Pitcairn and Ducie islands, on the other, has long been known as a sea unusually barren of life, either on the surface or below.

Sea birds, though they abound on Pitcairn, Oeno and Ducie islands and the Galapagos, are rarely seen in the wide area between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn and from Pitcairn island to Juan Fernandez. Some times one may see, high in the air, above this desolate sea, the widespread wings of the frigate bird, sweeping toward land that may be 1,000 miles away, but the ocean itself seems devoid of life.

The writer of this article well remembers making a passage in a small schooner from Easter Island to Manga Reva, in the Cambier group, midway between Easter Island and Pitcairn island, we met with what our American captain described as a "furious calm." For six days we lay basking under a torrid sun with the pitch bubbling in the rock seams, and during that time we did not see a single living thing of any kind—either bird, fish or any of those floating minor organisms usually met with—when a ship is becalmed in the Pacific.

When we left Easter Island we had been attended by seven pilot fish, which kept with us for four or five days. Then, as the wind died away, they left us—a most unusual thing, for, as a rule, these beautiful creatures will attend a ship for many days, even weeks. I should say that there was no food for them in this desert part of the ocean, and so declined to keep up company any further.

I have knowledge of two of these barren ocean patches in the South Pacific. One is off the island of Oua, in the Tongan archipelago, the other at Nue (Savage Island), 200 miles to the southeast. One day I, accompanied by a native lad, was pigeon shooting on Nue and stopped to rest and lunch on the summit of the northeastern cliffs, when here started a great school of porpoises, as we looked down at the smooth blue sea, the water is

Terrible Timarau of Mindoro

From the Washington Star.

UNPATRIOTIC though it may sound, the American bison was great only in appearance. His shaggy frontlet, his wild eyes and his mighty coronet concealed a cowardly ton of flesh as ever stirred.

But even if we have to admit that the big Bos Americanus of the United States is not worthy of honor except as a marvel of the animal world, the Spanish-American war saved our face; for when we acquired the Philippines we acquired with them a buffalo that is the wickedest thing that ever moved on four legs. The Philippine carabao or water buffalo is wicked enough when wild, and even in a tame state is prone to attack human beings suddenly. But the timarau, although much smaller than the carabao, is so mean and savage that he will search out carabao and kill them for the mere love of the killing.

Nobody has ever tamed a timarau. Nobody in the Philippines wants to try. Indeed, few natives of the Philippines ever get near it. The fear of the tiger and lion in India is as nothing compared with the fear of the timarau in the island of Mindoro.

So deeply rooted is the fear of the timarau in the minds of the natives that Professor Worcester was unable even to find out what kind of beast it was when they visited the Philippines in 1888 on an exploring expedition.

Everybody warned them against the creature, but no two descriptions agreed. Professor Worcester says that one man solemnly assured them that it had only one horn, which grew straight from the top of its head. Another declared that it had never been any horns on it, but that it certainly had only one eye, which was set right in the middle of its forehead.

These tales spurred them on, and they visited Mindoro, only to search in vain for several months until they found a tribe called the Mangyans, who knew no white. They said that it was like a small buffalo, with straight horns turning inward and backward like those of a

A DONKEY ENGINE IN SERVICE

Few places in America present more interesting features of industrial and domestic life than are seen in one of the great logging camps of the Columbia river basin. The vast forests of pine and fir shelter these settlements that, in population and activity, compare with the average country town, but in the strenuous and romantic elements far surpass any ordinary town.

The logging camp of a great timber company is a beehive of industry by day and a maelstrom of social activity by night. Like the inhabitants of a new and rushing gold mining town, the people of a logging camp are almost a law unto themselves. The company is the nominal owner of the property, and controls the business organization, but the loggers and their families practically regulate their own affairs without the aid of the outside world.

In the recesses of the great forests, far from any legally constituted government, and almost inaccessible to the peace officers of the state, by voluntary association they conduct their affairs in a manner that, as a rule, is harmonious and pleasant.

Usually the camp is managed on a cooperative basis. The larger part of the population boarding at the same place, and joining in all the amusements and entertainments that go to make the lonely life endurable.

The camp of the S. Benson Logging Company, six miles west of the little settlement of Stella, on the Columbia river in Cowlitz county, is a fair illustration of the larger camps of the Pacific northwest. A force of 189 men in regular employ, and many of them with their wives and families, residing in the board shanties that make up the rude village. These men are the real woodsmen of America. They do not depend upon the ax, as did the woodsmen of pioneer times, in this country. The ax could accomplish little against the giants that cover this country for hundreds of square miles in the region of the Columbia river. They work with the most modern appliances—steam engines and great saws that enable them to handle the monster trees with comparative ease.

Every year about 2,000,000 feet of saw logs into the Columbia river, on whose waters the logs are floated to the big lumber mills of Portland. Since January they have banked 50,000,000 feet of logs.

The camp has its own railroad, with 15 miles of broad-gauge track and four locomotives; seven donkey engines; its own machine shop, manufacturing all kinds of tools used in the woods; a machinist, carpenter, blacksmith and other mechanics. There is a camp grocery, a barber, a steam laundry and a bathhouse.

The camp supports a school, with a teacher at \$50 a month, who teaches the ideas of 25 hopefuls how to shoot.

In a large dining-room, with seating capacity of 500, most of the residents of the camp take their meals. The population is industriously well-read and peaceful. The latest magazines and newspapers find their way to the reading tables in these forest homes. Once every two weeks a dance is held in the large dining-room and frequently the loggers play baseball in the clearing. The camp is in operation nearly the entire year, and the school is in session 10 months of the year.

One of the great logging camps are operated with varying degrees of activity the year round. The Benson camp in Cowlitz county is run at full blast from March 1 to October 1, and in the months of the winter season there is partial cessation of work. The summer season is the great log harvest in the Pacific northwest, where logging is done by steam power, but in the Wisconsin and Minnesota pine woods the loggers have plenty of courage. The work of wedges force the tree to lean in the direction in which they wish it to fall. The felling of the tree is the nicest art of the woodman, for on the character of the ground depends the convenience of trimming and saving it into cuts. The average 100-foot tree is sawed into six cuts. These cuts are the sawlogs that come to the mill. The trees when sawed into cuts in the forest are ready for the donkey engine. Steel cables are attached to the cuts, and with a donkey engine, chained to a convenient stump in the neighborhood, they are "snaked" into camp and placed on the "rollway" near the railroad track. Here they are loaded on cars and hauled to the river bank, dumped into the water and rafted to the Portland sawmills.

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