

The Alexandra Bridge, linking Ontario with Quebec

Lumber and Laws

Vignettes of Ottawa

By GEORGE MARVIN

YOU come abruptly into Ottawa out of green country. Now you are rolling through Ontario fields and clumps of woods, and now, without transition, you are sliding into a château terminal on the banks of the Loire in Europe. No industrial hoop-skirts, no squalid purlieus, no tin-canyons, no ragged edges of urbanity; an irreducible minimum of railroad yards. Towers and spires and battlements lift suddenly over the trees; with one stride comes the city. Some one has scrubbed it very clean. It shines. The minarets etch themselves into the northern sky and all the values of shadowings are sharp and fair. Soft-bosomed elms save streets from hardness, and masses of evergreen, deep and dark as cypresses in Stamboul, relieve the valiance of buildings and impregnate the air with the odor of forests.

Just as the railroads gain access to the center of Edinburgh with no trace of their arrivals or departures except wisps of white steam rising like mephitic vapors from the green of Princes Street Gardens and trailing away to the grim castle overhead, so the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, the two great agencies of the Dominion Government which have built Canada, come decorously and forbearingly into the heart of the capital and to the threshold of the seat of Government.

LUMBER is the big material industry of the Canadian capital. The mills of the lawmakers up on the hill grind periodically, with frequent prorogations.

The mills of the lumber kings down by the river grind all the time. Old man Booth, the king of kings, *ætat* ninety-eight when he died in 1925, made his way every day, rain or blow or snow or shine, with the help of a cane and his chauffeur's arm, down to his throne, where he could hear the rip of his big saws eating through the hearts of Ontario logs and see through his windows the soapy sluicing of the racing Ottawa as it eddied down from the Chaudière Falls that gave him and the city their kilowatts for industry and traction and light.

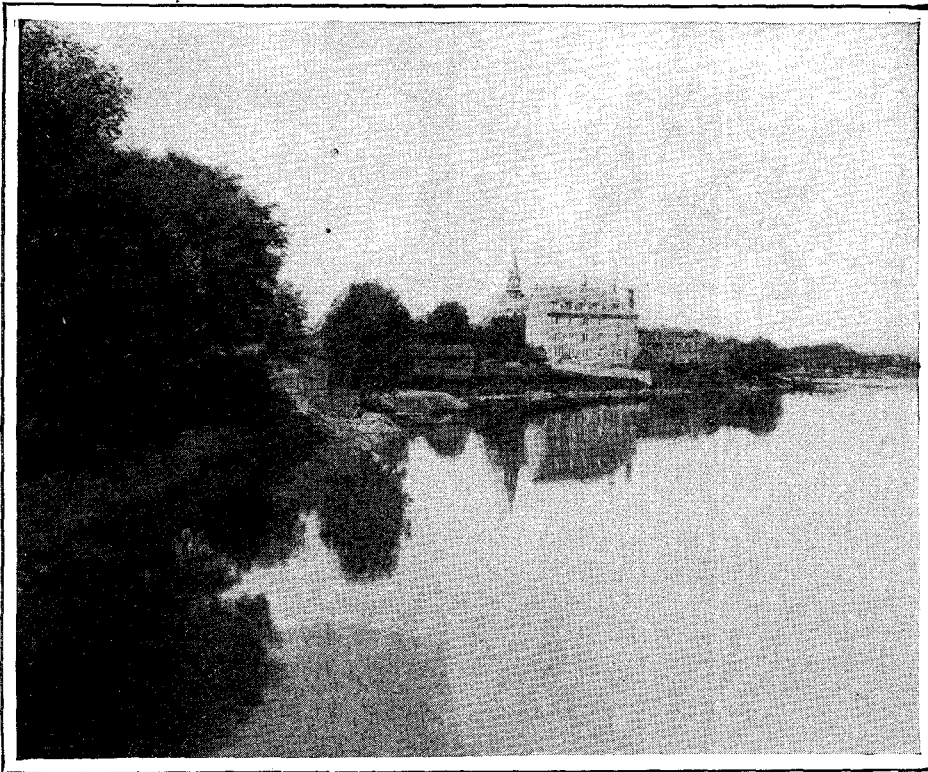
Each kingdom is imposing in its different, characteristic way. Lumber has a wide demesne on both sides of the Ottawa and its tributary, the Gatineau, and in their confluent streams where rafts of sulky, discouraged tree-trunks float millwards with the current. The kingdom of lumber, however, comprehends two separate provincial districts politically divided though industrially united. Passing through wood-pile palisades along the street named Booth, after the venerable "J. R.," and under his office windows, you cross a brief Union Bridge from the city of Ottawa over into the city of Hull, in the more liberal province of Quebec. For a few weeks more Ottawa must still go across the river whenever it wants an unobstructed drink of something better than "four-point-four." Hull looks it, smells it, feels it. The Governors of New York and New Jersey would be more comfortable there than in the capitals of

their native States or the capital of the Dominion. Swinging a big circle back through Hull's old-fashioned streets, you cross again to Ottawa by the much higher spans of the Alexandra Bridge, where the river is wider and your view unobstructed by water-level lumber milling.

Ahead of you loom high the mills of the lawmakers: the Parliamentary Library, green-copper roofs of castellated structures and their grouped towers giving the mass against the sky the Muscovite touch of a more chaste Kremlin. Behind you, beyond the river and its logs, Quebec smiles away eastward miles and miles in the morning light, the clear green smile of the big north country, far east to blue Laurentian Hills. Your point of view is still conservative and comparatively young, Ontarian. Beyond the Laurentians lies French Canada, old and liberal.

IN 1916 the main block of the Parliamentary Buildings burned down, leaving only the Russian-looking Library standing. The rebuilt structure, completed in the late autumn of 1925, much more spacious and imposing than the old, comprises the most distinguishing architectural feature of Ottawa, the Victory Tower. Because of the lay of the Ontario land the pinnacle of the tower is an index of Dominion from very far away, just as phantom-dim spires of cathedrals in the north of England seem unattainable beacons to steer by down infinite vistas of ancient Roman roads.

On the interior facing stone, where the



Rideau River near Porter's Island ; one of the peaceful glimpses of Ottawa that are reminiscent of an Old World city

old Library joins the new masonry, are set two brass plates which distinguish the American Dominion of Canada, just as irreconcilable Confederate traditions detach Charleston, South Carolina, from the United States. One reads:

"List of victories won by the British Arms including Canadian Militia and Indians in North America during the war of 1812-15." Below in three columns appears the list of defeats sustained by the armies of the revolting colonies: Oswego, Ogdensburg, Detroit, Fort Niagara, and many others that most native historians of the United States record not. The other plate states with brazen emphasis that "The Royal William, the first vessel to cross the Atlantic by steam power, was wholly constructed in Canada and navigated to England in 1833"

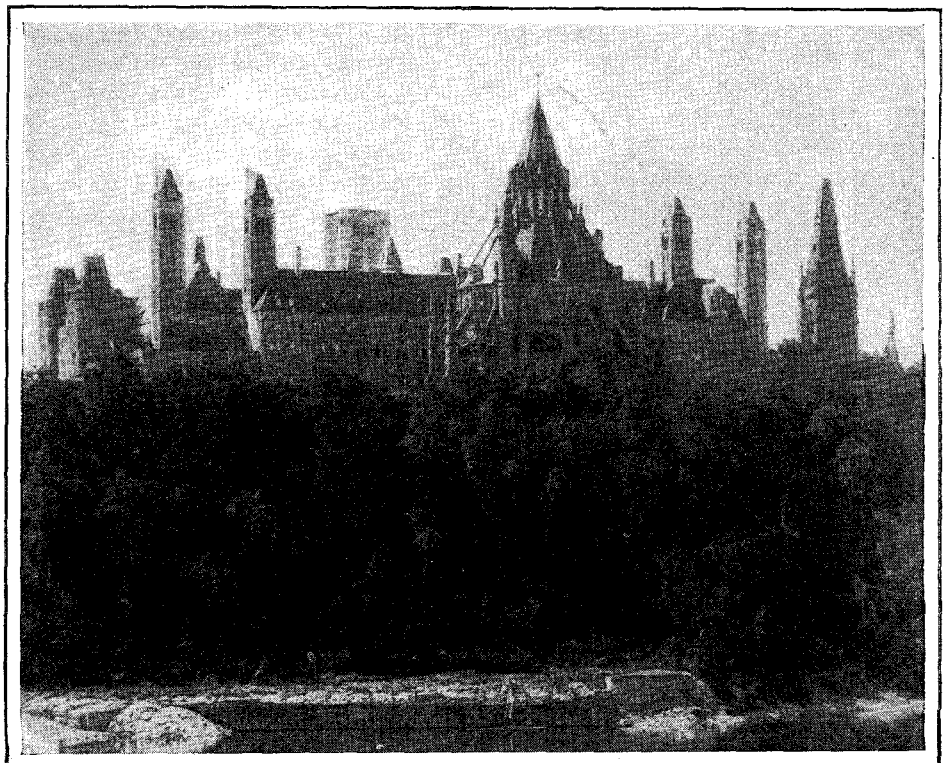
These Gothic Houses of Parliament are as distinct from the domed Capitol at Washington and its replicas in State capitols as architecture can make them.

CANALS give to residential Ottawa a Venetian or Hollandaise effect. Lawns and flower gardens and assembled borders of trees flank the old Rideau Canal above its highest lock. This is the upper reach of an unnamed international highway. The secretary of the Ottawa Board of Trade steps into his motor boat at the foot of his garden plot and in less than a week of leisurely inland waterfaring moors off New York in the Hudson River. Lumber began this settlement in the Canadian wilderness when Philemon Wright arrived in 1800 from Woburn,

Massachusetts, cut into the virgin forest, cleared a site for his sawmill on the Chaudière Falls, and floated his logs down the river to Quebec. But Colonel By, who with his British sappers and miners completed the Rideau Canal, originally dug during the War of 1812 to get munitions through unobserved from the Ottawa River to Lake Ontario, gave his name one hundred years ago to the settlement that grew up by the river locks and along the banks of the canal. Until 1854 it was known as Bytown, re-

christened Ottawa in that year of its incorporation. The following year Victoria selected it for the capital of her American Dominion, and in 1857 the Canadian Parliament sanctioned the choice. Laws followed lumber by a wide interval.

By the banks of the old Rideau Canal America and Europe, Liberal and Conservative Canada, confront one another. People with nothing else to do in the noonday hang over canal bridges watching lines of barges loaded with sand drop gravely down the seven locked steps from the Rideau level to the Ottawa River clogged with logs. On the terrace of the Château Laurier, that rises mediæval over the canal as a moat, a lady is having her early luncheon in Touraine shaded from the sunshine by a red-and-white marquee, while through the open windows of the Château dining-room come periodically the roars of Ottawa "Lions" at their midday meal in Rotaria. Canadian women aggressively smoke cigarettes—to a woman; Canadian men complacently, steadfastly, smoke brier pipes—to a man. The old Rideau Club, with its southern balconies and grillwork reminiscent of the Vieux Carré in New Orleans, listens unconvinced to the carillon of fifty-three bells in the new Victory Tower across the way. Unself-conscious gentlemen swing canes and walk robustly and without haste across the querulous path of motor vehicles. Over yonder Parliament sits, and no one knows whether Canada is governed Liberally or Conservatively, but all believe that it is governed more wisely and well than the American Republic next door.



The Library of the Parliament Buildings, seen from the river

A Nation of Wongs

By NIEL GRAHAM

SOMEHOW the cabled reports of uprisings in China failed to rouse me to the heights of passion. It was not until a letter from China told me that a former orderly of mine in the Chinese Labor Battalions of World War days had risen to be a captain of troops that the situation in China seemed suddenly brought home to me.

Forbid that I should carelessly link the consequential and the trivial, or magnify beyond all proportion the importance of my "boy" Wong. Yet the feeling will persist within me that there may be a connection between the recent elevation of a former coolie and the degradation of haughty foreign merchants.

I can't help smiling at the picture of the cringing, weeping Wong of my remembrance risen to be a leader of fighting men; but somehow I can't laugh heartily. What if Wong were one of those dreadful examples we call types? What if his metamorphosis from humble servant to masterful leader were typical of what contact with Western war ways can do to a peace-loving Chinese boy? And what if an accumulation of Wongs had at last come to a realization of their strength, found common cause for action, and had begun the eviction of the foreigner from the Middle Kingdom?

THAT Wong was peace-loving when I first knew him there can be no doubt. He had come to the gates of our compound near Tsingtao one frosty November morning in 1917 along with as motley a crowd as the World War ever gathered. There were flood refugees who had lost all but the rags they wore, runaway boys in search of their first great adventure, priests and paupers, bankrupts and renegades; but mostly the stolid, oxlike coolies to whom the ten dollar cash bonus offered by his Britannic Majesty for service with the Chinese Battalions seemed the happy solution of all financial problems.

When I first saw Wong, he sat moaning in the corner of the barracks. He was only a boy—a homeless boy caught in the meshes of the war's great machine—and the White Man had just stripped him of the last link that had bound him to the land of his fathers, his pigtail. If Westerners are inclined to scoff at the awful sense of goneness which Wong's clipped head gave him, they need but picture the lost feeling of the proud Bostonian whose documents proving descent

from Mayflower stock have just been declared spurious. At any rate, Wong wept, and as there seemed no end to his tears and as his example threatened to spread throughout the camp, I thought it best to install him at officers' quarters as my "bat boy." Once installed, he stayed, and through the long training period in China, the dreary overseas journey, and camp days in France I learned to know and to admire him.

And now this Wong, who previous to his mingling with white men settled with all adversaries by twisting pigtails and heaping abuse on long-dead ancestors, has taken a leaf from the White Man's book and fights his battles with powder and shot. And whether it is Wong's work or not I cannot say, but the White Man has started running in more than one part of China.

If Wong were to run true to the form he exhibited when I first knew him, his present military career would almost without doubt be farcical and bloodless and the White Man would soon regain his ascendancy. Wong was an average Chinese, physically and mentally appearing to be fine material for a soldier, but lacking the spark that makes a fighter of a man. One of the strangest things of modern history is that Wong's countrymen, with so many soldierly virtues, have failed to make good as soldiers when confronted with Western trained adversaries. Like other white men who have commanded them, I came to believe it to be an impossible task to convert Wong and his compatriots into capable soldiers of the modern school. They lacked so much that is essential to the modern fighting man.

TO begin with, they lacked patriotism, or at least that sense of loyalty to an existing régime or administration that we Westerners define as patriotism.

Wong would have enlisted with the Kaiser's forces if he had been offered more money to do so, and his conscience would not have hurt him a bit. When the British in one of their early campaigns in China found themselves unable to move their guns on the muddy roads from Tientsin to Peking, they found, to their surprise, that they could get all the coolie help they needed at a few cash per day. Imagine an invading European army getting men to move guns for an attack on Washington merely by inserting want ads in Philadelphia papers!

But the action of the Chinese was not

so illogical from their point of view. To them the concept of Great China—the Everlasting Middle Kingdom—was entirely separate from the little group of corrupt men then in power in Peking. Centuries of bitter experience had taught the Chinese that mandarins were but leeches on the life of the nation. The Chinese who helped move the foreign guns on Peking could yet remain true to his concept of Great China.

I had a striking example of this trend of Chinese thought when taking Wong and his companions across Canada on their way to France. A false rumor had gone throughout the troop train that we were but a short distance from Halifax, and as a result several platoons of Chinese wished to cook their evening meal in the kitchen car at the same time. A fight started, and by the time that I arrived on the scene meat cleavers and pokers had caused a good deal of blood to flow.

When order had been restored, I delivered a speech that would have made an officer of American troops grit his teeth in disgust. But on Chinese troops it worked. I told them how disappointed I was, after boasting to Western friends through whose country we were passing that my men were Chinese gentlemen and would conduct themselves as such, that here they were disgracing themselves by a brutal brawl. There never was a more humble and penitent crowd of men than after that speech. Wong was not the only one who wept, and they all gave evidence of their true repentance by irreproachable conduct for the rest of the journey. Yet those same men, so jealous of the honor of their country, would have revolted against the then ruling régime in Peking without any but the flimsiest excuse.

But now I read in every letter that comes to me from China that new loyalties are the rule in the Chinese army—that regimental insignia are marks of honor which Wong and his compatriots cherish. It seems that they have learned habits from World War days that do not promise eternal peace to the Middle Kingdom.

WONG and his fellows lacked the sense of team-work.

The hardest lesson of all to teach our Chinese recruits was to line up for "chow," to drill in squads, to function as a machine. The reason it takes two years of drill to teach the same rudi-