

has been one of great complexity and magnitude. In this country, however, the lowering of prices was an important element in the trouble. Yet the over-production complained of by the woodcutters is alone sufficient to cause great trouble. It looks like a mountain in the way out of "darkest England." Only one solution of the difficulty seems possible. It will be necessary for the army men to work at something other laborers are not to any great extent engaged in producing. America, however, has not yet found what that something is. Probably there will be trouble in producing any one thing largely.

Enterprises of great magnitude and of wonderful possibilities are the order of the day. The latest and largest is soon to be brought prominently before congress. Several western senators and representatives are pushing the project to have congress establish deep water communication between the great lakes and the Atlantic. The proposition made by Senator Davis of Minnesota is to cut a canal around Niagara Falls, widen and deepen the canal from Oswego to Syracuse, enlarge the Erie Canal from Syracuse to Troy, and finally dredge the Hudson from Troy to New York. His idea is to have a channel twenty feet deep from Duluth to the Atlantic. Thus will be secured for the western states a continuous water route to Europe. No plan that has been broached in late years is so full of promise to the west as this. It is far better than the Galveston route because it is so much shorter. The travel by rail is shorter, and by water also. The item of expense is larger than by a southern route. It is well to remember, though, that this water communication with Europe is necessary to the continued advancement of the west and hence, when established, will be permanent. Expense, therefore, is a matter of minor importance. The important question to settle is, what is the most feasible and direct route. First, cost should not be allowed to decide the route. Two hundred million dollars, the estimated cost of constructing a deep water harbor on the Texas coast to be admitted into the calculations. The carrying trade from the west is already so large and is destined to become so tremendous that the first cost will soon dwindle to insignificance in comparison with the value of the traffic. It is, of course, not expected that this congress will do anything decisive in this matter. It is a subject of too vast importance to be treated hastily. There are great difficulties in the way of constructing such a water way, difficulties not only physical but legal. There will be great opposition from those whose interests will suffer, as for instance from the elevator owners of Buffalo. Then the state of New York will have to be induced to turn over the Erie canal to the United States. No matter what the difficulties are, the west will see that the project is finally consummated. This country is bound to be the richest section of the nation. The cost, therefore, is not an item that should or can cause much hesitation.

#### EXCHANGE.

Again has the supposed to be *ex-man* of the Niagara *Index* spoken. Again has he tried to ridicule THE HESPERIAN and in so trying he has placed himself in a very ridiculous plight. We have always thought that he belonged to the *genus homo*, but in the last issue of the *Index* he has given away his identity and we find we have been mistaken. He does not belong to the *genus homo*. He is one of the order *Psattaci*. In fact he is a *rara avis*. In his rambling discourse of unquoted sentences on two of THE HESPERIAN editors he closes his remarks by saying, "Does Polly want a cacka?" Thus does he give himself away completely. He objects,

and rightly too, to our calling him either a witty child or an old man. We certainly hope to be forgiven for making such a blunder. We had some admiration for this *rara avis* before he threw off his mask, but now, although he repeats things quite well and accurately, we can have only pity for him. We are sorry that he is now trying to imitate an editor. We think Polly that "for the the sake of college journalism you had better put a hole in your head and let all this 'stereotyped' stuff ooze out at once." Then come off your perch and try to be a man instead of trying to impersonate one. It will be very hard for you to do this. I doubt not that if you make the attempt your utterances will be in part like the following: "Are you in it you're out of sight you've blown a fuse your trolley's off where did you get that hat Annie Rooney Johnnie get your gun down went McGinty comrades and she winked the other eye come off." Of course this will be but a small part of all you will say, but, as I said before, for the sake of college journalism and, and as I say now, for the sake of yourself, Polly, and for the sake of humanity at large, go off to some secluded spot and say all you know then come back and begin life anew and THE HESPERIAN will aid you in any and every way possible.

Many of our exchanges were unusually attractive when they reached our table clothed in holiday attire. The *Owl* from the University of Ottawa was especially noticeable. There was no change in the cover except the color. The cover was of a glossy (or "flossy" if you like) golden hue. Other papers deserving mention are the Kansas university *Courier*, the Iowa college *Unit*, the *Epsilon* from Bridgeport Connecticut.

#### A Case of "Headredity."

I had been in this country but a few weeks and was not very well acquainted with American customs. Consequently when I was walking the other day, and heard some one call out, "Where's the white horse?" I turned around to see who had been run away with. I did not know but that the white horse was used for some certain purpose. I found out afterwards that this was true, but that it was for a very different purpose from what I had imagined. I noticed when I turned around that every one was laughing at something. I wished that I knew at what, so that I might laugh with them. No one seemed inclined to give me any further information, though I am sure that I showed by my face how sympathetic I felt. I wondered more and more as the laughter continued, for I could not see a sign of anything ridiculous. All at once an old woman jumped out of a doorway. "You poor child, you shan't be made fun of," I heard her say, and then I found myself out of the street, in a narrow hallway. I could hear the crowd jeering outside. Putting my hands up to my ears to keep out the noise, I turned inquiringly to the old woman. She said nothing, but led me into a large sitting room and placed me in an easy chair.

I knew by this time that I had been the cause of the merriment outside. What had I done to merit ridicule? What was there about me that caused people over here in America to point their fingers at me? I could not imagine. I had always heard what nice people the Americans were, so gentle towards women. Why! over home the men used to take off their hats and keep them off when I went by. The morning I came away they all cheered, threw flowers in the carriage, and wished me a prosperous voyage. Everybody was so merry that morning. They told me that over here women could go around alone and never be molested. I'll never believe that again! I have had too much experience.

While I sat musing, the old woman busied herself in making me a cup of tea "to steady your nerves" she said. That