

# HOW B. C. ELECTED ITS FIRST MEMBER

Here is the amusing story of the first election held in British Columbia after its confederation with the rest of Canada, on July 1st, 1871. It was told the writer by one of Victoria's best known pioneer settlers, Mr. R. B. McMicking, who was an eyewitness of the extraordinary events here set forth. Under the terms of the Canadian Confederation, British Columbia was given a representation of three senators and six commoners in the federal councils.

It was in December, 1871, that the first election was to be held in the town of Yale, to elect a representative for that constituency in the Canadian House of Commons. Our old friend, who was one of those plucky pioneers who walked from Fort Garry (Now Winnipeg) to the Cariboo during the gold rush—had gone to Yale on government business after a few days before the date on which the elections were fixed to take place. On the morning of nomination day, Mr. McMicking chanced to drop into the office of the magistrate, the late Mr. A. T. Bushby—an old friend of his, and a gentleman of culture and rare social repute whom to know was to admire and respect.

The morning was a cold one. Cold is a bad habit of that locality in that particular season, for Yale lies exposed to the northwind as it blows up from the deep gorge in the mountains, a mile distant, through which the Fraser flows to the sea. In one corner of the Department of Justice that eventful morning a tin stove was making heroic, though unsuccessful efforts to warm the atmosphere. On either side of the struggling stove, with their feet irreverently upon its tin top, sat Magistrate Bushby and Mr. McMicking in an attitude of poised resignation. They were endeavoring to help the stove raise the temperature by a heated discussion on some passing events, when the magistrate, who was also the returning officer, said suddenly: "I quite forgot this is nomination day, and by the way it's just about the hour! Wait a minute, Mr. McMicking, while I instruct the constable to stir up the electors!"

So saying, Mr. Bushby stepped to the door, hailing the solitary peace-preserved and involuntary election agent, called out: "This is nomination day. You know, it's the election,

and its almost time to receive nominations. Hurry off down town, beat up some voters. Be quick, or it looks as if there'll be no election for Yale. Meantime, I'll read the writ to those present—Er, that is—a to my friend here!"

Off hustles the constable to canvass electors, while the worthy magistrate, ever an exceedingly quick spoken person, began his "Oyes! Oyes!" at a rate that would have baffled the slickest shorthand-writer that ever broke a record on his pencil.

It was a great, if breathless, performance, and just as he had fairly finished reading the rigmorole, the constable—equally breathless with unaccustomed haste returned leading by the collar two puzzled-looking voters, who seemed in doubt whether they had been arrested or whether they were only to vote. The triumphant amateur election-agent explained that these were the only electors he could "induce" to come out. The first of this rare species of privileged settler he had encountered, said it was too cold for such tom foolery, and elected—to stay by his fire-side. Two of these, we had found further on in his search, were hotly contesting a game of pool, and consigned both the policemen and the election to the bottom pocket. A third group of electors we had found craning their necks over a table, intent upon a game of chance. These politely declined the constable's kind invitation to step outside and vote, upon the plea that there was "nothing in it." The two present represented the entire political "pool"; none of the other qualified electors seeming to recognize that such an event as the first Federal election could come but once in their lifetime.

There, however, were the two (or three) gathered together—they had had the advantage of being conveyed to the poll—and after eyeing each other and their surroundings suspiciously for a few minutes—as if to see what charge was to be preferred against them—one of them said that he supposed the first thing necessary was to hear the writ read.

"Oh!" said Returning officer Bushby, "that was just finished as you came in. See (pointing to the clock) you are ten minutes late. I am quite ready now to receive nominations!" Here was a crisis! The last real estate was

verily worse than the first. Here was the free and independent electors of Yale ready to vote. But where were the candidates? This was a more trying stage than any that had been reached hitherto in the "exciting events" that was to precede the epoch-making election of Yale's first representative to the new Federal Parliament. The two electors had barely been prepared to vote when they were called upon to fulfil the momentous and responsible act of selecting a candidate or candidates to adorn the honor roll. Both confessed they had not thought of the election itself let alone of any candidate; and still less of playing so foremost a part in the election.

Several names were hurriedly canvassed. Mr. Bushby as returning officer was not eligible. Mr. McMicking declined on the ground that he had already sufficient troubles of his own. The constable said he could barely look after himself, let alone the constituency. Neither wished to nominate the other, apparently, and neither dared to nominate himself. No Liberal precedents in the Provincial assembly had then been created. The magistrate and returning officer had exhausted his imagination when one of the electors remembered that he had heard the name of a Captain Houghton, an ex-army officer who was now ranching "somewhere in the interior," mentioned as a possible candidate. He would not be likely, indeed he could not now object. None—that is to say, neither—of the voters seemed to know him, but the more they canvassed the situation the more convinced they became that "Houghton was the man for Yale." Besides, the thought that his nomination would provide a "way out" of the difficulty and out of that cold room—added weight to the opinion of the electors.

"I beg to nominate Captain Houghton," ventured one, after a painful silence.

"I beg to second that gentleman's nomination," echoed his friend with a new-born confidence in his voice that seemed to challenge opposition.

"Good!" Ejaculated Mr. Bushby as, with a twinkle in his eye, he gravely surveyed the room, and said "Are there any other nominations?"

Neither Mr. McMicking nor the constable spoke—and not being electors, it wouldn't

have mattered much if they had. After the clock had ticked off a few seconds of suspended animation, the returning officer with a solemnity fitting to the occasion, declared Captain Houghton to have been duly elected by acclamation as the first representative of Yale in the Canadian House of Commons.

By this time the proposer, a young man of good parts, who was closing up an embarrassed firm's affairs prior to searching for a fresh billet, seemed well pleased with his part in inaugurating a new political epoch. But just as he was preparing to make an impressive exit, the seconder quietly inquired the reason he had failed to court the honor himself. As the chance he had missed dawned on the young man, his countenance fell to zero, and with a muttered "D—, I never thought of that," he crammed his hat on his head and strode home.

The electorate of Yale had dispersed after electing Captain Houghton as their first representative to the first Dominion Parliament. The magistrate and Mr. McMicking had resumed their stove-hugging postures, and barely half an hour had gone by when the latch was lifted, and a lone cold elector appeared in the doorway. He had just strolled in to inquire—as he expressed it—if this "shouldn't be election day." He had noticed nothing unusual in the saloons, but like the true Scot, he "haed his doots."

Mr. Bushby's long experience in sifting evidence and weighing witnesses seemed to make him say to himself as he faced his inquisitor "now here is one of those sturdy sober citizens, who cannot convince themselves that it is possible to hold an election without something being done crookedly. He's here with the determination to nose it out whether it exists or not." But to the elector he merely smiled blandly and said: "Oh, yes! this is election day."

Voter—"Well! Isn't it time to hold it?"

Magistrate—"Quite time.—The hour was 11 o'clock. It's all over. You're too late."

Voter (suspiciously) "Were there many here?"

Magistrate (with obvious caution) "Oh! Quite a few."

Voter—"Um! Who's elected?"

Magistrate—"Oh, let me see—er—oh yes!

Captain Houghton was elected, by acclamation."

Voter—Captain Houghton! Who's he?

Magistrate—"A rancher in the interior; He

—Voter (satisfied that the magistrate is eager to furnish freely all the information he can, interrupts) "Oh, it's all right. It suits me well enough. I don't know him, but I s'pose he'll do."

And with the receiving officer's regret that he could not have got there earlier—when history might have been very different—the solitary independent elector, who had that unconsciously represented the total combined interest of that large constituency in the choice of a Parliamentary representative, wandered disappointedly away. With his departure the curtain dropped on what surely deserves to be remembered, if remembered at all, as the most historic and unique election since British Columbia gave up its "crown" to share in the still greater glory of an united Canada.

It only remains to be added that although Captain Houghton chanced to be unknown to the three who voted or came to vote at that memorable election, he was well known and well esteemed to those less remote from his habitation in the Okanagan as a genial gentleman of conspicuous ability and scholarly attainments. He served as member for Yale for one or two sessions by acceptably, proving himself a conscientious and earnest representative, until he was made Deputy Adjutant General for British Columbia, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. The vacant seat in the Canadian Commons was contested by the late "Doc" Chisholm and Mr. (now the Honorable) Edgar Dewdney, the latter's success marking his start on a distinguished parliamentary life. Colonel Houghton died some 12 years ago, and of the small group that took part in the political comedy of the seventies, all save Mr. McMicking, who tells the story, have attended their last caurs, now await the "final count."

Seventy per cent of the gold in the possession of civilized man is in the form of coin.

A recent police census gave Korea a population of 12,574,200, of whom 153,802 were Japanese.

## Wonders of a Modern Hotel

Only those who have been privileged to peep behind the scenes can form an idea of the marvels of the big modern hotel where everything is run on scientific principles. For science is the keynote of those huge establishments—science in construction, operation, science in cooking, and science in management. Dip down into the engine room of one of the largest of New York's hotels and see what science means to a modern hotel.

In the sub-basement forty or more feet below the sidewalk, is a plant covering almost the entire floor space of the hotel that could satisfy practically every need of a community of from 30,000 to 40,000 people. It makes the hotel, so far as mechanical devices are concerned, almost completely independent of outside assistance, an isolated organism. The whirling of immaculately kept great dynamos, motors and engines, beautifully graceful, tells you that 23,000 electric lights are dancing in the hotel, that the water supply of 50,000 cubic feet a day is being doubly filtered and pumped throughout; that elevators, twenty-six in all, are flying up and down, and that twenty tons of ice, enough for a good sized skating rink, are being frozen daily.

How an alchemist of mediaeval days would have revelled in the harvesting of a tonnage of ice of this kind in his cellar every day! Yet it doesn't bother in the least the chief engineer, who is responsible largely for the planning as well as the running of all the mechanics in the hotel, a huge factory of multiple activities. He turns a lever or a handle of some kind while you are talking down in the sub-basement, and up on the fourteenth floor in the refrigerator in the pantry of Mrs. Jones-Smith's private \$50,000 a year apartments the ice-cold air begin to play about delicate salads and terrapin and the like to cool them. It is a brine circulation plant for cooking the thirty upstairs private apartment refrigerators and the twenty-four in the basement, as well as a cold room on the seventh floor for the storage of furs, tapestries and blankets.

### Thousands of Dollars a Year Saved

It saves the hotel thousands of dollars a year to have its own independent engineering department. For one-third or more of what outside prices would be lopped off. Here are a few examples: Steam for running the dynamos and engines is generated in nine water tube boilers of 3,500 horse-power. Roughly, 50 per cent of this steam would be lost after doing work through the engines. But this dead exhaust steam is still useful to this many-sided hotel plant, except for the three summer months. It heats the water and warms the building through radiators.

The varied nature of this hotel manufactory again shows its economy in the machine shop and draughting room. When a piece of expensive machinery breaks it is not replaced by a costly similar part from the maker. A design is drawn, a casting ordered from outside at a comparatively low figure and the part finished and adjusted on the lathes and drills of the machine shop inside. The mechanical storeroom contains only 2,600 different items.

Again, said the chief unto himself one day as he looked over the fields of silver teapots and cake trays, spoons and cream pitchers, the Greek dish washing squad were busy bathing in the steward's best soft soap and water, after 3,500 tea sippers had dropped in from Fifth avenue one afternoon for the daily tea fight upstairs—said the chief "Let us save the hotel some more money in making silver." The chief did not mean to be counterfeiter, only a silverware manufacturer, for he and his men are men of many parts, who can do anything from running an electric plant to repairing a watch or a baby carriage. And now behold! The hotel is its own silversmith, its shop of fifteen men manufacturing and repairing all its silverware, adding its own distinctiveness and costing less. And what's more, a guest with a pressing engagement and a broken silver case can get the latter repaired on the spot.

### An Army of Tradesmen

He can get almost anything else repaired too among the small army of 150 men, electricians, mechanics, printers, carpenters, cabinet makers, blacksmiths, decorators, upholsterers, stage hands, and general men of all arts. There's a locksmith who controls a master key and also an emergency key that not only unlocks every one of the hundreds of locks in the house but defies any additional bolts you may slip. Then he looks also after the 2,500 new keys that have to be added a year.

Vacuum cleaners bring all the dirt of the house down into two machines which separate the sheep of the dirt from the goats, although both are destroyed—the one cast into the fire, the other, the dust, etc., into the outer darkness of the sewer.

The fire brigade has a record in fire drill of one minute and a quarter to the furthest part of the building, the elevator dropping immediately to the ground floor for the smoke eaters on an alarm. Water could be pumped at the rate of 4,000 gallons a minute through the hose lines.

One of the best features of the modern hotel's engineering plant is the ventilating system. Eight great fans blow cool fresh air into the lower parts of the hotel. The kitchen is well high as sweet and airy as an ocean breeze, with nothing of the sickening odors that issue from the ordinary small restaurant or hash house. There is an average temperature of the year round of 70 degrees. Every minute 100,000 cubic feet of air are blown in, which in the winter first passes over steam radiators.

Your modern hotel engineer is a director of enterprise, primarily of good executive ability, combining within a wizard-like mechanical knowledge that must be adaptable to all most anything.

The kitchen! Do you think of a low, broad, sunny homestead, a big fireplace with a roast on a spit against a grate, a high back settle seat drawn up evenings to pop corn from, the willow broom in the corner, the cat on the hearth and the neat housewife bustling about?

Well, a modern hotel kitchen is not like

that. It's a kind of a young army headquarters, with troops of waiters swooping down upon tables scattered about bargain counter, pausing just enough to have all their trayful checked up by the checker, who seems to be able to take in a meal in a glance and set it down on paper.

The steward is an important personage in a big hotel. "Coffee, butter, eggs and milk—the four essentials of a good hotel. Without them you perish, and your hotel with you. Let the man sleep on the bumps of a lumpy bed all night, but give him a wonderful cup of coffee for breakfast and he's all right. Give him the downiest bed there is and a cup of washy coffee the next morning and he'll consign you to perdition."

This is the gospel of the hotel we are visiting, and he will show you the boxes of coffee that could chase away memories of the lushest bed if ever called upon.

The steward is the purchaser of supplies. He's also the policeman of the kitchen, for he's always about keeping things in order. And he's a kind of a "seeing the town" man, for when a company of 200 new waiters arrive on New Year's eve for the big rush on the dining room he has his minions pilot them about so that they don't go looking for ice cream in the pickle jar. He also presides over the 2,000 daily meals for the help.

Stroll about this steward's realm, see lines of delicate chain stowed away in neat compartments, hear that the gold is melted off the rims of broken plates on to the buttons of the page boys' and waiters' coats, peek into long rows of refrigerators stocked with rich fruits and delicate vegetables, as also the store-rooms of groceries, and you are sure that there is enough here to have lasted through the siege of Port Arthur.

Dish washing brigades stack dishes in wire cages, then let them down into streaming hot solutions of water and soft soap, and they come out to dry themselves. And when you are drying dishes and silver by hand, hold a towel in each hand instead of one, and you will economize time and effort.

These are some of the things that go on beneath desks in a big hotel. Up in the top story the hotel upholsterer, Davis, has his followers making over the mattresses of the hotel, which happen about every three months to each one. Electric darning machines are working on the linen and bath towels. Twelve hundred windows need curtains changed every two weeks. Furniture, carpets, tapestries and reset when a new resident takes an apartment and the scheme does not suit his fancy. The draperies and upholstering work are all done here. Electricity runs the sewing machines.

This antedote was famous in the '70s. As it concerns W. S. Gilbert, lately deceased, it is reprinted on a chance.

The first performance of "Pinafore" in London enlisted an actor named Standing, to whom the librettist took a violent dislike. The show was a tremendous hit through its burlesque of British politics and old-time Italian opera, and a friends of Gilbert's congratulating him predicted that it would be a run a year or two.

To which Gilbert added: "Notwithstanding."

## The Orion's Gun Trials

The naval correspondent of the London Standard writes: A great deal of mystery surrounds the gun trials of the Orion; and there are not wanting those who assert that there never were any in the public conception of the term.

Pessimists and the advocates of "moderate dimensions" aver that failure was taken as an axiom: that the guns as a whole were never fired, and that to fire them all together with full charges would practically have destroyed the ship. This assertion cannot be proved; the evidence is that the Orion did fire all ten guns together, but whether with full or reduced charges none can discover. To bear out their argument, the pessimists quote the Neptune, bearing ten 12-in. on the broadside. On her trials she eased off with full charges eight only together, and subsequently had to undergo considerable repairs. With the Orion, carrying far more powerful guns, a great deal more care seems to have been exercised, and, according to some reports, at no time were more than four of her ten guns fired together with full charges. The other six, making up her supposed battle armament, were silent, so it is said. Pending an actual public demonstration to the contrary it may be taken for granted that whatever may be officially asserted in Parliament hereafter, many will hold that the Orion cannot use her entire broadside with full charges under battle conditions without considerable strain. The best brains in England are, perhaps, unable to devise a structure that can assuredly be assumed capable of standing the terrific shock of ten 13.5's going off together and keeping it up. The best brains elsewhere in other countries will shortly be in a similar or worse plight, and the Orion's standing four monster guns going off together may yet be recorded in history as a triumph. In action it may be therefore assumed that she would somehow hold together long enough for the enemy to fare at least as badly or worse, and the battle, be won.

Guns are piled on guns and calibres on calibres, but, as a matter of fact, every Dreadnought in the world over and above the original type may be more or less a "paper warship." Since the Dreadnought, the limits of what human ingenuity can accomplish would seem to have been overstepped. The ships exist, the guns exist, but no important step has been taken beyond that of some twenty years ago, when a certain ship was specifically ordered not to fire her guns "except in case of battle!" Twenty or thirty years ago four big guns were ascertained to be the utmost that any ship could then carry and use to full advantage. Since then we have doubled the possibilities with the Dreadnought, beyond which again, perhaps, only paper progress has been made. We are, in a sense, trying to run before we can walk. Ten big guns were possibly fired together on the broadside of the Orion—whether with full charges or not it is impossible to ascertain. But they were certainly not fired under the conditions contemplated for battle, i.e., a continual repetition go-

ing on and on; that is to say, a constant strain instead of a single one. From all accounts the Neptune is the only modern ship in which anything of that sort has been tried, with, as noted above, ample indications that the limit was very near.

The Orion stood such firing of her guns as took place very well. Only the usual minor breakages appear to have occurred. But if the "four only" story be correct, it is absurd to assume that a ship of a new type, with a new type of gun, would have been confined to firing only 40 per cent of her guns had it been deemed safe to test her to her full capacity. And "full capacity" is not even exhibited by a single broadside with full charges.

Monster ships may go on being built and may grow more and more monstrous as the years go on, but they must either increase in monstrosity to an enormous extent or else become merely paper weapons. The ratio reached in the Dreadnought represents the really known highwater limit of safety. Three thousand extra tons in the Neptune failed to exceed the Dreadnought's resisting power; six thousand odd tons extra in the Orion, with almost double the shock, sounds a somewhat doubtful proposition. There are limits to any resistance which can be obtained for a given weight, as any private citizen can work out for himself with a series of wooden boxes and a hammer. A battleship firing her big guns all together is exactly represented by a box hit by a hammer. The shock of firing is terrific—except on paper. It is not the first-blow that counts, but the continuation of the blows.

There is some reason to believe that there is truth in the theory advanced by some that, so far as our present knowledge goes, eight 12-in., six 13.5-in., or four 15-in. represent the utmost broadside that we can build any ordinarily-sized ship to stand with certainty. Anything over this ratio, they say, is useful for paper comparisons, and may possibly survive an action long enough to be of material service, but the time dismally prophesied in the past, when naval warfare would not mean a ship resisting the blows of the enemy so much as surviving her own gunfire, seems (possibly) near at hand.

A very good case is to be made out by those who assert that our ships are over-gunned; the same old error that we have always made from the days of Henry VIII. and the Mary Rose onward. In the years that followed hostile ship after hostile ship drifted into our hands by the chance of battle, and each and every one was found to carry an altogether smaller armament in relations to displacement than our ships. In the course of time we very tardily learned our lesson; since when things have changed so much that we now easily lead the world in the matter of designing lines which secure more speed for a given power than any other nation in the world.

Chinese athletes train upon duck brains, which they consider the most strengthening food.