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food overpowering as to quantity, and badly cooked as to quality, the people (like their *menus*) pretentious and unsatisfactory on further acquaintance. In spite of all these dreary prophecies I have returned, after a year's sojourn across the Atlantic, feeling that I have never spent a more profitable and, therefore, on the whole, a more enjoyable year than the one that has just passed away.

Now it seems to me that any one of ordinary intelligence after such an experience should be able to put together a few short, readable and fairly interesting chapters on a country bound to us by ties of such close relationship, sharing with us so many of our most glorious traditions in the past: a country with many of the faults and follies and pretensions and with much of the over-confidence perhaps of youth, but with so much also of its generous enthusiasm; so full of its grand possibilities.

The attitude of England towards America has been more or less that of the parent of a capable and enterprising son. The son has cut away from home ties;