

## Conditions in the United States

### THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER TAKEN TO TASK

A correspondent, E.E.K., writes to the editor of the British Columbia Monthly:

In the June number of the B. C. Monthly the "Wayside Philosopher", usually so right and interesting, has fallen into error in his criticism of our neighbours south of the Boundary Line.

Allow me to quote his most caustic paragraph. Speaking of the United States he says:

"Where home has lost a large part of its meaning; where human life has lost some of its greatness; where marriage is a matter of convenience, not of principle; where graft and corruption flourish and money is God and King—even the Klu Klux Klan might be of some use."

The writer of this brief reply, a Canadian, who lived in the United States for thirty years, thus having had some opportunity to learn something of the life and manners of Americans can, in all sincerity, express a different opinion.

In the first place, we must bear in mind that all the newspaper reports of happenings in the United States

are apt to be magnified in our minds, as they cover a vast population, twelve times that of Canada.

According to my observation, Americans have a high ideal of what constitutes a home, in both a material and a spiritual sense. It is true that divorce is prevalent among Americans, which goes to prove that they are enlightened on that subject. They see the injustice and folly of keeping married couples together when there is unfaithfulness, cruelty, or other unendurable wrongs, existing between them. They have learned that under such conditions a legal severing of the marriage tie with the privilege of re-marriage contributes to clean living and happy homes. A good thing about American divorce is that it is available to the poor as well as to the rich, which, I think, cannot be said of either Great Britain or Canada. Another thing, under the laws of United States a man and woman cannot live together outside wedlock without being subject to criminal prosecution. Can that be said of Britain or Canada?

According to my observation and experience, the people of Canada are no more honest and virtuous than

Americans.

I deny that graft and corruption flourish in United States. There are instances of it there, to be sure, just as you will find to be the case in Canada, but it does not flourish in either country, because of the large number of high-minded men and women who are constantly fighting those evils.

If it may be said that in United States "money is God and King," the same may be said of all Capitalistic Countries where large individual fortunes are made.

We Canadians ought to hold ourselves free from any smugness and provincialism that would rate ourselves as a little better than our American cousins.

It is true that the Hearst press of United States has often shown great injustice towards the British people, and our press has retaliated. It would be better, though, for them on both sides to quit their nagging and strive to establish the most friendly relations between the two countries. It behooves the English-speaking people everywhere to stand together as brothers, shoulder-to-shoulder, looking into the future.

## "Thy People Shall Be My People"

### The Englishman in Canada

By C. C. Fuller, Victoria, B. C.

In that inimitable book, "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.," Flurry Knox is described as looking like a groom when amongst gentlemen, and like a gentleman when amongst grooms. An Englishman born and brought up in England, who comes to Canada, is in somewhat similar case, he looks and feels like an Englishman when in Canada, and like a Canadian when in England—an Ishmaelitic position, which is the price he has to pay for the adventurous quality of his temperament. He can be divided roughly into two types, that which says, as he straddles in front of the fire, while his wife shivers on an antimacassar bedecked chair, "I am an Englishman, I'm proud of it, I want to be nothing more or less." And when he dies "Grief of a day may fill a day." He has his virtues, he may have his uses, peace to his ashes.

The other type, which is the one that chiefly concerns us, is the kind of Englishman who has some imagination, who comes to Canada, informed with an honest intention to try and be a good Canadian citizen;

who does his best to learn and understand the traditions, the aspirations, ideals and ambitions of Canada, whose loyalty to Canada is of almost a more passionate nature, than that of the native born, and is comparable to the infatuation of an elderly Benedict for a young wife; he wants to lavish high-souled devotion on her, while what she really wants is chocolate cream. There is something rather wistful, rather tragic, about the position, even though one smiles at it.

A native born Canadian can never love his country in the same way that an Englishman can; I don't say that he cannot love it, perhaps, in a deeper, truer and more Catholic sense, but his love is like the placid stream of family affection, while the Englishman's is like that of a sentimental adventurer, who, having spent his youth amongst a society of conservative ladies of charming manners and uncertain age, suddenly finds in his embrace, some lusty nymph, just bursting into womanhood, and breathing the very spirit of the woods and mountains. Pas-

sion may merge with ago into a more placid form of affection, and the rhapsodies of young love give place to community of taste and interest and of memory, but the Englishman is somewhat in the position of the bigamist, or at all events, of the widower who married again—he finds himself walking in the pleasure of Memory, with a different lady.

I took part in a discussion, some time ago, about the appointment of a school teacher. The community was almost entirely one of English-born people, and a general wish was felt for an English-born woman. I ventured to say, that, purity of English and general efficiency being equal, I should be inclined to give preference to a Canadian born, on the grounds that whatever our own personal prejudices and predilections might be, our children would undoubtedly grow up Canadians, and that though one would be sorry if they learned to talk through their noses, one would rather they did that, than the best Oxford English through the top of their hats. My