

# POOR DOCUMENT

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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1926

## The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL 8, 1926.

### EXILED CANADIANS.

Is it easier for a Canadian to "get ahead" in the United States than it is for the American-born?

Professor Wallace W. Charters, of the University of Chicago, himself a native of Canada and a graduate of McMaster University, told the Ontario Educational Association last night that in his opinion Canadians "are more apt to make good in the United States than the people born there."

"I think it is true," he said, "that it is better for a boy to be born in Canada if he wants to get ahead in the United States. In the last analysis, of course, he has to make good; but I believe he can get a firm foothold more easily if he is a Canadian."

Doubtless this is flattering to our sense of pride, and to the justified faith in themselves which marks most Canadians; but it can scarcely be accepted as sound doctrine, and even though the words are those of a Canadian who has been highly successful in "getting ahead" in the neighboring Republic, it is an utterance of doubtful utility at a time when this country is striving to devise ways and means to stop the exodus of brains and brawn.

Professor Charters, whatever chair he fills in the University of Chicago, an institution to which many Canadians have been attached in various capacities, and from which a battalion of two of Canadians have been graduated in the last generation, should know the peril that frequently lurks in generalities.

He speaks of the United States as if conditions which exist in Massachusetts were identical with those in Oregon, Texas, Illinois, Virginia, and New York. There are nearly fifty states, and no two of them are of the same pattern. East and West are separated by more than distance. In the South they still speak of themselves as "Yankees" and not many years ago a ferry and "unconstructed" old gentlemen in the mountains of Tennessee who were blessed with a son very late in life seized the opportunity to proclaim his sentiments by naming the new arrival "John Wilkes Booth," after the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. He didn't know the Civil War was over.

A Canadian's chance of getting ahead in the United States—in any part of a country almost as large as our own and containing twelve or thirteen times our population—is not quite so rosy as Professor Charters' observations would imply. In many states there is a very strong determination to give the native preference over the foreigner. There are many positions for which Canadians are not eligible unless they become naturalized; and there are Canadians (we hope Professor Charters is one of them) who do not lightly forewear their allegiance to His Most Gracious Majesty.

Those who are unwilling to become citizens of Uncle Sam, and who are bold enough to say so, are often subjected to pressure, and if they do not yield to that, preferment is not for them except in rare instances. If they have the brains and energy which will command success anywhere, there is, of course, no stopping them. Civil service rules in many states and cities are a bar to the Canadian, and in many fields of employment they encounter a chauvinism, natural enough perhaps, but unpleasant and constituting not only a social handicap but a rather formidable barrier upon the road to success.

In New England, where there are more Canadians than in any other part of the United States, the Boston Tea Party has not yet been forgotten, and those who visited not only New England but many other sections of the Republic just prior to the great war, or at any time before the Americans went in, or who were at that time resident under the Stars and Stripes, became conscious of sentiments and conditions the existence of which they had not previously suspected, or which they had forgotten.

The race is not to the swift always, nor the battle to the strong; and Canadians who succeed in competition with Americans on their own ground, do so for very obvious reasons. Their success means that they are better equipped for the battle than their competitors, and succeed not because they are Canadians but because they have more capacity for overcoming handicaps than the particular Americans with whom they are competing at that stage of the game.

Professor Charters would have done well had he given his audience his idea as to what percentage of the hundreds of thousands of Canadians who have fought fortune south of our boundary have really "got ahead," and what percentage are eking out a living as hewers of wood and drawers of water; who, in fact, would have done much better for themselves, and for Canada as well, had they remained under the British flag. Of the Canadians who succeed there, we hear much, and it is to their credit and to the credit of their nation that they do succeed. Of the immensely greater number who fail, we hear nothing; but we know they

exist, and that as the years creep upon them and they still find themselves under an alien sky, unsuccessful, with no goal in sight, they deeply regret the day when they turned their backs upon Canada.

Professor Charters is not to be judged by one or two paragraphs quoted from his speech, the context of which is not available; but nevertheless if he intended to convey the impression that the average Canadian goes to the States has a better chance of success than an American of approximately equal intelligence, his view is lop-sided and misleading. Indeed it tends to remind one of that species of logic familiar in the classrooms of another generation: "Doyle is an Irishman; he is red-headed; therefore all Irishmen are red-headed." Professor Charters would know where the fallacy lies there.

Mussolini, having escaped assassination, is to take a jaunt to Tripoli on a great battleship. Meantime he gives the Italian nation this one to think over: "I have chosen as the slogan of my life, 'Live in danger' and I say, as an old fighter: 'When I advance, follow me; when I retreat, kill me; should I die, avenge me.'" This gentleman, evidently, is not only hard to kill, but our untamed goat, when people gather right in the middle of the sidewalk to gossip.

When writing little sing-song verse, Where meter isn't missing, The only thing you've got to do is make it rhyme like this: NOW, HONESTLY—

The trouble with most of us is, that we're so blamed human that it gets our untamed goat, when people gather right in the middle of the sidewalk to gossip. No one has ever given a satisfactory answer as to why they do it. "I would be a simple thing to walk over to the curb, or up to a building side-out of the way. But that's the place they leave for you and I and the other fellow to go."

What do they talk about? Oh, about a loaf enough to provoke a flock of pedestrians. And there is only one thing we can do—walk around.

Dr. Frank H. Vitzel, Lexington (laugh that off) says the average person knows but from 8,000 to 10,000 words. . . . Well, the average word is settled for this year at least. In a little more than three weeks we shall be changing the clocks.

The Auditor General at Ottawa has found that the unclaimed estates of men who participated in the Klondike rush "in '98" have mostly devolved next to nothing. Fifty-four of these put together would clean up only \$20,000. Olaf Olson, at one time the richest man in Dawson City, put his immense profits from the gold fields into real estate in and about Dawson. When the gold rush was at its height he could have cashed in for many millions. But he held on until the tide ebbed. His unclaimed estate is now valued at \$2,300. McGee, of White Horse, recognized as the hero of many of Robert W. Service's poems, at one time had piled up a big fortune. His estate, also unclaimed, are today worth \$201.

**Odds and Ends**  
A Courtenay Bay Limerick

Blow softly, gentle breezes,  
Across the flats of Courtenay Bay;  
Do not disturb the wheezes  
Of those who "hit the hay."

The Leconfield goes right ahead,  
A-digging up the clams,  
While Saint John people lie in bed  
And snutter out their dams.

Across the Bay the clam has fled,  
The Leconfield tore up his bed,  
Among those others now he lies,  
Who sleep away while the city dies.

**At a Royal Easter Breakfast**  
A hollow golden Easter egg, filled with pearls and other gems valued at about \$100,000, was presented by Napoleon III. to his empress at Easter in 1862.

**The Roof of The World.**  
To a lofty table land in the country of the Pamirs in Central Asia, the title "roof of the world" has been given. This table land is a succession of elevated valleys between extensive plateaus where the mean elevation is 13,000 feet and where some mountain peaks rear up 23,000 feet.

**Waltz King's Record**  
Strauss, the waltz king, is said to have written nearly 400 waltzes, and that there was not a poor one among them. In addition he wrote many selections for other dance steps, including polkas, mazurkas and schottisches, not to mention marches and ballads. His operettas were next in fame to his waltzes.

**The Golfer's Dirge.**  
I've licked them with their aching hands  
That thrashed in every pore;  
I've licked them when they hadn't slept  
A wink the night before;  
I've licked them with lumbago,  
And I've licked them with the grip;  
I've licked them when their instep hurt  
And when they had the pips;  
I've licked them with the fever  
And I've licked them with theague;  
And when they had the plague;  
I've licked them with their aching backs  
Were full of mustard bands;  
I've licked them when their knees were stiff  
And necks with boils were rife,  
But—  
I never licked a well man in my life.

## The Very Idea!

By Ed. Cochrane

### CLEANING.

ROUND the house there's something I don't, and I think that work is brewin', for the wife is makin' plans that come each year. With the spring-time now in season, there's no doubt that that's the reason why the dustin', cleanin', scrubbin' job is here.

All engagements, we are droppin', 'stead of steppin' out, we're moppin'. To a married man the thought is understood. As the front rug is languin', for its bratin' and its hangin'—when the wife says, "beat it"—Gee, I wish I could.

Even the yard, with dirt appallin', needs a thorough overhallowin', and the shovel, rake and hoe are put to use. Little gardens must be planned on. Raked up spots one must not stand on, are the places where real labor's put to use.

Up on ladders; then kneelin', washin' baseboard, tile and ceiling, till your knees, your arms, and mental power are dumb. Yeh, it's up to you "get busy!" Plough until you're fairly dizzy. That's the penalty you pay 'cause spring has come.

"Blub-blub-blub," said the baby at the breakfast table. "You said a mouthful," snapped little brother.

Prince Charles, of Belgium, is gonna take some American cowboys with him on his Belgian Congo expedition. Wise guy—to take someone along who knows the ropes.

Asphalt took a drop in Wall Street. And, if you've been touring, you know that isn't the only place.

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## "The Complete Briton"



—The Daily Express, London.

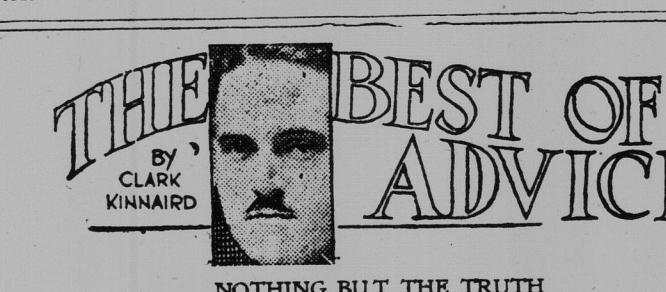
## POEMS HOME

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

"John Anderson my Jo," by Robert Burns.

WHEN a poet is as great as Burns, we must read him despite his difficult dialect; just as we must fight our way through Chaucer's old English, to get to his flaming beauty. It is a curious fact that Burns falls when he writes in anything but the Scottish language. Famous poems like his "The Cotter's Saturday Night" lose much for me, composed partly in pure English and partly in the dialect he loved and knew so well.

In every good edition of Robert Burns there is a glossary to explain certain words and phrases which might be incomprehensible to the average reader. The slight study required to see the light beyond certain opaque lines is decidedly worth while, and will repay the lover of poetry a thousand-fold.



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

"When a man is writing a book dealing with the privacies of his life—a book which is to be read while he is still alive—he strikes from speaking his whole frank mind, all his attempts to do it fail, he recognizes that he is trying to do a thing which is wholly impossible to a human being."

IN A SORT of footnote following his preface and preceding his text, Twain remarks: "What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! 'His real life is led in his head, and is known to none but himself.' 'All day long, and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding, and his thoughts, not those other things, are his history.' 'A single thing would make a whole book of eighty thousand words—three hundred and sixty-five books a year.' SO WHEN you read a man's life story, or a statement of his views, remember that the truth cannot be written."

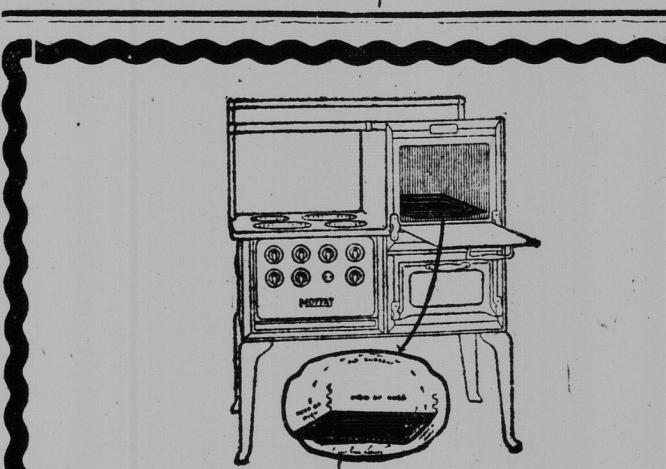
**Other Views**  
COST OF HIGHWAYS.  
Toronto, through its Mayor, voices the contention that it is paying more than its share of the highway, and that are provincial in character. Yet what place in all Ontario reaps more advantages from splendid highways than Toronto? It is the mecca of travellers by auto, and it is helped commensally far beyond the amount it costs to make the highways.

THE view of the Farmers' Sun is that cities generally, and Toronto in particular, are paying much less than their share. This viewpoint will be generally endorsed outside of the metropolis.

**WORK AND RELIEF.**  
(Kingston Whig.)  
St. Thomas has a civic wood yard, and all able-bodied men seeking relief are introduced to a huckaw and rewarded according to their industry. It's said to be a great success in keeping the measure of relief at a minimum.

THE world will be brightened up considerably now that new model Ford's may be ordered in any one of four colors.

**FOLEY'S PREPARED FIRECLAY FOR LINING YOUR OWN STOVE**  
Sold By Hardware Dealers.



**Beats Others "All Hollow"**  
Electric cooking at Hydro rates turns every other kind into an out-of-date extravagance. Compared with Electric Ranges, other ranges have become simply too expensive to hold onto. They eat too big a hole in your pocket book.

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CANTERBURY STREET

THE NEW SUMMER BUTTERICK QUARTERLY AND PATTERNS ARE HERE

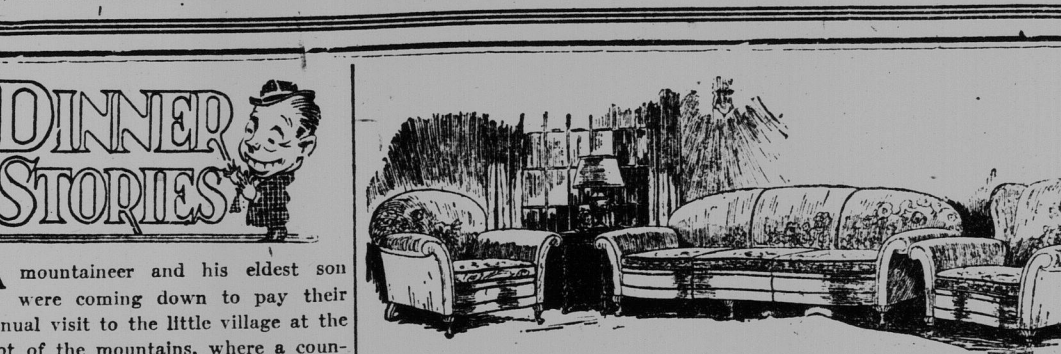
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**F.A. DYKEMAN & CO.**  
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**Dinner Stories**  
A mountaineer and his eldest son were coming down to pay their annual visit to the little village at the foot of the mountains, where a country road had just been put through. As they rounded the last curve in the winding trail some tourists in an automobile dashed by on the main road. The father and son never having seen anything like this before, watched it with open-mouthed curiosity, neither saying a word. Just as it roared around the curve, the county's new speed cop whizzed past on a motorcycle hot after it. This was too much. "Well, yeh, goll!" exclaimed the father, "who'd a think that thing had a colt."

"A'RE you sure this handbag is genuine crocodile skin?" the woman asked the shopkeeper. "Absolutely," was the reply. "I shot that crocodile myself."

"But it is badly soiled."

"Well, yeh, goll!" exclaimed the father, "who'd a think that thing had a colt."



**Winchester CIGARETTES**

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SINCE Alabastine—the beautiful interior wall finish—was offered to the public many years ago, numerous cheap substitutes have been placed on the market. These substitutes are inferior in every way. They are not as sanitary, as easy to use, as wearable or as attractive as Alabastine.

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