

SOME GENERAL IMPRESSIONS 5

has forgotten from where his ancestors came, he calls England "home"—he has an idea he is not so sluggish as John Bull, and rather preens himself on having the briskness of the American.

During my stay in Australia I must have been asked a thousand times whether I did not think the Australian approximated in character to the American type. I never failed to notice a certain disappointment when I said "No." The laying-out of some of the towns, the straight streets, the blocks of offices, are more American than English. But the people themselves are, up to the present, just transplanted British people. If by a magician's wand I had been wafted from England to Australia, to Sydney or Melbourne, and been asked at the end of a week where I was, I would have answered: "Some well-managed English provincial city that I seem to have missed."

You find neither the fashion nor the culture that London shows, but you come across a clearer intellectual life, a higher plane of social well-being than you see in any towns of similar size in Great Britain. Take Adelaide, the Philadelphia of Australia, about the drowsiness of which the other cities like to make jokes. It has a population under 200,000. I know of no similar-sized town at home where anything approaching the same kind of stimulating life prevails: colleges, museums, art galleries, botanical and zoological gardens, an extensive public library, a geographical society, and, in social circles, a refinement and a culture which were a little astonishing to me, who had allowed