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EMERSON HOUGH

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THE SOWING





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The Question

THE SOWING

A "YANKEE'S" VIEW
OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO HERSELF
AND TO CANADA

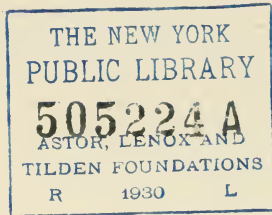
By
Emerson Hough, 1857 - 1923.
Author of "The Mississippi Bubble"
"The Way To The West"
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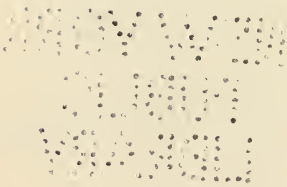
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TO
The Workers

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE WORLD

THIS BOOK
WITH DEEP RESPECT, IS DEDICATED

Stone, Oct, 23, 1930.

“No praises of the past are hers,
No pains by hallowing time caressed,
No broken arch that ministers
To Time’s sad instinct in the breast.

“She builds not on the ground but in the mind
Her open-hearted palaces—

“Her march the plump mow marks, the sleepless
wheel;
The golden sheaf, the self-swayed common weal;
The happy homesteads hid in orchard trees, . . .

“What architect hath bettered these?

With softened eye the western traveler sees
A thousand miles of *neighbors* side by side;
Holding by toil-won titles, fresh from God,
The land no serf or seigneur ever trod.”



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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE sweep of wide skies, the breath of the wind across unbroken spaces, the touch of new lands not yet taken over—amid these things and in these themes any man may find profit and pleasure. The author, at least, has found in such scenes, now growing rare in his own country, soon to be impossible in any country as the new lands pass, so much interest that he has taken for granted the interest of others in certain conclusions which seem to be attendant on current phenomena to be observed in the only portion of the American continent now entitled to be called the West.

The intent of this work is to view from different angles, personal, governmental, philosophic and utilitarian, the question of bringing civilization to the wilderness. No writer justly can claim wisdom sufficient to solve the age-old problems which to-day so greatly complicate the question of colonization. The only answer to such problems lies in the years. None the less, we may not deny the vital interest to-day of

the whole question itself. A history of the United States, so full of splendid successes and deplorable mistakes, but transfers a keener interest in the history of Canada, where such mistakes yet may be avoided.

It is not merely a glib bid for interest which prompts any thinker or writer of to-day to say that Canada is the hope of the world. There is serious truth in that. Any study of Canadian colonization touches the notion of the expansion of an empire. Far more deeply must it be concerned with the wish to extend comfort and content to all those who, under any flag, are weary and heavy-laden. The author hopes to indicate that business and human kindness are not incompatible in private, governmental or national policies. In the affairs of a great government, a great people, they indeed are inseparable, the one indispensable as the other.

Necessarily, in any discussion of colonization two sides appear, the business and the idealistic. Which should preponderate? Were it not possible for the latter to do so, perhaps one might not so much have cared to undertake this labor. Since the theme may hold both, and since fundamentally and disinterestedly it has to do with taking human beings out of

doors, into a wider and more useful human life, and placing them under wider and bluer skies affording a better human horizon, the work offers sufficient interest to enlist the soberest thought of any man. It has afforded keen delight to the author.

It should be added that, since the initial publication of this work in serial form in *CANADA MONTHLY*, some of the measures suggested have been put in force. For instance, the well-meant labors of the charitable Emigration Societies now are under jurisdiction of the Canadian Immigration Department. Similar events in these days of swift change have required certain emendations and alterations in the matter of the original text. The theme has grown upon the author. No theme is greater; none is so great. Would some bigger and better man might handle it.

EMERSON HOUGH.

May 10, 1909.



THE SOWING

THE SOWING

CHAPTER I.

THE VERY POOR.

“LET there be light!” was the mandate. It could not count cost, could not qualify. There has been light. Sometimes humanity has burned in its own lamp.

Net resultant of many warring forces, there has come what we have been pleased to call progress, what we call civilization. Under these the race as a whole may or may not have been benefited, the species may or may not in part have deteriorated. Certainly it may be held true that at times civilization needs to correct itself. It needs to look to it that overmuch precious oil be not expended in its flame.

Civilization at any rate has come. It has been ours. We have not cared to evade it, but have sought it blindly, with all our energy, in all the ages of the world. We are what we are, human units,

some of us strong, many of us weak, all of us fundamentally—and rightly—disposed to be selfish. We have blindly pressed on, few asking why, toward what we have conceived to be a state of greater comfort, under social systems continually growing more complex. The tribal gathering, loosely formed for the sake of mutual protection, has evolved into the so-called immutable governments of the civilized nations.

We have in one way or another always set above our communities, our tribes, our nations, some sort of government; and then, as time has passed, we customarily have found fault with that government, sometimes have execrated it, sometimes have overthrown it, usually have modified it; always because of abuses of the great idea that humanity and the common good is, after all, the greatest of all things.

Sometimes, confusing government with conditions which arise under government, we have, seeking to set the world tribal again—that is to say, to turn back the stars in their courses—gone to the desperate extreme of socialism, saying that since governments oppress we should have none, but should divide the products of the world equally, the weak with the strong—the step from socialism to anarchy being an

easy and natural one, after touch is lost with the old idea of the survival of each unit through its own efforts, up to its own measure of fitness. This doctrine is on its face absurd, and is one neither for a sane man who has read history nor a strong man who has not.

But certainly we have always, at this or that stage of the earth ferment, had the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor. Finally, in the recent swift development of what we call civilization, we have come upon a transient time of utter selfishness and forgetfulness, a time of unbridled greed. Business triumphs, human kindness fails, the wolf-pack is set on again. And now we have, more than at any time in the world's history, the very poor. Now, indeed, civilization needs to correct itself.

It is of no use to turn away from the truth. The civilization of the Occident now sadly resembles and parallels the older civilization of the Orient. Suffering and famine we of the Caucasian races also have known in the past. That was as naught to what now faces us in all the proudest capitals of the white man, alike in the Old World and the New.

The Caucasian has progressed in one sense of the term. He has brought into use many and wonderful

discoveries of science; he has developed to an undreamed extent the possibilities of happiness and comfort. But alas, doing this as it were with one hand, with the other he has taken away from the wide majority of human beings all hope of reaching and enjoying such possibilities. He has developed to still greater degree the possibilities and the certainties of human misery and suffering, of torture and doubt and dread; *and he has put these things within reach of all!* These things make the lives of many, of the majority.

Nowhere in any part or period of the world were the two social poles farther apart than now; and this nowhere so much as in the lands we call the most advanced. The world was never quite so rich, nor half so poor as now.

It is our privilege and our duty to study our own time and to advance with it; but it is none the less our privilege and duty for our own sake to study the story of other ages of the world, to compare our own times with others. No record is more vivid and vital than that of things dead and gone. The hordes of Genghis Khan made history in their day—a story of savagery and glut of blood and little human kindness, but of many new-made maps. The slow splendour

of the Byzantine Empire is a thing of august beauty to-day, as once it was. The stories of Rome, of Greece, of Venice in her time of flowered opulence; the story of the Phœnicians and their adventurings afar; the history of the French kings; and the steady and manful story of the rise and dominance of the men who came out of the ancient forests of northern Europe and spread across the world—all these are things which citizens of any nation should know. They teach humility as well as pride.

These are stories of governments and conquests; but at no stage of any conquest, whether of force or peace, was there ever stilled the irrepressible conflict within each government, each nation, each society, each and every collection of those who have given up some individual rights for a common good, and who have in time seen these rights usurped or misused by those who took them over in trust for society. Never has there ceased the war of the individual with the government. No government nor any code of laws ever has remained unchanged. New conditions of society continually have arisen for adjustment, and they always will; and adjustment will always come.

Never, let us say with pride, has there ended the

old war born of the Saxon's insistence that he is a man, that some individual rights he surrenders to no government and to no set of men. Here, then, indeed is war. Here, then, indeed is a great problem.

Strongest of men, this old forest-dweller has done more good and more harm, has scored more progress and more retrogression, has gone higher and fallen lower, achieved more and failed more than any other man of the earth's days. His one virtue is that, having failed, he still will try to set right his own wrong deeds. He always is ready to give ear to the demands of justice.

The measure of the Saxon's failure to-day is the total of human suffering in his great cities, here or there, on this or that continent. He has the most splendid cities in the world; and yet they house the largest numbers of the poor. No race has developed so strongly, or is now so threatened with decadence.

Yet each of these poor is a human being. Each has deserved his chance if he could find it. Upon the least of these was laid the iron rule that he could be no bigger than his environment. Heredity can do little for a plant if it have no soil. If a man be starved, he can obtain no stature, mental or bodily.

A distinguished American economist, Professor Thomas H. Macbride, thus voices that old truth:

“It is a commonly accepted dictum among naturalists that every organism, every plant and every animal, is, to some extent, at least, a creature of his surroundings. Every creature has come to be what it is through long use of a particular, stable, or only slowly changing, environment. Conformation to his environment makes him successful, makes him happy. It is thus the fish swims in the ocean, the bird floats in the upper air. Each in the long course of the world’s history has come to be perfectly adjusted to the life it leads, and is in so far happy.

“Now the case of man himself is not different. Man, too, has his natural environment. Into it he has grown; to it he is by nature, we say, adapted; so perfectly adjusted and adapted that life for him under other conditions is inconceivable, is impossible; as much so as for a fish out of water; yea, far more so, by as much as man’s relations to the external world are so much more numerous, far-reaching and complicated than those of a fish. The fish has a natural right to water, because he cannot live without it. Now, if we concede that there are any such things as *natural* rights for man at all, we must admit that

these are first of all based upon and determined by his relation to this external environment. They are *environmental rights*. A man is entitled to that environment which has made him what he is by nature; he has a right to all those surroundings to which by virtue of long habit and association he is so perfectly adapted, the unfolding of daily life in accordance with the natural conditions of successful human living."

For the human plant, then, *opportunity* is as necessary as the very seed of life. The answer to the cry of the poor, to the cry of the city, to the cry of socialism and threatened anarchy is one; and it is as easy as it is complete. The answer is: More land; wider opportunities;—in short, colonization. The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we to-day are organized, mentally, governmentally, physically.

From time to time Saxon man has found his opportunity, or taken it, one way or another. In one way or another he has insisted on his individual right, or has wrought revenge on those who have opposed him too far or too long. Guided in good channels, Saxon strength is useful; pent too long in wrong ones, it always will be dangerous. Saxon strength is most dangerous when, clinging to the soil

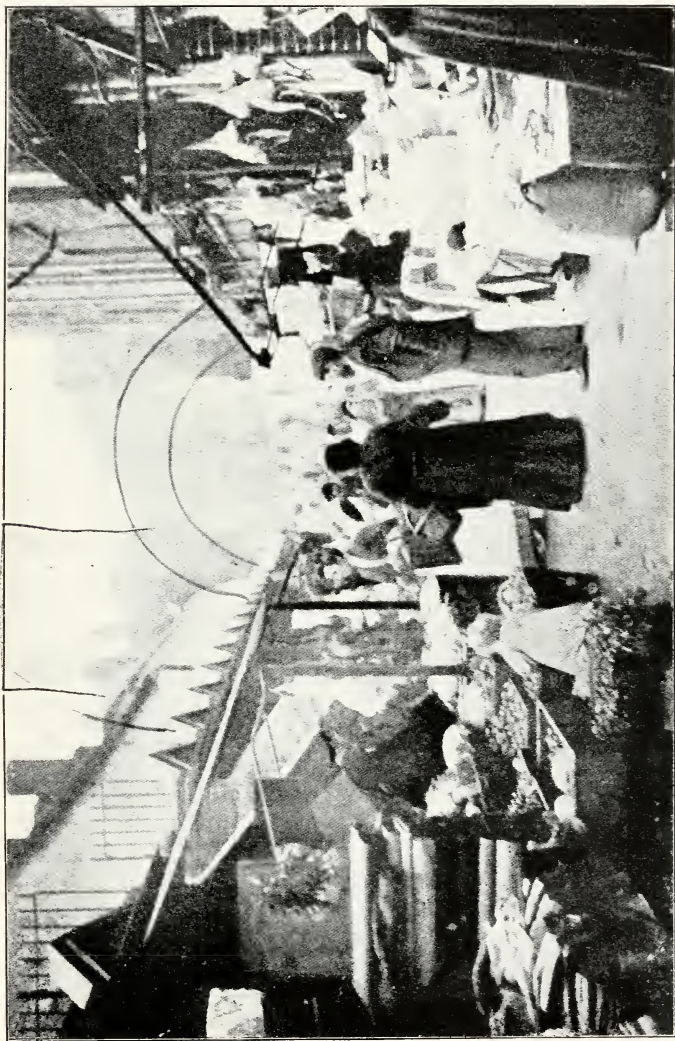


Photo by Grbayedoff.

The City



which bore it and which it loves, it finds not soil enough for its own needs, and so dies while it is still alive!

Do not evade that thought, that word. Do not evade it, in England, in America. That word is Decadence.

Opportunity the Saxon man always has sought, and usually while keeping in his mind the old principle that men best win while fighting shoulder to shoulder. He has found his opportunity sometimes in other lands. Resenting even dictation as to how he should worship, he found a new continent for his churches. Followed there by what he fancied was the wrong notion of being taxed without his own consent, he took a large part of that continent for his own, shoulder to shoulder. Differing, as he fancied, from the old country, he builded in America under the name of a Republic a vast swift-mingled empire of his own, and soon shouted to the world to witness the wealth he had won, and the extent of the misuse to which he could put that wealth. Not much different, save through soil and climate and new daily needs, the American made all the old Saxon mistakes, pretty much as they have continued to be made in the old country whence he came. Professing to be the most

humane man in the world, he and his brothers have shown the world, both sides of the sea, the largest and most helpless masses of the very poor! In a reckless and profligate age of unequalled opportunity and unparalled abuse, he has grown richer and poorer than ever he was before; more luxurious and more dangerously wretched; *and this on both sides of the sea*. Let not England, Canada nor the United States seek to evade that truth.

The long list of industrial successes of prideful America, the vast tally of her balance sheets, the figures of her inordinate and unscrupulous wealth—what do all these mean to any man who will stop to think? They spell only the old struggle in a new age, the old failures where success should have been, the old misuse of opportunities which belong to humanity as a whole and not to a few who in one way or another have grasped them. This sin has been not American alone, not Saxon alone. New York, Berlin, London,—it is difficult to choose between them.

In the United States, even in these days of false prosperity, never was life so near being unbearable for those of middle station, so perilously near to unsupported for the very poor. Correction must come also in America, or there must be one more page

written in Saxon history, a page of the same old sort. The spirit which rebelled against unjust taxation will rebel again. In these days of close touch of all the world, it matters little on which continent such rebellion must come; but certainly America must pause and ponder, or else soon see revolution. If the Republic shall not reconstruct, the Republic will perish. The poor and the very poor will erect again their place of judgment and of execution. It is not socialism, and not anarchy which says this. Worse—it is *reason!* There will be no division of property equally among the weak and the strong. There is a difference between Socialism and Saxonism. The United States need not fear the former. The latter she well may dread.

In Germany the very poor exist in swarming thousands. They have little hope, save what offers across seas. That country, called a monarchy, has its own laws. Society is still seeking and still fleeing the centre, in the old way, none the less. Socialism in Germany is a fact admitted. It is represented in a political party continually growing. It must be reckoned with as formulating the human discontent, the mutiny now brooding over so much of the world. A Socialist leader in the Reichstag, in a recent

address, showed that in Berlin alone there were over forty thousand unemployed persons. The unemployed must eat. The others must feed them. What horror and what menace lie in that term "unemployed"—what menace exists in the armies of those who bitterly feel that life has not given them their share of opportunity.

Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, declares that these troubles in Germany were wrought largely by the abolishment of honest competition, by industrial combines, the prevalence of price agreements,—the old folly of trying to evade the ancient law of competition; the folly of the present but wholly temporary tendency toward "trusts." He said that the poor could not buy food at prices established under such conditions, declared that Germany was paying the highest prices known in the world for everything she used. The loaf of bread which a year ago weighed four and a half pounds now weighed less than three, and it cost twice as much now as then. The children of the cities were starving, not having enough to keep them strong; and this was true in those most pitiable ranks of life too proud to be called pauperdom. Nearly five thousand school children in Berlin alone were striving to get some sort of education, and to do

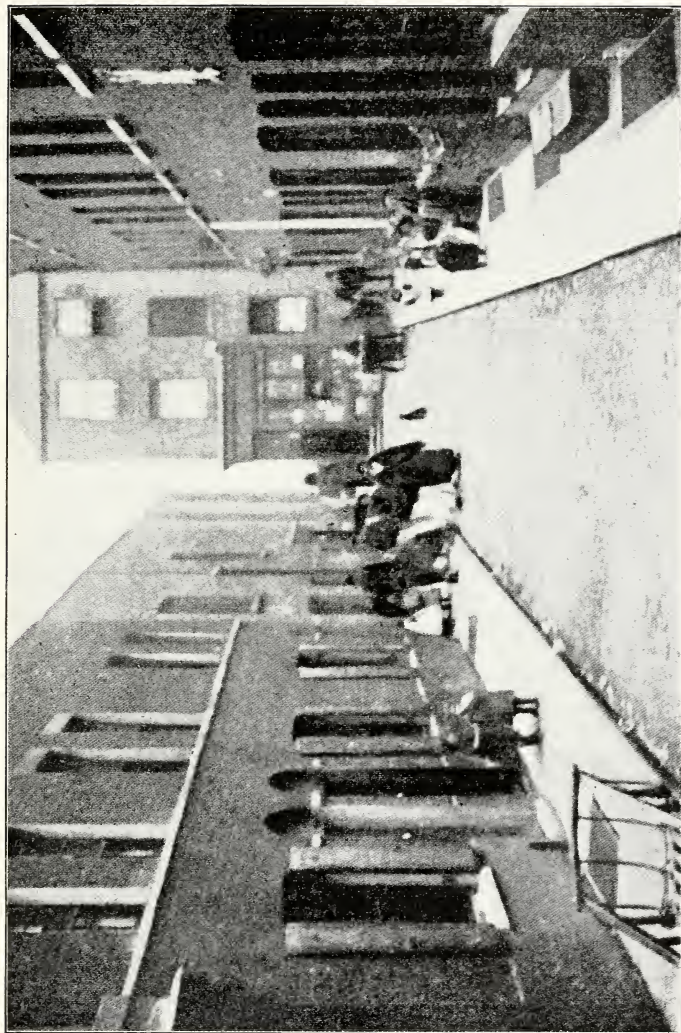


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As They Live in London

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this were obliged to study without food, to learn the dinnerless day. Many more thousands had nothing better than bread and coffee for any meal. He knew not where the end would be.

And yet that end is perfectly predicable. The remedy is certain and easy. It lies in better equalization of opportunity—cost what that may to a few,—or else it lies in blood; as in time it will lie in America, late boaster of opportunities free to all the world and inexhaustible; as it will lie in Old England, ancient and strong, but not ancient and strong enough to be exempt from the law of growth and change.

The story of the pages of history is slow, but very sure. It says inexorably that those who seek to govern, those who seek to remain rulers or officers in any system of organized society, must never undertake to abolish from the world the ancient law of fair play; because there are two who can play at the game of foul play, the oppressor and the oppressed. This truth is written for all the nations to see, whether republic or monarchy, despotism or democracy.

In the city of Chicago, in the United States, second metropolis of that country, and one of the most swiftly grown capitals of the world, what continuous rush and bustle goes on! Stately buildings

arise, occupied by those who do great deeds, vaunted industrial deeds. You and I see these things, but we know nothing of the life which lies beyond them and around them and under them. In the city of New York conditions are even worse, and the swarm of unassimilated millions still comes in. America is no longer a land of opportunities. It is no solution for the troubles of the poor of Europe to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the poor of the United States. That is not to offer opportunity. So much for a republic.

There are cities worse even than New York. How about the countries of the Old World? Take the City of London, blue focus flame of civilization's blow-pipe. London annually feeds on charity an army of eighty to one hundred thousand of the unemployed. She has thirty-five thousand children who know no such thing as home. She has half that many criminals who are homeless; more than an equal number of women on whom sits the worst of all civilization's curses, the curse of unweddedness, of denial of motherhood—the women sacrificed to civilization as we know it. There then you have a picture from which we are accustomed to turn away our eyes. *None the less, that picture exists. It is*

there. We do not blot it out by turning away our eyes.

Multiply all these unfortunates by two, and you do not reach the total of the tenement dwellers who daily live on the edge of starvation. Each week London has over one hundred thousand persons in her hospitals, her workhouses, her prisons,—over one hundred thousand parasites, *the unfed and the hopeless.* Each night an army, greater than the entire military force of the American continent, sleeps unhoused or crowded in cheap lodging dens in this one city of London. What hope of life do such conditions offer? What can these starving thousands do, and what chance have they? What is the end? Why, *the end of England*, if there be no change.

In these lower classes of humanity the death average is at twenty-nine years. It is long enough. But England dies also thus young; and in an equal torment; and in an equal decadence. Why seek to evade the picture? It is true. And of those who die, *twenty-five per cent.* die in workhouse, jail, asylum, or some other place provided by those more fortunate than the parasites of civilization. Is not this toll of life a dreadful and terrifying thing? Why deny it? It is true.

. These poor of this ancient city—of any ancient city—are little, dwindled, crooked men, with no sap in their blood, no stiffness in their bones. Britons never will be slaves? Is that true? They are slaves to-day.

No nation is stronger than its average man. These men may go to the Army or Navy. Yes, and might be glad to go, for then they would have food with less certainty of death than they have where they are now—in this battle where defeat and death are foregone. But in the Army or Navy in time they would meet the product of a newer and a cleaner world where food for the ancestors had been more abundant, where oxygen had been more unstinted, where exercise had been more usual. The result of that meeting is written now. Why deny it? It is true. Let us not deny it. Let us see if we cannot take away the truth.

The hope of England rots, dies, stifles, reeks *in the alleys of her cities*. No part of the Orient is worse. No human beings are lower in the scale of life than here, in England, ancient and proud.

This product of the London slums cannot be saved at all. Its only Kismet is death. No colony could take such offerings free. Canada rightly resents the



Photo by Gribayedoff.

What Son for this Father ?

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introduction of such units into her population. To give them to Canada is only to transfer the problem of the parasite.

There is no royal road to making a man. You must begin back in his history. You must feed him for at least two generations.

“When we reflect that the suppression of a single cell at the critical moment may change the direction of an axis or alter the contour of a leaf, it is hard to set too high an estimate upon the possible response made to environmental variations, however delicate. We who study the physiology of the plant, peer into its changing cells, and strive in imagination to reproduce the marvelously intricate reactions—physical, chemical—that forever shift and play within those narrow limits—we need not be told that every cell has in it opportunities a thousand fold to match and meet all the subtle changes suggested by the slow-creeping but implacable forces that work out the physiognomy of this time-worn earth. A little more calcium here, a little more phosphorus there, sulphates, nitrates, and the rest, and the thing is done! But, note you, the call for change at any given instant has not been great; the slow upheaval of these mountains, their peaceful gentle removal by the winds

and rain; that is all; but that has changed and is changing the living world. *Where the terrestrial call is rude or sudden, response there is none. Nor could any sudden initiative on the part of the plant avail. To vary save as the environment varies would simply invite disaster. As well the tadpole suddenly assume lungs or the lizard put on feathers."*

You feed your brood stock on the farm, because that stock costs money. The human sort costs only life—and a nation's utter ruin! How shall Saxon human stock be bred and fed? What is colonization? What should it mean?

Four-fifths of England live in towns; one-fifth in the country. *That* is the way England deliberately plots her own ultimate overthrow. It is her *own* armies that march against her. *There* is her downfall. *There* is her invasion. What shall be done with her town dwellers who rot and die, the hopeless poor, the submerged stratum which never can be saved? It were only a fool who would say off-hand that the remedy lies in promiscuous colonization; yet only a worse fool who dare say that it can lie anywhere else than in intelligent colonization.

CHAPTER II.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

As to what is intelligent colonization, there is much lack of concert in opinion. Of generalities hung on the main idea we surely have had enough and to spare, and of useless or absurd remedies also enough. Public needs, public measures and public remedies customarily are reflected by the intelligent press of any country. It may be of profit to hearken for a time to the comment of the British press on the case of the English poor. The volume of this comment has of late amounted almost to a protest, almost to a cry. Almost it might be called the cry of a proud and stoical people, the cry of one wounded deeply and voicing an agony so deep as to leave no coherent thought as to remedy and only the one insistent demand that there must be *some* remedy offered, and that soon. Wide enough are these different suggestions offered by the thinkers of the British press; but let us go on to see whether it is not fair to call much of this no more than a case of the blind leading the blind.

First come the well-meant endeavors of the wealthy classes, usually ready enough with philanthropy as they understand it. In the fall of 1908 many London journals made an appeal to London society to assist England's starving unemployed. Mrs. Asquith, wife of the Premier, with the Duchess of Norfolk, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and other well-known English women besought the comfortable classes to contribute their personal service to the relief of the poor. "They ask for volunteers to visit regularly the starving unemployed in their homes and offer their services as friends and helpers. This is the first manifestation of the fact that society is beginning to give an ear to the clamor of the foodless army of unemployed for help. The appeal is receiving widespread attention, and an army of volunteers soon will be enrolled under the banner of these society leaders who have taken the initiative in determining to help the poor, no matter whether the government does or not. It is estimated that there are 80,000 heads of families now unemployed in London alone."

Most excellent, and most futile! These society leaders may salve a conscience. They do not solve a problem. Listen on to the story of the press:

“England is face to face with the most serious

condition of unemployment in her history, and unless relief is provided on an unprecedented scale during the coming winter, bread riots may be expected in many of the principal cities. Already mutterings of discontent have been heard, and in Glasgow, at least, bloodshed was only prevented by the prompt action of the authorities in yielding to the demands of the workless men and starting relief work."

Did *manufactured work* ever help a workless man? That is charity under other name. Shoveling snow or breaking rock does not feed families regularly; and when families are not fed, regularly fed, nations go to pieces. Note that it was not a Yankee but a British newspaper which printed this comment, unpleasantly, but scientifically, true:

"It fails to be noted in England that want, and hunger and distress, are only the surface ills which attach to unemployment. These may be, and are, quite sufficiently harrowing, but the unemployment season brings more deadly evils. It brings the mental, moral and physical deterioration, the subtle, terrible process of degradation, which converts honest and able workmen into spiritless and incapable wasters."

Let us dismiss from our minds all thought of this

or the other party in government when we go yet deeper into this question. It is not a matter of politics when an evil is too large even for a country's best statesmanship. It is not a question of the party in or out of power. It is a question of the man out of work. It presented itself last fall in Parliament as below, still according to the British press:

"In announcing in the House of Commons the Government measures for the relief of the unemployed during the winter, Premier Asquith described them as a 'temporary anodyne'. Other less kindly critics rung all changes of dissatisfaction from 'hand to mouth' to 'entirely inadequate'. There were influences strongly in favor of Socialistic legislation. The theory of the right to work was upheld as a tenet of the new Liberal faith.

"Calculations have been made to show that the number of unemployed in the United Kingdom is likely to amount to some 645,000. Mr. Asquith's emergency measures provided work for about 45,000, or one in fifteen. The other fourteen he purposes to leave to the charity of the municipalities and to private effort.

"The idea is held by a great number that Mr. Asquith has gone another step farther towards the

pauperization of the country. It is pointed out that vast sums are spent chaotically on all sorts of popularized distress, but it is doubtful if real value is obtained for them.

“The poor-relief expenditure has grown to the annual amount of £14,000,000. The old-age pension which is being incurred will raise it in the near future to £10,000,000 more. Municipal expenditure on the unemployed will this year reach considerably over a million; and probably £5,000,000 is expended in private charity annually. Altogether there is a total of about £30,000,000, which properly applied, ought to preclude the possibility of a hungry man, woman or child being found in the country.”

Thirty million pounds! One hundred and fifty million dollars, say, to feed men who cannot feed themselves! So large a sum might salve a nation's conscience? I do not know. What I know is that it does not solve a nation's problem.

In the “Small Holdings Act” an attempt was made to start a reverse tide, and to induce city men to go back to English acres. The press, or part of the British press, had this to say as to that attempt, in the form of an open letter to Lord Carrington:

“In the columns of a leading London daily the

following list was given as an illustration of the status of applicants for small holdings in a Shropshire village: Commission agent, farm laborer, 'working chap,' baker and grocer, bricklayer, shoemaker, retired miner and innkeeper.

"If the land wants of the above were granted, seven agricultural laborers would be severed from the land to make room for the shoemaker, bricklayer, etc., etc. A well-equipped farm is a manufactory of corn and meat, and a twentieth century farmer requires science at his finger ends. What does a miner or commission agent know of the nitrogen, phosphates, or alkalies necessary for the growing of corn or roots? Your lordship, the Small Holdings Act is born a hundred years too late."

Yes, it is antiquated and hopeless by more than a century, and so are many other remedies proposed off hand. Even Mr. Winston Churchill, in his general capacity of Divine Providence, admits the difficulty of the problem. All in all, the best that the best of England has been able to devise in answer has been—Canada!

There have been hundreds of columns printed in the British press on Canadian emigration, and it is simply astounding to contemplate the utter futility



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What Daughter for this Mother ?

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of most of that writing. So much, so very much of it, amounts only to large and naïve selfishness, so much more to vague generalities, so much again to a hope, a wish, a desire, advanced with ill-considered zeal and not with matured and careful pondering as a practical remedy. Of all these many thousand views, we may pause at this point to quote but a few as typical.

“Those doles may stave off hunger from a certain number of unemployed. But their effect upon the even more terrible feature of unemployment—degradation—will not be in the least degree helpful; while the benefits to be derived from the doles will be confined to a few hours or days. And while this lamentable state of things continues through the Home season of unemployment, millions of acres of rich, timbered lands in Oversea parts of the Empire, which require only the axe, the plough, and man’s service to convert them into prosperous home farms for hundreds of thousands of good citizens, will continue to lie idle till, gradually, they have attracted the adventurous or unemployed from foreign countries. There are two main lessons to be drawn from this dismal contrast: (1) The interest of the British taxpayer, the British Empire, and the unemployed

themselves, alike demand that every pound spent in the relief of distress arising from unemployment should be made reproductive and permanently helpful. (2) The Home authorities should take counsel with their Oversea colleagues, with a view to bringing together honest British men who want work and fertile British lands which want workmen."

It sounds trippingly on the tongue, does it not? Here is the same thing again:

"If we as a nation could only realize it, there, in those fertile regions, is a solution to many of the most pressing national ills that bear so heavily on the shoulders of the Old Country. Here at home is congestion, with the consequent evils of remorseless competition and 'sweating', while in those new countries are broad acres of virgin soil waiting to yield a full measure of reward of industry. Here, the conditions are those which govern a multitude—circumscribed, defined to the last degree; there, are the circumstances which call for initiative—for the development of characteristics of independence and manliness. Here, the most subtle efforts of statesmen have failed to discover solutions to social problems of the most common and familiar character, and so a willing man may not work; there, in Greater Britain,

is work and reward for every healthy man and woman. What is it that keeps apart the man and the opportunity? It costs England more to keep an unemployed and degenerating man and wife and children in this country than it would to start such a family in a new country, where, morally and socially, they must improve their position.

“There are several millions in this country of ours who are a burden to the community through no fault of their own, who await the opportunity that a government that appreciated the resources of the empire might give them. Our colonies are crying out for people, and here we have millions who are crying out for employment. Surely a healthy Britisher in a British Colony is of more value to the nation than any member of an unemployed procession. Why, therefore, cannot we co-operate liberally with the colonies in peopling their lands, and, at the same time, bring about a healthier condition of employment at home? It may be an expensive business to us, for the colonies would not accept our surplus population as paupers, but it would undoubtedly be much cheaper in the long run than providing, as at present, for unemployed.”

And yet again: “The Oversea States take our

best men, the very pick of our agricultural population, the most energetic and enterprising of our young artisans. We certainly do not grudge them these ready-made good citizens. But we cannot help wishing that they would exhibit less reluctance to accepting a larger proportion of those whom we could with great advantage spare. The most urgent domestic problem before Great Britain at the present moment is to cope with the vast mass of unemployed or partially unemployed laborers. It does really seem as if the Oversea States might help us in dealing with this class, and at the same time help themselves. Beyond the seas there is too much imperfectly occupied land; here in Great Britain there are too many inadequately filled stomachs, each associated with a pair of partly idle hands. These things might be considered in relation to one another. We want something more effectual than the transfer of a limited number of highly respectable persons from employment in England to employment in Canada or Australia. Not, of course, that we suggest to the colonists that they should provide a free dumping ground for our human refuse. But if our Oversea kinsfolk would share this burden with us, they would in due course obtain their reward. They would convert

many thousands of unfortunate 'casuals' into useful, self-supporting workers, and they would find their own waste territories developing at a much faster rate than is at all probable under present conditions. The process, intelligently carried out, would bless us at home who give this now unrealized labor force, and the people Overseas who take it and convert it into effective energy."

A chance phrase here and there in the foregoing indicates admission of the truth that not in colonization merely, but in *intelligent* colonization lies the desired remedy for a vast ill. Books wiser than this could be and will be written in discussion of the question. What *is* intelligent colonization? Let us now, therefore, resume our own argument as to that question, and so presently arrive at our own conclusions in our own way, accepting in advance an adverse judgment if our premises be wrongly assumed, or if our argument shall not be logical. Meaning to be well tempered and logical, we also may set aside in advance any verdict which itself is illogical or ill-tempered. What is the Truth? That should be our first and only question, either side of the sea.

CHAPTER III.

THE MASTER OF DESTINY.

THE FOCUS in London is the result of all of crowded England, the outpourings of all her overcrowded acres. The place to change the pressure cannot be directly along the line from slum to prairie; because the prairie demands strength and not weakness as a premise for success. On the face of it, this may be unwelcome doctrine to crowded England, which looks to unpeopled Canada for salvation wholesale. But how about *Canada*? And how about humanity?

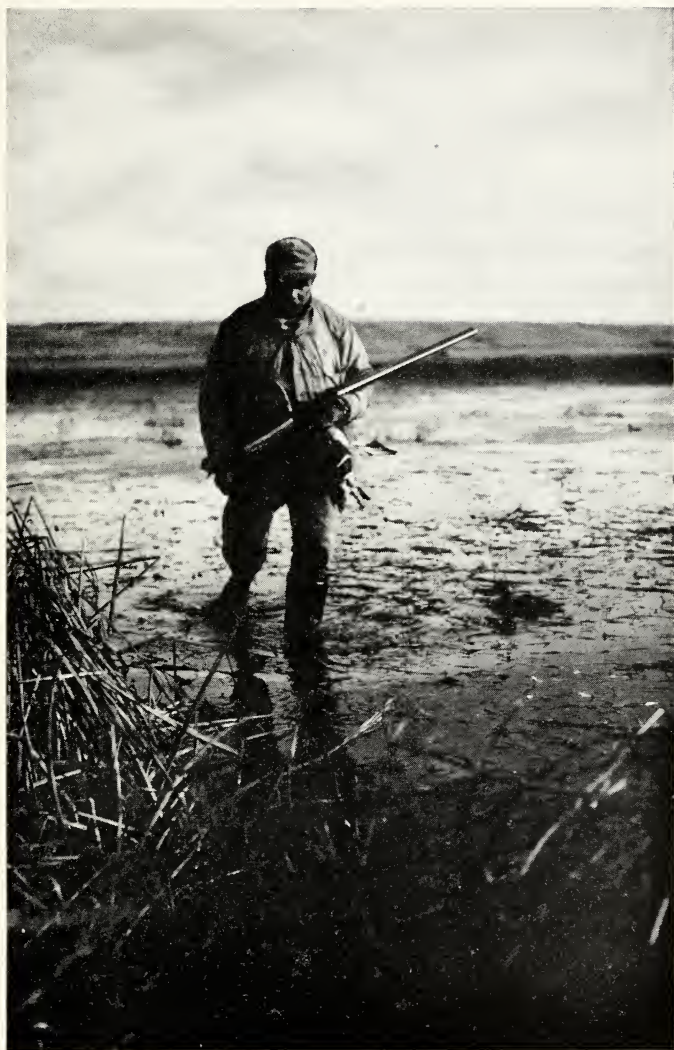
The frontier takes the strong. The new lands are the birthright of the strong. The heritage of new opportunities belongs to the strong. The strong who have moved out under this or that flag into new lands, and grown *through touch with the soil and sky*,—these may freely laugh at any boast of Old England; they may freely laugh at any claim she can urge to warlike ways, because when they point, they point to England's cities. Men and women do not grow there. Men and women grow like all other animals—out of doors. The British lion, left unintelligently caged

in cities, will perforce and inevitably ere long be a caged lion, knock-kneed, blear-eyed, his claws freely to be cut by any who may like. The lion of England's colonies is quite a different matter! Men grow there out of doors. But as to England, oldest and proudest and steadiest of governments, ancient, haughty, stern and strong, rich in worldly goods, richer still in the splendid history of her prowess, and yet again more rich in her history of justice,—England, beautiful in her story of art and science and literature, all stately things which should spell benefit to all humanity,—what of her?

Alas! *England is worst of all!* Her very poor are the very poorest of the earth. Better be a rice-eating Hindu dreaming away life on the banks of the Ganges than one of the very poor of London, greatest city of the earth—London the ancient, London the horrible! The country which proudly calls itself owner of the best government and the greatest people of the globe has made the greatest of all failures. Britain's national hymn we know asserts, "Britons never will be slaves." Let us make bold to assert that *no song ever was more untrue than that*. No use to deny the denial. Let us accept it, and so set to work to make the denial itself untrue.

The difference between the outcasts of the pent and huddled cities of any continent, the difference between these hopeless damned and yourself and myself, is *only one of human opportunity*. I am free, because chance had it that I was born in America in a day of less crowding than this. I read the pages telling of such misery as is above described, and the remembrance sits on my soul as a thing of horror. You and I, if we were really free-born, if we have really lived free, cannot read these things without feeling come over us a surge of human sympathy. You and I, perhaps, are not able to live save through our own work; but at least fortune has given us the *chance* to work, and a life wide enough to allow us to feel surprise and horror at facts such as these.

Now turn to another picture,—and a happier, one of more hope and greater comfort. Think of the wide free lands you and I have known, of the blue sky sweeping over lands unsodden, unsaddened, where there were no ordered streets, but where only the trails ran wandering. “In the natural environment of man there is a factor which has for ages been silently operating to make man what we find him,—the presence of *beauty*. The world is a world of *beauty*, of soft majestic outlines, of harmonious splendor,



The Farmer's Holiday

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peaceful and glorious to look upon. Through a thousand generations its waters, its mountains, its forests, its plains, nor less its individual trees and grasses and flowers, have brought to man a perpetual environment of *beauty*. To this he has become adapted. Take away the physical beauty of the world, and man's better nature, his human nature, his esthetic nature, starves and dies; all the light of joy and affection disappears, and man sinks to the level of the breathing mammal; and the purpose of the world is vain." Thus a scientist, a thinker.

See the stately cathedral of the forest, and hear again the organ march of the winds in the pines. Without this the purpose of the world is vain. Pause to restore in memory the breath of free prairie winds; reflect on hours of freedom in the saddle, in the canoe, with axe or rifle or plough, at the far edge of things. Review visions of many low-lying happy homes in the new countries, homes far apart, but each taking hold strongly upon the soil and upon life, each with its red comfortable hearth fire—some comfortable red Saxon hearth fire at eventime. Without *these* the purpose of the world indeed is vain.

Home!—at least I have had so much as that. You, I hope, have had so much as that. But had

our fate been birth in these older and unspeakable surroundings, then no matter how much we heard of the sweetness of the world of opportunity beyond, *we could not have reached* that world, for we had lacked means to make the step, had lacked intelligence to guide us, had lacked the final fillip of initiative from some one stronger, not yet pulled down by the crowd of a massed and mistaken humanity. For us, also, had we been so situated, the purpose of the world had indeed been vain! I boast not my ancestry, save that it was clean as any, and so as good as any. I boast not my wealth, for it is little; nor my wit, for it is less. But that for which I thank God is that I was born in an environment where I had a chance to work, and so a chance to grow. I am not a Socialist, nor ever can be. But for every fellow, in all the world, I wish the wish that one day he may thank God for that same sort of chance. Then, if he will not take it, may God damn him—as truly and surely He will—to extinction and oblivion.

“But for God’s grace,” said Bunyan, when he saw a hopeless one pass, “there goes John Bunyan.” But for God’s grace, there might have been you and I of this New World,—where all we could have done would have been to beat at the bars, at last either to curse

God and die, or to sink back into an apathy worse than death—worse than death either for a man or for a nation.

The richest man risen from the ranks in any new country ought not to vaunt himself too much. Had his environment laid him a little more firmly by the heels he might not have risen. Ah, we boast of our success, our strength, we who may at least eat as we wish, and sleep warm of nights. We ascribe our successes to ourselves, comfortably egotistical. What is the truth about it? The truth is that we *found opportunity*. We did not create it.

And yet all the new countries are a perpetual reproach to this manner of misgovernment, this sort of mishandling of humanity. The answer to all this is Opportunity. The human plant, pale and sickly and overcrowded in a hotbed, needs at a certain time to be transplanted into an untouched soil and under a broad natural sky.

Back to the *land!* That is the answer to the despair, the apathy, the decadence of the city, as it is the answer also to the hopelessness of an overcrowded rural life. *More land! More room!* That, with no manner of doubt, is the answer of today to those who dare not hope.

CHAPTER IV.

CANADA.

NATIONAL pride comes into the make-up of us all. Each dominant nation feels that it has divine right to all the earth; and so indeed, under the most ancient of all law, it has—if it can take it. Against the latter proposition militate many grave forces—geography, heredity, opportunity, the will of other peoples. The distribution of the ownership of the earth's surface is a purely arbitrary thing, indeed an amusing thing if one stop to reason about the matter. But the stubborn truth remains always that some parts of the earth's surface are different from others. There remains also the ancient truth that it is the creature which changes, and not the environment, when it finds a new environment in climate, soil, life, surroundings.

Generations hence, England still may be ruling Canada. The unthinkable reverse may perhaps one day be true. If that seem unthinkable, at least we

all may and must agree that no law and no government will avail to leave Canada like England, nor Canadians like Englishmen. Britons, transplanted from the hotbeds of the old country to the fields of the new, will have become wholly unlike the Englishmen they once were. They will have become Americans; which is to say, products of the peculiar conditions of this North American continent—which, as well as Europe, was created once upon a time. Natural environment will work its way, far more than any government can have its way. In fifty years Canada will perhaps and probably resemble the United States more than it will resemble England. That fact should offer no exultation and no grumbling in contemplation. It is not a theory of government, but of *geography*, of *environment*. The great thing of interest is that Canada will have offered meantime to the world just what the world has needed and at the time it has most needed it—Opportunity.

The story of Canada also, since it falls in these swift modern days of rapid transportation and perfect inter-communication, will of course far more resemble the story of the United States than the story of Old England. Swift development, general freedom, equality and openness of opportunity—these

things come from a purely geographical situation. It is latitude and longitude alone which always rule and which never can be dethroned. While it may hurt English pride to admit it, none the less it would be best for Englishmen and for humanity did Canada in the future less resemble in some smug ways England than the Republic to the southward—or rather, let us say, what that Republic *was intended to be and might have been, and ought to have been.*

It is Canada's opportunity to show, what the United States does not show, a reverence for the law and for justice; and at the same time to show, what England does not offer, a readiness to meet and master new and interesting problems of swift modern civilization. It is not the question whether England does or does not like this other continent and its ways. Canada will grow, with or without England. The expansion will go on. Government makes not so much difference to man as does his daily bread. "*Ubi bene, ibi patria,*"—where a man prospers, there is his country. Men will make their way along the lines of least resistance, as all organic life progresses. It is not the question how much England can control Canada. The great question is, of how much use can Canada be to England in the way of opportunity?

Beyond that all the answers will come, not through this or that political party, this or that system of government, but through the working of the law of environment. The great truth is that, one extreme against the other, *the lot of the average man is better in Canada than it is in England.* England is the one to profit by that truth, and not to grow muddled in her grumbling over it. Of how much use may Canada and England be to the *world!* Let us ponder over that.

Once a part of the same mid-continental tract, Canada and the United States lay side by side, separated only by the imaginary line of latitude, and differing only as latitude made them different. One has progressed swiftly, the other very slowly. This difference ought not to be ascribed wholly to differences in governmental system. It was in part topographical. The lower country was the richer in total natural resources; although the profile lines describing all these things would lap here and there in the story of either country. The United States has become a country with over eighty millions of population as against the seven millions of Canada! Its wealth is much greater, it is far more of a world power than Canada alone can claim to be. Where

was the mistake—in the separation of the United States from England, or in the separation of Canada from the United States? It is interesting when Englishmen and Americans argue this pretty question! Yet nature really settled most of that before Englishmen or Americans were born.

Between the two old colonies there was little difference save an imaginary one, a splitting of hairs over a long-forgotten matter of taxes and no representation—the same thing on which Canada insists in her scheme of government to-day! When England was at war with France, it was the American colonies which aided her. French Canada was gained partly or largely through “Yankee” help. Sir Gilbert Parker has it that a “Yankee” found the way up the Heights of Abraham for General Wolfe in the battle which took Quebec and Canada! Around this he writes a great novel of brotherhood. Let England look to her historic laurels, and above all, let her be just; because presently we shall show, with indisputable proof, that a second time, and not long ago, it was a “Yankee” who showed the way for England to take a newer and greater Canada, which she had not yet won—and *of whose existence she did not dream!*

There is no more than a faint line between the



Before Bridges Came

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United States and Canada to-day; and what is still better, there is but a faint line between either and England herself to-day, a line annually growing yet narrower and fainter. Closer and closer together grow these three great regions of the world, England, Canada and the United States. Almost we might say that the greatest of these is the least of these; because more and more urgent each year become the problems of the poor, of the men who need room as their fathers found it before them; and Canada alone has *room*.

History, geography, government, turn their faces now toward Canada. The free lands of the United States have been over-run by an eager population. There is little cheap land left in that country now, and none too much honesty in its disposition. In parts of the United States land is as high as it is in England. What hope is there in any of the older countries either side the Atlantic, for the poor, for the very poor?

But all this time, while mixed populations rushed across the Atlantic, regardless of theories of government—as though any governmental theory were of weight against the sombre intent of humanity;—as the human wave flooded along the lines of least

resistance, there lay Canada, unknown and unused, waiting until the day of need. Canada was the savings bank of opportunity for the world. Was not America also? Yes, once. But the banking was done on lines partly "wildcat," in ill-advised haste, in absence of all conservatism. To-day, as consequence, the United States is busy enough with Old World problems.

No one knew about Canada. She was shrouded in ignorance; and, of course, the impossible and Homeric truth is that this was an ignorance deliberately fostered. An adventurous but unprogressive French population long had clung to the eastern regions of the Dominion, sending out scouts and couriers to the western wildernesses of pines and prairies, but not preempting them. Farther to the west lay the realm of the ancient Hudson's Bay Company, indefinite, mysterious. The most splendid monopoly of the world, it held its serene way for more than two centuries. It crossed this continent in its march, and it gave England her strongest argument for the possession of more of the Pacific coast than she holds to-day. The story of the Hudson's Bay Company is not repellent; it is magnificent in many ways. Back of it was a splendid sloth, the magnificent

indifference and ignorance of strength—of Old England itself. While that slow story was unfolding, through national expansion abroad and national crowding and narrowing at home, there grew in numbers the poor, the very poor, those fallen and discarded petals of a great nation's flowering.

Canada long was a land of romance and not of industry. The bold deeds of her *voyageurs* made interesting reading for men in the older world. There lay the wilderness in all its appeal, but none thought of it as else than a wilderness. Mackenzie and Thompson and Fraser, Harmon and Hearne and the two Alexanders—scores of bold souls—crossed this wide continent by boat and saddle, flitting freely as birds here and there, hundreds of years ago; and they wrote that others might read. But they wrote of furs and Indians, of fire-arms and fire-water, and not of industry of any ordered sort.

Came then the days of sportsmen, many men of Old England faring west in the regions where ploughs now run; and these told of what they saw. One of these was Lord Southesk, who wrote some fifty years ago of his sporting pilgrimage to the Canadian plains and mountains. Southesk reached Winnipeg after passing through the United States to St. Paul, and

traveling thence north through Manitoba. He found little in the civilization of the American Republic to afford him interest, yet was good enough to foresee the advantages of possible colonization of the western Canadian plains; although apparently he overlooked all intervening stages between the buffalo plains and the green hedges of Old England! He did not know that generations must elapse, even such swift generations as those of to-day, before the full miracle of what we call civilization can be wrought all through a vast new region late an utter wilderness.

Southesk passed up the valley of the Assiniboine, and along its tributary stream, the Qu'Appelle River, and found much of his best buffalo hunting near what is now known as the Last Mountain Valley, always a famous hunting ground in Indian days; whence he passed on into the Rockies. But Southesk used the same trail, fifty years ago, which you may see to-day written deep in the soil of the great plains of the Saskatchewan, the ancient trail of the Red River carts of the half-breeds.

Southesk seemed not to ponder much on transportation, but he did raise in his own mind the big question whether some of this great new country might not be used for colonizing purposes. He had

the vague impression that this land might grow some product useful to humanity—humanity, to his insular mind, of course meaning only England! He wrote, and passed away, to be forgot. You scarcely shall find his book to-day.

Others came after the sportsman had passed. Macoun, observer and scientist, journeyed west in 1870, and his description of the flora and fauna of this vast western land awoke a wider interest. Some sort of dawn began to tinge the eastern sky with gray. At that time, however, no one seriously considered any permanent settlements much farther west than the line of what is now known as Manitoba. Not even the writings of Sir Sandford Fleming did much to enforce a belief that western Canada was a habitable land. The Heights of Abraham still lay unscaled west of Winnipeg!

Now came the first trans-continental line, the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose promoters had surely an onerous task before them. But after all, they could not fail. It was fate that in time this great crossing of the continent must be made otherwise than by canoe and Red River cart. It was fate that Canada at the proper hour must open to the world.

Last came all the swift story of many railways,

threading over all these western plains. As though a great and noble picture were unveiled, western Canada lay revealed to the world, a thing of unsuspected interest and beauty.

CHAPTER V.

NATIVE DAYS IN CANADA WEST.

As RUMORS began to thicken in regard to the possibility of settlements on these western plains, the old plan of the Canadian Pacific Railway was to pass west up the Qu'Appelle Valley, along the ancient trail of the Red River carts, making old Fort Qu'Appelle, ancient seat of the Hudson's Bay Company, and from time immemorial the central capital of all their wide plains, the new capital of the province later to be known as Saskatchewan. The exact location of the route, as later determined, was a matter of no special importance. The great fact was the conviction that here was a country at least worth crossing if not worth settling.

Opportunity means colonization; and colonization usually means the individual colonizer—the colony built for personal gain alone. Some such sort of beginning seems inevitably necessary for any

colonizing nation. The individual starts; the nation follows. It was not England that found South Africa; it was Cecil Rhodes. The national spirit behind the Canadian Pacific Railway was perhaps as much military as industrial; but this fact as well in time lost all significance.

Crowding individual enterprises made the Canadian Pacific Railway a purely industrial and commercial highway. But for the present purpose this great highway serves us best as an easy path back to early history, its locations leading the student into much that is wholly typical of western Canada in the days before the white man came.

Above the Qu'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan, well toward its head, there thrusts up out of the level plain a considerable elevation or series of bold highlands, known as the Last Mountain. East of this long range, whose greater axis runs north and south, the plains again roll out, flattening into the level prairies. West of the mountain, and paralleling rudely its greater axis, runs a long narrow lake now known as Last Mountain Lake, once called by the Indians "Long-Lake-where-the-fork-is." One of the most beautiful and typical panoramas of mountain, hill and lake, of plain and stream and broken ground,



Native Days

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to be found in western Canada, lies here, and it was always prominent in Canadian history.

The River Qu'Appelle itself was a stream of mystery in the aboriginal mind, as its very name indicates. The French name only translates the old Indian title. It was always the "River-which-calls,"—probably named from the noises made by the gorged ice sometimes piled up in the narrow lakes which mark parts of the stream.

The Indians also ascribed strange qualities to the mountain which lies above the head of this valley. To them the Last Mountain was the home of mysterious and generally evil-minded spirits. The American tribes would never have anything to do with the Yellowstone Park, and for some similar reason the Canadian Indians looked askance at Last Mountain. Many strange things happened there. The Indian mind finds supernatural explanations for natural phenomena; and when a country grows too strange for him to comprehend, he marks it off his map as being the home of spirits and not fit for him. The Indian paradise, or heaven,—full of buffalo and sweet water and good fuel—traditionally was located somewhere near the head of the Qu' Appelle Valley. The Indian Hades, place of malicious spirits, also was

assigned to these high-rolling, round-topped hills, which swell up into Last Mountain range. There was fuel here and plenty of game, and thinking this especially suited for purposes of an Indian reservation, the Dominion Government once set it aside as an Indian reserve, but the tribesmen respectfully declined to have anything to do with it, would not live there or even hunt there. They have to this day traditions of volcanic outbreak, or "hot rain", which long ago destroyed a whole village in that region.

In this neighborhood lay the best of the old northern buffalo range, and thither headed the annual pilgrimage of the half-breeds from the East, bound for a country where they could most easily or surely get their meat. It was not far from here that the last buffalo hunt was made, from which the breeds came back with a few poor hides, saying with sorrow on their faces, "These are the last"; and so set themselves to face another era of the world. Tribes from south of the line sometimes also came to hunt in this region, just as American farmers now come there to farm.

A curious interest always has attached to the country in the minds of its parti-colored population. The central hills make a distinct sort of range, swelling

up in a series of rounded eminences, among which, hundreds of feet above the level of the plains, wind scores of little lakes like highland tarns. From these summits, looking to the west across the thin silver line of the long lake, one may see yet another proof of a strange origin in the configuration of the country—the crests of strange kopjes, or butte-like mounds, thrusting up above the plains seventy-five miles distant to the westward. Here in ancient days flashed the signal fires of the tribesmen in their times of war or hunting. These peaks and buttes, which lie not far from a little railroad town to-day, were used by the half-breeds as signaling points in the Riel rebellion. They might so be used to-day; although now the fires would flash across a country strangely and irrevocably changed. As this shifting central picture has changed, so has all western Canada swiftly changed, passing from old ways to new.

CHAPTER VI.

CATTLE DAYS IN CANADA WEST.

A COUNTRY does not soon pass from nomad to agricultural. Red nomads are supplanted first by white nomads, almost or quite as savage. The first settlers take with them but few ploughs. The old Hudson's Bay post asked no more than a post garden. The American frontiersman wanted only a little patch of corn. Herds and flocks are the first concern of the west-bound on the American continent. The cow man always has been the first citizen after the hunter, the trader and the frontiersman.

In his way the Canadian cow man was as stubborn, as exclusive, as the Hudson's Bay Company itself. The cow man wants range. He detests fences. He cannot afford to run cattle over ground that will raise anything but grass; so, loudly and stoutly and continuously, he declared that this country of Canada West would raise nothing but grass. The early ranchers who moved in their spotted buffalo through



Cattle Days

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the McDonald Hills, the Touchwood Hills, the Last Mountain ranges, over all the breaks and coulees and flat levels on both sides of the Qu'Appelle Valley—all over Saskatchewan and Alberta, indeed,—did not want anyone to believe that the soil would raise anything but grass. The fiction of an icy and inhospitable North, incapable of supporting a population, stoutly was fostered and furthered by the hardy cattle men who first took over the country after the red hunters had left it.

Cattle days in Canada were but little in advance of trading and hunting days. Not even the round-up was a thing of system at first. The cow man could not accurately estimate his herd. Fences he had none. Commonly his house was a hovel, digged into the side of a hill, or perhaps more ambitiously constructed of poles and mud. It was long before the average cow man reached the dignity of stone or sawn boards. By that time he was a baron, able the more strongly to dispute the claims of men practicing the religion of the plough. Such as he was, however, early or late, savage or semi-savage, he filled all the wide ranges of Saskatchewan, as once he filled the trans-Missouri in the American Republic. This cow man was the second, but not the last white man to

come. His cattle vanished in part when the clack of the self-binder began in wide fields of yellow grain, which grew where grass had been.

Lately much of central Saskatchewan was, for the purposes of careful study, visited by the writer, in the course of a journey some hundreds of miles in extent. It was a pleasant experience in a pleasant land. There lay the earth, in some part still free and unsubdued. There was the old familiar sweep of the plains and the sky, the expanses of open waters, the beauties of the hills,—all the spell of wild lands not yet trammelled by civilization. We saw the native grasses which the buffalo once cropped, not yet replaced by those which follow the white man westward. Here were the shrubs and flowers, the nodding plumes of the prairies, dotting the wide carpet of the grasses; and across these, meeting no obstruction, wound here and there the vague trails of the prairie, showing the wandering imprint of uncharted vehicles; new trails, quite apart from the deep-set grooves of the old Red River carts.

Dearest of all prairie pictures, one might see here again, and almost for the last time in America, that old picture of the "main-travelled road", winding here and there along the easiest grades, type of human

life itself, seeking the line of least resistance, self-reliant, finding its own way, depending on itself; and so alluring, inviting one on and on to where it vanished on the crest of some distant ridge; leading beyond, one might not doubt, to sown fields and a home, and content and happiness. Who does not love the main-travelled road of the prairies, which just links him loosely to the truth that he is white and civilized, yet does not free him from the thought that he is savage, that he is at the beginning of all things, that all the earth and all of life yet lie before him!

Sometimes our road lay in the Valley of the Qu'Appelle, sometimes at the rim of the prairie levels above it. Often it seemed that the white man had not yet come to any of this country. Now and again we saw groups of the Indian tepees, no longer made of hides, but still framed on the old tribal lines. These aboriginal abodes were grouped as of yore, at the mouths of the coulees leading down from the flats into the wide valley. In the old days these camps were established at places where the buffalo were forced to come down to drink. One might almost expect the red men even now to send out their scouts to the tops of the bluffs, to spy out whether there might not be a herd of buffalo coming down. It

might have been the old tribal life itself we saw sometimes from the high edges of the valley—groups of the conical tepees, smoke atop, seen through a distance mellowed by sudden Scotch mists or swift down-pouring slants of rain.

But as we rode along the rim of the valley, passing to the westward, now and again we saw smoke, now and again saw some dot or speck upon the face of the wide-sweeping plains. Again they clustered strongly, these habitations of civilized men, farmers, not cattle drovers nor hunters nor adventurers. That black strip across the landscape—it was not the shadow of a passing cloud, but the record of a plough. These yellow gray bands were the fields of stubble already reaped. These other bands of green, of pale yellow, of deep bright yellow—they were the fields of wheat, among which the binders were yet to do their work. The centuries-old soil was finding its first upturned exposure to the sun. Surely the plough had come. There is no more thrilling experience than this, of seeing the ancient wilderness just passing into the first loose fingers of civilized man's occupation.

Here was the wheat, crowding up to the trail, high as the wagon seat as we drove through. At the edge of a grumbling cow man's unowned but long occupied



Au Large

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range, we reached down and plucked off ripe wheat in handfuls, crumbling out into the palm the full ears of triple-rowed kernels, magnificent grain, the food which the world must have—that grain upon which the whole civilization of the earth seems strangely to depend. When the wheat has come, civilization has taken hold of the land, never again to loose its grasp. One who loves the open air and the wild world cannot suppress a sigh of regret at first thought of the passing plains, at the thought of the dead romance of the rancher; but then there must come the soberer thought that the wildernesses of this world, as well as the scant fields of the older world, belong to the world and the world's peoples.

In the heart of Saskatchewan one now is never out of touch with the settlements. The traveller *au large*, on wheels of his own, camps now and then at the half savage dwelling of some irascible cow man, oftener at the more comfortable abode of some wheat-raising farmer; and at times he sees, miles distant on the horizon, the gaunt arms of a great windmill, supplying a railway tank. Now and again he catches view of a roll of smoke passing, or hears the rumbling signals of a railway train. Paralleling, if not following the old trails, here is the railway, path of the new,

permanent trail of the man with the plough, who has wiped out all the paths worn in the soil by the wild or tame herds of days now gone by.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE NEW FRONTIER.

EXTENDED personal inquiry in mid-Saskatchewan in the course of a long journey failed to discover one farmer who was homesick or discontented, or who declared that he was going back to Old England or to the States. Without exception they declared that they were not only contented, but prosperous. In most cases their one or two crops had given them their lands and their first farmstead buildings of rude comfort, at least, fully paid for; *and this land was their own*. No basement life for these settlers, nor for their children, nor their children's children; no rack rents, no struggle with a worn, exhausted soil. Here was a different field for humanity. Is there any difficulty in predicting the difference between the product of such fields and those of the "pent and huddled East"?

Some of this land had been taken under the homestead laws, but much of it had been bought of earlier

holders. In scarcely a farm was all the land as yet broken up and so made ready for the wheat; but always now we saw the broad strips of the dark soil, and the wide patches of the yellow wheat upon the landscape.

It was a fascinating sight, this middle land between the old and the new. Most fascinating of all was the air of hope and confidence. Something set the blood tingling in the veins. No one here spoke of despair or discouragement. These men made no repining at their lot as frontier farmers, their sole concern being the question of means of getting out their wheat to the markets.

In the marshes which drained into the head of the lakes we saw everywhere uncounted thousands of wild fowl. The Dominion Government wisely has established many game reserves, so that to some extent at least the ancient breeding grounds will be preserved. Every care has been taken to conserve this delectable country as a home desirable for red-blooded men and women. Most of the farmers at the time of this particular journey were too busy with their harvesting to pay much attention to sport, but when the necessary work is done, any man hereabout has ready access to countless swarms of wild

geese, sand-hill cranes, scores of species of wild duck. The wheat lands run up to the edges of long winding marshes, and as is the case in all the northern portions of the United States, the wild fowl readily adjust themselves to the early stages of civilization, the wheat stubble furnishing the best shooting grounds for geese and cranes. Such conditions make strong appeal to sport-loving farmers fresh from Old England.

In such regions as this, one still travels as one likes across country, paying no attention to roads; although now and again one comes upon roads rudely ploughed along the section lines, in some cases, near the railroads, fairly well worked. The time of the "main-travelled road" is passing rapidly, even in Canada. Soon the fences will come along the high-ways, and all travel will follow the lines bounding artificial rectangles. Exulting in our liberty, for the most part our party continued to travel direct toward a destination. We still held to the prairies, and still on every side of us was wheat, wheat, wheat.

It is thus, in actual contact with the conditions which the colonist must meet, that one arrives most naturally at the ever vital question of *who and what that colonist must be*. Some of

our party were Englishmen, and of these one declared that Canada seemed to value an Englishman no more than an American, perhaps not so much! In his belief this ought not to be. At him scoffed yet another of the party, an Englishman born of good family, but for twenty years a western Canadian farmer. This latter man had been transplanted, had taken root, had flourished in the new environment.

“Why should we do more for an Englishman than for an American?” asked he. “We want farmers who can farm. We need men who can live this frontier life. Why should we favor England if England does not deserve it? We will take you on if you can work, and will pay you for what you actually can do. Why should we pay you for what you cannot do? Why should we not pay better the man who can do more than yourself?”

It is the city man against whom Canada is most relentless. “The Englishman who succeeds in Canada is hardly ever a Londoner; the Englishman who fails completely is almost always a Londoner.” This is the deliberate opinion of the special correspondent of *The Times* who lately toured through Canada; and the journal citing that conclusion (*The Canadian Gazette*), adds comment of its own:

“Of course, this is only another and more graphic version of an old story. Against the Englishman as an Englishman and the Londoner as a Londoner Canadians have no sort of prejudice. If any individual—Englishman or Londoner—is disliked, it is because he shows himself manifestly unadaptable to Canadian conditions. He does not know Canadian ways, and he is not willing to learn them. Immigrants from other civilized lands may think Canadians foolish to do things as they do, but they hide their opinions and industriously learn Canadian methods. This makes them more quickly available as workers. English, and especially English city immigrants, fit in more slowly than their competitors, and they aggravate their unadaptability by unreasonable expectations of Canadian conditions and ill-natured criticisms because the unquestioned opportunities for material advancement which Canada offers are not often found in conjunction with theatres and music halls and the garish accompaniments of English town life. It happily is true that most Englishmen and many Londoners, possessing grit and good sense as they do, get along excellently in Canada and find their chances such as they would never have found in this country. But for these others Canada has no room, and the more

broadcast that fact is made known the better. The newer Canadian immigration regulations preclude the entry into Canada of men of this luckless type through charitable agencies; when they do now go to Canada it is of their own free will and at their own expense. The best antidote, therefore, is their failure and the wide publicity of Canada's need of none but men of grit and adaptability."

That is hard doctrine for the newcome Englishman to face, who still feels the homesick pull of the old country at his heart strings. Yet it is doctrine which any man must be prepared to face in any country where everything is new. The frontier knows no flag. It is man for man, and all against the war-front of nature. It is best for any new settler to know this truth in advance. Here then, in these undenied facts, rest the full question and answer of colonization.

Clean and sane colonization requires and demands that there shall be opportunity, but insists that the intending colonist shall be fit and prepared to avail himself of opportunity when offered. This preparation has in the nature of things often been impossible for the newcome Englishman—of course far more often impossible for the English city dweller than for the English farmer. Neither can in reason be



Leaving the Old World

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expected to know the requirements of the Canadian West. The frontier asks for trained men, skilled men, strong and steady of purpose, ready to adapt themselves to new surroundings, able to endure the deprivations and hardships which for a time are necessary on any frontier. Viewed from one angle, at least, it certainly is this sort of colonist who is needed to change the wilderness into a farm.

What could the men and women of the huddled Old World cities do for themselves if transplanted to a land like this? Experience already answers that. Farming itself is a profession, and it must be learned. Many fail at it. No work is harder or more constant than that of farming, even in the richest of countries. There is no royal road to success in raising wheat or any other product of the farm. It means work. It costs courage. It requires brains and it demands experience. Western Canada's farms show that the game can be won; but it has only been won at the cost of skill, courage, experience, by means of stark physical hardihood, well-applied knowledge, steady purpose. What would be the fate of the weakened city dweller, fresh from the slums and without preparation, set down in such surroundings, necessarily unskilled in this manner of labor, ignorant of the use

of machinery, ignorant of everything, and not yet even physically strong? How can one of the very poor make a living, even if he be given a "start", in a new country such as this? Such a man would miss, first of all, the companionable dirt and grind and hurry of the city which bore him. Worn down by the meagreness, the solitariness and the continual stress, awed by the continual menace of an affronted nature, would he despair, would he grow sick at heart, and so curse God and die? That question is the gravest asked of any land to-day. In time it must be answered—answered by Canada *and* England; assuredly not by England alone.

Hasty experiment of English colonization in Canada has been undertaken in many instances. Many years ago, for one instance, there was located in southern Saskatchewan a colony of typical Londoners, Whitechapel "bird catchers", as they were called, waifs of the London tenement district. These people knew nothing whatever of farming. They did not know how or where to begin. The newness of all their surroundings seemed to work upon them some appalling apathy. They huddled up about the hearths of their wastrel homesteads, and when winter came, they starved, froze and died. None knew the

use of weapons. Each needed to be taught how to handle a horse. All was hard, helpless, difficult, useless. Some of them won through, and, Canadians now, are prosperous and contented citizens.

But Canada owes no duty to England which forces her to take such citizens. Not even philanthropy owes a duty to humanity which implies the handling of the very poor in a way like that, so far removed from mere intelligence. Hard indeed is the answer to this problem of the poor, who need opportunity, *but cannot use it!*

Ah, then our story ends here? The failure of such altruism is foregone? Not in the least. The story of true colonization but begins where this conclusion is written by despair.

It is true Canada owes nothing to England which obliges her to prefer such citizens to others offered ready at hand, bred and trained in the problem of the frontier. But surely England owes it as one of the correctives of her own civilization to put the younger land of Canada in an industrial and a financial position to take at least the potentially efficient poor and plant them and nurture them *intelligently*, giving their wasted tendrils holding-place on some manner of support, stage by stage

—gradually advancing in fitness, until at last the sun and the sky and the soil shall make these tendrils full and strong; until the human plant, transplanted, shall take root, and so offer proof of the virtue of good environment,—a human being better and more useful to the world. The *human plant*—that is the question! Not politics, not sentiment, not any foolish talk of empire, or worse than foolish talk of preferring an Englishman to any other man, is what England and Canada alike need to-day to consider.

It is no time for England vaguely to talk of empire as empire. That is not enough. Science, not politics, should govern now. Her greatest concern should be over the *average of her humanity*. No country is stronger than the *average* of its population. Let England take care of her men and women, and her empire will take care of itself. Let her fail to do so, and there can be no ruler, and no system of government, which can assure empire to her flag. The growth of the House of Commons of England has been steady, generation after generation. As the ages pass, there waxes ever the demand of the average man. In time comes the demand that this average must be better and stronger; that there shall not

exist extremes too wide between master and slave, between effete affluent and abjectly poor. This is true for England. It is true for all the world.

“In the shadow of cathedrals, crowned by centuries of story, beneath the very arches of castellated ruin by the Rhine, see the unlettered peasant plowing with the family cow. To such a man, what avail the centuries? How much of life from that old cathedral gilds his toil? Upon his sorrow-dimmed vision what romantic spectacle arises, as round the castle walls in penury he stumbles during the slow-grinding years of human toil? Let us rejoice that fifty years have placed here, under these skies, more happy, simple homes that can be found in any equal area in all the ancient world!” Thus another phrases it.

Old lands have poor and rich. But what is their average? Why feel pride in England's wealth? What is her average well-being? My arm is no stronger for the exercise you give to yours; my pocket is no richer for the fact that yours is full; my happiness does not consist in seeing your castle of content. But give me work, give me money I have earned, give me castle of my own that I have earned and may hold—ah, then you make me Saxon, English-

man, American, Canadian. Best of all, you make me man!

This is no specific criticism, and we deal here with no specific problem. Such matters are not for England alone. Young as is the United States, the progressive President of that Republic in the Fall of 1908 appointed a commission to look into the very questions now soberly agitating Canada and England. He asked this commission to learn what best can be done to get men out from the cities and on the farms; knowing that that is the next great step in the prosperity and wealth-making of that republic, as indeed it is of the entire world to-day. Give me castle of my own! That is the Saxon demand. Make me a man! That is to say, give me the chance to make of myself a man!

CHAPTER VIII.

OVER SEAS.

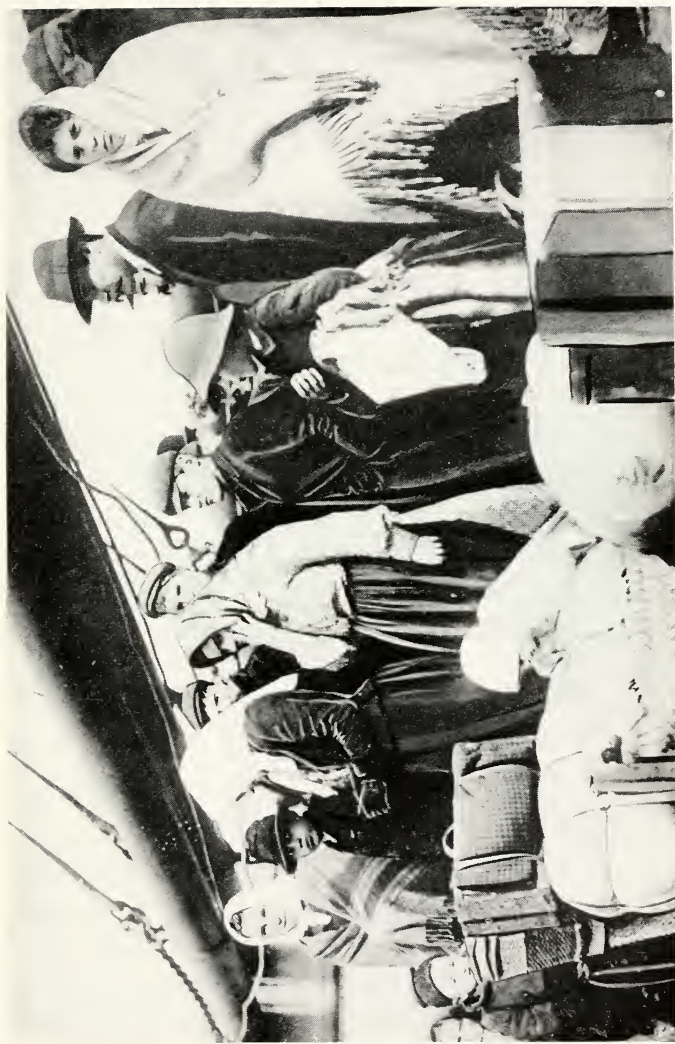
THE successes of England are those of heredity; but, unless all science be wrong, success of heredity cannot always endure when environment lacks. The greatest of gardeners knows when to transplant. The success of England and of her great men has long been a success up-hill, done in spite of all. So great is England's mighty past, so imperative is her demand upon her sons that they shall rival the deeds of that past, that always great men have grown there, in stature springing to the very glass of their hothouse covering. She has sent many great men abroad; for centuries England has been great in her colonies, great in men who have carried with them the seed of deeds, that yet greater deeds might arise.

England's island horizon inexorably marks delimitation for her ambition. Great men grow there; but that is beside the question. The real question is: What would proper transplanting do for the middle-

class or lower-class Englishman? The argument is not upon England's government, not upon her royalty, her House of Lords, her nobility, even her House of Commons. It has to do with the yet larger question of *average* English men and women. The ultimate pride of any nation must be in the strength and welfare of its *average* self-reliant man. The glory of a bejeweled crown is nothing to him who starves. The splendour of My Lord's achievement in the forum is naught to her who brings imbeciles into the world.

These truths exist as much for any land as for England, and the swift fashion of these days brings them home now with startling vividness to every nation of the world. Human unrest never was greater. The call of the new lands, where the stress of extremes is not yet so great—that is the sole voice of hope for the over-crowded world to-day. In the wilderness thus far has lain our salvation.

Had there been no American colonies, no transplanting of Englishmen and others to rich new lands offered free by nature, what would be the story of Europe to-day? In the stern fashion of nature, famine and pestilence and ruin would have cleared yonder hothouse long ago. Europe would now have



In Sight of the New World

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the ways of China. England, plus Canada,—the Old World plus the United States and other new countries have offered their wider total for the world's development, and proved that all the world's surface was meant for occupancy. They have proved also that the world's good is the good of the *average* man; that the world's governments adjust themselves to these facts as they arise from varying environments of man. Monarchies for the mixed peoples of the hothouse, self-rule for the self-selected strong of the new countries,—no king seems to have been quite able to evade this rule. It works itself out slowly. The greatest king of the earth to-day takes in it the greatest pride. No colonizing nation need fear it, but rather should find comfort in it.

What the Canadian Government may be a hundred years hence is of no consequence. Whatever it shall be, it will be the proper one, because Canada will have been the growing ground of a strong and virile breed of men, fit to be governed and fit to govern. It is enough to let the years alone. Whether or not a new nation shall have arisen, a new *people* will inexorably and inevitably have arisen. The world will have advanced a stage in its development, in spite of little theories, in spite of selfish and narrow plans.

That is not to say that we are to sit idly by and watch these matters happen. Each people may be and must be to some extent master of its own destiny. Each nation therefore needs practical idealists, men who have the constructive imagination. All the better if these men of grasp and vision be found in governmental circles. It is not sufficient to reason abstractly, composedly, complacently, thus or so about colonization. The thing is to *do* colonization—to forecast the people's future, and *to make plans for it*.

CHAPTER IX.

HIT OR MISS PHILANTHROPY.

THE substantial truth and justice of most of the statements in the foregoing pages generally will be admitted by those who read and think. It is agreed alike in England and in Canada that something immediately must be done in the way of relieving the population pressure in England and filling the population want in Canada. Yet of all great questions this seems farthest from answer. Of all answers offered to any question, few ever were more confused, more divergent, and more hotly conflicting than those advanced on both sides of the sea in this debated matter of colonization. For our part, it will serve at the time to assemble some of these theories and to mention some of the experiments which have been suggested or attempted. We shall need to quote at some length, and for the light or careless reader, some of these long statements may seem a bit dreary. They are, however, part of the assembling of our

premises, and since no argument is stronger than its premises, and since we have an argument later to be built, one must ask patience, and bespeak consideration for writers quite as able and as eager as one's self.

Well toward the front rank of current comment is that of the vaguely loyal citizen who finds himself possessed of a residence in Canada and a reverence for England. We may perhaps, as well as in any other way, phrase such belief in the following words, which have appeared, one believes, both in the Colonial and the British press:

“The ways of tugging the rope from American realism towards British idealism are of like character. We have got to make Canada feel she needs poets as well as foreign immigrants, and prophets as well as American capitalists. We have got to persuade her people that great as may be the conquests in front of them, those triumphs can never transcend in glory the splendour of their inheritance as sons of Magna Charta, the heirs of Shakespeare, and the kin of Latimer, Hampden, Cromwell, and Nelson. Never will her banners bear prouder names than Trafalgar and Waterloo. Never will her bookshelf hold sublimer books than the English Bible. There are those in Canada who keep this faith with a passionate

enthusiasm. There are those who love England. Shall we strengthen their hands with all our might and with all our main, or stand by and see them borne down by the foreign immigrant and the spirit of America?"

From one point of view, the foregoing is to say much, but from the standpoint of a hard-headed man it is to say very little. It is beautiful, but so beautifully vague that the average business man will with a "passionate enthusiasm" designate it to be no more than mere vapping. It does nothing. It formulates no clean cut policy of action. Canada has not time to deal in vague hopes. There must be *definite* deeds.

Religion and morality come next, with their suggestions in colonization, each as wide of the mark as mere racial sentiment. These forget that on this earth the stomach comes before the soul; that before you can uplift a man you must feed him. They content themselves with such generalizations as the following—with the excellence of whose tone no issue can be taken:

"We are told that Government is about to apply much more strict rule to the out-of-works in Toronto than it has hitherto done, and that should it be found that any of them had come to the country without

the prescribed amount of money in their pockets, they will be sent back whence they came.

“Is this Christianity? It seems worse than Buddhism or Confucianism. Is this likely to make Christians and loyalists, or agnostics and anarchists? It may be that in Toronto, as in Montreal, men of the most docile nature, men who are a real acquisition to the country, have been fleeced till they are penniless by sharks who have the advantage of speaking their own language, and this for lack of the protection which the new country should have thrown around them.”

Following close in the wake of such beneficent indefiniteness as the foregoing come the well-meant endeavors of the charitable associations of England, who have spent many thousands of pounds in the work of sending thousands of emigrants of the poorer classes to Canada. Here there is a great, noble and well-meant work, and something which has as well the virtue of definite activity; so that it is sad to say that this well-meant activity has not been wholly appreciated in Canada.

Such labors have been extensive. In 1907, societies sent assisted emigrants to Canada in the following proportion: East-End Emigration Fund, 6,096; Self-

Help Emigration Society, 506; Salvation Army, 406; Church Army, 1,519; Church Emigration Society, 663; Central Unemployed Body, 2,842; Central Emigration Board, 228. But Mr. Walker, the Commissioner of Immigration, declared that the work of these societies gave him the gravest anxiety, because they sent to him masses of undesirable citizens.

Mr. Hamilton, honorary treasurer of the Church Army, London, England, makes a very definite and emphatic protest to Mr. Walker's strictures:

"As Chairman of the Emigration Committee of the Church Army, I protest most emphatically against this sweeping condemnation of the emigrants sent out to Canada by this organization. The great majority of the men whom we emigrated in the year 1907 were persons of the working class who had always been honest and industrious, but who from no fault of their own had become destitute through being out of work a long time.

"With regard to the emigrants we sent in the year 1906, in an interview with our agent, Sir Wilfrid Laurier said:

"Your immigrants have done well for themselves and well for their employers. There is plenty of work for all you can send out, as the farmers are wanting

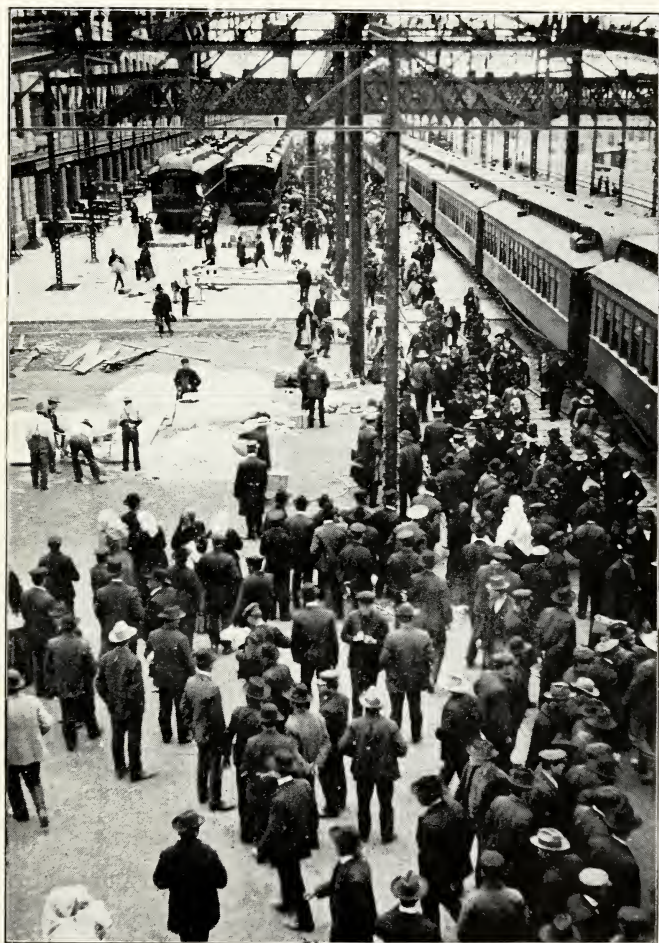
men and cannot get them. I wish you all success in your work.' ”

This leaves the floor clear for the Commissioner of Immigration to conclude, although his somewhat hot retort seems not essentially to clear the sky:

“I have nothing to withdraw of what I have said regarding the character of the general body of the immigrants sent to Canada by the Church Army. As a body they are entirely unsuited to the needs of our country, and in proof of this, one has only to look at the number of immigrants stranded in Toronto and Winnipeg, and in many of the smaller towns of Ontario.

“I cordially concede to the Church Army the best intentions, and believe it is actuated by good and commendable motives, but unfortunately it is working for the most part with material which from training and environment is not the kind of material needed in Canada to-day.

“The residents of the slums of the great city of London or other great centres of population are not the kind of people likely to accommodate themselves to our conditions, or to become readily absorbed in our national life.



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“Canada is not calling for skilled tradesmen, yet the Church Army constantly sends them.

“Canada is not calling for men who make a failure of life in the Old Country, yet the Church Army constantly sends them.

“But Canada is calling for men of brawn and muscle, who have tilled and who are desirous of tilling the soil. The Church Army sends this class only in infinitely small proportions.”

Commissioner Elijah Cadman, of the Salvation Army, recently remarked before a large audience in an American city:

“They tell us we are depopulating England of the cream of its working class. We answer that unless this is done the cream will soon turn sour.

“Our organized effort to supply the manless land with the landless man is a success from every point of view. However, we are being criticized in England and in Canada for reasons diametrically opposite. In Canada they say we are flooding the country with hordes from English slums. We reply that we are not bringing over any of the ‘submerged’. We are refusing hundreds of undesirable applicants every day. In England some declare we are draining the country of its best. But under present conditions

that 'best' will soon be spoiled if allowed to continue to live in the congested cities."

Here, then, we have it. Canada, the colony, and England, the mother country, both agree that something ought to be done in colonization; both agree that something ought to be done for the helpless poor; but they do *not* agree upon *what* ought to be done. Meantime, Canada waits, her brow troubled, her calm of two hundred years broken, her mind suddenly oppressed with the truth that a place in the world's history means an assumption of the world's problems. What shall Canada do? Already she has seen the evil of ill-advised unloading on her shores of the helpless and unfit poor. When she resents this, she is accused of "clubbing the head of the swimmer". What may Canada do? What is right that she should do? Certainly, since the penning of the first words of our little study, the Dominion Government has taken action so radical as to leave much of the foregoing in the class of the obsolete. The activities of the charitable and emigration associations have been brought under the jurisdiction of the Canadian Emigration Department. Undoubtedly previous to that date many emigrants were sent out to Canada by charitable societies who were unfit to grapple with

conditions in Canada, and numerous cases of hardship resulted. But it was to combat this recognized evil that authority was given to the Emigration Department to allow no charitable-society-aided emigrant to leave England without first obtaining the permission of the Department. The good effect of the new regulations can be judged from the fact that one of the leading London charitable societies, which sent out in 1906-7, 6,096 emigrants to Canada, of whom twenty-five per cent. went to friends, sent this year only 833, of whom no less than seventy-five per cent. went to friends. The Canadian authorities are determined to prevent the emigration of the unsuitable, and their policy unquestionably is a wise one. Similar jurisdiction is exercised over the numerous emigration agents throughout the United Kingdom, and any agents found wilfully misrepresenting conditions in Canada are heavily fined and their licenses cancelled.

So much for Canada's ability to take care of herself. But does it leave England able to take care of herself? Does it solve the problem of the poor in England, or only make it worse? Has either England or Canada, while taking care of herself, done anything toward taking care of the man *without a chance*, the

man without hope and without opportunity? Our little book—not a plea for Socialism, mind well—is about that; and our conclusions include him in the duty and the proper plans, both of England and Canada.

In such decided conflict of authority it is necessary that we as students shall seize ourselves at least of certain general truths. Thus we may say that in argument it is not logical to reason from particular to general, or to reason from general to particular. The premises must be of the same denomination, or we shall get no valid conclusion. It is fair preliminary logic, therefore, to ask England if she knows and realizes the actual denomination of the Canadian premise?

On one ground, at least, England and Canada ought to meet, and that is the broad one which for the time leaves politics aside. Both ought to consider the *human* side of the question. Both ought to ponder the greatest good to the greatest number. Both ought to listen to the words of a man high in the Dominion Government, a Canadian born and bred on the western prairies, who takes a lofty but safe ground, which will serve us perfectly as a beginning point for our later argument:

“Back of all the plans, back of all the differences of belief as to methods and means—and of course there will be differences,—must be the motive to do good for the world!”

Those are words big enough temporarily at least to shame mere selfishness. They give the student courage to go on with the plan of gathering in later pages the experiences and conclusions of men of widely separated fields of activity. To these opinions, coming from many different angles, Canada should listen with respect, because they voice the beliefs of Canadians. England also should listen with respect, because they give her greater information, and so set her that much the closer to fairness in her logic.

CHAPTER X.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A JURIST.

CANADA has always with a certain justice pointed to the difference between her frontier record and that of the Republic to the south of her on the map. It is true that the Yankee "bad man" as a type never has existed in the Canadian West, and likewise true that the Canadian frontiers never have even temporarily paralleled the scenes of violence which for two generations of western progress have marked life in the American Republic.

Sometimes this distinction is drawn to the discredit of the American form of government; and indeed he were not a broad-minded citizen of the United States who would fail to admit that in the latter country reverence for the law does not exist to the extent generally found in Canada and indeed in all of England's colonies. There is color for this in the methods of American buccaneer business as

well as in the story of American outlawry on the frontier.

It is only fair to say that the American character, whether in business, in politics, or in society, has, since the occupation of the territory of the United States, been marked almost as much by self-sufficiency as by self-reliance; and this self-sufficiency has not only in a few but in many instances served to give that country a reputation for lawlessness which only can be called deserved. No reason for this truth ever has been offered in satisfactory form. It seems unwise to ascribe it to the American form of government itself, for while the government largely has changed in the past century, the phenomena of the country have remained constant. It is very largely, no doubt, attributable to the character of the early population of the United States, to the former remoteness of the western country, to its great natural richness, and to the earlier lack of the cheap and abundant modern transportation. If this lawlessness has handicapped civilization, it has not sufficed to prevent it.

It cannot too much be borne in mind that times have come to be much changed. Canada's problems in population fall in to-day, the time of cheap and

abundant transportation; her methods of settling her new lands are, therefore, entirely different from those once necessary in the United States. None the less, even in these days when full-fledged law and order go westward with the rails, Canada finds that with her new population she is importing new problems in disregard of the law. Crime is increasing in Canada, especially in Canadian cities. The truth is forcing itself into observation that with the well-meaning and ambitious poor are mingled large numbers of those who have no wish or intent to constitute themselves useful units of society. This truth enters into the law-and-order problems of England's cities.

Philanthropy east of the Atlantic sometimes has been ostrich-like enough to fail to see that in transplanting masses of London's poor, it also transplanted many of London's problems west of the sea. For the last two years the courts of Canada have been full of men out of work, arrested for one or the other infraction of Canada's stern ideas of the law.

In these circumstances of increasing criminal dockets, increasing poor-lists, and increasing problems in local charity and local remedial measures, it is pleasant to see the broad-minded fairness of the



H. M. Howell, Chief Justice of Manitoba

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Canadian spirit in regard to these unwonted phenomena. The courts of Canada, without exception, have been lenient with such unfortunates as have for one reason or another come before them from the masses of those who find themselves bewildered and discouraged in scenes wholly unfamiliar to them. Many a pathetic story, many a tragedy is hid in the dusty records of the law, and never finds its way to print. We shall take space to offer here comment of but one jurist, Chief Justice Howell, of Manitoba. The Justice, in his address to the Grand Jury at Winnipeg, was obliged to refer to some of these questions, and said:

“You may be led to conclude that we would be much better without these foreigners, that they are a menace to our country. . . . Well, they are here, gentlemen; shall we drive them out of the country, or hang them, or teach them? They have not had a fair chance, it seems to me, in the race of life. In the country they came from the sidewalks of the town were not made for them, the roads were good enough for them, amongst the horses and swine. If the landlord came along they got down on their knees and bowed their faces to the ground. They could not go from their native village to another

without a passport without being arrested. They came to this country, and here the sidewalks are for them. They can go as they please, and liberty becomes license. By all means punish them when they do wrong, but punish them justly and kindly."

Let us gather the import of this last remark. Let us carry the flavor of it forward with us in our later study of these matters. Let us, on *either* side of the sea, approach this pathetic figure of the poor man, the man cast away out of reach of good environment, only with *justice and with kindness*. In that way we are far more apt to arrive at the truth.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.

THERE is no more picturesque, albeit no more pathetic spectacle in the world than that afforded by the Canadian Pacific Railway Station at Winnipeg, where most of the European immigrants make the first stop in their long journey to their chosen land. Marylebone Station in England may offer as much of pathos, for home is home, no matter how humble and hopeless, and it is hard even for the poor to leave their native country—perhaps hardest of all for the poor to do so. But England's assembly ground represents but one nation, whereas Winnipeg shows the outpourings of many.

In this gathering ground there are to be seen Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, fresh from the old country, or perhaps somewhat seasoned by residence in the States. Fewer come from South Europe to Canada than to the United States, but numbers of Hungarians, Galicians, and others, are to be seen,

their striking and bright-colored costumes of silks and skins, their strange embroidered boots and bright head coverings contrasting with the quieter garb of the sober-faced Mennonites, the sheepskin-clad Russians, the high-cheeked Polanders, or the squat Laps and Finns. At the long counter of the immigration rooms—where the commodity handled is that of human fortunes—one may see blue-eyed Scots puzzling over strange maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or stolid folk in cap and neck scarf, the uniform of London's poor. A babel of tongues arises, and although the government interpreters are polyglot, sometimes they find a language strange even to them. Here wanders a helpless soul, with no record of any recent meal visible in his gaunt form or features, no discoverable means upon his person, and no understandable human speech by which he may set himself right with the world. The author has found here men who had lost the cards which told the addresses of friends they wished to meet, and who were all at sea as to what they ought to do. It is not infrequent for men to turn up here who started for Minnesota or the Dakotas in the States.

Among all these are scores of newcomers unmistakably from the cities of England. In the rooms

provided as temporary quarters by the Immigration Office one may see thin-faced, stony-eyed women, of a morning, wiping a scant circle of semi-cleanliness on the faces of weary and dirty children that scream aloud at the insult to their custom. Teapots and stewpans cumber the unaccustomed stove, and meals go forward at all hours in one corner or another. On floors still higher up are other rooms, lofts with little platforms where newcomers spread down their scanty bedding on the floor. Meagre enough is the usual bundle which represents the total worldly goods of a family here. Without this pitiful object lesson, their past could be read in the apathetic face, the shuffling walk, the hopeless look which distinguishes so many of these helpless poor, thrust, at the argument of the foot, out of their home country to mend their fortunes as best they may.

Each nationality will show young men and women rejoicing in the best of all wealth, strong and hardy bodies,—young men who soon will be land owners, young women who will soon have discarded this gaudy shawl for the flowered bonnet of their new neighbors. Two or three years will work a wondrous change with these younger persons. Perhaps less hope exists for this wrinkled woman who sits against the fence, in

the brilliant sunlight, nursing her child, her head beturbaned, her garb a mass of rags, her face long a stranger to water, her coarse feet encased in heavy high boots thrust out at full length before her on the ground, modesty and womanliness strangers to her soul throughout her life, and still strangers here. Opportunity may have come too late for her. For this child in her lap there may, however, be some sort of hope and happiness in later years. Neither was possible for it had it remained at the old home.

All the time, one great train after another pulls in from the east and discharges its motley population,—its freight—picturesque, pathetic, pitiful. The parti-colored crowds condense, flow together, break apart, a kaleidoscope of humanity, a human picture whose human interest cannot be surpassed for any man who thinks. And in these crowds automatically if not apathetically labor ticket sellers, gate men and interpreters who have their work well cut out for them. Beyond their preliminary service comes the more inquiring and more human ministration of the Immigration Office, where all these folk are sorted, analyzed, classified and distributed.

Supervising this classification and distribution there must be some accepted head, just as there must

be in the assembling of these multitudes on the eastern side of the ocean. As much depends upon the judgment and the wisdom of the one official as upon the other. Certainly very much rests with the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg. His must be sympathy and resource as well. He must see it to that these strangers be not robbed, that they shall have decent food and immediate opportunity for work, so far as that may be. It is he who must devise comfort for weary and heavy-laden, who must stand for the idea of his government with them. He may not be arbiter immediate, and must report to his superior what he has done and what he thinks might better be done. Regarding him at least this much may be said, that he, perhaps more than any other man, is prepared to pass on the qualifications as citizens of those who pass before him day by day. The world's problem in immigration lies before him every hour. It is not theory with him, but practice. He knows what Canada *gets*, and he ought to know what Canada *needs*.

Most of the discussions of the year 1908 on the immigration problem were based on the report of Mr. Bruce Walker. Much of the water of that mill has now run by, but the Commissioner's attack on

immigrant-quality in general should be made plain. He takes up first the question of those unfortunates who are paid to leave their own country, his comment being as follows:

“With regard to the State Aided and Rate Aided. These are the products of the distress committees and of the workhouses. The distress committees usually operate through some recognized booking agency, providing the fares for the transportation, and leaving such booking agency to provide the employment on the Canadian side. There is no supervision of an official character exercised over these emigrants. The Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior is neither advised of their numbers, their character, nor the date of their sailing.

“With reference to the Rate Aided emigration, that is the emigration provided by the Poor Law Guardians, there is a certain measure of control. When, for any reason, the Guardians of the district are satisfied that the inmate of a workhouse is capable of working his way in Canada, or elsewhere, under new conditions, and with a fair start, they apply to the President of the Local Government Board for permission to appropriate from the public rates under



Bruce Walker

the Poor Law a sum necessary for the emigration to Canada, say, of such person, or persons."

The first thought which comes to mind is that if Canada must search in workhouses for her future citizens, she necessarily is rather in a bad way in the matter of her citizenship. Persons do not go to the workhouse ordinarily so long as they are fit and able to make a living for themselves in their own country. This is not in the least to entertain a harsh or callous frame of mind toward these unfortunates; nor does the Commissioner himself entertain any such feeling. On the contrary, bad as we would be disposed to call this source of immigration, he declares it to be better than many others, and goes on to say:

"Emigration of this class is less in quantity than that of any other to which I have referred, and I think enquiry will bear me out in saying that notwithstanding its source it is perhaps a little more satisfactory than either that emigrated by the Unemployed Workmen's Act, or the operations of charitable organizations.

"The trouble, however, of a State Aided emigration is that it is dealing with a class of persons whose position is either due to their own intemperance or incompetence, and who, for the most part, lack that

self-confidence and self-reliance that is necessary for success in a new country, and under new conditions.

“I am satisfied that an extremely large proportion of the non-successes in English emigration is due to the unreasonable proportion of that class of emigration sent to Canada. In Scotland, where the proportion of emigrants to the population is more than double what it is in England, there are no such philanthropic societies and no such charitable organizations engaged in emigration work, and you cannot but have observed how few cases of non-success there are amongst the Scottish emigrants.”*

Mr. Walker touched upon the origin of the whole series of evils—the importation of the city poor, the waste humanity of London, picked up bodily in all its helplessness, brought to Canada, passage-paid, and then deposited upon the land, *every man to fend for his miserable self*.

“As most of these organizations,” he says, “carry on their operations in large centres of population, they seldom reach persons of agricultural experience and consequently have, in proportion to their numbers sent to Canada, very few claims for the bonus given by the Department to persons bent upon agricultural

* “The Unemployed in Canada.”

pursuits in Canada; and I think, therefore, it would be judicious to withhold the bonus in the case of any person obtaining either a free or an assisted passage, ability to pay the necessary transportation charge being one of the most satisfactory proofs of thrift and industry."

The state of facts disclosed by the report caused general surprise and discussion throughout the country. The government adopted the recommendation touching the bonus, knowing that it would check English immigration in numbers, for a time at least, but that it would operate for a better, cleaner, abler quality of settlers. So followed the act requiring inspection and supervision. The bars went up, part way at least, against the hopeless poor.

All this may be dry bureau work, or matter throbbing with human interest, whichever way you choose to look at it. To the writer it offers rather the latter phase. The average citizen of the American continent has given little actual study to the problems of future citizenship as affected by future immigration. Least of all has he studied the question from the viewpoint of the man most vitally concerned. Sometimes it is the rawest immigrant who believes in putting up the bars and allowing no more raw

immigrants to come. Beyond his own immediate family or friends, this problem customarily does not affect him seriously. Neither does it come within the purview of the careless and indifferent citizen already in, whether of this generation or one earlier to arrive here, and rather busy with making his own living.

The total area of Canada cannot be increased by one foot. The stature of its citizenship can be increased by many a good cubit. The time is coming when we, who are ignorant or indifferent, must face this inexorable situation. We cannot alter our acreage, but we can alter our citizenship, perhaps can improve it; perhaps, on the other hand, can assist it in deteriorating.

From Winnipeg station you may see the world and the world's problem. Students of all sorts have gazed on these scenes. Among these have been many Socialists, who have been prompt to comment on what they believe these scenes mean for the future. Indeed, it is difficult to see these hordes of hopeless poor, and to reflect that they come from that portion of the world boasting the proudest aristocracies, the greatest wealth, the most advanced thought, and not see how easy is the thought of Socialism.

From Winnipeg one may look southward to the great Republic, and see, if one likes, an army reputed to represent some million Socialists—who have been driven to their creed by the same causes which brought hither these helpless poor. Socialism in the United States now declares that national, state and municipal governments are mere adjuncts of the merciless industrial machinery. The economic resources of the great Republic have been so operated for private profit that there remains little actual authority to question those who now control the government, on their ability to make, enforce or defy the laws. Industrialism run wild has put the Republic's politics where it is to-day. It has put the hopeless poor man where he is to-day, in the United States and in England. To change all this, Socialism declares we must have an entirely new philosophy of government. We need not agree with Socialism to this extent. Yet we may perhaps none the less be allowed to say that we need a new theory of life.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VIEWPOINT OF AN IDEALIST.

LET us choose for our speaker now not some well-known figure of the political or economic world. Let us rather hear the beliefs of a man who has put his theories into practice, and out of practice brought success. The experience of William Pearson, of Winnipeg, a Canadian now, though once an Englishman, city bred, has the vital quality of the human document, since what he has learned of Canada has been from the ground up, first as a settler on the land himself, and afterward as a dealer in land, settling other farmers on the soil in the great colonization enterprise of which he is the head. A man in that work must use men as he finds them, and he finds many ignorant, many weak and many ready to despair. It is somewhat surprising to find a "land man" who is not a cynic; but here we may offer the strange product—an altruistic business man, whose creed of life is that before you can uplift a man, you

first must feed him; that is to say, *help him to feed himself*. This seems worth elaboration in the believer's own words:

"I once heard a Yukon missionary who, in describing his journeys in the Yukon country, told of two little mice he once found in the sledge tracks of the icy way. Neither of these mice could free itself from the deep groove in which it found itself. One he picked up, warmed and saved. For the other, aid came too late. It had frozen and died in the groove before help reached it. I'm a land man, but that little story got home to me.

"Sometimes in my work I stand and look out over the undulations of the prairie, league after league of grass, with only the suggestion of habitation afforded by the homesteaders' shacks, miles apart. Perhaps in the distance there may be the silver thread of some distant lake, the glory of a sunset across it, or the grey of the prairie twilight. At any time it is beautiful; and at no time do I fail to contrast such a scene with those offered by the squalid delimitations of brick in which humanity must swarm in the cities. There is something uplifting in this spaciousness. Here there is opportunity, while back yonder men and women in millions are workless, foodless, hopeless."

Turning from a contemplation of these great empty lands, yearning to be peopled, Mr. Pearson took up the age-old conflict of man with himself—the human equation—as an element in this problem:

“Every man realizes that he himself is the battleground of two opposing forces, the selfish and the unselfish, the noble and the base. Every thoughtful man believes that these forces have been warring on this earth ever since man has lived on it, perhaps many ages before. The measure of the world’s true progress has been the measure of the victory of the forces of altruism over those of egoism. When the material, the sensual, the ignoble, have triumphed over the finer phases of man’s nature, men are agreed that the world has been the worse for it. We all believe that in humanity, in benevolence, in ideals of life, this old earth is slowly improving. We believe in evolution. Can any thoughtful man look back on the history of the race without recognizing that there has been a moral, as well as a material and physical evolution?

“Nothing is clearer to my mind than that there is a world purpose. This purpose is the eventual triumph of the unselfish, the impersonal—the intellectual and spiritual side of man’s nature—over those



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baser forces to which we naturally are most ready to respond. It is the evolution from the lower to the higher type, that by slow degrees has been going on in the world for countless ages. In proportion as we subordinate our selfish ends to this great force and principle governing the world, in just that proportion will we be made a factor in achieving the inevitable result, towards which the countless millions of the dead and living of men have for ages been striving, with sightless or seeing eyes.

“ For me, I like to think—it is an inspiration for me to believe—that though I am merely a plain business man, differing in no essential particular from millions of others of my generation, I can, if I am in harmony with the eternal purpose, be used to do some little things to bring nearer the manifest destiny of the ages. I feel myself a soldier in an all conquering army, with the greatest of generals in command and the greatest of causes to fight for. On the muster roll of this army are the names of all the great men who have fought in the past for the physical, intellectual, and moral advancement of mankind. My comrades are the men who are to-day the world’s best and bravest. I can understand enough of the great plan of campaign to realize my own duty, and

this braces me up to 'play the game'. What *esprit de corps* is to a fighting force or a business enterprise, what the motive power is to a factory, that, and more, is this realization of intelligent sympathy and cordial harmony with the world purpose to any man realizing it. It is his inspiration.

"Nowadays are heard many complaints of the sharp line of cleavage between the sacred and secular. By many, religion has come to be regarded as a function, voluntarily assumed with our frock coats on Sunday, and put on one side when we get into our business suits on Monday morning. During the week, in moments of leisure, or when any startling circumstance arouses us, we temporarily make an excursion from the world of business into that of suffering, and we perform some unselfish office of charity. When we have done so, we turn back and resume our interrupted business life!

"This is pre-eminently a commercial age. It is reasonable to suppose that this is only a phase of evolution—that just as there have been various ages in geology, and as in the history of mankind there have been the stone age, the bronze age, the patriarchal age, the feudal age, so this so-called age of commercialism will have its day and cease to be.

“The day is coming—it is right here—when the wealth accumulated by our captains of industry through the operations of the present day cruel, conscienceless, commercial code will, in the public mind, be the measure of their reproach, instead of their public admiration. At the present time, in banks and other important institutions, the character of the men behind the enterprise is regarded by the prospective investor as of as much importance as the institution’s working capital. Under this new regime that test would be extended to all enterprises. Once assured of the character of the men behind them, the strength of public confidence will compel success. I believe it can be demonstrated even now that a business may be run along the lines of the world purpose and yet be a commercial success; and this, not in spite of its subordination to the world purpose, but because of it.

“This is not the general opinion as yet. It is contrary to established usage. It squarely opposes the whole system of modern business. But, already there are a number of out-standing examples that commercial success can be based on this principle. On this side the Atlantic are ‘Golden Rule’ Jones, and on the other, the Peases of Darlington, Cadbury

of cocoa fame, Sir Christopher Furness, and many others.

“This is no mere theory with me. I know that in my own business career I have taken up many propositions that from the business standpoint of our age seemed entirely too big for me. In every case in which I am conscious that my motives were not self-seeking, but unselfish, these enterprises became commercially profitable.

“Twenty centuries of civilization have produced the modern working code, which says that ‘business is business,’ and that business and a high standard of thought and conduct—outside the demonstrated fact that honesty is the best policy because it does not pay to be a rogue—have little or nothing in common. The revelations of ‘graft’ in business and in public life are evidence of what selfishness is bringing us to; just as the awakening of the minds and consciences of men as to the extent and the tendency of these evils is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

“It is, of course, commonplace to say that these evils, and all the others that afflict this world, could be remedied at once if all men would act from unselfish instead of selfish motives, if they would adopt altruism as the governing force of their lives. Of course they

do not and will not, and out of this arises the struggle toward better conditions.

“Now, see how irrational we are—how we make ourselves utterly nullify our own efforts for the world’s betterment. Our plan of following out the accepted business code, that is part of the present fabric of civilization, produces destitution and vice in all the congested cities. The kind-hearted help by purse and action such cases as come under their own observation. When destitution becomes worse than usual, when municipal soup kitchens have to be established and the bread line is formed, through our taxes and voluntary subscriptions we make organized efforts to relieve distress. But destitution is an *effect*, not a *cause*. We tinker away at the *symptoms* and leave untouched the *origin* of the disease. Civilization is pouring into its cesspools, our city slums, its waste human product. With every decade the stream becomes fouler and its volume greater. Civilization’s only remedy for the evils itself is responsible for is to dip away at the cesspool, sometimes languidly, sometimes energetically, sometimes feverishly. All the time it is doing this, the established order of modern business life is creating the well-springs that are the fountain-head of the stream filling the cesspool, and

filling it far faster than any effort of society can bail it out. Isn't that a grim comment on the intelligence of the twentieth century?

“If we had any such problem in our own business, would we proceed on any such lines? Wouldn't we cut right to the root of the trouble, and dry up the sources of the stream, instead of ineffectually bailing away at the pool? Isn't it significant—doesn't it show the need of civilization for a corrective—that the daily activities of right-thinking men should unwittingly or unwillingly create the very conditions they intermittently seek to ameliorate? One does not need be a communist or a Socialist to figure this out.

“Here are you and I looking over miles and miles of unoccupied fertile land. Yonder are thousands of men and women who, if they could be given a start out here, would *repay* society a *thousand-fold* for the investment necessary to *transplant* them. They are to-day, or they are in danger of becoming, a charge on the civilization which created the conditions responsible for what they are. In a new environment they would, after training, become *producers* instead of present or prospective *paupers*—a *strength* to civilization instead of a *burden and a menace* to the community.

“Of the many millions of the hopeless poor many are potentially efficient members of society, however great a burden on civilization they may be at the present time. Removed from their present environment, and placed in one providing them with stimulus, with opportunity, ambitions unrealizable in their present circumstances would blossom forth and bear fruit. Not only would untold good result to the individual thus transplanted, and to his children, raised in a healthy environment, and made self-reliant Canadians of a more hardy breed than the parents, but the congested centres from which they come also would experience benefit, for their removal would mean increased opportunity—more work, more food—for those remaining. By as many of the waste products of civilization as are moved to happier surroundings, by so much will better chances be given to those left behind.

“Opportunity is the birthright of every man. He has, or should have, the right to ‘life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness’. Of these rights modern civilization is depriving millions. The duty of those realizing their fellows’ deprivation is to restore these rights. And, as I said before, the working out of this is a *business proposition*, just as much as it is a

part of the evolution of the ages. It demands organization, capital, executive ability, precisely the equipment possessed by business men. Hence these, to say nothing of professing Christians, are the men to whom the need of the hour puts the matter right up as a duty.

“When a gardener transplants a plant which is tender, weak, and new to the place where it is to grow, he puts it near some trellis, or stake, or post, already firmly established there. I’m not much of a philosopher, but it looks to me as though there might be some sort of an idea in that to reconcile this conflict over the helpless poor. Some of them could not be transplanted at all; but when I look at this big new country, it seems to me we might take a great many of the potentially effective and plant them out here among our well-established farmers until they could take root and learn how to grow; or plant them in new tracts of land, and intersperse the hardy, practical farmers among them.

“This would not, at first thought, commend itself to the business code of the present day as the obvious and most profitable method of colonization; and if it were attempted by any wealthy philanthropist, or by any society, or by any government,



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it would mean any amount of difficulty, anxiety and hard work. Nevertheless, if undertaken, *not for selfish reasons*, I believe it could be made to *pay* eventually. I believe there can be sweetness and success in life, even in the twentieth century. In other words, I believe there can be philanthropy and business *both* in colonization.”

So much then for idealism. At least it is much more practicable in its doctrine than the promiscuous charity which has thrust this whole question of colonization upon two countries. And in these days of business, speech like the foregoing is rare and refreshing. It is as cool drink to a man a-thirst.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A BUSINESS MAN.

THE history of warlike deeds concerned with Canada, the school book story of Wolfe and his troops—for long years that was England's choicest offering to her youth by way of information regarding her choicest province. English ignorance was dense regarding England's opportunities, which for centuries here lay waste and wasted. But now it is not a question of Trafalgar or Waterloo. It is not even a question of Quebec. It is late in the day to rest on the glory of Crecy or Agincourt. In these days other and different battles must be fought by England—battles harder than those earlier ones.

Over a century ago the United Colonies gave Canada to England, when they helped her to take Quebec from the French. About ten years ago the United States gave Canada again to England, when again it sent a scout and guide to show England why, and where, and how!

Let us be quite fair upon both sides. Sir Gilbert Parker's "Yankee" who found the way to the Heights of Abraham was very likely English born. Colonel A. D. Davidson, handler of one of the largest transactions in raw lands ever known, was Canadian born, although he spent most of his life in the United States and got his education in land-selling in the northwestern states of that country. Western Canada waited for him, a stage ready set for Hamlet when the latter should appear. Davidson was not a melancholy Dane, but an optimistic Canadian Yankee; and he made no bad sort of Hamlet at the time!

The story of his discovery is one of the greatest industrial stories of the world. Indeed, it seems a thing of fate, and Davidson himself a man appointed. He had large experience. He knew all about the soils. He was a hard-headed, unspectacular sort of man, with few personal frills and a general habit of getting results.

About ten years ago the wheat horizon in western Canada was very narrow. Farming had been tried for thirty years, and all that could be called safe wheat country was a part of Manitoba, a little of eastern Saskatchewan, and a strip near Edmonton.

There had been hard years. Lower Saskatchewan had lost almost all its settlers. Family after family, who had come out with the old foolish English idea of becoming "landed proprietors," had failed in the fight, lost all they had, and been reduced to penury. The "course of empire" seemed to end just west of Winnipeg.

The first railway did not bring success at once, because it could not bring wheat out of a wheatless empire, which lay hopeless and almost abandoned. All the world, backed by thirty years of experience, said that wheat could not be raised farther west than a little distance beyond Winnipeg. "Is that true?" asked Davidson. "I do not believe it!"

It is a singular thing how, when the world needs a skeptic and a revolutionist, a scout in industry, that man, sometimes with small pomp and circumstance, usually appears. Colonel Davidson, fortified by his long experience in settling Minnesota and Dakota, made a journey for himself west into Alberta, north to Edmonton, then back, and all over Saskatchewan. He went out into the country, far from railways, and took with him a spade. As he travelled, continually he dug and tested and examined the soil. Presently there was issued to the world the singular statement

—all heresy, of course!—that the soil of the Saskatchewan valley and western Canada generally was as rich in wheat-growing elements as any in the world. He backed up this bold declaration with another to the effect that if any considerable body of land were for sale, he stood ready to buy; and, moreover, he would settle it with men who knew how to farm! He even had the assurance to predict that if he did what he was planning to do, his settlers and those who would follow them into western Canada would shortly be producing wheat to the tune of many millions of bushels each year.

“Of course this cannot be possible!” said the wise men of England and eastern Canada. “It is impossible, or we should have known it two hundred and fifty years ago! Moreover, it is impossible, because we ourselves have proved it so for thirty years!”

No one would admit that an empire had lain hidden for two centuries. No one would believe that a plain man could in twenty minutes add a hundred million pounds to the wealth of England and the world. But in time this revolutionary truth no longer could be denied.

Even after the Canadian Pacific had laid rails across the continent, almost anybody might have

land who was fool enough to ask the Canadian Government for it; as may be seen from one historic incident. The railroad bee buzzed idly here and there, and the government ever was ready to erect its ears at the suggestion of railroads. One fully inadequate railroad concern got a land grant of a million and a half acres of land, stipulated in the terms of the grant to be "land fairly fit for settlement." Years passed, and the directors of this concern still claimed that they could not find in all Saskatchewan so much land fit for any kind of settlement—a statement which the government *did not dare deny!*

This railroad languidly built a brief mileage, and then languidly "went broke"; but it was adjudged to have earned its land grant, so that in 1894 it could pass title of these lands to a real estate concern, which took over the entire grant as attached to the original charter. The bondholders got for their share the railroad itself, a languid and rather purposeless sort of affair. Which were the worse discontented, the bondholders or the landholders, it were hard to say; but certainly neither one of them cared much for the land. It was not until some years later that land was proved to be land in western Canada. In

1906 the bondholders sold their railroad within six hours after the time it was offered on the market. Times had changed by then.

The railroad company sued the Government of Canada, meantime, and demanded that they be allowed several million acres additional land from which to make their justly celebrated choice of land "fairly fit for settlement." They brought abundance of experts to show that all this country was practically barren—in short, they proved this to be true for a country over hundreds of miles of which there is to-day growing wheat as thick as it can stand! Even the culled lands of Saskatchewan now bring four times as much as the best selections were considered worth ten years ago.

Other experts were brought by the government to show that this soil really *would* grow wheat. Upon the testimony of these latter, the Dominion Government finally declined to amend the original grant. This suit hung fire in the court for a long time. The Liberal party wished it settled, and allowed judgment to be taken against the government. It paid cash for this land to the final holders of the land grant, and so it got back into the possession of Canada what the

earlier holders had treated as a gift horse with a very bad mouth.

It was just at this time that the Canadian-Yankee Davidson arrived, with a conviction of his own. With his own spade he had been digging the foundations for an empire. Large capital promptly went behind him. From that time on there went forward one of the swiftest and most romantic business dramas ever played in any time or region of the world. Then it was that the question of proper colonization clamored imperatively for consideration. He were but a narrow man who would seek to narrow the Davidson credit or to restrict his creed. After all, bluff Davidson was a business man. He worked on commercial lines, asked financial backing and had mighty little to do with stars and dreams. He would probably have snorted with resentment had anyone called him an idealist. Yet he was a man with a vision, else he would not have digged and could not have believed. Here, now, he was tied to a promise to put actual settlers on these new lands. It was easy to test the soil, easy to buy it and select it;—but to *settle it*, that was another question.

These new acres must find settlers, or they would be worth no more now than they had been before.



Colonel A. D. Davidson

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Davidson and all his associates knew this perfectly well. The companies formed by them retailed more land than has ever been handled in the same time in any time or region of the world. What was their theory, and where did they get their settlers? It is perfectly obvious that the opinion of so large an operator is of the greatest interest and value. A man who can find an empire ought to be listened to when he expresses his opinion as to the sort of human beings most desirable to settle that empire.

Colonel Davidson, who has sent thousands of settlers into the new lands of two countries, who has seen thousands of men win and lose in their fight for homes, paints a picture of the men with whom he had most of his business dealings before he came to Canada—the frontiersmen who went out from Iowa and Illinois to Minnesota and the Dakotas. Briefly, he says: "Make your new Canadian like that."

Colonel Davidson refers only to a type—the type which answers to-day to the name American. Not in all cases was this man product of the United States, although he may have come from that country. He might be Englishman, native American, Mennonite or Swede. Certainly he was not often slum dweller from any city of the world. He was strong of body,

stronger yet of purpose. Colonel Davidson ought to know; and it is the Davidson theory that, no matter what the derivation of this *type*, no matter from under what flag it comes, this *type* will win. This theory does not embrace race, origin, geography or environment. In short, it is nothing but the theory of the survival of the fit and strong; and with charity, with religion, with politics it has nothing whatever to do. This theory is wholly in tune with the times. With it, England and all the rest of the world must reckon.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

IN THE United States the population movement has been three-fold. First came the western wave of the frontier days; then the past decades of cityward concentration. The third movement is but beginning, although it may be said that in the United States to-day there now pends or begins a movement outward from the cities to the farms. The appeal of country living begins to make itself felt in the high-keyed American cities. It is altogether likely that farm life, plus the modern conveniences which so swiftly are changing it for the better, will soon be held in an altogether new estimation.

So far as Canada is concerned, she now is in the first of these population movements, although that movement, as we have taken pains to see, falls in a different day and must be made in a different way from that under which the American frontier was settled. What complicates Canada's problem is

that she reckons with England, which has long ago reached the zenith power of urban development, and already clamors for the third and last-mentioned trend of population, that back toward the land. Indeed, the cry of "Back to the Land" is the cry of all the world to-day.

Between these three waves of movement lies Canada. She is beckoned forward by the hand of one century; held back by the hands of a century gone by.

What has the world ever done for the farmer? French art has shown us pictures of him as the hopeless peasant. Saxon literature has paid him the brutal compliment of Mr. Markham's poem, "The Man With the Hoe." It is rarely that you shall see anything sympathetic or understanding written, painted or said regarding the farm and the life of the farmer. To some extent there is justice in comment upon the monotony of life upon the farm.

"At home nothing ever happens. The wind sings always the same song through the maple trees. Sometimes the country doctor jogs dustily along the empty village street, or the stillness of summer noon breaks with the sudden noise of children let loose from school. There are never any new faces at church



Earl Grey

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or the sociables, where one calls everybody by their first names. The monotony of Sunday only replaces the monotony of week days, and all the holidays are alike. At home nothing ever happens."

But all the world is not like home. Beyond the unchanging circle of the prairies is the city, where there are new thoughts and new faces and new experiences, and life is full. Over all the prairie lands and over all its villages and little towns, wherever there are young, impatient lives, the city casts its potent spell. The city, which means wider life and the multifarious activities for which men and women are made; the city, which is rich in what the race has striven for both of material and immaterial things; the city which is highest opportunity for the wise and strong, but which is also broad opportunity for all that is evil. The city draws youth to it as the magnet draws clean metal, and youth the worst of the city preys remorselessly upon. That is the problem that the best of the city must meet.

Financial and commercial organization, all the great machines of modern progress, are tools for the development of cities. We have invented and applied all possible conveniences and comforts and allurements for townspeople, and until lately have

permitted the country folk to shift for themselves. The whole force of modern social development has been directed to urban growth. The result of all this is a violation of the great law of supply and demand. The city calls to itself thousands more in population than it can use. It overplays its hand. It invites its own destruction. The city dwellers are helpless simply because there are too many of them all alike. They do not know the country; they have a dread and a contempt for it. They do not know how to go to the country, and do not want to know. The suffering of the city is by reason of a wrong direction of life.

Now, this suffering bears the harder on Canada because she is and must be in the very nature of things mainly an agricultural country. This *third* wave of population of the United States ought to be made coincident with Canada's *first* frontier wave. She needs farmers, not city dwellers. Yet when the unskilled man, the weak man, the illiterate or inefficient man, arrives in Canada, he rarely turns to the farm. The life he has known at home is the life of the city. He has become gregarious in that most intimate association of grime and crime. It is such

association that he seeks in Canada. What shall be done with him?

In March, 1908, a speaker in the House of Commons in Ottawa, opposing the Laurier government's immigration policy, said: "We have in Canada to-day in our cities and towns a very considerable number of men who are out of employment. These men are very largely the worst of the class of immigrants that has been brought in from England during the last year. We had approximately 250,000 people come to Canada last year. If that immigration had been sifted in some way, and 25,000 had been left at home, we should not have the number of men out of employment which we now have. Twenty-five thousand probably will cover the men who really are suffering in Canada to-day from want of employment, and most of these are Englishmen. It is certainly the duty of the government to provide some means, whether by making more stringent regulations at our ports on this side, or by making more stringent regulations at the ports on the other side, of keeping at home in England so large a number of immigrants who, once arrived in Canada, must forever be a detriment to our country."

What of Canada's 25,000 unemployed—if we shall

accept as accurate these figures, which may or may not be correct and which probably fall far under the mark of accuracy? What of Canada's newly-imported problem of the London bread-line? Earl Grey, the Governor-General of the Dominion, in public utterance, declares that the country needs men; that the demand for labor is great, the supply small.

"If you were to ask me," he says, "what point has struck me as requiring the attention of those who can spare sufficient time from the agreeable business of making their own fortunes, I would say that the chief requisite of Canada appears to me to be the taking of such steps as will increase the supply of *labor*. I am impressed by the evidence which has reached me from every side of the way in which agricultural and industrial development, besides great public works of construction, on which the life of the country depends, are kept back by the *difficulty of obtaining labor*."

Yet at that moment there were nearly 25,000 Englishmen in Canada who were suffering from lack of employment! At this rate, if the present theory of Canada's relation to England shall obtain, there may in ten years, possibly in five years, be 250,000



Toronto's Bread Line—A Transferred Problem

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unemployed men in Canada. Most of these will continue to be Englishmen. What will Canada do with them?

The Governor-General goes on to say: "There is much work requiring to be done, which the Englishman will not do, and for which it would appear that foreign labor must be imported from outside."

With all due and fitting respect for the Governor-General, it would appear to an impartial outside observer that he is inviting the cooking of a very handsome kettle of fish! Let us figure it, from one or two angles. All England feels that Canada belongs to her. Ask any new-come Englishman as to that. Canada is full and will be fuller of Englishmen. She has an unlimited amount of work to do—upon her comes all the press of a concentrated century; yet this is work which "Englishmen will not do!" To an impartial observer it would seem that this sort of Englishman will in time run counter to the Scriptural mandate which has something to say about the sweat of the brow. Scandinavian, German, Irish, Galician, seek and find employment, and make good Canadian citizens. Why should Englishmen be idle? And if they persist in idleness, why should Canada continue to receive them—why should she care for

those who nourish in their bosoms neither affection for Great Britain nor desire for Canada and her honest problems of work? It is easy to see Canada's answer to the newcome Englishman who feels that he ought to have first chance over a better and more willing man. It is the answer of commonsense. No Englishman should flatter himself it will be changed for him.

In western Canada there is work for five times twenty-five thousand men; in eastern Canada twenty-five thousand idle men walk the streets. If matters go on as at present, that latter number will quintuple soon. Thrifty Canada, where for two centuries there has been but little divergence between the extremes of wealth and poverty, where wealth has not come so easily, so suddenly, as in the States, is amazed at this unaccustomed army of the idle. Canada has above all things been industrious; she has not been accustomed to seeing either numbers of very rich men, or numbers of very idle men. The bread-line has been almost unknown to Canada.

The Governor-General continues: "I believe that there is an abundance of capital ready to come in to develop the resources of Canada, if only the necessary labor can be obtained. An abundant supply of cheap labor would also appear to be a condition precedent

to the demand for highly-paid labor, such as that which the skilled artisans of Toronto can supply; and if your railways awaiting construction are to be quickly built, and your lands are to be cleared at a cost which will not impose an unnecessarily heavy charge for all time upon yourselves and your children, this question of labor is one which calls for your attention."

The latter statement would seem to be an eminently safe one, yet labor is idle in thousands! What is wrong?

May one be allowed to say that what is most wrong is the whole wrong direction of life? What is wrong is the gregarious instinct of the poor. What is wrong is the old gravitation toward grime and crime, the instinct of herding together. Can that instinct be overcome? No, it cannot and will not be overcome by those upon whom it sits the hardest. *This* is the problem that the *best* of the city must meet, the best thinkers, the best men of affairs, the best governments. It never will be solved by leaving it to general abstractions; or by leaving it to the people themselves.

Already the cities of Canada offer in little the vast problem of London. But if a part of that energy which annually is expended in re-establishing London

in Toronto and Montreal were put forth in an effort to get these unemployed men out of Toronto and Montreal, and into the Canadian West—if there were intelligent energy spent in bringing the man and the job together—then there would be such westbound travel as would tax every railway of the Dominion!

This is all true, yet it seems to remain to be discovered empirically. In the larger eastern Canadian cities small societies have been successful for years in their work of finding country homes for city children. Other societies have been successful in transporting unemployed men to small Ontario farms, where they are supplied each with a suitable house at a nominal rent, a cow, a couple of pigs and poultry, where credit for necessaries is guaranteed at a local store, and where the head of the family may find employment in the lumber camps or elsewhere during the months when he may leave his farm. This work has been at least moderately successful. The larger work of getting labor in to western Canada ought not to be more difficult. There is nothing impossible about it, unless it be impossible for Canada to become sufficiently in earnest to induce England to take up the very matter on which the Governor-General of Canada declares her future rests.

There can be no doubt of the truth of Earl Grey's statement that Canada needs labor, and that she can get all the capital she needs, if only she can get labor. The actual trouble under that lies in the fact that your English laboring man, the very one with whom and over whom we are so much concerned, is in the course of the years becoming *unwilling to work*. Is that not the truth? If it is true, why is it true? The Governor-General does not tell us why; but Canada one day *must* tell us why.

The instinct of exercise comes to any strong creature. *Fitness* to work very usually accompanies *willingness* to work. If the English immigrant is not *willing* to work, may we not deduce the truth that perhaps he is not *fit* to work? May we not go further, and say that perhaps it is not any more his fault than our fault, the fault of the city, the fault of a *wrong tendency of life*, that he is not fit to work?

How can we make over this unfit Englishman into a fit laboring man? The Governor-General is unfortunately, perhaps discreetly, mute as to that.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A STATESMAN.

THERE are, then, as our theme shows, three flags entitled to our attention to-day. One is the flag of Great Britain, respectable for what it is and what it has been; another is the flag of the United States, worth regard, let a "Yankee" modestly say, at least for what it might have been; the last is the flag of Canada, interesting for what it yet *may* be. The phrasing of this ought to warrant, and ought in turn to bespeak, a cold and impartial attitude of mind.

From the standpoint of a thinking man, the author declines to render reverence to his own country's mistakes and failures; although he has no wish to exchange that country for another, is not compelled by stress of poverty or paucity of opportunity to leave his own country, nor urged by any business reason to care more for another than for his own. With equal candor he submits that any thinking man ought to decline reverence for the flag of Great

Britain beyond what it deserves on its record of actual achievement. Again, as to the assertion that the flag of Great Britain is not that of Canada, one needs point only to the debate to-day on both sides of the sea. Within the last few years the flag of Canada has been changing more to the color and pattern of that of the United States. Ah, but let us look at this in a cold and impartial attitude of mind! Let us examine the facts and not deal with sentiment. It is logic, and not loyalty which here is coldly and impartially demanded. We write for men, not children. The only hypothesis we need is that flags differ with environments, and that the environments of Canada and the American Republic steadily continue more and more to resemble each other. That this latter is true is due to act of Canada herself—primarily to the act of one of Canada's statesmen!

The facts as to the recent discovery of farming Canada are too unmistakable to leave misconstruction possible. These facts lie in the dull record of the Dominion Parliament. They tell a story of change. That change was brought about not through politics, after all, *but through the working out of natural laws*. Until we can dismiss with contempt the differences between the Conservative and the Liberal, between

the British flag and the American flag; until we can go into these matters in a cold and impartial attitude of mind; until we can be men, and not children, we are not fit to go into any proper study of colonization. Until we can believe that Mr. Clifford Sifton was consciously or unconsciously something bigger than the agent of a political party, we surely are not fit to go into the matter of forecasting futures.

Suppose, then, we undertake to conceive of Canada as made up of both Liberals and Conservatives. Suppose we conceive the idea that a nation may be guided unconsciously by a large destiny, which is mostly to say by a vast commonsense. Then we may call Mr. Sifton the unconscious instrument of destiny, if we be Conservative and hate him; or the administrator of a good policy, if we be Liberal and admire him.

Of course it is known that the rebirth of Canada West began about 1897, and at a time when, as Minister of the Interior, Mr. Sifton broadened the immigration policy of the Dominion. Before that time the United States had been the Mecca of European and Canadian emigration. The educated young man of Ontario did not go to Saskatchewan, but to Boston, New York or Chicago—in numbers amounting to very many



Clifford Sifton

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thousands. The western Canadian plains remained barren and uncared for. Even the Minister of the Interior, in defending his policy before Parliament, had to admit that he himself had reason to believe that country a desert; although at the same time, with the other hand so to speak, he could point out the vast discovery that in the twinkling of an eye the land had gone in value from one dollar to ten per acre.

Under the Sifton ministry, at any rate, many changes went forward. The labors of the Canadian High Commissioner, which previously had been largely diplomatic, were replaced by the practical efforts of a business man, a national "boomer" so to speak, who went to England and tried to make England understand what western Canada was. The Canadian government told a million and a half men in England what Canada was; and by means of advertisement and literature told some ten million others what Canada was.

About all the government could tell then was that Canada had not yet solved her western farming problems; because the truth at that time was that Canada had not yet patented two million acres in all;—she could not even *give away* her land to homesteaders!

Attention was turned to the United States, where three hundred agencies were established, and a wide campaign of advertising undertaken, estimated to have reached millions of families. Still the Americans would not come. One agent worked two years, and sent one solitary family across the line. Up to 1897 only 701 persons had left the United States for Canada, as against very many times more than that number of Canadians who for many years had been going to the United States! In 1897 about 20,000 British came to Canada. In the current year about eight times that many British have been received by the Dominion. The total immigration into Canada in seven years has been about 900,000—not as much as the United States has been getting *each year* for many years past; although now the Republic wishes it had not quite so many of a certain sort.

Canada, thrifty and not very rich, has been keeping house in a small apartment, three flights up, her *menage* very modest but very free from care. Now suddenly heiress to fortune, she is establishing herself in a mansion with better appointments, more servants—and *more problems*. With her new splendors come new responsibilities. Her essays at broadening her social relations meet criticism, call

up recrimination, invite debate, develop even acrimonious backbiting.

Some have said that Canada would better have stayed in her modest apartment three flights up, and blame Mr. Sifton for inviting her out of it. These must admit that from 1898 to 1903, 123,000 Americans came over into Canada, bringing with them forty-four million dollars worth of effects. There were twenty-five thousand families among these, and to get these into Canada cost only \$701,000. None the less, there have not lacked those who said that these American families ought to have been left at home. These are the folk who are willing to talk politics, but unwilling to look fate in the face. On both sides of the line and on both sides of the sea there should be modified that intolerance of reason which is unable to face the truth, and unable to discount the future by admitting what that truth is sure to spell in future years.

So far as any threatening changes arising through mixed population may be concerned, Canada has no example to guide her but that of her sister to the south. The laws of our American Republic, God knows, are bad enough and badly enough enforced. Suppose we set them outside the discussion, and

ask what the laws of *nature* have done for the Republic.

At once we come to the singular fact that in the American Republic there are all sorts of persons but Americans! There is no more interesting study than that of a population map, showing the different nationalities. It is to be discovered that the only American part of America is a thin strip of country in east Kentucky and Tennessee and a part of Virginia. The rest of the map is spotted with the foreign-born. This American part of America does not emigrate and does not change largely. In American cities the "American vote" is a jest, it is negligible. In a recent city campaign in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the candidates for city offices were: Messrs. Meisenheimer, Buchholz, Lenicheck, Abert, Altpeter, Aswald, Bogk, Perthesius, Fass, Gerhardef, Stern, Meyer, Busacker, Baudauff, Ramien and Runkel! There were two other candidates, Brand and Bell, but in deference to Milwaukee sentiment, it should be pointed out that the name Brand is not English, but German!

In a late caucus in New York City representation was loudly demanded for the Irish, the German, the Slav, the Italian, the Russian, the Austrian, the

Hebrew, the Polish, the Greek, the Scandinavian and the French vote. A meek man arose and ventured to suggest that something ought to be done for the American vote! At once twelve languages and some eighty dialects arose with the indignant protest, "Throw the d——d, ignorant, Know-nothing tyrant out of the house!" (There was once a brief-lived political party in the United States whose platform barred all foreign-born from holding office, and raised the cry, "America for Americans!" Few to-day remember even the name of that party!)

In another United States city there have been arrested for murder, according to the press reports, three eminent citizens whose names are Zajackowski, Marucik, and Szynczak. One does not know the name of the sheriff who arrested them, but they were escorted before Coroner Frank Luehring by detectives Schweitman, Hildegard and Biersich. If you wish more foreign names, read more American newspapers.

There is no wish here to jest at names or nationalities; but on the other hand, there is no hesitation about following the truth wherever it may lead. It chances to lead, through unsupervised immigration and through the guidance of personal greed, *directly to the extermination of the American race.*

The poorer Europeans, the ones that can starve best, crowd out the fuller-flowered product of a more easeful civilization. The gnarled plant which can starve well crowds out what is perhaps a more beautiful one. Race suicide in America is a condition. It is directly due to no one thing *except competition*. The poor Europeans work more cheaply than Americans. The average per capita income in America, *including millionaires*, is about \$450 per annum. That is the status of the average American citizen, including all his acres. Now, a native-born American cannot support a family on that sum, and the result is, *he does not have that family to support*. The cheap European weed is killing out the American plant, just as the English or German sparrow is killing out the American song birds; just as the German carp is killing out American fishes. In each case it is the result of natural laws. As the writer never has been obliged to make a living in any political calling, he may afford to speak the truth regarding such matters—something which few politicians and few publishers have cared to do.

Now then, the cheaper European is starving out the descendants of the vigorous Scotch-Irish, of the old men of the Palatinate, of some of the German

States, who made the hardiest of the early American frontier stock. The Republic owes less to England than to Scotland and Ireland. Why? Because the environment of Scotland and Ireland was that of survival, of struggle. *They did not have cities.*

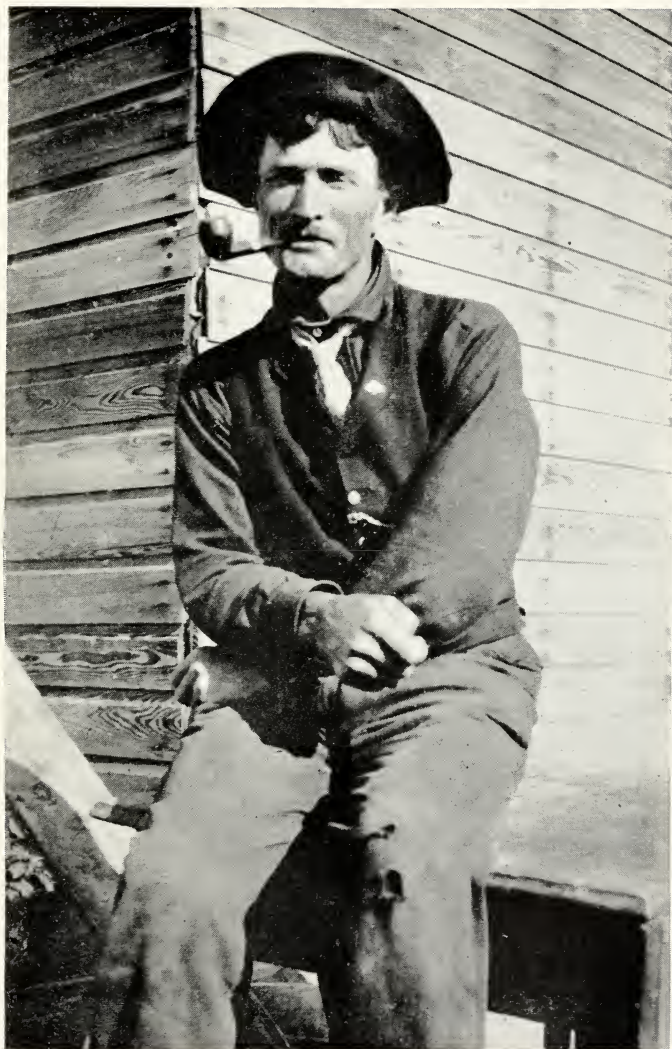
The Republic, in these new days of unrestricted immigration, proceeds to prove these things all over again. Her cities are as those of England. She finds few great men there, still fewer second-generation great men. In all her history America has found her greatest men in the small community or in the country, and many of her greatest men have come from the West; that is to say, *environment produced the creature.*

Now, environment does not stop at imaginary lines between nations. Mr. Sifton, for instance, was not produced by the Liberal party, not produced by Canada; he was produced by *an environment.* Perhaps we may go so far now as to see more easily that flags also follow environments; and that, whether or not one flag always shall float over Great Britain and Canada, the latter country must *eventually conform to the terms of the environment of the American continent.* This will happen, whether

or not we like it, and whether or not we foresee it coldly and impartially.

The garments of the great Republic are divided now among the peoples of the Old World. Without doubt she has suffered a certain racial deterioration; without doubt, had her population been left more fully to take advantage of the splendid human environment, Republican America would in time have produced an art, a literature, a civilization, a philanthropy, a scheme of government which would have done something for the human being; which is to say for the world. Shall Canada repeat this sort of history?

The speech of the Hon. Clifford Sifton in the House of Commons, May 31, 1906, in defense of his immigration policy when Minister of the Interior, was, in spite of its political color, one of the most thoughtful and most thought-provoking speeches ever made in any house of government on the American continent. Its tone is as firmly against British arrogance and intolerance as was the speech of Patrick Henry in the Old Virginia of another century! It carries the same insistence that humanity must advance; and that the *average man*, not the privileged few, must rule the deeds of the world. Wittingly or



The North American Type

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unwittingly, Clifford Sifton and Patrick Henry argued shoulder to shoulder; consciously or unconsciously, they spoke for the extension of *human opportunity*; although the one argued war, the other peace. Speed the day when England coldly and impartially can admire them both!

For ten years a certain railway in western Canada had run two trains a week across a region which, in joint Canadian belief, was a desert. Certain men asked this railroad for a chance to do business in that country, but the railroad replied that it would not even establish a station unless these business men would pay the salary of an agent! One hundred and twenty-three thousand settlers were asking transportation. The railroad had not even a station agent to take their money! One recalls the funeral of the lazy man who on his way to the grave was offered a quantity of corn if he cared for it. "Is the corn shelled?" he asked, as he sat up in his coffin. He was informed that he was expected to shell his own corn. "Then let the funeral go on!" he replied wearily, and so lay down again in his coffin and let it go on. This funeral went on for a time. But we do not railroad in that way now.

The men who paid the salary of the new station

agent, who put up a new hotel and boarded thousands of intending settlers free, were the men of the syndicate who came to the Minister of the Interior and offered a dollar an acre for two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land direct from the government—not mentioning several hundreds of thousand acres which they purposed buying from railroads. Under the Sifton administration this land was sold, with the restriction that in each township of it twenty homesteaders and twelve buyers of land should be established; a bond of fifty thousand dollars being required by the government for the performance of the condition. The financial figures, it may be seen, would to-day be called in the picayune class; yet that was one of the great transactions of history, and there was fought one of the decisive battles of the world, when this American syndicate persuaded the old railway company to allow them to pay the station agent's salary! This battle was nothing but the triumph of the truth, that in these days men ere long must begin to get back to the land.

For these syndicate workers, fresh from labors of a similar nature in the United States, that was simple which for Canada had been difficult. What they did is very recent history. Indeed you may find

in files of Winnipeg journals, of no ancient date, criticism of the government for allowing these hundreds of American immigrants thus to be "buncoed!" To-day, on the other hand, the government is criticized for "buncoing" Canada by letting in so many "Yankees" to compete with the Englishmen! They do compete, and they will compete. We do not need contemplate the annexation of Canada to the United States, for that can not now conceivably be; but we can easily enough see the annexation of *both* Canada and the United States to the flag of destiny. We can see the ghost of Patrick Henry standing at the shoulder of Clifford Sifton, arguing for the extension of human opportunity; and arguing with insistence that that opportunity shall be equal for all. Speed the day when England coldly and impartially can admire them both!

We may find profit in going over this proposition for sake of fairness. In 1896, from the Dakotas to Edmonton, and from Manitoba to the Rockies, there lay locked up in railway reserves forty million acres of land, to be earned through future compliance of the railways with their building grants. We have seen how much enterprise one minor railway showed when it refused to put in a station in what was called

the "Saskatchewan desert"—now one of the richest portions of the Dominion! In 1896 the Canadian Pacific Railway passed its dividends, and its stock went down to fifty. Look at the quotations now. By the difference you may measure what has gone forward in little more than a decade.

Before 1896 Canada had not patented two million acres of land. Since then she has patented *twenty-two and a half millions of acres*. In his speech of March 20, 1908, Mr. Sifton addressed a world different from that which listened to him two years earlier. He said: "I think I need not apologize to this House for directing attention to western affairs, because I think we have arrived at the conclusion that the prosperity of the whole of Canada depends very largely upon the prosperity of that section. . . . I think there is nobody who is familiar with the facts of the case that will say there is any doubt that the immigrants we have received from the western States have been in almost every case of the most unexceptional character, and have contributed very greatly to the development of our western country. I do not think any country could possibly get a better class of settlers than the western American settlers who have come here to our western provinces. They

are vigorous, resourceful, law-abiding. They become citizens the day they arrive in the country, and at the earliest possible moment they become producers."

As yet greater earnest of his belief in western Canada and its development, the same speaker went on to ask for the throwing open to homesteaders of thirty million acres more of land. He said: "I am satisfied that the result of throwing these lands open for homestead entry would be at once to double the stream of immigration from the United States, and I venture the suggestion that if it were done, we should not hear, after six months from the opening of these lands for entry, any more about dull times or lack of confidence in that western country."

The opinion of this statesman of western Canada therefore admits of no doubt. He believes in inviting the immigration of the fit, the strong, those for whom success in a new country practically is fore-assured. This is the policy which has established Canada in her fine new house, with new furniture, new servants, a better average daily table. *But what of the guests that now come to this wider door?* Here are those who did not find the door of the dingy apartment three flights up, where Canada lately lived. What of this stream of visitors from the cities of the Old World,

coming to compete with the hardest competition that could be devised for them? It is right for Canada that this competition should be hard, folly for it to be otherwise. It is right for the policy of the government to have waiting for these weak, these others, strong, fit, hardy, experienced, able to push all weak men back from the coveted success. These sturdy western settlers will, if left alone, at once take the measure of all new-come slum dwellers; if left alone, they will enforce the laws of nature, until in time they, having built up the flowering of a splendid civilization, will in turn be forced to give room to some sort of human plant which can stand starving better than themselves.

Now, can we begin to see some justice in even the most unwelcome of these statements heading our chapter? Can we see soberness on the face of the owner of Canada's new mansion house? Ah, behold Canada's poor relations flocking to visit her in her new house! Here come Canada's country cousins from the Old World cities! What shall she do with so many of the very poor, the products of bad human environment, men who are not fit to make their living? Canada suggests they go out into the garden and set to work; but the bread line in Toronto last

winter shows that many of these poor cousins either could not or would not work. She asks them to go to the woodpile and saw wood to earn a meal; they reply by saying that they do not know how to saw or split wood. Thank God, Canada has plenty of snow to shovel! Thank God, she still has railroads building, to offer labor opportunity! But some time all the railroads will be built. Who will own them? The men who can do nothing but shovel snow? Perhaps not.

It is the problem of government to get these poor relations out into the garden at work, where they can raise something. But we have seen that thus far government, plus charity, plus politics, plus race prejudice, plus all animosities and narrowness, has not been able to devise any plan better than the old one of letting the strong survive. What is going to be the result of *that*, if it be not modified? The poor relations will shovel snow; but gradually the outline and the color of Canada's flag will change. *She asks that, and invites that.* But what shall she do for these poor? That problem is now far bigger than the one ten years ago, of settling the supposed western desert. The latter problem was cared for on business lines minus human kindness. *The newer one can only find settlement by business plus human kindness.*

Shall Canada keep her new house in the old American way, in the old English way? The poor of all the nations of the world are waiting for her answer. The armies of Socialism on both sides the sea, in every nation of the world, wait for her answer. The revolutionists of the world, one side or other of the sea, wait for her answer.

Canada, in her new house, must frame some answer founded on business and on human kindness *both*, not on business alone. Her cousins are thronging up the walk, idle cousins, weak and unfit cousins, lazy cousins, bigoted cousins; and, worst of all, so very many honest cousins who have never yet in all the world had a decent man's chance to do something for himself and for his family.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A GOVERNMENT MINISTER.

IN ONE of his poems, Victor Hugo pictures the Satyr of Mount Olympus rising before the assembly of the gods. When they revile him, he answers with defiance. At last he takes from them their instruments of music, and plays before them. Spaciousness comes into his form. The immensity of the worlds arises in his being. He overthrows the throne of Jupiter.

A Socialist writer asks: "Now, is not Socialism this Satyr? Feeble, like him, at first, hairy, despised, behold him growing. He seizes the flute of Mercury. He grasps Apollo's lyre. He rises before those who count themselves immortal, and soon, his foot upon the throne, he, in the fullness of his power, cries out, 'All must give way. I am Pan!'"

We need not agree with all the conclusions of Socialism, but we may all agree that Socialism is the

spectre of Europe to-day; that in time it will come to be the spectre of this New World. Why?

There are two answers. The first lies in our own industrial misdeeds. The second bases itself on the great truth that the message of the earth finds no voice in the estates of any aristocracy or the wealth of any millionaire. The purpose of the world was to *develop mankind*. Let us not revile this Satyr. He may grow too large for us one day. Let us not be Socialists, but let us none the less subscribe to the doctrine that some Socialism and some Religion and some Philanthropy have very much the same common denominator.

It was the Honorable Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior for the Dominion Government, who declared that, all theories and problems aside, "the main purpose of any government ought to be to do good for the world." No one who knows the Minister of the Interior would venture to ascribe to him any Socialistic leanings. It is the function of any government official to act as a pillar for society as we now know it. But that there is a grave question remaining unsettled even in government circles, may be proved out of the mouth of the Minister of the Interior himself.

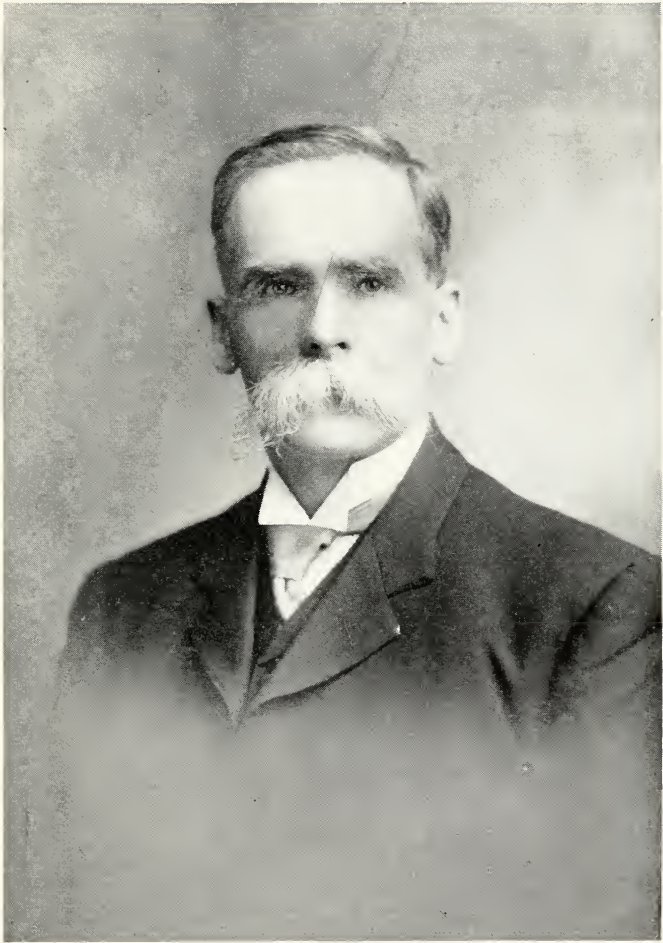
One high in power may be kind of heart as well as wise of head. He must be ambitious for his own country's future; yet he cannot put aside his conviction that the purpose of that country ought to be *to do good for the world*. Here then is our problem. It is the conflict of the soft heart and the hard head. How can these two be reconciled?

As to the hardheadedness of the Minister of the Interior, there is no room for argument. His quality as one fit to survive is evidenced in his life's story. He came from the Canadian West by route of his own making. He lived the hard life of the prairies, and the conditions of that life offered him no fanciful theories. He knows his facts when he states any opinion as to policies concerning western Canada. He has had very much to do with opening up the new lands of western Canada; and never in his own country or in the republic to the south of Canada has he hesitated to express his belief as to the proper sort of citizenship, *if the welfare of Canada is to be considered*. He openly has encouraged the immigration of American farmers, because he has attached practical value to the demonstration they make of western Canada's possibilities. He has set the Davidson type of practical farmer as the measure of

the citizen desired for Canada. A product of the West himself, master of many stages in a western career, he knows what a man out there must be if he is to win. He knows that it is not the weakling who will win, and he has openly declared that what he wants is the best and strongest farmers of the world to come out and actually to farm. He has been against assisted city immigration. What he would like as an individual is of no consequence. What he would prefer as an officer of the government admits of no doubt.

For our present purpose, it will serve to take up the known preferences of the Minister of the Interior. Even a less shrewd and able man than he could not have failed to see the evils of massed shipments of incompetents. Many of these assisted poor have turned out well, have secured work in Canada, and now can look forward to a life of comparative comfort. But for all that, the government of the Dominion is sternly set on the proposition that the function of Canada in the world is *not* to furnish wholesale solution of London's problem of the unemployed poor.

The Oliver theory is that of the success of the strong and self-reliant. It is that sort of success



Frank Oliver

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which he himself embodies. How, then, as an official of Canada could he approve plans whose aim and object is the selection of the *most unfit* citizenship for Canada? Has hasty philanthropy ever stopped to ponder on the extreme accuracy of such a statement as the foregoing? Has it stopped to reflect on the time and money which have been spent in selecting for Canada *the very choicest specimens of undesirables?*

No attempt is made to assist the emigration of the man who is in work, no matter how fit he may be for Canada, no matter how ambitious and efficient. *That* is the very man Canada ought to have; but unless he comes of his own initiative, he *does not come at all*. It is only a man who is *out of work* who becomes an object of solicitude to the emigration societies. But *what threw* him out of work? In all likelihood he is out of work because he is weak, inefficient or intemperate. These are qualifications for *dismissal* from employment in England. They are alike qualifications for *dismissal* from the citizenship of Canada.

Yet it is precisely from that class that Canada is offered her citizenship; and *requested* to take it, whether or not she likes it, because it is for the good of England!

Under the former immigration law, little supervision was possible for Canada over this collection work in England. That work was carried on by men who had no interests at stake, and who in many instances had had no experience in estimating the interests of others. Their labors were confined to the field of the *unfit*. Canada was calling all the time for good farmer material to come out and help her. She got her answer in thousands who *never saw* a farm. What would a practical man from the western plains of Canada feel in regard to this—knowing as he must the stern requirements of life in the west, knowing also the danger of the de-Britishizing of western Canada? He cannot consult the softness of his heart. Out of the hardness of his head he must say that Canada may not be used as British dumping ground merely for the sake of calling it British.

How then can Canada do the greatest good to the world? Ah, *now* we begin to close in upon our little question, to drive it into a corner! Thus far we have done little more than see how high are the walls which fence it in, how inexorable are its delimitations. One function of an author is to collect facts, viewpoints, theories; to report many different men fairly and intelligently as he may. We have undertaken to do

that here. Perhaps thus we may gain additional validity for any conclusion which later may be ventured. We shall see before we close that the utterances of the Minister of the Interior are not in the least cryptic, nor his position irreconcilable either with good philanthropy or good business. Let us therefore hope to be able to devise some plan *by which Canada can do the most good for Canada, and yet do the most good for the world.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VIEWPOINT OF AN ENGLISH EMISSARY.

IN THE summer of 1908, Earl Stanhope, member of one of the old families of England, journeyed into Canada to investigate fully the question of Canadian immigration, and to report his conclusions to the House of Lords, of which he is a distinguished member. Earl Stanhope made this journey, for this purpose; and he brought to his work, in an unusual degree, a sense of responsibility, a feeling of the importance of the matter in hand, and a clear-sighted intelligence in considering that matter. He remained in western Canada until the fall of 1908.

By good fortune, there was obtained from him before his departure—at a date long subsequent to the beginning of this work in serial form—a preliminary statement of some of his conclusions, reached after conscientious investigation at first hand. These are offered herein with his full consent. In reviewing his communication, which follows, the author, con-

fessedly a "Yankee," feels a satisfaction bordering almost upon a personal pleasure; because Earl Stanhope, an intelligent Englishman, separately and independently arrives upon practically the same conclusions as those reached as a sheer matter of logic by the author in the later pages of this book. Even did the conclusions of the author seem weakened by forestalling them in this way, none the less he would be constrained to print Earl Stanhope's conclusions here, where they belong; because they show the earnestness with which all thinkers on both sides of the water are approaching one of the greatest and most vital questions of the time, and they offer the one definite and decisive line of thought which we have discovered in all the conscientious attempts to solve this question. The communication follows:

"This problem is one of the greatest and most pressing of our time. It is said that we ascribe successes to ourselves, whereas the truth really is that 'we found opportunity, we did not create it'. True—but to many of us the opportunity has occurred; it is only the few who have grasped it. "Back to the Land" may be the answer to the squalor of the cities, but if we study the question a little more closely in England, I fear it would be

found that in many cases "Back to the Land" is little more than a platform cry. The man who has tasted the sweets of city life—granted that these sweets are more largely composed of chalk than sugar—will not readily exchange them for the dull monotony and weary toil of the agricultural laborer. He is, however, quite prepared to let the man in the city go back to country life and so give *him* the opportunity of taking his place in the city.

"It is said that England expects Canada to receive her poor in return for what the Old Country may have done for the Dominion. England expects nothing of the sort. But she *does* expect Canadians to live up to the highest traditions of the British race—to make some self-sacrifice if need be for the good of mankind and the welfare of their own kith and kin throughout the empire. Who shall say that her confidence is misplaced? Can England so soon forget how Canada's sons rallied to the cry of their brothers in South Africa?

"But England may have forgotten—perhaps it requires a visit to that wonderful country, so hard to realize till it has been seen, to bring home in full force—the fact that no nation can be called on to receive a population beyond what it readily can assimilate.

Assuredly the people from great cities and old countries are not such as, without considerable training, any new country would wish to receive as the progenitors of its stock, the makers of a nation's future.

“The problem then resolves itself to this: Can these dwellers of the great cities be made such as Canada could willingly accept, and if so, how? How shall we present to every man the opportunity so that the *many* shall receive, the *few* reject?

“We may dismiss from our minds the rural population of England, proportionately small in numbers and for the most part contented with their lot, who would not be prepared to exchange a comfortable home, a regular wage provision in sickness from club and generous employer, and compensation in case of accident, for the lottery (as it appears to them) of life in an unknown land.

“How then can we train the city dweller? It has been suggested that he first be trained on the land in England and then brought over to Canada. But, surely, with a town within at most a long day's walk, the old environment would hang too close about him, and like the moth to the candle he would assuredly drift back to the old life and appeals to

misplaced charity. Moreover, much that he would learn of agriculture in England would be worse than useless to him out in Canada.

“Would not a readier solution be found by planting the emigrant in the first place down in Canada in labor colonies possibly under home government management for, say, two years? Then, if at the end of his term of training he satisfied the Canadian Inspector of his fittingness to become a settler, that he should be given a quarter section of land reserved for him out of a township already fairly peopled with old settlers? If, on the other hand, he failed to come up to requirements, that he should either be given a further term of training or transshipped back to England by the troopship which, at certain seasons of the year, could be utilized to bring him out?

“It is possible that some legislation would be necessary, imposing a small mortgage on the settler's holding to cover part of the cost of his training and the first equipment of his farm, and that some law should be enacted forbidding him to leave the labor colony till he had been approved by the Canadian Inspector and had paid the cost of his trans-shipment and training. These, however, are details which

should not present a problem impossible of solution between the two governments."

The conclusion seems not merely plausible, but wholly inevitable. It is not a question of how something may be done, but whether it *must* be done. It is not a question of the expense; the expense is one that *must* be undergone. The evasion of logic to-day is an expensive matter, because time travels fast to-day, and nations do not wait, and destinies will not be handicapped.

Without referring here to the conclusions of our own later pages, let us total up the conclusions of this member of the English House of Lords.

First; he agrees that there is material for Canadian citizenship in the cities.

Second; he concludes that preparation for Canada must be made in Canada itself.

Third; he concludes that the intending settler should pass an examination in settlership, after full opportunity, on the actual land, to qualify.

Fourth; these are government matters incapable of handling by private enterprise alone.

Fifth; such an enterprise is capable of financing and is capable of repayment out of the soil itself, plus the energy of the settler growing with the soil. We do

not believe that the House of Lords will get much beyond this; or that England will; or that Canada will.

In early Virginian days, England sent to this country many "indentured" men, who came here with a stigma already attached to them. Earl Stanhope's suggestion that there should be some sort of restraint imposed upon settlers, some sort of a "labor colony," which could not be entered or which could not be left at free will by any settler, is one which is perhaps better dismissed as something to be taken up in later detail between the two governments. The suggestion does not yet appeal to a resident on this continent, and the detail is bound to prove one of difficulty. We of the United States have had no such restrictions, no such paternalism, because ours was an earlier and a different day. In the wholly different conditions in Canada some such colony will without doubt come into existence, but even there resentment at that phrase quickly will be learned. Perhaps we can mitigate its unpleasantness somewhat even in its name. "Labor colony" does not sound well as a name in western Canada, where all men want to be free, and where so very soon—given any sort of decent chance—they all do learn to be free and self-respecting.

But, in one way or another, under one name or another, we shall one day see more than one farm colony established in Canada, and engaged in producing, not at once No. 1 hard wheat, but from the first No. 1 good citizens. It is not Earl Stanhope's loyalty which leads him to believe this. It is not his pocketbook which invites him to believe it. It is not his sentiment which asks him to believe it. It is his *logic*, which *compels* him to believe it. After hearing many orators herein, the word of this one seems to linger.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE AMERICAN INVASION.

WE HAVE in the foregoing pages dealt with many different angles of the question of colonization, and have adverted to many of the most prominent theories regarding it. The subject is one rich in discussion, and what is of far more importance, rich in sober, almost in solemn thought. Only with reluctance does one leave the vast field of English belief and English comment, bearing upon the welfare of Great Britain as Great Britain, for view of yet another of the many angles which offer in the subject, as viewed by Canadian and "Yankee" eyes.

One point of view forces itself upon attention, and that not upon the ground of theory, but of actual fact. No study of the colonization of Canada can avoid consideration of the so-called "American invasion," because this represents a factor which will have tremendous influence in the future of Canada and in the complication of Canada's problem. There are



Peaceful Invasion

not lacking very many Canadians to-day who declare that the interests of Canada are more germane to those of the United States than those of England.

Fifteen years ago Winnipeg had but thirty thousand inhabitants, and there was no other town in western Canada worth more than the name of village. After the cheap railroad lands of western Canada came on the market, a steady influx of population ensued, so that in 1903 over one hundred and thirty thousand persons settled in western Canada. In 1905 one hundred and forty-six thousand came in. Since then the numbers have varied, but last year nearly sixty thousand "Yankees" crossed the border to settle in western Canada. In the year previous fifty thousand had come. For the first four years of the present century, the average of the American invasion was between twenty and fifty thousand annually.

For the last few years ill-assorted immigrants have been coming into the eastern cities of the United States at the rate of about a million a year. Although the greater proportion of these remain in the cities, very large numbers naturally go to increase the demand for American farming land. The government of the United States has left practically no homestead or

other cheap lands for its people. Meantime, and more especially in the last two years, a very considerable popular discontent has existed in the United States over the growth of American monopolies or "trusts," as they are known. Seeing the prices of farming lands continually rising—they have doubled in value through the Middle West in the last ten years, good farming lands selling as high as \$200 an acre in Illinois, \$60 and \$80 in Minnesota, \$40 and \$50 per acre in Dakota,—and at the same time seeing the American tax on living continually rising, a great many western farmers who wished additional land for their sons, saw their opportunity in the new cheap lands of Canada—such an opportunity as could never exist again anywhere in the United States. This was the actual reason for the American invasion of Canada. It is not too much to say that the western Canadian land advance was due to American discovery, American financing and American peopling in very large measure. The younger sons of the United States rushed out into the remaining new lands and laid hold of opportunity, even though it existed under a different flag.

Now it is to be remembered always that these young farmers left their early home deliberately, and

not through any stress of poverty. They did not largely come from exhausted New England and the overcrowded East, but most largely from the choicest farming sections of the western United States. They came, not because they were too poor, *but because they were too rich* to stay at home,—because they had money with which to buy land and operate it. Not one of these needed any sort of help. Every one of them was a practical farmer, and so far from needing to learn anything about farming in western Canada, he came prepared to teach the Canadians many things which they did not know about wheat raising in precisely that sort of country. It was these men who did the proving of the Davidson theory, and it was they who succeeded where early English farming had failed, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

These men were the product of the environment of the American continent. If they had not been of American birth, at least they were of American education in actual farming. Such men would scoff at the suggestion of assistance, even of advice. Perhaps one of them would come up on a preliminary trip to select his ground. A second journey would find him with his family and household belongings

at the railway station nearest to his land. The week following that arrival would see him on his land, with some sort of quarters erected, and the work of breaking the ground begun. Almost none of these men came with less than one thousand dollars of his *own* money—not the money of any charitable organization or of any government—and some Canadian officials were of the belief that an average of three thousand dollars for each such settler would have been below the truth.

Now, take these strong, hardy and perfectly educated young farmers—in one year 4,600 from Dakota, 6,000 from Minnesota, 1,500 from Illinois, all choice farming states of the West—set them down on the best selected lands of the Canadian West, each with means to make his own start, and self-reliance to do much more than make a start; and then compare the situation with that suggested in our earlier discussions of the handling of the assisted immigrant of England.

All life is a competition. What harder competition in the world can the assisted English immigrant find than this “Yankee” competition, already installed, established and fortified in that very region which England says is the natural inheritance of the

English poor? The answer is, in one sense and from one limited viewpoint, foregone. It is the answer of disciplined troops in contest with raw, weak, starved and heartbroken militia. That is to say, such is the answer if we suppose western Canada a site of barbarism and not of civilization. As to that, we must remember that all things are relative, and that we must consider the give-and-take, the balance, the proportion, the level-finding of civilized life, where many men, many races mingle, the result being a composite made up of weak who have failed, weak who have grown stronger, strong who have grown weaker, and so on; the one thing sure being that good strength, innate or acquired, natural or attained, is what will win and what will prevail. Either in civilization or savagery, in England or in Canada, in city or on the far frontier, *always the weak learn from the strong.*

It does not take a second thought to see how and how much the American invasion comes into the question of Canadian colonization. The "Yankee" is not a threat, but a fact. He has come, and come to stay; and there are more of him coming, hundreds of thousands more. He is alike the most desired and the most dreaded immigrant who has come or can

come to the Canadian West. With him comes the American standard of life, which is in direct conflict with the European standard. With the "Yankee" comes the higher standard of living, because he comes from a country where men, women and children are not content with the food, the clothing, or the housing which was sufficient for their fathers. Moreover, this is a *progressive* standard. It is something which comes out of the soil and air and stimulus of the *American continent*. Now it is this standard, it is this situation which the assisted immigrant must face. It is Success which Despair must confront, even thus early in the swift history of western Canada, the newest of all the cultivable lands. But despair itself gains hope and strength from contact with success.

What answer has English thought found for this American invasion and all that it must mean in the future? So far as the author is able to discover, there has been small answer of any practical sort. Abundance of theorizing there has been, to be sure. One writer says: "Canada is in the presence of an ethnic problem such as no country ever faced before." That is very true, but what does it really mean in actual plan for actual deeds? We want some phrase

sharper, more biting than "ethnic problem." This is a big business problem.

Another finds the old inefficient national or racial answer, and with loyalty to Great Britain declares: "While urging the unfairness of unloading dependents upon us, we should be very careful how we reject any of our own blood. We should keep in mind what Commander Booth answered to those who said that the emigration to the colonies of British men was race suicide. He asked, if the colonies should be filled up and dominated by men of other races, what sort of suicide that would be? We need all the British we can get to balance the strangers that are seeking our shores." Bring British, then; and if they be weak, let them gain hope and strength from contact with the strong!

Yet another, a somewhat alarmed if fully kindly gentleman, a minister of the Gospel, one takes it, gravely recommends the encouragement of marriage in the Christian Endeavor and other societies of England, more especially among those assisted British subjects who form the mooted topic of discussion on both sides of the sea, as may be witnessed in our earlier pages! Encourage Christian marriage, then,

and if its offspring prove weak, let it grow strong from contact with the strong !

The Psalmist of old described the human heart as deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Self-deceptive, we may call it sometimes to-day, and often desperately narrow. Yet of what value is a prejudiced point of view, a foregone conclusion, in an argument where the only valuable intent is to arrive at the *truth*? How does it serve England, Canada or the United States to indulge in self-deception or in preconceived conclusion in their respective points of view of this American invasion? Surely the truth itself is hard enough to read for the future. Thus a prominent journal of the United States admits that it can see no answer to the questions of this invasion; although it handles the matter in terms which seem fairly judicial and well balanced:

“A good many Americans have viewed with much alarm the movement of population from the north-western states across the border into the western provinces of Canada. They have seen in it a weakening of national ties. They have seen in it a loss of splendid citizenship. The earnest, effective and aggressive rather than the weaklings are the ones who are pioneers. The marvelous history of Ameri-

can development is repeated, except that the migration is carrying the people into the domain of a foreign power.

“Sometimes the attitude of alarm is a Canadian one. A recent writer in an English magazine tells of immigrants who equal in number those from the United Kingdom and far excel them in individual strength and in collective alertness. He describes, also, the optimism of the Canadians, who believe that a new type of citizen is to be developed from the mixture of immigration, the substantial basis of a new Canadian nation long dreamed of but never yet realized. But he himself cannot see how the comparatively small Canadian population can withstand what he calls the ‘torrential inrush’ of forces from across the line which threatens to swamp it.

“Americanization rather than Canadianization is everywhere apparent. This expresses itself in the press, in books, in barber shops, in bars, in hotels, in the clothes that are worn, and the language that is spoken. All are American. Eastern Canadian influence is waning or entirely gone. England is far away. The controlling power is that from the south. Even when the Canadian deputy minister of labor and the Premier of Saskatchewan tried to settle a coal mine

strike, they were forced to make a 2,000 mile journey to Indiana to consult with John Mitchell.

"The writer mentioned believed that commerce and blood will be far more powerful in determining the future than a slender sentiment of British dominion. The advantage of commerce is with the United States. Let the tariff wall be torn down, and the western provinces will find all their¹ interests on the other side of the barb wire fence, which often is the only thing to mark the passage from the United States into a foreign land.

"It is an interesting problem which is formulating in the Canadian West. The solution of the problem is not yet discovered, but the developments in that quarter of the world are well worth watching as the months go by."

As to this issue, Canada and the Canadian Government already are on record; and so far as the army of the "Yankee invasion" itself is concerned, few of its members would pause even to smile at correctives for the American invasion such as are suggested above. We shall, therefore, need to go further into the study of Canadian colonization, unless in despair we are here to abandon the whole future of the poor man of the Old World who has not had his chance.

We shall need to go still further with the question: What can be done by way of helping the man who is not yet able to help himself?

Canada has no special privileges to offer Englishmen or any others beyond the vastest privilege open to man, a fair field and no favor. The new-comer, whatever his nationality, must be ready to take his buffets and not whine. When the American pioneer moved westward, no one aided him. No one told him where to go or showed him how to farm, or explained anything to him of means or methods. He had to learn everything alone and for himself. The fight of the early American frontier was one waged hand to hand. A series of individual battles was fought on a picket line of white men, flung far in advance of civilization, with all bridges burned behind, and no roads running to any base of supplies. There were savages for the "Yankee" settler to fight in those days, and he fought them alone. There were no comforts or conveniences for him, and such intellectuality as he had was not second-hand. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, no influences or agencies of civilization to soften hardship. There was no Government behind him. There was no

money to come from home. Each man fought, and fought for himself.

That was the old way, the most splendid way of settling new lands the world ever saw. That old way, let us not any of us, whether English, "Yankee" or Canadian, hesitate to admit, produced a splendid breed of self-reliant men—men who, if they made mistakes, at least have made large ones. But that was all in a day different from this, a day when strong men travelled of their own wish. The strong seek the frontiers even to-day, to find the frontier robbed of all its terrors. But what of the weak?

Here, now, I have my assisted immigrant, pale, anæmic, not strong, not skilled, a product of the city and of generations of the city. He comes to neighbor with a man who has three thousand dollars in his pocket as against a brass twopence of his own—a two-pence which he is under bond to repay, after, at a cost of two dollars a head, he has been located like some beast, obedient to another's will, on the land which has been selected *for* him, not which he has selected for *himself*. He comes, this assisted immigrant, a cheerful farewell behind, a grudging welcome greeting him, not twenty minutes of experience in farming his,—a neighbor to the man who came without

asking and without assistance, with two hundred years of practical fitting in his education. He meets a man of independent spirit, of the same old type who asked odds of no mortal man. But, weak as he is, unprepared as he is, he gets hope and strength from that very neighborship.

Every American pioneer could drive his own team, make or mend his own tools, build his own house, furnish it, put food in it. The poorest frontiersman was absolutely independent, and he was owner of absolute self-confidence. The strong thrust of destiny and heredity and hope were all behind him. Of him indeed it might be said: "It was worth while to hew and build; it was worth while to sow and reap and sow again; it was worth while to rear children in all the cleanliness and simplicity of country living, teaching them the fear of God, the love of country, the reverence due to older people, the scorn of pride and slavery and oppression. It was worth while to shape towns and villages and constitutions, and institutions, and a free state in God's open field, beneath divine overbending skies, the empire of good will. In seeking the new home they new-found themselves, renewed their racial youth in perennial inspiration." It was a teacher in

the American West, born in the only really American part of America, who wrote these lines. Why should they not also appeal to the weak and despairing of an older world to-day?

Shall the weak be left to starve because they are weak? Does government mean that for its humanity? Has civilization no better corrective than that to offer for its own abuses? Does civilization, spite of the iron law of competition, owe its helpless ones no duty? All Canada, sombre and serious in her new great days, asks that England shall answer that.

An emissary from Great Britain said no later than yesterday: "There is a strong British sentiment throughout Canada, but keenest at the coast. The authorities should introduce as many British settlers as possible in the country between Winnipeg and the coast, where the population is at present very cosmopolitan." Now it is precisely this introduction of British settlers into that part of Canada which makes the knotty part of our problem, at which Canada now pauses. She has put up certain bars against England, but how about bars against America? That British settler in this middle country meets the American invasion—which found that country, made it feasible, and is taking it in part—the "Yankee," admittedly

indispensable, but in some thoughtless quarters disliked and even dreaded !

The very pretty little problem, moreover, does not lack its other complications. Now comes Australia, with conditions in very many respects quite as easy, a country quite as rich, and with land laws the most liberal on earth, and makes her bid for English immigration. We shall have more to say of the Australian method, presently. Just now it is sufficient to say that every English settler who deserts Canada for Australia leaves just that much more opening in Canada for the American invasion. We have not yet got any answer. We only have found problems.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRANSPLANTING.

“THE wilderness lies shining before us. It is old and silent. Would you know its secrets? Read the rocky record which lies behind, around, beneath; and be assured that, once the story of yesterday were understood, the facts of to-day would ask no wider explanation. The physical forces of this world still drive the loom that weaves the web of life. Before the loom the unseen weaver sits, guiding her web that passes to an endless roll, changing withal the width, the pattern, as conditions rise. Changes her arabesque, it is for cause; changes it not, it is alike for cause. And if at intervals as we watch anon new figures rise, may it not be but the return of some earlier triumphant cycle, that here begins anew, evident enough in cause and feature were once that giant scroll unrolled, or were her watchers more patient, more enduring? Alas, in presence of this



Long Live the King!

mighty loom, what fleeting, evanescent interpreters are we!"

These words, written by one who has found his life work in geology, a student, a great scientist, are wholesome for pondering by those who essay the uncertain field of sociology. They ought to teach the human humility which should replace mere self-seeking and self-sufficiency. They ought to teach unwillingness to announce any infallible plan for the solution of theorems which nature is accustomed to work out for herself, in her own way, and in spite of man's meddling.

Yet, if we be daring enough to sally into any difficult field, there will be satisfaction if we can repeat that in attempting its large problems we have used the large methods of research and of science, rather than to have yielded to the temptation to give mere selfishness the guise of reason. All life is selfishness, all national growth surely is selfishness; yet when selfishness touches logic, logic flees.

Except in dispassionate reasoning, there is no conclusion worth the having. Let us at least claim so much as dispassionateness for our pages; and claim also that we have sought to collect without fear or favor a number of premises, in the belief that,

conflicting as they seem, they yet may be found to offer some valid conclusion.

We may without contradiction claim that we have reduced the argument on Canadian colonization practically to the conflict between the hard head and the soft heart. "Ah," you say, "that is to leave it where we found it!" Perhaps we may claim rather more than that. Perhaps we dare say that a reconciliation of this conflict not only may be but must be found. Perhaps we dare say that England not only may but must contrive something definite in the way of governmental policy; that philanthropy not only may but must mend its ways. Like most answers to hard problems, this is the simplest and most obvious. The only difficulty in reading it lies in that blindness which comes of narrowness and selfishness—our refusal to admit that as human beings we are but small atoms on the world—our refusal to admit that it is our vast conceit and not our vast knowledge which holds us fast to the old, useless, hopeless ways.

It is national conceit in Europe, in Canada, in the United States, which says that times have not changed, which points out the old ways of settling a country and declares that those ways are good enough to-day. The corollary of such conceit is ruin.

For instance, the ways of the United States in settling its new lands were excellent in their time. They built up a splendid, aggressive manhood, built up a rich and resourceful country. Yet to apply those ways to Canada to-day would be to cut Canada off from the British Empire as surely as that the sun will rise ! Assuredly, unless she shall open her eyes to the fact that these are new and different days, that the world has changed, and that those who do not change with the times must perish of the times, then England's fate will be that of all the blind.

That is the reduction. Let us push the reduction to an absurdity. By elimination let us get at remedies. Let us say that Canada does not wish to separate from England. Very good, so much the more narrows our field of thought and conjecture. Suppose we review briefly that narrowed field—but accepting the truth that what once would have served will now no longer serve in national ways; that times do change, and that new methods must be found.

We can go on safely to say that mere enthusiasm, mere compassion and even mere disinterestedness, cannot avail to solve the problems of the poor. Such problems are not those of sentiment, and they can be solved by no idealism which is devoid of commonsense

as well. If England indefinitely is to maintain her ancient and strong position among the shifting and growing nations of the world, she needs to work to some agreed and accepted type of practical colonization, governed by a practical philanthropy, stipulated and regulated by the government itself. She can afford few farther experiments. Certainly she cannot afford to handle her problem on the same old basis of charity and gratuity, of collecting and dumping. Canada cannot afford to make those mistakes which the United States is making even now, so rapidly and so terribly,—mistakes which surely will result in the adulteration and weakening of its population.

We safely can advance, then, to the point of saying that packed populations must not be dispersed hit-or-miss, must not be lumped and massed and left to starve in the same old way in different surroundings. We dare to say that immigration should be distributed in appointed places, where each unit shall help the most and hurt the least. Ah, give them *room*,—room to *grow*, to breathe, to rear good children, to *grow* up into good men and women; *room* to feel that religion and human kindness and hope are not bitter lies; *room* so to live that they shall not curse God and ask

to die! Surely we can say all this, and hold our ground, can we not?

Direct transplanting of helpless and unfit human plants means ruin. The handling of the human plant, stage by stage, up again to the full plane of human usefulness—that is a great work, a *giant* work. It is big enough for any giant in government, for any giant in philanthropy, any giant among men or among nations.

That task is to insure a start back to the land on such terms as will not insure death and failure. It offers a fighting chance to those who would work if they had the opportunity. For those who cannot work when chance is offered,—Ah, let us look aside and uncover as death goes by! Let the civilization which has slain give interment to its dead. To give those in whom the vital spark is not yet gone an opportunity to grow—*that is task enough for any giant among the nations.*

Yet, so far as known, no large experiment of practical sort ever has been worked out in Canadian colonization. It has, as our foregoing pages prove, all been hit-or-miss, philanthropy, politics, selfishness, touchy charity and tricky business, vying with each other as to which could make the most mistakes and

do the most harm alike to England and to Canada. May we not safely say—always adhering to our statement that times have changed—that the solution of such a question no longer should be left to conflicting ideas and to the warring interests of individuals? The joint thought of a *government*, the joint thought of a *nation* is none too great and wise for such a question. May we not agree to this? May we not safely say that we have come step by step up to the gate of the government? May we not logically lay such question *at the door of England itself?*

England can save a generation of time in colonization if she likes. On the other hand, she can, if she likes, lose that generation. By taking thought, she can add a cubit to the stature of the empire, and herself can add a century to the empire's life. That is to say, she can offer a colonization which an immigrant can accept without losing his self-respect, and without losing his usefulness to the Dominion. Or, as alternative, she can go along in the same old ways, through this or the other changing administration, this or the other changing policy, and let matters take care of themselves as they always have, one theory quarrelling with another, one organization

wrangling with another, and all striving against natural law and natural commonsense.

England, if she likes, can refuse to believe that any human sowing is possible except the same old sowing which has rotted human life in the centers of civilization heretofore. She can refuse to transplant intelligently; Canada can refuse to accept. Canada can refuse to care for, to prune and to guide the human plants offered her. Whether she shall or shall not refuse is for Canada to say; or for some great man of Canada to say. In such partings of the ways lies the choice between a national glory and a national despair.

That parting of the ways comes in time to any new land seeking population. It came swiftly to the United States, all too swiftly; and without doubt or question the United States chose the wrong path, that of unregulated individual selfishness, which assuredly will lead to later retrogression. The new lands of the United States are no longer settled by the self-selected dominant frontiersman. To-day the United States rather accepts the guidance of steamship companies and railways—individual selfishness. The result is swiftly and sadly ripening in that commercialism which controls even American politics

to-day, which makes American ideals a mockery before the world.

Now or in time this same question will come to Canada. Shall she follow the example of the American Republic in keeping the talents entrusted to her? What shall be her path at the parting of the ways? What shall be the population *average* for the Dominion, for the Empire? Shall so great a question be determined in these changed times by personal greed or personal impulse? Is it not rather for a *government* to answer?

Have we not been fair thus far? If we have not, the fault has not been through any personal bias on the author's part. If there has been weakness of reasoning, it has not been through weakness of intent. Tell us where we have thus far been unfair. Where are we wrong if we shall lay this problem at the door of government? Where are we wrong if we shall demand that government shall solve the problem of the hard head and the soft heart at one stroke; through one policy; one new idea? Where shall we be wrong if we point out a plan old as the first garden of the world, and simple as the tilling of a glebe!

Whether Canada likes it or not, the poor of the world are going to be transplanted, and transplanted



The First Home in the Bush



to her fields; because that is fate. Now, does she wish to see these plants wither and die, or to see them grow to stature and strength? What does the gardener do with his new plants, weak and white of tendril? He sets them out near to some well-built trellis, does he not? He shields them from too warm a sun, does he not; from too great a cold? He trains them to look aloft to that stronger trellis for support does he not? And then—

And *then*; there is our answer! Its cost, its difficulty may not logically be considered at all. There is the answer! This is to be done by government. Tell us, may we not safely go thus far, and claim that no other answer can be found but this?

This answer already is suggested by fate. It already has been approved by unsolicited events. There lie the fields, already provided with the stake and trellis, over hundreds of miles already ploughed and sown in strong and fit humanity. These hardy settlers are scattered here and there over the vast new empire of the Canadian West.

The paths of the world go apart for a time, but interbraid again. Two old paths but meet here again in the Canadian West. Back on the old and usual one still are the hopeless poor, the pale, white product

of the city; the poor, the hopeless, despairing, apathetic, awful, deadly, dreadful poor.

Transport these, down the broad trail of empire, till they find the well ordered fields where the new paths come in, paths where stronger men have fore-run them to begin the work, to prepare the fields with stake and trellis.

In such prepared environment set out your plants, weak and white of tendril; and ask God to give them watering; and trust God to spell the answer.

Take that answer, whether or not it means that Canada is to remain a dependency of England. Great England will not be great until she dare abide that answer.

One thing only is certain; the new-comer in Canada will not remain Englishman, "Yankee," German—he will become Canadian. The soil will raise its own crop; the crop will adjust itself to its environment.

In western Canada there is environment good enough to raise men and women in type, almost, indeed, "as much superior to the slum dwellers of cities as man to-day is superior to Tyndal's antediluvian reptiles."

Any traveller in western Canada may see the miracle of modern life swiftly set in place on this

frontier; roads, schools, intercommunication, every anticipation of denser settlement,—these things are accomplished or assured in advance of actual settlement. Railroad building in western Canada assumes enormous proportions, not now for military but for industrial reasons. Wheat must be carried. It pays its own way as it goes. It no longer is a question whether railways may risk building across these long unused plains. The only question is where they can find steel and wood and men to do the work. This tremendous sweep to the westward of the white race across the provinces of western Canada is an astonishing, an absorbing, a tremendous, an epochal thing. It was not England planned it. It was a thing solemnly ordained in the stars.

When need was, these new fields were discovered ready for human planting, because elsewhere the hotbeds were overcrowded. Since need is, already these new fields are planted with the strong, already the trellises are ready for the weak. The dream of philanthropy itself is ready to come true. The hope of the hard-headed idealist is within reach even now.

“Take the English farmer and the English farmer’s sons; take the thrifty and industrious from the smaller towns; take the able-bodied and the courage-

ous from the crowded cities. Segregate them on Canadian farms. You will give England what she most needs—more room; and you will give Canada good citizens.” The foregoing is a conclusion of an official long connected with this colonization work. As it stands, will it serve as our answer? No. It has the old demerit of vagueness, the old failure in comprehensiveness, the old lack of definite plan worked out in actual specifications.

But, for the time, admit it as it stands. Go back to the words of the Minister of the Interior for that other abstraction, that the real function of government is *to do the most good for the world*. Then, if you please—since visualization is good as against vague discussion—let us paint for ourselves a little picture in western Canada.

There is a vast fertile tract of land, not entirely owned under any one fee. Over it are scattered many farms, built up by men who have learned the secret of wheat farming, men bred for the frontier. Around these smaller holdings are others, scattered, owned by some large philanthropist who has tired of dipping at the sink hole back in London, who has tired of settlement work and the bread line; who has learned the folly of trying to solve the city's problem



The Beginning on the Prairie

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so long as city folk crowd in, continually polluting the flood of that humanity which never was meant to flow always between even the most glorious city walls; who has wearied of the mockery of salving over his conscience.

This philanthropist, let us say, has taken with him into this work—a labor large enough for any Croesus with a conscience—others who have made so much money that at last there has come to them the thought that perhaps this money was not theirs after all; that what they thought belonged to them as individuals, *belonged instead to the world*. These decide now to consecrate a part of this money to the poor. They consecrate it as well to the cause of intelligence—not to Socialism, mind you, but to the very opposite of Socialism; to the cause of that individualism under whose ways they themselves won fortune.

For the sake of the greatest and most splendid game that can be played on earth, they consecrate a part of this money to the cause of *evolution*, the cause of *individualism*, to the labor of *providing opportunity* to the most valuable of all created things, the human being—the human being which has not yet had environment.

Since in the new days of the world—times having changed—opportunity has not been possible for these, they now resolve to make it possible; and that thing they do. They work with the aid and interest of the government. They work under government plan; with their own, they spend government money also.

These hard-headed idealists take these poor of the Old World or of the New, pass them through a grave and kind inspection on the gathering ground, that of a board elected by the best non-political thought of the nation. They transplant these poor, let us say, across seas, into Canada. How? Thrown down like waste seed, that the thorns and thistles may spring up and choke them? No, that is not intelligence, that is not business, that is not commonsense. That is only to employ the method of to-day, a day which soon will pass.

No, they take these poor to the ordered and appointed fields; they place them along the trellises of the strong, at the side of men who have gained opportunity by another route.

Government is back of this work, supervises it, controls it, owns part of this land. Government supports yonder great buildings of the Central Farms,

where instruction may be had *not at the cost of self-respect*—a paternal enterprise not dreamed and not needed in times when men could work out their own problems: but *needed* now, because all this world has so swiftly changed, and *because the old ways will no longer do*.

Once government needed not be so paternal, but now it must be. Some such evolutionary plan as this must be devised, else we must see that black Satyr grown more immense;—or see arise in the streets of our city again that other and worse monster, the red spectre of the guillotine—when humanity again shall rebel and make the city streets run red.

Those are your alternatives. That is your answer. It is the answer of a *prepared environment*. *There is no other which can possibly leave Canada true to her mission of doing good for all the world*.

Several different students have arrived by other paths at this general idea of great central training stations, conducted by the Dominion government, and financed by that of England, where new-comers may remain on a semi-self-supporting basis for a year or more while learning the methods of western farming. In most parts of the country their conclusions have been laughed at as absurdities. The

imagination of their critics has been staggered at the figures of cost, which really are enormous.

If we could remove from the reckoning this last element, that of cost, and show that the whole of even so large an enterprise could be made to pay for itself, would we *then* be acquitted of the charge of chimerical interference and rattle-brained enthusiasm? Certainly of that charge we must be acquitted; for we have been free enough with the accusation that others have been over-enthusiastic and chimerical. But if we *can* reconcile the old war between head and heart, shall we stand acquitted? Shall we stand accredited with clean intention, and with a dream at least not unworthy a business man's regard? Yet all this is not impossible. It is not *impossible*, but *easy*! This work has not been done in Canada, but it is only because we have not *done* it!

The Dominion government and Dominion corporations spend twenty-five millions of dollars at enlarging the colonial domain by irrigation. Why? To give the land to "Yankees"? The United States government is doing much more in reclamation enterprise in its own West. Why? It purposes to give the land to practical farmers. Put these two facts together, and do a brief bit of logic for yourself. The



Close to the Soil

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charitable societies of England have spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in senseless aid to emigration. Why?

Suppose the British government, *plus* Canada, *plus* charity, *plus* private wealth with a conscience, *plus* the ancient dream that all men are indeed free and equal,—should spend twenty-five millions of dollars, plus some hundreds of thousands of pounds, in *planting men and women* in the trellised fields. Suppose the Dominion in time, instead of loose-handed homesteading, established a sub-plan of homesteading, and reserved some numbers of forty acre tracts, to be sold to new-come Englishmen on easy payments, *after* they had been trained to farm. What would happen then? Why should it *not* happen as much for a government as for a private enterprise?

Each spade that goes into the dirt, each furrow turned by a plough, adds definite value to every other acre near and far over a vast region around it. There comes your unearned increment, *which floats all private real estate enterprises*. The larger the work, the larger the increment. Why should it not come to a business government as much as to a business man? Why cannot philanthropy see that you can only help a man when you help him to help himself?

If you say this cannot be, you have your right to that; but with equal right you at the same time say that to-day is yesterday; and that to-morrow also will be yesterday. Do you say that?

The human spark of hope and ambition is not dead in our new-comer. Let us go back to our settler. Let us see him laboring intelligently, with that increased determination which comes out of the soil of a new country. Now he begins to "get ahead," as the phrase goes. He and his family eat; eat all they want; but the State does not pay for their meal. Why cannot he, as well as John Johnson from Sweden, or John Smith from the States, in time pay for his *own* land; if not so soon as they, at least *in proportion with his increment*?

He *does* pay for it, in two or three, or five, or a dozen years; and he pays to a hard-headed philanthropy five per cent. to carry it as well. Our government-millionaire-charitable enterprise has financed itself, after all! It has cost nothing but one large resolution. It has needed nothing but one practical administration in detail.

But where was the greatest profit? Was it that little five per cent. in money? Ah, no. It was *usury* that Canada earned, that England took,—vast,

splendid, happy usury that the *world* took, when it realized that the world's conditions change from century to century, but that the *world's intent*—the *progress of humanity*—does not change at all! To do good for the *world*—that is the ambition of governments and the intention of the centuries.

Suppose this wholly visionary and absurd thing—which is wholly visionary and absurd because it has never been done before;—and since what England has not been doing can never, to the English mind, be done at all—were mismanaged as badly as the late emigration work of the charitable societies has been mismanaged; suppose it did not pay five per cent.; that its income did not equal its outgo; suppose it sunk five million pounds a year—half as much as mismanaged charity sinks; suppose it sunk thirty millions of pounds each year—*as much as charity to the unemployed costs England annually now*;—still it would pay vast usury of profit.

Suppose it emigrated wisely only a thousand men each year, instead of a hundred thousand unwisely. A thousand men rotting in London—what do they produce? A thousand men transported to rot again in Canada—what do they produce? They produce

pestilence, menace to human life and progress. They produce national decadence. But, a thousand men capitalized for one year in *opportunity*,—fed intelligently, which is to say, *fed by their own hands*,—what do that thousand men produce? If they only made half their daily bread, they have left chance back in England for another thousand men; and they have purified the pestilential stream of some English city by a thousand units of apathy and crime, despair and vice.

The author knows a group of capitalists who are planting pine trees. Why? They are doing it for their grandchildren. Shall a nation be less wise and less far-seeing than a business man? The next generation—ah! there lies your usury, vast, beautiful, magnificent, splendid usury—usury to leave an Empire rich.

As the surface of the earth has been more filled, its raw resources been more developed, it has been growing richer, has grown richer faster than its people have multiplied. A few men, under one government or another, in one way or another, have taken over world-money. The money of some of the world's great multi-millionaires does not belong to them in

any such quantities. Haltingly a general social unrest begins to spell that out; an unrest that does not classify as Socialism, as yet. But that black Satyr will grow amazing fast if we shall not pause to think that no man can earn such wealth as a few men to-day hold back from the world's use. That wealth—Ah, what philanthropist could ask a grander use for it than in the purchase of *human opportunity*? What labor better could repay its employment? What enterprise of profit may be mentioned in the same breath with it? And to do it is but to *do it*. There is more money wasted in impractical philanthropy than would be needed here if rightly used. Thirty million pounds annually to the unemployed—money burnt up, thrown away! Give one-half of that annually for twenty years, and there will arise west of Winnipeg such an empire as the world never saw. Its rulers shall be the hard head *and* the soft heart!

If this notion be called absurd, that may be in part because it is in advance of the day. It cannot long be in advance of average thought. It is only to say that men will earn more on the prairies than they can rotting in the city slums. It is only to say that charity is not philanthropy. It is only to say that

philanthropy must offer a material uplift, that religion to-day must be practical.

Philanthropy which capitalizes a thousand poor at five per cent., which changes a thousand units of vice and apathy into a thousand units of opportunity and hope,—that is no more than simple merchandising; only that now you sell human opportunity; and you sell it on credit, secured by land; land which enhances in value with each spade that goes into the ground, each furrow turned by plough. A hundred greater business enterprises than this go forward all the time. The great captains of enterprises do more difficult deeds than this continually. Yet to do this enterprise of a prepared environment is to do that vaster deed of reconciling the war between the heart and the head.

When you have done that, you are in position to allow the minister of the Gospel to ponder about the religion of these new folk, and to do so with no charge of impracticality. His work will come in its own right time. This man who wants the old sentiment for Old England to obtain—it is possible for him, too, to have *his* dream. Yonder official, hard-headed and experienced, who seeks the material welfare of his country—he, too, may have *his* wish! The member

of the government, with heart as warm as his head is cold—*his* dream comes true. Yonder charitable society, which has labored with no prospect of gain,—it still may labor, but now with recompense; recompense which makes for the real glory of England and for the real benefit of the world.

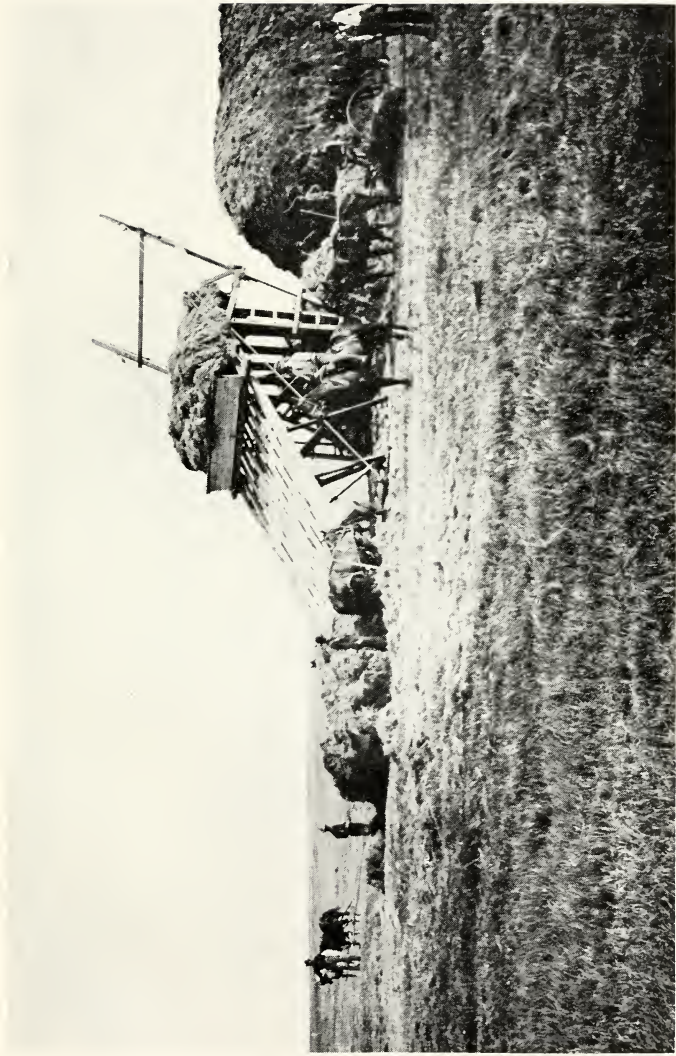
Now we do come close to religion, religion plus business; and this is what must supplant to some extent the religion of earlier times. The earth changes, and with it must change the earth's religions, all the earth's methods of thinking and doing, even of dreaming. A material age? Yes, but we must adjust to it or perish; because the days do not, cannot, and never can wait for us. But the dream of religion itself is best compassed in the most practical philanthropy.

If then, all this may be; if we have indeed found some theory which explains all existing phenomena; then, in the terms of science, that is the theory to accept. There was a day when we knew nothing of gravitation, when we doubted the revolution of the earth. Those things were slowly reasoned out, by theories which covered all existing phenomena.

We are not, however, in this case confined to theory alone. The subjects with which we have been

engaged are of a human importance so vital and wide-reaching that the thing is, to use a popular phrase, in the air to-day. Once the writer conceived what seemed to him a happy dramatic idea. It was later worked out, but only in time to meet the same idea embodied in a drama done by quite another person, who independently had conceived that same idea. At another time precisely this same incident occurred. In both cases the ideas themselves proved valid. Such experiences as this are common in the life of every author. They are common as well in every other walk of life. A good idea is not the property of any one man. A great idea never was conceived by any one man. It is conceived by the world itself; born of the necessity of the world for precisely that thing.

Now, the plan suggested in these pages, wholly visionary as it may seem to some, and wholly theoretical as it may seem to most, is not the author's own, but was first suggested to him by an idealist in business, the same man who thought that there could be such a thing as kindness and justice in a practical business office. Should credit be given to this man for the idea? No; let us rather give credit to the world, which has developed this idea at the time it was



The Real Empire

needed. Because, so far from this being a matter of theory, it is even now a matter of fact. The problem of a practical and businesslike philanthropy has in at least one instance been worked out in detail.

To make the contrast clean cut, let us go back once more across seas. In the month of September, 1908, Prince Arthur of Connaught, nephew of King Edward, visited the city of Glasgow. Prince Arthur is a manly man, a good soldier, and a just man. There is nothing in his personality which has rendered him distasteful to the people of any portion of Great Britain. Yet, when his carriage passed down the streets of Glasgow, it was mobbed by five thousand idle men. In this demonstration—which, bear in mind, took place in self-restrained Scotland—there arose often the revolutionary air of the Marseillaise! The crowd pressed about the carriage in George's Square in the most menacing manner, and there were many turbulent and deeply regrettable scenes. There was much hissing and shouting against the Prince and his people, and when the Troops' Band played "God Save the King," not a single head in the crowd was uncovered, and the mob broke out with the refrain, "Keep the Red Flag Flying!" So, at least, run the dispatches describing the affair. It is

not to be supposed that these unemployed thousands had any personal dislike for Prince Arthur of Connaught. Their resentment was against the elaborate features provided for his entertainment, whilst they themselves were upon the point of another bread riot. Worst of all, there were ten thousand boys on parade—young men, unemployed, out of work and out of bread. This is given as a truthful picture of modern civilization in the old country in the current year. It is difficult to conceive of a picture sadder or more disturbing.

Lest it should be urged that an American writer finds pleasure in English distress, one hastens to offer a kindred instance of the current year in the city of New York. During the past summer in the more poverty-smitten portions of that great city, hundreds of school children were found to be starving, even as those of Berlin are accustomed to starve. A committee of schoolboard members found it necessary to arrange two public kitchens at which the hungry children might be fed before they were taught. Necessarily, funds for this work were scanty enough, and the committee undertook to enlist popular interest in the kitchen fund. One of the committee states that many instances had been discovered where

children were sent to school without having had food in a term of forty-eight hours. Some children fainted while they were reciting in their class rooms. This is civilization in the proudest city of the proudest republic of the world. One hesitates to call such facts less horrible than yonder demonstration against government in the proudest monarchy of the world.

Opposed to pictures such as these we have the idea of a practical philanthropy; and regarding this latter we have a concrete instance showing the thing accomplished. While this has been worked out in theory in Canada, *it has been done in fact and in detail* in the United States.

The Consolidated Farm Company, of Marshfield, Wisconsin, in the fall of 1907 put into effect the idea that men of no means could be established upon farm lands, and could, so to speak, practically capitalize themselves after the initial effort. Within the year, this company had founded a colony of fifty people whose combined original capital was but \$500. In one year the work upon the land had more than doubled the original capital; because upon a face investment of \$5,000 there had been paid back \$800. The manager of the company, Mr. John P. Hume, is

quoted in regard to this experiment in the following words:

“Why should we not manufacture farms as well as to manufacture iron or steel or woodenware? We take the thing in the rough and turn out a finished product. While we are doing this we furnish employment for people who want to get out on the land and have no means with which to do so; as they could not make a payment on a farm, nor build a house, nor live, until after they had raised a crop.

“No, we are not philanthropists, not by a great deal. But we do give the settler a fair show, while at the same time we get a good return on our investment. Our plan is being considered by many big land holders in the northern part of this state who wish to dispose of their land. There are hundreds of unemployed men who want to get out on land. They have no money, or if they do have, it is little, not even enough to put up a small shed of a house if they could get the land without making the first payment. What chance have they of owning land? The idea is so staggering that they give it up and go on trying to live in the city and raise a family, generally with poor success. We sell the man a small tract of land, give him a house and cow, and then use him in clearing

up more land in our process of manufacturing farms. We have thirty-five men on four hundred acres of land, and in the whole party you could not gather together \$1,000. But they all have money in their pockets and pay cash at the stores for what they purchase, and live well. We pay good wages for labor and always employ our own settlers. For their work they receive two-thirds of what they earn to support themselves, and it is paid in cash, and one-third is taken to pay for the land. As a rule, they work four months in the year for themselves, and the remainder of the time for us in clearing land. In that way they are able to pay for their land and get along, while never being anxious as to their living.

“In the old days settlers could go into the northern part of this state, take up land, and then go into the logging camps and earn money enough to support their families for the years while they worked in clearing up their land and getting it in shape for crops. But this method cannot be pursued now for the reason that the timber has been cut off and the mills and lumber camps are disappearing. Therefore, the only way that a poor man can get a chance is in some manner similar to that used by us. This is not philan-

thropy, but I do maintain that we are doing a good work in helping to make free citizens.

“It takes considerable capital after the settler is once located, and this capital has to be supplied, *or an opportunity offered the settler to earn it himself.* Let charitably disposed people advance money at a reasonable rate of interest, on approved security, permitting the borrower to pay on the installment through some local bank or other trustworthy source, and I will guarantee that any man who has ambition can get along and own a home of his own, and pay the loan in three years. The questions raised in this discussion are among the most important that confront the people of the United States. They are easy of adjustment if handled properly.”

True, the foregoing experiment, if it can now be called such, was on a small scale but it was made in a slashed-off pine country, where the soil required much manual labor to prepare it for cropping. *Yet that soil, plus labor, is proving itself equal to banking interest plus a home for a family!*

This same theorem is proving itself over and over again in the densely timbered portions of the Yazoo Delta of Mississippi, one of the southern states of the American Republic. In this country many negro

farmers have purchased small tracts of land, and in spite of the enormous labor of clearing up the heavy forest growth, and in spite of the heavy interest rates obtaining in that country, have succeeded in very many instances in developing farms which, compared to their former lot, leave them in independence and wealth. *The soil, plus the labor, is equal to exorbitant interest plus a home!*

Does Canada hesitate over the risk incurred in the mere *supervision* of the work of preparing her citizens-to-be? Is it a question of returns? Cannot Canada compete in part with Australia? Australia is troubled by no such hesitancy. She goes farther, Confident of the future, she accepts her immigrants and *capitalizes* their hopes.

If you seek the truth, do not go to the editorial page. It is unpaid, but untruthful almost always, because almost always biased! For the truth, go to the paid pages, the advertising pages, of any journal, because there only the truth dare be told. Now, it is the advertising pages of an Australian journal that one has in hand—and what truth they tell is *the story of our idea all worked out*, not by a society, not by a company, not by an individual, but by a nation! Here is what Australia advertises:

“The government gives liberal financial assistance towards the improving of properties. Farmers may be granted £1,500 worth of land, agricultural labourers £200 worth, and workmen £100 worth, the payment being on very easy terms. The government assists pound for pound up to £50 towards fencing and building.

“Advances are made on easy terms up to £250, repayable in twenty years, for the purposes of building and effecting improvements on the land.

“Emigrants from the United Kingdom may thus count upon a warm welcome from their brothers in Victoria, Australia.

“It is but seventy-six years since the first settlement was established; now it possesses over a million and a quarter of inhabitants. The country has over 4,316 miles of railway (all owned by the government) and dotted with prosperous townships. More than ninety-seven per cent. of our Victorian population is British, or of British parentage, and England and Great Britain are spoken of as ‘home’.

“Fifty million acres available for selection in the Southwest Division, with regular and ample rainfall.

“The most liberal land laws in the world.

“Free grants of 160 acres—*additional land up to*



The Answer of the Harvest

TOWN OF YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
JESSE LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

2,000 acres of first-class land, or 5,000 acres grazing land on exceptionally easy terms, the payments extending over twenty years.

“The Government Agricultural Bank makes advances on liberal terms for improvements and stocking—repayments extending over thirty years.”

Repayments extending over *thirty* years! We are told that the government not only sells the land at a nominal price, with payment distributed over twenty years, free of interest, but also provides, through the Agricultural Bank, the whole of the capital required to bring virgin country to a state of productiveness. Light agricultural railways, cheap freights, the assistance of the Agricultural Bank, the importation and sale of stock, the preparing of land for settlement by ringbarking and clearing, and the provision of water supplies, constitute inducements to settlement that are just beginning to be appreciated, not only by people in other parts of the world, but by those living in the State.

Repayments extending over *thirty* years! If Australia can do that, if she can capitalize a *timberland* proposition for *thirty* years, what ought to be the case in western Canada, where good farming often pays for the prairie land in one year, and the improve-

ments the next? A problem? Where is the problem beyond that of administration? The proof? In the name of reason, what more proof is needed? We appeal to men, not children, and the destinies of Canada are in the hands of strong and able men. No nation has abler leaders.

If such leaders pause, they must pause only through conservatism, through respect for precedent. Yet what has actually been precedent? Canada has been one of the most liberal nations of the world in its promotion and its financial support of great railway enterprises. She gave a king's ransom to her first great railway, princes' ransoms again and again to others. She is even in part a railway builder in person. For what purpose all this use of her people's money? Was it wrong? No. It was right. But for what purpose? To build a country. That is all we ask. Is a country builded without a population? Can a railway be supported in western Canada by any save a population of practical farmers? If it be right to finance a railway, is it not quite as right—is it not fundamentally, logically, and governmentally *far more* wise and desirable to *finance the planting of a practical support for that railway?* Is that not business? If it be not done, will not the

danger of the American invasion continually grow? To a cold and impartial reason the corollary goes with the theorem, the aided settler with the aided railway, the one as shrewdly administered as the other; and the need for *both* as plain as the need of strong troops at a dangerous part of the line, with a supply train running back to the supporting base. We appeal to men, not children, and not faint hearts; and that appeal is in the name not of selfishness, but of good to an empire and a world.

In the name of cold and impartial reason, let us ask once more, what is the case in western Canada, where almost nothing needs to be done in the way of preparing the land for farming—where plowing and seeding are the only operations antecedent to a crop valuable enough to pay for the entire land itself? Is it not to be supposed that there also *the soil plus even partially skilled labor, will be equal to banking interest plus a home?*

If this be true—and it is not only *theoretically* true but is proved to be *practically* true under *harder conditions*—then is it not safe to say that our problem is solved; that philanthropy and hard-headed business may go hand in hand in the solution of the greatest and most distressing problem of the day?

If this be true—and *it is true*—may we not say that we have won our case herein? If this be true—and *it is true*—may not England, Canada and the United States, all of them interested in the same problem and in the same future, each face that future not only with equanimity but with cheerfulness?

The world never was so rich and never so poor as it is to-day. The welfare of the world, the welfare of any nation, is the welfare of the *average man*. Does it not seem inevitably logical that the next great thing in the air is to be the bringing together of these extremes in the establishment of a philanthropical yet practical average? Wealth does not help poverty by charity. Charity does not upbuild humanity. But practical philanthropy as we have outlined it here, not only can, but in every likelihood will, not only help humanity but insure prosperity to more than one nation troubled with those problems which the advance of its civilization has brought home.

Now comes conservatism. Now comes England, which does not change,—and which rots because it does not change,—and says: “We never have done this thing.”

Comes religion and says: “We have never

trafficked in men's goods, but in their souls. We cannot change."

Now come all the members of the government, and say: "This visionary absurdity would cost too much—for that it would cost our official heads to dream of it; we cannot change."

Now comes vague philanthropy, and says: "We always have dipped at the old sink, and we cannot change."

Lastly, comes racial sentiment, and says—what is not the truth: "We dare not change, because we love a flag!"

Very good, each and all. *Do not* change! Go on! You are perhaps wise as this writer; perhaps wiser, for that might be easy. Only, be sure of one thing. Even if you do not change, none the less the *world* will change, and its requirements with it. There is no philosophical hope for the endurance of the present state of matters in England and the United States. Be sure that it will change.

Do not change, you who are so wise. Rest secure in your wisdom. Employ your old plans, which have failed. But some day later, look at two pictures. They are yours to look at now, if you like. One is a picture of a pleasant trellised field, grown high with

good strong plants. The other is a picture of the assembled cocksure gods, with a black, growing Satyr compelling them to dance to what sort of piping best pleases him. What does wealth wish? Which does it desire, Socialism, or Practical Philanthropy? It comes to that choice.

Ah, what fleeting, evanescent interpreters are we!

THE END.





