

without so much as a mumbled "by your leave."

But we said that our friend lost his temper. He did. The occasion for the outburst arose this very spring. An auto party ambushed his pet dogwood tree during a momentary slackening of his guard. When he returned, they were rending it limb from limb and piling its stricken branches into their waiting machine. The leader of the party appeared to be a young woman black of hair, with painted cheeks and diaphanous hose. Our friend approached her and politely inquired:

"Don't you think you are taking considerable liberty with private property?"

She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Aw, nobody told us this bush belonged to any one."

"Couldn't you have inquired at the house and found out for certain?"

"Aw, who cares what them people say, anyhow?"

"In that case," our friend replied, "you had better drop those flowers and get off this place just as fast as those high-heeled shoes of yours will carry you."

Painted Face dropped the branches and her jaw at the same time. She went, but as she went she delivered a parting shot—no, a series of parting shots which followed one another with the rapidity of the bullets of a machine gun: "You're nothing but a poor hick, anyhow, you poor fish, you poor hick, you poor fish, you poor hick!"

Perhaps our friend did very wrong to lose his temper. Perhaps he should have given her an ax and invited her to go

on with her destruction. Perhaps not. It has always seemed to us that there are legitimate times for returning cheek as well as for turning the cheek. We shall not presume to judge him.

Now our friend is not a real dirt farmer. He does not draw his living from the soil, and so the ravages of the Great American Public are to him, at the worst, a serious annoyance rather than a deprivation of the necessities of life. But to some of his neighbors who draw their living from the soil the wanton carelessness of many members of the automobile public represents a serious loss in a more tangible coin than that of comfort and peace. Any one who reads an agricultural paper, such as the excellent "Rural New Yorker," can soon find out how the average farmer regards the damage inflicted by thoughtless or malicious trespassers upon his property. There seems to be no ungenerous desire to keep off those (and they are many) who seek to enjoy sanely and considerately the beauties of woods and fields, but the inroads of the negligent and ill-mannered will, if permitted to continue, soon react against those with a better sense of the fitness of things.

The fishing and hunting season is that which tries hardest of all the patience and temper of those who dwell without the city walls, for there is no way by which the farmer can protect his land from trespassers who fish and hunt save by an elaborate system of posting—a system under which it is very difficult to secure conviction for trespass, for the malicious trespasser is all too willing to tear down

enough signs to break the legal charm which the farmer has woven for the protection of his kith and kine. Domestic animals are by no means secure against the weapons of such trespassers, and gates are by universal consent of that clan things to be opened but never closed. The breaking down of fences and the theft of fruit are also part and parcel of the trespasser's creed. Of course, under the law, fish and game are public property, and it is very desirable that as much of the country as possible should be left free for open fishing and hunting. But it is no surprise that farmers are working for the abolition of the present posting law and the substitution of a requirement that the written consent of the owner of land must be obtained before the outlander is permitted to fish and hunt upon it. We know of many farmers who, if such a law were passed, would be willing to turn their property into fish and game sanctuaries. Under present conditions, however, such an attempt would invite only the invasion of an added number of trespassing rascallions.

Such criticism of the G. A. P. as we have offered does not, of course, apply to real sportsmen, for the sportsman is, above all, considerate of the rights and privileges of others. Courtesy is part of the definition of the word sportsman. But if the present invasion, which began with the development of the automobile, continues, the real sportsman will suffer along with those who wear his coat but neither speak nor act from his heart and mind.

CANADA'S STATUS AS A NATION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

GENERAL SMUTS has been credited with saying, "The British Empire ceased to exist in August, 1914." Its place has been taken by what is known as the Britannic Commonwealth of Sister Nations. The Prince of Wales, while in Canada last year, said: "The Dominions are no longer colonies; they are sister nations of the British nation." Language such as this would have sounded strange indeed only a few short years ago, and the fact that such a status is assumed in regard to Canada and the other Dominions without question is itself eloquent of the march of opinion in that connection.

Most casual observers attribute this change to the war and the part therein played by the British Dominions, but the war only accelerated the movement by bringing more forcibly to the minds of the great mass of people, who never concern themselves with political problems that are not such as immediately affect them, to the possibilities in the direction

of actual control by the Dominions themselves not only of purely local but of external affairs as well.

The same impulse was behind those who agitated for, and finally succeeded in winning, representative government for the Canadas in 1837-41. The same sentiment was responsible for the desire of the Canadian people that their army in France should be under the command of a Canadian general. That was also the reason why the Canadian delegates to the Peace Conference insisted upon recognition equal with other nations having a sovereign status.

The Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell, President of the Privy Council and acting Minister of External Affairs of the Canadian Government, but gave voice to the overwhelming sentiment of the Canadian people when he said: "Our position is that under no conditions will Canada accept or be a party to the acceptance of the first part of the Lenroot reservation, either in its original or modified form.

Canada cannot and will not assent to any impairment of her status or voting rights under the Treaty." The majority of the people in Canada believe that they have a right to have an equal voice with the other nations of the world in decisions involving the common interests of civilization. They, and with them Mr. Rowell, do not realize that Canada stands in an anomalous position. Canada is undoubtedly a colony so far as recognized international observance goes. The Canadian people would as one man insist that they have perfect freedom to participate in one of Britain's wars or to refrain at their discretion; and there is absolutely no doubt that Britain would make no move to influence Canada either one way or the other, but the enemy would be bound by no such scruples. When Britain is at war Canada is at war—willy-nilly—from the standpoint of the enemy.

Another step in the course of devolution is the recent arrangement which has

been made for the appointment of a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, who will be responsible to and report directly to the Canadian Government.

Nations, like individuals, cannot remain stationary; they must either move forwards or backwards. Since 1837 the

tendency in Canada has been in the direction of a greater measure of self-government, first in domestic, and now in external affairs. There are many close observers who claim to see in this steady trend the evidences of future total independence. This is strenuously opposed by many of those who are very active in

their advocacy of the most recent developments in Canada's changed relations, but it is difficult to perceive how it is possible to follow along a road having a certain definite destination without sooner or later arriving at that point.

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ECHOES OF THE JAPAN NUMBER

THE people of the United States are outgrowing their provincialism. They are becoming more and more aware that the relations of the United States to foreign countries cannot all be regulated by the Monroe Doctrine, and that a skillful management of our foreign affairs requires a knowledge of more than the West Indies and Mexico. One bit of evidence that this is so is furnished by the widespread comment and correspondence which has come to us from our readers as the result of the publication on June 16 of the Special Japan Number of *The Outlook*.

"Every effort made to interpret correctly Japan to America should be commended," writes the president of a large American advertising corporation. "The maintenance of cordial relations between this country and every great nation can be helped by the newspapers and magazines through a fair interpretation of their ideals, and I feel you have done well. The amazing response of Japanese business interests in your columns measures their interests in the importance of our trade relations with Japan and the Far East. I hope you will develop this international idea."

A prominent New York lawyer writes as follows:

"You have reason to be proud of the Japan Number. I have seen all the special editions in recent years, and I think yours is by far the most interesting and attractively arranged.

"You accomplished quite a feat in preserving the regular features of *The Outlook*, thereby holding the interest of those who do not especially care to read about Japan."

"The Japan Number represents a high-water mark among magazine achievements," writes a successful Western journalist who has lived in Japan. "In the present order no Japanese wield so much influence upon American-Japanese affairs as Messrs. Hara and Shidehara [the Japanese Premier and Ambassador to the United States, respectively], and you have from both of them contributions which really say something."

Of course not all the comment is laudatory. For instance, Mr. A. Tooley, writing from Brockport, New York, says of the article by Mr. Yoné Noguchi:

"As I read the article 'Japanese Poets and Poetry' in *The Outlook* of June 16, I was led to wonder why the writer used the English language to convey his ideas. So far as I am con-

cerned, the article would have been as intelligible if it had been written in Japanese, and far less exasperating, for, in that case, I would not have had to encounter a series of words with whose individual meanings I was perfectly familiar but which were strung together in sentences which did not convey the glimmer of an idea."

After declaring that "dispassionate, sensible discussion" of American-Japanese relations in the Japan Number has been read by her "with great interest and satisfaction," Mrs. Ida D. Bellows, of Los Angeles, California, whose husband was formerly an American Consul-General to Japan, takes exception to Mr. Gregory Mason's statement that "no one can question the right of the United States to exclude Japanese or any other people it chooses to exclude. Japan certainly cannot question this right, as Japan herself excludes Chinese laborers from the Island Empire."

Mrs. Bellows says: "The facts are that Japan does not discriminate" (against the Chinese). "Her law on the subject is general, applying alike to all races and nations. . . . Furthermore, the Japanese law does not exclude Chinese nor any other laborers as such, but does bar all contract labor except certain forms of skilled labor. A Chinese not under contract may freely enter Japan and seek employment there, and he will not be interfered with either at the port of entry or afterward."

Mr. John T. Bramhall, of Chicago, has written such an amusing parody on Mr. Mason's article, "The 'Possum and the Dinosaur," that we do not apologize for publishing it in full. Mr. Bramhall writes:

This is the way the thing looks to me. I shall call it:

THE DINOSAUR AND THE 'POSSUM

I am the dinosaur, the same who died because I could not adjust myself to the changing conditions of the crust of the earth. You have heard many words of wisdom from the 'possum, whose adaptability was greater, and who therefore was enabled to pull through. Survival of the fittest? *Quien sabe?* May I present my case as briefly as I am able?

I was possessed of a very fertile and comfortable swamp with upland orchards of cabbage palms, the climate agreeably warm and humid, and the scenery most attractive. Came to live with me the 'possum, a most ingenious little cuss, who used to amuse my children by climbing the fern trees and hanging in a most

artistic manner by his tail. "You'll come to grief with that sort of play," I used to warn him; "it isn't done here, you know." "It is the most ancient and honorable style of my ancestors," he would reply with much dignity, and then taunt me: "Try it yourself, and prove if you are also ancient and honorable." I paid little attention to him when he established his cabin and filled it with many replicas of himself. But after a time I noticed that he had fenced in all the borders of my swamp and had flourishing gardens all about. I had no gardens or cane patches, because my taste ran in other directions. And I scorned to use my trees for a clothes-line when I needed my tail for aquatic propulsion, and I could not subsist on an insect diet—I who required a ton of cabbage palms and a barrel of fish for a meal. I was pretty good-natured about it, however, though I disliked being crowded in my own swamp.

"How about it?" said I, finally. "Shinny on your own side. I don't like your color." This last, I admit, was unparliamentary. "I humbly beg you will excuse," replied Mr. Possum; "please pardon my intrusion, because my people at home are most congested and the situation is entirely economic. It is imperative that I expand, and, moreover, that I find something for to-morrow's dinner plate." All this may have been very logical, but it was not conclusive, or, at least, satisfactory, especially as Mr. Possum was beginning to fence in my cabbage palms. After all, the color did not count so much as the crowding. We were an aristocratic race, our family being highly connected and including the Omosauria, the Polacanthia, the Scilidosauria, the Stegosauria, and many other names well known on Beacon Street and Lake Merritt. But I must admit that lineage butters no parsnips. Also that we were not as cunning, as industrious, or as adaptable as the 'possum, who, whenever floods came, which was frequent, would simply hang himself up by his caudal appendage and forget it. And so, when the Big Flood came, we were caught in our swamp and overwhelmed, for the 'possum had monopolized the dry land. As the waters were flowing over us I cried out to the 'possum: "Why do you keep all the dry land and leave me to perish?" And 'possum replied, smiling: "I beg you will excuse. It is natural law that we expand. And we have demand that we fill our dinner plate. Bushido."

And there you are.

To judge by the high percentage of letters commenting on the article by our staff correspondent on the Japanese situation in California this phase of