

REGINA'S FOREIGN QUARTER SHOWS CANADA'S PROBLEM

Process of Assimilation Must Proceed More Rapidly Than it is Doing at the Present, But There is Some Evidence That the Leaven Of Our Civilization is Working

BY J. E. M.

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CALGARY, Aug. 17.—Thousands of writers of all degrees of competence, have attempted to describe the unrolled rolling prairie such as one finds between Regina and Calgary. It is not yet adequately described. No one who trusts to reading and imagination can ever understand the appalling space, the unending sweep of land and sky. It is easy for us to speak of 500 miles, but the concept of that expression does not carry the notion of immensity as well as, say, twenty visible miles of ranch-prairie.

Color of the Prairie.

First there is the color. Men say the land is brown, a word which conveys no definite idea. There are a thousand tints and tones of brown. Here the hues in combination are the fawn seed tops of the wild grass, the grey-green of the stems and sod, the silver-grey of the wild sage, the deep green of the moist sough. Set this combination away from the eye and it produces a general tone about like the pale olives a Toronto girl takes to the picnic. No doubt some painter or traveler will hoot in derision at this description and say "nothing of the sort." That is due to the oddity of the prairie. I saw it under dun-colored clouds which threatened rain. It may be entirely different in the sunshine.

From Swift Current to Medicine Hat the country is an infinite series of "folds"—rounded hills fifty or sixty feet high. Not too steep for a pony, but impossible for a carriage. Those who know the hill-side at the Lambton Golf Links, or the Rosedale Ravine close to Boxborough street and Yonge street will understand the conformation of the land. There is only one hill at Lambton; here there are ten thousand times ten thousand stretching for unnumbered miles as far as sight will permit—and without a tree or even a bush to clothe their olive nakedness. The country is so bare that it verges upon futility; but lovely and majestic as a Greek statue. This section of Canada would make a perfect golf course of ten million holes, "bogie" being 47-327,486 strokes!

More Level Country.

After passing Medicine Hat, which eagerly scrambles up the sides of three considerable hills, displaying its red-bricked pride to excellent advantage and burping its natural gas all day in the street lamps—one finds a more level country, still of the same general tint, still

stretching into the blue of far-away hills, still terrifying in its impression of absolute space. Thus gradually, one comes to the irrigated lands of Bassano and the farming country about Gleichen and Calgary. A prairie full of wheat is a noble sight. An empty, ranching prairie rolling on and on in unending symmetry to the very ends of the earth, is a stately manifestation of Nature's infinite sublimity. Men say the prairie is monotonous. So is the sky on a winter night; always the same, but so splendid in its greatness and majesty that one could look forever without wearying.

Regina's "German-Town."

Most of those who go to Regina are shown the trim parks, the bright, well-painted houses, the lawns, the shrubs and flowers. They are conducted to the noble Renaissance pile of white marble, crowned by a dome, which houses the Provincial Legislature and the offices of Government. They are shown the beauties of the artificial lake which lies before it and gives added elegance to the site. Few go to the foreign quarter—to "German-town"—which is a generic term for the district housing some thousands of non-English people. Yet here the problem before this country is set forth in the concrete. Some ultra-sensitive lips curl slightly over the "shack towns" which border the City of Toronto. The Regina shack town is infinitely less prepossessing. Here are Bulgarians, Macedonians, Croats, Ruthenians, Galicians, Italians, Greeks, Russians, Germans, "Cretes, Arabians and the dwellers in Mesopotamia. Again and again one sees feather-beds hanging over the fences to air—telling of a sleeping habit not familiar to many of us—the habit of resting between these blowy ticks.

Women Carry Water.

The women of all ages are bare-foot as they come to a hydrant set in the middle of a mud puddle for their cooking water. Some carry water for an eighth of a mile, for the pipes are not laid to their houses. One sturdy woman of perhaps 40, put a 12-quart pail on each end of a stout five-foot stick and swung it easily to her shoulder. Another lifted a great pailful to her head, recking nothing of the splashes upon her robust, uncorsetted figure. Children, scantily garbed, played in the mud puddle; other youngsters of socialistic temper stood on the sidewalk and threw small

stones and clods of earth at the car. There is no slum in Toronto to compare with this section of Regina, one of the handsomest cities of the West. Perhaps 45,000 would cover the population of that community. Regina will grow to be a large and busy city, as the industrial life of the West develops. If at the present moment the Foreign Quarter is a problem what will it be in the future unless the process of assimilation proceeds more rapidly than it is doing at present?

Opportunity and Problem.

There are evidences, none the less, that the leaven of our civilization is working. Out of one of the dingiest of the shacks came a young girl carefully and tastefully dressed—even to white shoes and stockings. Others similarly accoutred were seen on the sidewalks and on the approach to the Eastern Branch of the Regina Public Library. The children, for the most part, go to school and will imbibe there a vision of their responsibilities in this new land that is, unless the schools are bedeviled by bi-lingualism. The backbone of this country is strong and vigorous, built of Ontario and English people adventuring in a new land. British sentiment rules. Canadian ideals inspire the bulk of the people. The task is to lead the newcomers from every nation under heaven to understand not only the pleasures of freedom and democracy, but their concomitant duties.

PHYSICIAN FAVORS USE OF ADRENALIN

No Harm, Much Good Results
in Cases of Infantile
Paralysis

VIEW OF DR. MELTZER

Member of Rockefeller Research Board Gives Opinion
On Malady

New York, Aug. 23.—Dr. S. S. Meltzer, LL. D., of this city, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, has an elaborate paper in The New York Medical Journal on "The Treatment of Acute Poliomyelitis," the scientific name for infantile paralysis. Dr. Meltzer strongly reaffirms his belief that