

But this is an aside. Meanwhile, Bill and "Bill's wife" were looking at each other across the chasm. Hank and another ranger had crossed it in the excitement of the fire-battle, but now it appeared a little beyond the possible.

"Hungry, boys?" Bill's wife called out.

"Starved," Bill replied. "Hope to die if I ain't. Thirty hours without grub."

"It's coming!" she answered. "Jack's wife is on the road with a pack mule. Then you will find some way to get half of it over here. Better start your camp-fires for coffee."

In a few minutes more "Jack's wife" rode into the open space, over smoking logs and embers, leading a pack-mule, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." They managed to get a share of the dinner over to the other side; then, camping on the edges, the six forest-workers made a picnic of it. Pretty soon two of the rangers would be sleeping, and two would be "riding fire-lines," while the two ranger women would go home, and try to send more help to the mountaineers. But just now they were only a bunch of merry people, who teased the one unmarried ranger, and urged him to "go and look for a nice pink sunbonnet," and, as Bill's wife sung out, "We want another mountain woman for a sister, who isn't afraid to be left in camp, and who can tackle the work as it comes along."

And the blushing young ranger, fresh from that desperate struggle to save the forests, felt to his inmost soul the comradeship of those strong men and women. He knew—though he could not have expressed it in words—that under the pink sunbonnet, dear to his dreams but as yet undiscovered, there must be the face of a loving and eager fellow-toiler.

Soon the ranger wives rode home together, talking of children, of the daily problems of life, and of other ranger women, far and wide through all that great mountain land, who were close-knit in the joys of the great fellowship of love-service. They spoke, too, of still other women who were helping their husbands carry on shake-camps, and little saw mills, and rugged cattle-ranges, and newly-broken mountain farms.

Then, as they came to the parting of their trails and each went her separate way, the two women, led by that mysterious evolution of thought from thought out of which in due season all creative impulses arise—were impelled to a sudden self-acknowledgment of their own exceeding great happiness.

A latter-day philosopher of Abstruse Things would only have seen two women, plainly clad, riding homeward by separate trails. But their faces shone, and in their hearts was the sense of belonging to their mountains, to their fellow-mortals, and to the work of their hour. And each of them said to herself: "We ranger people are like one big family, all traveling on and on through

the years." Then, thinking still further, they said: "Everyone will be like that before this old earth stops moving." So they rode home, put the horses in the pasture, cooked supper, and slid the children into bed. Then they mended ranger socks, wrote letters to friends, read something light and foolish, and went to sleep beside their babes.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



JANE.

For The Public.

A suffragette she is, of course,
Yet just as winsome as can be.
Who gets her need not fear divorce.
By George, she's near sublimity!

She rows, she rides, she aviates—
In short, she does most everything.
I'd like to bribe the sister Fate
To make her wear my wedding ring.

I'd like to have her to myself,
To crony with me in my den,
Debating politics and pelf—
The ways of guinea-pigs and men.

I heard her talk the other day,
While strolling down the shady strand,
Of "unearned increments," and, say,
She handled that to "beat the band."

She knows her Henry George by heart,
She quotes him on his complex laws;
She handles "interest laws" with art,
With ease dissects "effect and cause."

And yet, withal, she takes a steak
And flips it in the frying pan—
Concocts a meal that sure would make
Most glad the soul of any man.

If suffragettes are all like Jane
Let's not restrain them from the vote.
Perhaps, for me she would campaign;
For her, I know, I'd "change my coat."

ROYD EASTWOOD MORRISON.

BOOKS

THE CO-ORDINATE WOMAN.

Woman and Labor. By Olive Schreiner. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1911. Price, \$1.25 net.

Here and there is a woman, faithful lover of liberty and justice, socially and mentally apt for leadership, still never enlisted among the suffragists—a woman who regards the franchise as her birthright and its withholding from her a stupid political blunder, who yet will not be persuaded to work in suffrage organizations. Why is this? What restrains her? The reasons of

such a woman are not meaningless nor her scruples to be ignored.

Two answers she makes, which underneath are one.

First, she feels that the active woman suffragists in their arguments and methods seem often to forget the subtle oneness of man with woman in racial purpose; that the comradeship of men and women as intimate co-workers, and their vital, harmonious happiness as friends, is in many suffrage speeches rudely disregarded. To her the suffragists appear often to speak *against* men instead of *to* citizens, to assail as enemies those who are merely inattentive friends—and in the good-natured lack of resentment on the part of the men when attacked, she finds evidence of this latent friendliness.

Secondly, this woman's ideal of democracy is frequently offended by the actions and alliances of suffrage organizations. In her eyes the development of the race is a climb toward democracy, political and industrial democracy. Woman's voting is only one of the fundamentals and can not be put foremost in all communities nor at all times in any community without displacing some greater cause. It may be of more moment to democracy at a crisis for the women to co-operate with the men in broadening a limited franchise than to get for themselves that narrow one.

The franchise is only a means to an end, a tool for the builder. The architect's plan must be kept in mind. Direct legislation, land values taxation, free trade, some other step toward political and industrial democracy, might rightly take temporary precedence of woman's suffrage.

That the "anti-man" suffragists are dying out may be said with much truth. But the most modern of "votes-for-women" meetings seldom closes without several wrong twists being given to the suffrage arguments—twists which are more or less subtly antagonistic to men and to democracy.

The practical reason why women should vote is the everlasting, democratic reason. The whole people will rule better than any part of the people whatsoever. It is not that women can do better than men have done; but that women *and* men can do better than men alone. It is not because women know more or are better than men; but because men and women together know more and are better than either men, or women alone.

For this woman aloof—for her especially, and she will know it—a book has been written, a book which speaks not only to her, but for her to those who misunderstand. A brilliant woman, spiritual, profound, far-seeing, has spoken her thoughts on the "woman question," on woman's share in human labor and the progress of the race. In Olive Schreiner's eloquent sentences there breathes the same big quietness as in the silence of her spiritual sister, this woman who brooks no

severance of truth from love, or mother from father, and sacrifices no one little note in the human harmony.

Olive Schreiner's whole book, "Woman and Labor," is a powerful sermon on the essential unity of mankind, on the everlasting co-ordination in soul and mind and body, in economics and politics and religion, of man and woman. Together in the great onward march of the race, they must keep step or together lose place. Together must they meet every obstacle and triumph over it in mutual freedom.

Half the book is given over to the study of a spiritual disease which has come upon the woman of modern times—a disease insidious, deadly to her and through her to the race—Parasitism. Mechanical invention and organization have stolen the home industries from the rich and middle-class woman, and nothing has taken their place.

If woman is content to leave to the male all labor in the new and important fields which are rapidly opening before the human race; if, as the old forms of domestic labor slip from her forever and inevitably, she does not grasp the new, it is inevitable, that, ultimately, not merely a class, but the whole bodies of females in civilized societies, must sink into a state of more or less absolute dependence on their sexual functions alone.

Against this great danger is arrayed the woman's movement of our day:

Slowly and unconsciously, as the child is shaped in the womb, this movement shapes itself in the bosom of our time, taking its place beside those vast human developments, of which men, noticing their spontaneity and the co-ordination of their parts, have said, in the phraseology of old days, "This thing is not of man, but of God."

Vital racial necessity demands that woman shall "take all labor for her province." What of her abilities? Is she fit? In two chapters, perhaps the strongest of the book, one on "Woman and War," the other on "Sex Differences"—Olive Schreiner makes no uncertain answer to this doubt and states her conclusions thus:

We, to-day, take all labor for our province! We seek to enter the non-sexual fields of intellectual or physical toil, because we are unable to see to-day, with regard to them, any dividing wall raised by sex which excludes us from them. We are yet equally determined to enter those in which sex does play its part, because it is here that woman, the bearer of the race, must stand side by side with man, the begetter; if a completed human wisdom, an insight that misses no aspect of human life, and an activity that is in harmony with the entire knowledge and the entire instinct of the human race is to exist. It is here that the man cannot act for the woman nor the woman for the man; but both must interact. It is here that each sexual half of the race, so closely and indistinguishably blended elsewhere, has its own distinct contribution to make to the sum total of human knowledge and human wisdom.

The closing chapter, answering "Some Ob-

jections," dwells again on the deep truth which is the text of the author's sermon: The universal interdependence of man and woman and the irresistible power of their partnership.

We have called the woman's movement of our age an endeavor on the part of women among modern civilized races to find new fields of labor as the old slip from them, as an attempt to escape from parasitism and an inactive dependence upon sex function alone; but, viewed from another side, the woman's movement might not less justly be called a part of a great movement of the sexes towards each other, a movement towards common occupations, common interests, common ideals, and an emotional tenderness and sympathy between the sexes more deeply founded and more indestructible than any the world has yet seen.

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.

PERIODICALS

The Metropolitan Magazine.

For his June number the editor of the Metropolitan Magazine (286 Fifth Avenue, New York) writes a full-page editorial for Socialism; and Morris Hillquit introduces his series of six articles on "Socialism Up To Date."

A. L. G.



From Susan Look Avery.

"In all the great work of the world woman has her place, working side by side with man, for the common good of humanity. Not doing man's work, but her own—each the complement of the other," wrote Susan Look Avery in her letter of greeting to the Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs as one of their Honorary Vice-Presidents. Mrs. Avery's message and portrait and those of many other representative American women, are published in the General Federation Bulletin (Troy, N. Y.) for June.

A. L. G.



The Spanish Singletaxer.

The Spanish Single Taxer for June finishes the printing of Henry George's address, "Thou Shalt not Steal," and of Mr. Baldomero Argente's article on the suppression of the tax on consumption with the substitution of a tax on leases and freeholds, as proposed for Madrid. The writer shows that this change offers no relief to the poor—that it merely shifts the burden from one shoulder to another; and he advocates the Singletax as the only way out. An editorial on "Spanish Traditions" tells of the almost constant opposition to private property in land since the introduction of that system by the Romans, and contains a biographical review of a dozen authors who have written in condemnation of the system.

C. L. LOGAN.



The French Singletax Review.

"La Revue de L'Impot Unique" completed its first year with the June number. The occasion was

signalized by a visit to Paris from Joseph Fels. The godfather of the Singletax movement was present at a meeting of the French League on June 3, and spoke on his favorite theme, "How to Get Rich Without Working." From Paris he proceeded to Denmark, Sweden and Norway to fulfill his mission of converting Christians to Christianity! The Review, in the present issue, returns to a consideration of the position of the peasant proprietor in France, in the light of the investigations of Mr. Toubeau, who found that only one-tenth of the fifty million hectares* of agricultural land was thus owned, by two million individuals. The great bulk of it has passed into large holdings. The result is that three-quarters of the peasantry are excluded from land ownership; and the rest are so heavily in debt that Mr. Toubeau describes them as owners of land in the sense that beggars are owners of the rags that cover them. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the soil is very imperfectly cultivated, five million hectares being untilled, and 25 million hectares in all being practically unproductive. In general the present system of land tenure encourages parasitism and usury, prevents intensive cultivation, makes for high prices, low wages, unemployment, waste land and a dwindling population. The tiller of the soil in Great Britain has shown a ready comprehension of the land question, and there is no reason to suppose that the French peasant will be slow to grasp the principle of reform. The military madness retards advance in every country. It offers emoluments and privileges to the same classes who profit by private land ownership. In both instances the people are exploited for the benefit of certain people. France, like her sister nations, has to learn that in the future "there will be no room for the false glory of arms—but rather for the true glory of human thought and action." The French League will begin its second year with enlarged activities. It will undertake the publication and distribution of pamphlets bearing on the land question, and promises a new edition of the French text of "Progress and Poverty" within a few months.

F. W. GARRISON.

*A hectare is equivalent to nearly 2½ acres.—Editors of The Public.



Candidate—"Pretty baby!"

Baby—"No, you needn't kiss me until you have saved me."—New York Sun.



"I insisted on a sane Fourth of July this year."

"How did the children like the plan?"

"They didn't seem to mind it, but their father acted as though he had missed a lot of fun."—Detroit Free Press.



It was a Washington woman, angry because the authorities had closed the woman's rest-room in the Senate office building, who burst out: "It is almost as if the Senate had hurled its glove into the teeth of the advancing wave that is sounding the clarion of equal rights."—Independent.