

Inside the convention hall John B. was hailed as a hero. Outside of it he was regarded by the now raging rank and file as a demon with pronged horns, a cloven hoof and a long and prehensile tail. General result: More telegrams in bunches, baskets and bales.



After that it was a cakewalk. The bosses whose heads were not completely swathed in adipose tissue began to take counsel with themselves. They were hearing the thunder and seeing the lightning. If there is anything the politician despises and fears it is getting caught out in a shower of popular indignation. Up went the umbrellas one by one, and one by one the bosses began scooting for shelter.

Like the penitent thief on the cross they sent word to Bryan to remember them when he came "into his kingdom." On the exterior they pretended to be brave, but on the interior their cowardly natures were at work. "Bryan or Wilson" was the ultimatum that the people were sending, and their teeth were chattering lest the chances to act would get away. They saw to it that it did not. There was a fine "bunk" play over "releasing delegates from their obligations." That was the slapstick number on the program. The fact was that the delegates were releasing themselves, and doing it, doing it, doing it. Each boss, bosslet and bossikin was watching the other so that there shouldn't be any advantage gained in hopping across the line. So all at once, on the forty-sixth ballot, Mr. Bryan, calmly fanning himself with an evening newspaper, watched with twinkling eyes the whole herd bolting through the gap in the fence he had opened. All the power of the bosses, all their tricks and all of their money had resulted in naught. One man with gumption and sand had whipped the entire gang. And that man laughed at them!



WOMEN IN AUSTRALIAN POLITICS.

From an Article by Theresa Hirschl Russell, which
Appeared in *The Coming Nation* of
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Across wide Collins street in Melbourne (which all loyal Victorians hold to be the handsomest street in the world), on a bright mid-summer day in February swung a banner illumined with these words: "Headquarters Australian Women's National League—Enroll Here."

I went in. The rooms of the headquarters were partly filled with a scattering of well-dressed women mainly occupied in drinking tea. One of these, carefully groomed and manicured, sat apart at a desk and seemed to occupy in informal fashion yet with an assured poise the position of presiding officer of the assemblage. She proved to be en-

tirely willing in gracious manner and modulated utterance to answer any inquiries in regard to the Australian Women's National League and I added to my store various information in regard to the scope, influence and statistical strength of the League. Then prompted by some inaccurate association of ideas, I asked:

"One of the members of your organization ran for parliament recently, did she not?"

Horror froze the gracious lady's face.

"Oh, no!" she stated coldly. "Our organization countenances nothing of that sort. We are quite opposed to a woman placing herself in any such position as that. There was a young woman who so far forgot her duty to her sex—her name, I think, was Miss Vida Goldstein—but she does not belong to our League. She belongs to the Women's Political Association, which is a different organization—quite."

She placed a distinct emphasis upon the word "quite."

Having naturally assumed that the members of the League were all sympathizers of woman's political activity I was taken aback.

"But are you not a political association? What is your position in the matter? Or do you believe in a woman's voting but not holding office?"

"The ballot," was the reply with dignity, as of one that should enlighten inexcusable ignorance, "was thrust upon us. That being the case we think it our duty to make the best possible use of it."

In view of the long and bitter struggle that had smoldered and raged in New Zealand and Australia before equal rights of citizenship were finally granted there, "thrust upon us" was an unexpected expression. The agitation for woman's rights began in those colonies as early as 1850 and grew from an unpopular and ridiculed cause, whose little band of devoted adherents were jeered at for years and regarded as fanatics, to a great, popular and compelling movement which in 1893 reached its first successful culmination. In that year the Upper House of New Zealand, in response to persistent petition finally passed by two votes a measure that had been repeatedly defeated conferring equal rights of citizenship upon men and women. And only after successive bitter struggles and arduous campaigns did the women of the various Australian states gain similar political rights.

So "thrust upon us" seemed scarcely the term that an accurate historian would employ. But I was gaining information.

"And may one ask what in your opinion is the best possible use to make of the ballot?"

"To be sure." The well-dressed lady's graciousness was entirely restored by my assuming humility. "Here is a copy of our Aims and Objects, which may interest you."

She gave me a pamphlet in which I read the

four objects of the League, which were as follows:

1. To support loyalty to the throne.
2. To combat state Socialism.
3. To educate women in politics.
4. To protect the purity of the home.

"Moreover I shall confide to you that unless the women of our class—the better class of course you understand—awake to a sense of their responsibilities and duties in this matter women's suffrage will become the greatest curse that ever befell Australia."

"You surprise me," I said. "Will you tell me how?"

"It has doubled the labor vote," announced the well-dressed lady with fearsome solemnity. "The labor women all vote as a body and never fail to go to the polls, whereas our ladies—you know how it is with them. They have a bridge one afternoon and a luncheon or theater another and do not always find it convenient to enroll and vote. But unless they awaken soon to the peril that confronts us all and rally to the protection of their husbands and fathers it will be too late."

"You are a stranger in Australia and doubtless do not realize the political situation here. But this labor party with which we are afflicted is the most arbitrary and radical of bodies and they initiate the most unreasonable legislation! Think what this iniquitous land tax means for instance to persons in our position!"

By "the iniquitous land tax" she meant a pending measure designed to return to the state a small percentage of the unearned increment upon which the colossal Australian fortunes are mainly founded. To one that acquires some information concerning the huge estates which the tax is designed to reach, concern in regard to its probable passing may perhaps be not so keenly sympathetic as might be desired.

In the state of Victoria eight families own nearly two and half million acres of which but eight thousand are under cultivation. The rest are used for sheep runs or, like the great landed estates of England, are, with appalling selfishness, kept closed for hunting purposes. In Queensland one estate amounts to 250,000 acres, and such figures may be repeated throughout the commonwealth. Against these conditions the labor party has agitated for a Henry George land tax that would break up these unused estates and open the country to settlers.

In this lady's speech and in the literature of the League that she dispensed were frequent and bitter reference to the labor government. To the uninitiated I may explain that since April, 1910, the Federal government of Australia has been in the hands of the labor or radical party. The political sympathies of the ladies of the National League are with the opposition or liberal (in reality conservative) party. In a somewhat ingenuous monthly publication in which the members of the

League set forth their political views such unexpected statements as the following may be found, intended as an argument against a proposed extension of the powers of the Federal (labor) government:

"Government from one center is undemocratic and tyrannical and would paralyze all local enterprise and the healthy competition so necessary to the progress and development of Australia. America, with an area rather less than Australia, has forty-six state parliaments and six provinces."

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It is a curious fact that in the United States today arguments for and against woman's enfranchisement still partake so largely of generalities of sentiment and of what Mark Twain calls the "easy form of prophecy." While we are still engaged in this conflict of abstractions two English-speaking countries, remote from us in miles, but not in civilization, might furnish the practical demonstration of experience.

In Australia and New Zealand theorizing about woman's suffrage is extinct as the dodo. In these countries everybody knows the practical results and can hardly believe that the rest of the world is unaware of them. "A woman's place is the home" or "unsexing womankind," as the subject of an argument against woman's suffrage, would awaken in the average Australian or New Zealander today as much amazement as a proposed discussion of the propriety of a woman's appearing in public with unveiled features.

In New Zealand women have voted now for nearly twenty years. In Australia the Federal ballot was bestowed upon them by the first Federal parliament which convened when the six Australian states were united into the Australian commonwealth on January 1, 1900. The separate states conferred equal political rights at separate dates beginning with South Australia in 1894 and ending with Victoria, whose capital is Melbourne, which grudgingly and belatedly yielded women the ballot in 1908.

Contrary to prediction, in Australasia at least during this period of their enfranchisement, women are proving to be as an electorate more radical than men. They are on the whole less bound by tradition and the sacred rights of property when these conflict with human rights, less ready to continue to tolerate oppression and injustice merely because they have become sanctioned by the ages.

While the female electorate can scarcely in any case be said to vote as a unit they have undoubtedly been largely instrumental in both Australia and New Zealand in the passing of various acts protecting women and children and looking to the removal of those sex disabilities under whose injustice, through the inheritance of barbarous English laws, the sex has labored for centuries.

The majority of them have supported also the various progressive and humanitarian measures,

initiated by the labor government, such as workmen's compensation, old age pensions, the minimum wage law and other measures bettering the hard conditions of labor in mines and factories, in respect to which these antipodal countries have advanced beyond other nations and far beyond the United States.

Inadvertently, in the Australian Women's National League, whose consistent policy is one of obstruction to any measures that the labor party may initiate, I had stumbled upon the only real element of opposition to woman's suffrage and the only reservations concerning its merits still to be found in Australia. Elsewhere it operates there today with general approval and with as little comment as any other taken-for-granted part of the established social order. In the headquarters of the Women's Political Association, the organization of which Miss Goldstein is the honored president, were to be found a different attitude and point of view—*quite*.

This is a large and influential body of women who by no means feel that the ballot was thrust upon them. They gladly avail themselves of its power to support further radical legislation and have as one of the planks in their platform the support of international women's suffrage. . . .

In both Australia and New Zealand the right of a woman to a voice in governmental affairs is today so much an established fact that it is a shock to her conventions to be reminded of countries where her sex is still without it. I recall the complete astonishment of a certain motherly, white-haired lady of Melbourne when I reminded her that this was the case in my own country. Her son, a man of most advanced and democratic sympathies, has recently attained a position in the ministry and her unflagging interest in his career has been both sympathetic and intelligent.

"Women do not vote in America? That is very strange! I thought America was such an up-to-date and progressive country! Why do not women vote there?"

Which was a question I could not answer.



LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

No. 6. The Ranger Women. For The Public.

It was an eventful day in early September, up in the Sierras. Four forest rangers were in the brush, fighting fire, and trying to keep it out of the tall timber. They had at last corralled this fire, as they believed, and now they knew that they were desperately tired and hungry. They gathered close together for a word of good cheer. The leader said: "One more round, boys, and then two of us can sleep, one can go for grub and one can ride the fire line all night."

Even as he spoke, came a mighty whirl-wind out of the dusky distances of far off peaks, and, sweeping over them, drove the fire which they had thought safe, clear outside the fire line in three places.

Instantly roused, forgetting hunger and fatigue, and fresh as when they had begun twelve hours before, the rangers sprang to their conflict with all the wild ardor of Berserkers, and began to make new fire lines. For five hours they charged the enemy, fighting a battle against tremendous odds that deserved far higher rank in the story of Human Endeavor than many a Sedan or Waterloo.

Suddenly they came to the crisis of fate. They had hemmed in, and so conquered two of the three outbreaks; then they found a rock-walled canyon, with new fire leaping up each side, east as well as west. But the four forest rangers were all on the east side!

"Two of us must get across, somehow," said the leader. "The head of this canyon is miles away. If we can't hit both sides at once, we shall lose thousands of acres of pine."

"That's right, Jack," replied one. "Hank and I can slide down them hot rocks. But seems to me some one is checkin' up that fire on the other side."

"Better get over, quick as you can, and help them," said the leader. The two rangers instantly began to let themselves down from ledge to ledge; Jack and Bill, the two remaining rangers, tackled their half of the campaign.

An hour passed; black smoke began to roll up from both sides of the canyon, and at last the circling fire-fighters stood on points of rock at the cliff's edge, and looked across. Three persons were on the western side, flushed with victory, and one was a woman!

"Bully!" the leader cried; "it's Bill's wife! Hurrah for the ranger women! God bless them forever!" They waved their hats and cheered, for they knew now that it was one of their own mountain women who had ridden to the fire, and had "corralled" it, by cutting a new fire-line, and by "back-firing."

"I don't see why you ranger women work so hard. You don't draw any salary from the Government," a lady from the nearest city had once said. "Bill's wife" had replied: "Because we are all of us interested in saving the forests for the American people. Also, if you please, because up here, in this work, we are all traveling along together!" And then the nicely groomed townswoman, who was not a bad sort at bottom, suddenly leaned over and put her arms about this plain, middle-aged, over-worked mountain woman, "Bill's wife," the mother of six children, and "Aunt" by brevet to about forty more.

"That's bigger," she acknowledged, "than my forty-foot lot, my picket fence, and my canary bird in the window."