initiated by the labor government, such as workingmen'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 Laegue, 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."

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 Fates
  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