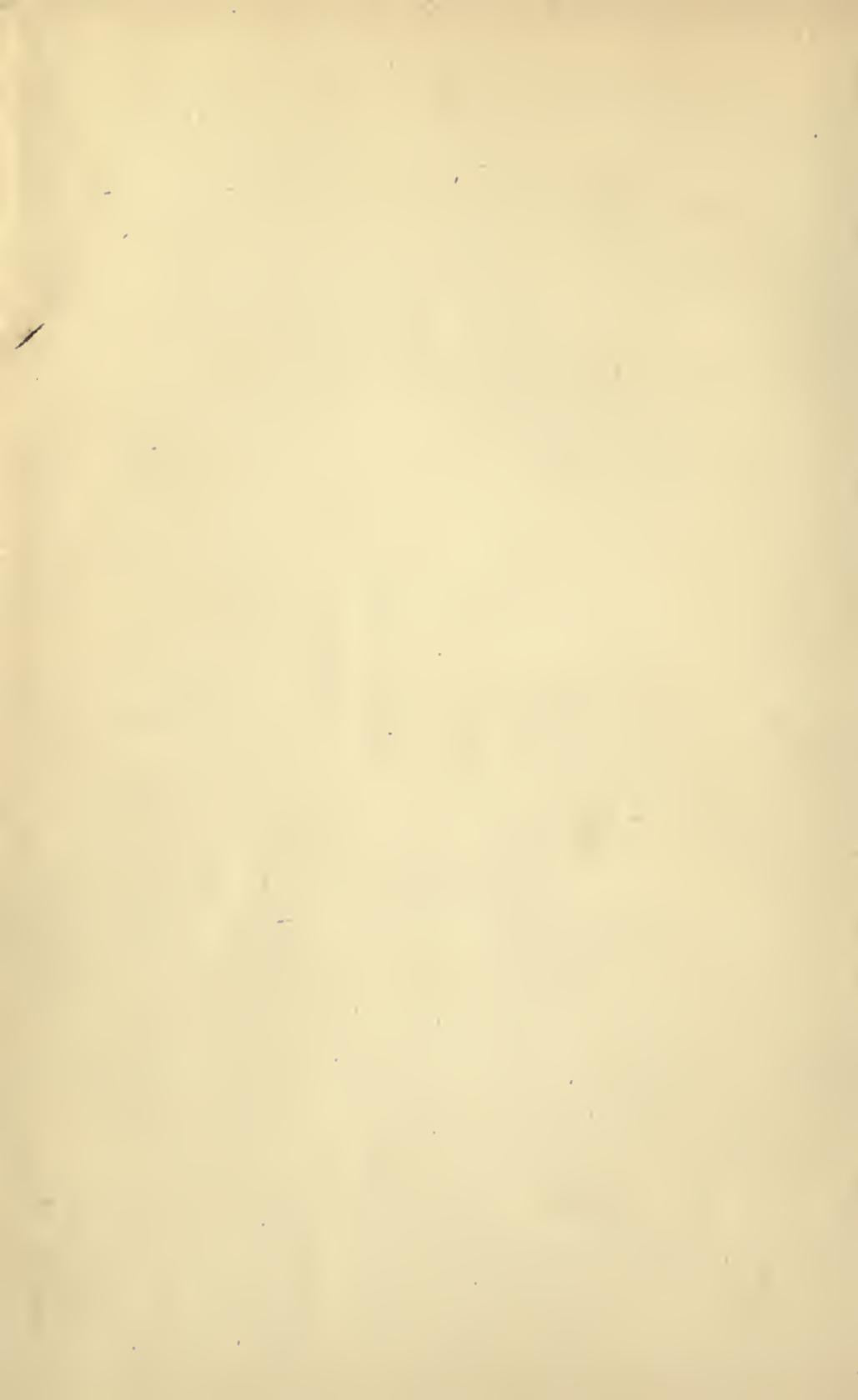


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DISEASED COMMUNITIES.

Australia, New Zealand

AND

BY

THOMAS J. DIVEN

AUTHOR OF

"AZTECS AND MAYAS"

AND

"THE 20TH CENTURY PHILOSOPHER"

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CHAPTER I.

Australia—The Country.

Australia is an individual continent lying south of the equator, west of the 180th degree of longitude. Its length east and west is, roughly speaking, about 2,500 miles; its breadth, 2,000. Its northern limits are within ten degrees of latitude south of the equator, its southern limits about forty, so that it covers a range of climate from Chicago to Panama. In area it is about the size of the United States, excluding Alaska, or nearly that of Europe with its more than 300 millions of people. It is all an English colony, under one government, with individual states much like the United States. With the exception of an inconsiderable number of aborigines who cut no figure whatever, a very few Chinese and Hindoos, the inhabitants are all white, Europeans

who speak only English, are Christians, and overwhelmingly Protestant. So that the Australians have no boundaries conterminous with that of another race with different color, language, and largely different religion, as in our case with Mexico; or the same boundary with the outpost of a jealous foreign power, as in our case with Canada, where its chief statescraft lies in fitting canals to our great lakes so that in case of war with England that country could, within two weeks, take possession of and reduce to ashes, or levy tribute, on Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Duluth, Milwaukee and Chicago. To digress a little, while the last statement seems big I have never heard it questioned by any politician in the country since the elder Carter H. Harrison, thirty years ago while mayor of Chicago, made the first determined effort to meet that problem by opening the ship canal to New Orleans, which step was then, as it is now, blocked by the jealousy of the railroads. Nor will it be solved so long as the great wealthy state of Illinois elects representatives who are pledged to block the scheme by the well-known political process of "queering" as I was informed was the case

by United States officials several years ago in Washington.

So that, aside from the inevitable problems arising to all the human race, front to front with all the forces and laws of nature, beneficent only when we understand them, the Australians have only social questions to consider. They have no defense problem other than that which occurs to all of Greater Britain. They have no race problem like our negro question, which problem the Australians are so fond of throwing in our faces, which matter, however, the writer, who thinks he is as well informed on that subject as any man in the country, does not even consider a problem, but which, however, he considers a greater question in South Africa than even the Boor question.

The religious question with them is purely academic. That question the chief and most disturbing political problem in British America, the vital and overwhelming and insoluble problem to the European colonies in North Africa, the question which looms up so portentously on our horizon as our people are destined to become overwhelmingly Catholic or infidel, does not cause them, and need not cause them, a moment's reflection. And yet

in no country in the world except Canada is that question, Protestantism vs. Catholicism, fought over so bitterly, as shown in the correspondents' columns of the Australian newspapers.

So that "Down Under", "The Underworld", or "The Colony", as they are fond of calling the great continent of Australia, is a clear field where the people of British blood, language and religion, have a chance untrammelled by adverse circumstances to work out what is best in them, and they think what is in them is the best there is on earth. So that if there be any falling off in any particular they must bear, without modification, palliation or excuse, the full blame for their shortcomings.

Like the Jews of old, they think they are the particular pets of God Almighty who watches over them with more care and affection than the rest of the human race. In fact, they talk and write as though they had a proprietary interest in Him, that they are His only legitimate children, while the rest are bastards who are only allowed to exist at all as a great condescension. Wherein they are deficient, they cannot throw the blame upon the slavery question, the civil war, the negro question, the vot-

ing privileges of the indigested hordes of foreigners, as we do; nor upon the Catholic question, as does Canada; nor can they attribute anything to growing pains, or to over-rapid development. I am only endeavoring to measure their degree of success in the light of the present century. I think I have the right to do so.

And Australia is a continent. I think we are not allowed, even by a stretch of the imagination, to term it an island. It is more truly a continent than Europe. It is as much so as North America or Africa. It is washed on all sides by the ocean's waters, but so are North and South America. Cuba is an island because its fauna and flora are precisely the same as on the adjacent American continent; so England to Europe, or the island of Vancouver to British America. Australia is independent, self-risen from the primeval waters. It is trite to say that while it is summer there it is winter here. To one who has spent over twenty winters in warm climes, ten of them within the tropics, that applies to most of the world; that while it is day here it is night there; that applies even in our own country, as while the sun is still shining on busy San Francisco the peo-

ple of New York are comfortably settled in their theatres just when the villain is most triumphant, or asleep in their beds; that while it is Saturday here it is Sunday there. In our part of the universe lighted by the sun no one minute is more holy than any other minute, but what is more important to a scientific man, it is one of the centers of the world's development. Agassiz, who fought the Darwinian theory to his last breath, asserted it was one of the five creations. As we go south by train from Chicago we experience no shocks. Every mile almost discloses the northern limit of some well-known plant, scrubby and insignificant at first, then larger and more abundant until too familiar to notice; then another, and then another, until nearly under the equator one arrives at the apex of vegetation familiar and satiated. Not so in Australia. The scientific man arrives there as though projected from a catapult on to another world. Leaving out the question of European culture, it is another world. The minerals are, of course, the same, but we are taught by scientists that they are precisely the same on every body in the universe. The same revolutions and ages may be traced in Australia as elsewhere in the

world, but a geologist could probably find nearly similar ones and read them as easily on Mars. But the shells are different, the corals different, the fish mostly new and different, while the vegetation and animal life is almost wholly strange. The gloomy, dirty, stinking eucalyptus, an exotic in North Africa, is there the prevailing woods. It offers no incitement to rambling, as the woods of Europe or America. Together with the strange plants and flowers it gives one a sort of unearthly feeling, which, I believe, can never be eradicated. It is said that the poetic significance of the palm is "Far from home." To me, familiar with the palm since my twentieth year, that tree is a friendly, beneficent relative, the green coconut the mother of a second childhood. Not so the eucalyptus. It represents to me all the strangeness, unfamiliarity and repugnance of an individual of another race, color and language. Perhaps I could in time overcome the feeling of dislike it causes in me, but I doubt it. The beautiful woods around my home by the Kankakee River have never seemed so dear to me as since my stay in Australia and New Zealand.

I am not a naturalist, and animals interest

me but little. During forty years residence in Chicago I have never seen its zoological garden. The stuffed animals in the excellent Sydney museum, however, were a revelation to me, and of absorbing interest. I did not dream that there were in all the world so many varieties of the marsupials, or pouched animals, represented on the whole American continent solely by the opossum, as are found in Australia. For instance, there are thirty-seven varieties, the authorities say, of the wallaby. Pretty much all of the mammalia are pouched. There were no indigenous ruminant, or grass-eating animals. There was the dingo, or so-called wild dog, not pouched, but whether it really belongs to that family (the canine) or not I was not sufficiently interested to investigate. There was also the bear, a little animal hardly larger than a cat, but whether really a bear or not I do not know, but except these and some other exceptions, all the mammalia seem to be pouched, even the rats, mice, hares, and squirrels, I suppose some hundreds of varieties, and there is always the ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed platypus, all of which are so strange that it caused Australia to be considered as one of the original scenes of crea-

tion. That the continent is favorable to animal life is shown by the kindly manner with which it has treated all imported life. Pheasants, ducks, geese, turkeys, chickens, thrive as well there as any where on earth. English foxes were introduced, and have prospered so well that now they wish they had not introduced them. Hares were introduced and have multiplied "like rabbits", until now they are the chief pest of the country. Their hogs, while not attaining the elephantine proportions and weight of our Illinois pigs, are better eating from their greater proportion of lean meat. Their hams are sweeter from their manner of curing them, and are also lacking in the vitriolic creosote taste of our Chicago products. Their cattle, like those on our great Texas and Montana ranges, increase tremendously, but, like them, are tough and stringy. Like all of the rest of the people in the world who never ate corn-fed beef, the Australians do not know what good beef tastes like. I know in this assertion I am stirring up a hornets' nest. You may insult the nobility, or even the royal family; you may deny the Englishman's God and he will bear it patiently, but if one dares to allege that English beef is

no good he flies right off the handle and burns to wash out the reproach with the blood of the "alligator." I only know that except one piece on the Mariposa, I did not eat one mouthful of good beef from the time of leaving Chicago until I returned to that town. On the other hand, Australia is the best home on the earth for sheep. No where on earth can sheep be raised so easily, with so little effort and so cheaply as in Australia and New Zealand, and no where else do they have finer lamb and mutton. The product of New Zealand is superior to that of Australia, but even that of Australia has spoiled me for mutton eating in the United States. All that I have eaten since reaching home, whether lamb or mutton, has seemed dry and tasteless, but then it may have been goat masquerading as sheep. And then, too, one must take into consideration that pork and mutton are the only things on earth the English know how to cook. In the matter of sheep, the figures will startle anyone from the United States. From traveling on the same trains and stopping at same hotels in New Zealand and Sydney, I became quite well acquainted with an Australian farmer and his wife who were doing a summer's trip. He owned 30,000 sheep

and seemed to think he was only a small sheep farmer, while to me, accustomed to the herds of Mexico and the States, the figure seemed overwhelming. One hundred thousand to 200,000 sheep with one owner is a very common number, while one man, Mr. Scidmore, is said to own over a million.

The English race itself at the antipodes gives no evidence of deterioration, but on the contrary I think a decided improvement. I think the men will average a greater height than those in the United States, while in Sydney, at least, the women appear to me to rate some degree better in beauty than those in England. In appearance, dress and style, they resemble more nearly those in America than do those of England, but as this is a dangerous subject, and one I know nothing at all about, I drop it.

Prior to the advent of the white man there were no grains growing in that country, and, except perhaps on the tropical extremity, no nuts nor fruits. All have been introduced, and with some exceptions seem to do well. Oats, rye, barley and wheat grow as well as here, and a great quantity of wheat in sacks is exported to England. Maize, or corn as we call

it, thrives in Australia, but as it is used solely as feed for hogs not much is grown. As a lady said, "We do not eat corns in Australia; we feed them to our pigs". When one thinks of the hundreds of ways it is prepared for food in our country, what a deprivation we would feel without it, one can only sympathize with them in their blindness. To think that there are millions of white people speaking the English language ignorant of the superlative excellence of roasting ears, which with the water from green cocoanuts constitute the two very best things on this terrestrial ball with which man can distend his "tummy". Well! Well! This is a queer world! "The heathen they bow down to stocks and stones." "Ephriam is joined to his idols; let him alone!" Of course the real reason is that it is not fashionable eating in London, and the worst is that, as corn will not grow in England, it will never become so. So that the unfortunate Australians for all eternity, or until they have their Fourth of July will be barred from knowing the excellence of maize as an article of human food, will never feast on succotash. One wishes, for their own sakes, that the whole royal family, and the nobility down to the last "by courtesy"

lord and lady, would issue a jointly-signed proclamation graciously allowing the colonials of Australia and New Zealand to eat maize, assuring them that they would not by so doing lose caste.

Upon the whole, Australia fares well in fruits, tropical, sub-tropical and temperate. The apples of Tasmania are equal to any in the world. The grapes are perhaps the finest. They are fully equal to the Spanish, and much superior to those of California. These two were the best fruits I ate during all the trip, nor could I get enough of them. But all fruit is excessively dear, also vegetables, in strong contrast with meats, which are surprisingly and absurdly cheap. The cheapest grapes were 12 cents a pound, ranging from 18 to 24 cents a pound usually for the finer varieties. The prevailing and universal price, as I found it, both in Sydney and the country towns, was 4 cents each for apples, pears, peaches, oranges or plums. These things are not sold by the basket and in groceries, as with us, but invariably come to market in large cases, and are sold by Italians and Chinese, usually in little shops, where they also sell the limited supply of green vegetables known as green groceries.

This statement as to price was flatly denied to my face by an Australian on the boat returning from thence. I asked him to give me the address of one place in Sydney where one could buy fruit at reasonable prices, as I had been partly keeping house, usually ate fruit from four to six times a day, and had tramped the town over to avoid what I considered an extortionate price. His reply was: "From the push carts". As I did not see a push cart in all Sydney, except for the sale of ice cream, and as he did not live in Sydney, I will let my statement stand, in spite of contradiction. I might have cut out of their daily papers several letters from subscribers bitterly complaining of what they call a trust existing among the Chinese and Italians to fix an abnormal price upon fruit, as though there were any law to prevent any grocer, news stand keeper, meat market owner or, in fact, any one of the many thousands out of employment, from selling fruit at any price he pleases. It is a great deal like the people of our country blaming the lumber seller for the high price of lumber, or Armour for the high price of meat. It is on a par with the conduct of the people during the middle ages, when, during famine

times, they imprisoned the bakers. As though, where monopolies are not given by direct grant, any combination of men could fix the price on staple articles. While my neighbors are getting, on their farms, eight cents live weight for their hogs, where they used to get three, I will believe there is some other reason for it than the benevolent disposition of Armour. As I was unable to buy fruit any cheaper in the country towns of New South Wales, where I made frequent little excursions, I will attribute the price wholly to the disinclination of the natives for intensive farming. The colonial terms fruit-growing and gardening "Chinese business that no self-respecting white man would engage in." The Australian would prefer to sleep in the parks and beg for thrip pences on the street corners after dark to making a fortune and losing caste by any such mode of gaining a living. As to profits arising from this despised business, I will let the following clipping, from a Sydney daily, answer. I think anyone would say that \$1,300, from little over an acre, adequate remuneration:

Mr. H. Jacob, a Mildura orchardist, has had a return of 17 tons of lemons off 1 1-4 acre of land. He paid

£29 as railway freight on the produce going to Melbourne. Five years ago Mr. Jacob received only £5 from the same lemon orchard, then rapidly deteriorating and threatening to die out altogether. Recognizing that the depletion of the humus of the soil by constant intertillage was the cause of the orchard's decay, Mr. Jacob had some portable pens made, and maintained a large number of pigs between the trees. The results of the experiment were striking. Trees that were almost dead took on new life, the foliage of the orchard assumed a more wholesome hue, and each year the crop of fruit showed a marked increase, terminating this year in the heavy crop of 17 tons, which sold for £250. In addition to the great manuring value exercised upon the land, the pigs returned a direct profit at the rate of £10 per acre.

All this seems to hold true as to green vegetables, scarcity considered, but, except in case of radishes and tomatoes, I am not so positive as to question of prices. During four months of Australian eating I would say that nine times out of ten, or nineteen out of twenty, we had no other cooked vegetables, aside from potatoes, than string beans and a sort of squash called vegetable marrow. I grew to loathe the sight of both. Once, thank God, we had boiled onions. My first thought, on placing my foot on the continent of North America, was: "At last I am emancipated from string beans and vegetable marrow"

Australians make a great deal of wine from

their grapes, all the familiar marks being imitated. It is a strong, coarse, heady wine, very like the California wine of fifty years ago. A moderate indulgence in it will cause a violent headache, or, as an American living there expressed it, "put one on the blink" for two or three days. Yet I found half a glass full mixed with same quantity of water, drank during the noon meal, a refreshing beverage. The Australian, however, cares little for wine. He wants "ile" or "Scotch", of which he partakes inordinately, beginning early and keeping it up until late. It is no wonder the liver complaint is universal.

The mineral wealth of Australia is well known. For sixty years it has been one of the largest producers of gold. It has great mines of copper, tin, silver, lead and iron. Its coal fields are inexhaustible. In fine materials, no country on earth is richer in variety. Diamonds can be mined with certainty, but the find is not large enough to be profitable. Emeralds are not rare, but the crystals are smaller than those of Columbia, South America. Azurite is abundant, but only used as copper ore. Malachite, the finest in the world, of a deep velvety green, is only copper ore to

them. For about \$2.00 I bought a finer specimen of it than I had ever seen in any museum in the United States or, as I remember, in the world. Sapphires and hyacinths, of all colors, are more abundant and cheaper than anywhere else in the world. Flawless white topazes are considered only as pretty pebbles. I had about a dozen given me. Only for some perfect crystals would they take any price at all. Tourmalines are found, but are rare and highly prized, particularly the green ones. The opals of Australia go all over the world. They are magnificent, and the mining of them, and the search for them, a recognized business. It is the chief gem business of the country.

To the man versed in Physical Geography, degrees of latitude mean little. He always, in addition, considers the isotherms, or degrees of heat. This is brought forcibly to one's mind when he lands about the first of April at Victoria, British Columbia, and finds every thing green a full month earlier than it would be in neighborhood of Chicago, 800 miles further south. So when we learn that New South Wales is about the same latitude south as North and South Carolina are north, we may not infer that it has their climate. In truth

I rather expected it myself, and knowing I was going there during the height of their midsummer, I braced myself up to suffer as a martyr in the cause of science. I soon learned that Australia would make an agreeable summer resort, at least the eastern part of it would. It is both warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the Carolinas. Oranges, lemons and pomegranates, although all inferior in quality, flourish in the latitude of Sydney, which is about the same degree as Wilmington. Araucarias grow wild in the woods, and the rubber tree is the favorite shade tree in the parks and yards. The Royal Palm, too delicate even for Florida, lives out of doors, although not remarkable for size or splendor. The bougainvillia lives and blossoms in the open. In fact, their excellent botanical garden proves that practically all the tropical vegetation will live without protection.

In summer the winds, usually from the northeast or southeast, always blow, coming over 7,000 miles of the great Pacific. It may be excessively hot in the middle of the day, but with the night it becomes chilly, necessitating wraps and heavy bedding. But whatever the degree of heat, while the ladies dress, or un-

dress, to suit the climate, the men never do. Putting on light clothes and discarding the waistcoat, which last a New Orleans doctor once told me was the most sensible mode ever introduced among the men, does not find favor with them. Dressed in dark, closely-fitting coats and waistcoats, they are uncomfortable, and look uncomfortable. With perspiration pouring down their faces they look at the casual American, passing with his loose-fitting coat and trousers, and negligee shirt, with a stubborn, dog-like air, as though they would say: "I know I am suffering, but I will die before I break away from London and follow American ways." To the said American they recall those famous words of the poet: "See the pale martyr in his shirt of fire." One wishes that the royal family and nobility of England would issue a decree allowing the Australians to discard their waistcoats in summer.

We may say with positiveness that European blood does not deteriorate in Australia. If anything, it rather improves. The Australian men average, I think, rather greater in height than either the English or Americans, but they lack the breadth of shoulders of the

latter. We cannot say how much of this narrowness across the shoulders results from the universal custom of English tailors of making coat and waistcoat too tight and narrow across the shoulders. Anyone who has ever had such work done in London will know what I mean. Americans, with their loose coats and padded shoulders, striving for breadth in that region, have become broad shouldered. My first impression on reaching Honolulu accentuated in Seattle, was that the Americans were remarkable for their square build. The Australians, bound from time immemorial in their straight jackets, have grown narrow chested, while growth that must come ran upwards. They have lost none of the virility of their ancestors. In no country in the world, not even in England nor in America, are athletic sports so cultivated. It is an absorbing passion pervading all classes and ages, and covers the whole range of sports. Except among college students, pretty much all athletics in our states are given over to professionals. Not so there. I could see little or no signs of professionalism. It is town against town, city against city, province against province, Australia against New Zealand, etc. But our newspa-

pers are much in error when they assert that baseball is becoming a favorite game there. Looking over the sporting pages every day, I never once saw the name of that game even mentioned. I think it never will be introduced. The mere fact that it originated in the United States, regardless of its intrinsic merit, will forever prevent its adoption, owing to the Australian bent, to be treated upon hereafter.

While their excessive fondness for sports is owing greatly to the fact that, looking to England for everything and condemning everything not first favored there, willingly taking an inferior and subordinate position in literature, theatricals, arts, politics, etc., they must let their superfluous enthusiasm vent itself upon something, which something most naturally gravitates to athletic sports. Still, we must say it is a sign of virility, the reverse of physical decadence. If Australia has any national peculiarity, we may say it is its proclivities for out-of-door exercises, accompanied with the spirit of emulation.

In conclusion, I think we may assert that in climate it is superior to the United States, while in soil, barring the wonderful Mississippi

Valley, agricultural and mineral products, it is as favorably situated as that country for the sustenance and physical, moral and industrial development of hundreds of millions of the human race. If it does not equal our country, in its growth, in wealth and population, we must look for other reasons. We must disregard the environment and the natural laws, and look to the people themselves and their institutions. And this should be done as firmly, as mercilessly, and yet as kindly, as with a surgeon's knife.

CHAPTER II.

Present State.

The population of Australia is now about four million three hundred thousand. These are occupying a region about as large as the United States. In 1788 Port Jackson (now Sydney) was founded as a penal station for criminals from England. * * * "The colony, however, from 1821 has made a fair start in free industrial progress." (Brit. Enc.) In 1851 gold was discovered in large quantities, and from that date to this the country has been as well known as any other to the civilized world. So that now we can hardly term it a pioneers' country. The towns do not have the air of frontier settlements. Sydney looks older than New York. It is older than Chicago, Seattle or San Francisco. The country is making heroic efforts to attract to its shores the sur-

plus population of Europe. No boom on any newly-built railroad in the United States was ever more assiduously worked. They hold it up before all the world by immigration agents and hundreds of pamphlets and newspaper articles as the country of all the world best fitted for the laboring man. They openly declare it is the poor man's country, and that they will always keep it the poor man's country. As a particular inducement to that class they boast that it is a white man's country, and that they will always keep it a white man's country. In their eyes a tinge of black, yellow, brown or red is an unpardonable sin. God may permit it, but they will not. But God in this respect, they think, showed a lamentable lack of wisdom in creating such. Negros, Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese are wholly excluded; even if already British subjects; otherwise no country could go further in encouraging immigration, particularly from the United Kingdom of England, Ireland and Scotland. I learn from the latest Australian year book that any woman of apparent good character who will say she wishes to engage in service will have her passage money paid to Australia. I suppose she may not work longer

than a day. It would seem from the wording that the declaration is sufficient. That any man of family who will advance five pounds will have the balance of the passage money for the entire family advanced by the commonwealth, and then third-class fares from Europe are very low by all the lines, English and German. The trip need cost very little more, time considered, than an artisan or laborer would pay in his hotel for board while out of work the same length of time. Reaching the desired land an affectionate paternal government advances to his aid and guides every step. Money is loaned to him sufficient for him to start in farming and to build his house, payable in annual installments at a low rate of interest, while state-owned land is leased to him for a term of years. On every side he is taught that the government is run solely for the benefit of the laborer; that as the state owns everything and he is the state, he is actually and potentially rich; that millionaires, which term in the United States is applied to every man worth \$50,000 or over, and corporations are not desired nor permitted. Really Utopia is reached. One wonders why with the abundance of land, flour, meat and fish and the favorable sky,

the starving or the ambitious millions of Europe do not pour themselves on to their shores. Not to go there seems the height of foolishness on the part of any man of the lower classes of Europe. You would really think that not to avail himself of the opportunity ought to deprive anyone of the submerged tenth of all sympathy and charitable assistance. One wonders how with all these inducements ships enough could be found to transport the seekers of the ideal and long-dreamed-of perfect commonwealth. In the midst of this pastoral symphony breathing of peace, rural abundance and joy, he soon catches a note of discord, and as in the overture to William Tell, soon breaks on his ear a storm unparalleled with anything he ever heard before, a storm of curses, complaints, fault finding, epithets and vituperation. Instead of the new land quivering with life and hope in the vanguard of progress and advancement, of private wealth and individual freedom expanding by leaps and bounds, as he and I expected to find it, he sees a land decadent and moribund, dragging out its existence like a young athlete of gigantic frame worn out with his excesses and bad habits, the object of pity and almost dis-

gust. Instead of the millions of happy home builders exhausting the resources of language in praising their great country and its institutions, looking forward to an independent old age, to their children taking a higher position in the social scale than themselves, we find a discontented disillusioned crowd cursing the country and all its institutions, and pointing out the Argentine, Canada, and trust-ridden America as more favored lands, where the poor may gain an honorable competency. This is not, as in the United States, confined to the beer-soaked bums of the great cities. It is the openly expressed opinion of the college professors, the successful business man, the skillful artisan, the day laborer and the hobo. It is reflected in hundreds of letters to the newspapers which the press there is bold enough to print. It is the opinion of every man I actually talked with, which I may say did not include the office holders nor their dependents.

Is this true, or do I see yellow? The population, mind you, is only four million three hundred thousand. Of these over one-half the population reside in the cities, and Australia is not a manufacturing country. In fact very little manufacturing is done there. The four

cities of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide alone have nearly two millions of inhabitants. In those cities the unemployed swarm by thousands. On every side one is importuned for a penny or tuppence. Where a man is so importuned once in Chicago he is ten times solicited in Sydney. From morning until night the wharves swarm with idle men whose visages express only hopelessness and despair. I am always willing to pay something for information and the invariable reply to my questions in return for my pittance was: "Australia has nothing for the laborer but the sheep farm. There is not much in that with the market 14,000 miles away, while its pursuit is a living death.

As soon as the train leaves the great city you are in the wilderness. That sense of fatness even to bursting that pervades the favorable regions of the United States is wholly missing. The people with their primitive surroundings and improvements seem not to be living but camping. It is the bush. They are pioneers with the intention of returning home. They are colonists. It is down under. They are apologetic. The man's grandfather may have immigrated but "Home" lies on the other side

of the world. They looked kind of surprised when I told them that in all my life I had never heard a person who had been born in the United States speak of any other land as home. That pride in their country, that deep-seated love for the soil and air that is so perceptible even in the children born of foreign born parents in the United States is noticeably absent. Almost the first utterances of the American-born child are to deride the habits, language and land of his fathers. The mere fact that they did so-and-so in the old country will make the immigrants' children shun following the same manners. If the parent addresses his child in the language of the fatherland the child replies in the language of the United States, nor will whipping prevent him. The Australian child is ever fearful lest some thought, some expression or some step will show his colonial origin. He is a stranger in a strange land. As to yourself, when in the country you do not feel that you are in another nation as you do in Spain, or Morocco or Columbia. Nor do you feel as though you were in your own, and the country towns impress you just as unfavorably. Where you expect to see important shire towns like Gales-

burg or Kankakee are found only collections of ramshackle sheds with its business houses no better. Even important railroad towns that you would expect to be like Fort Wayne or Wichita, to your surprise you find with their chief business streets a row of shanties one board thick with hit-and-miss sidewalks, that is, one business place will have a walk in front of it and perhaps the next not even that, while in its shops you will search in vain for some characteristic Australian object. Every object you see is either made in England or so close an imitation of an English object that you cannot distinguish. In the largest city or the smallest village the clock seems turned back sixty years to the beginning of our civil war, and you somehow feel that it never will advance. As the biblical apologists claim that anterior to the creation there was no time, so you feel that for Australia the clock has stopped. In that country there is no time.

Every boat leaving for British Columbia is filled in all three classes with people intending to settle in Canada or the United States. The boat I came in had six stowaways. I can offer no proof, but I estimate that today 300,000 men and women in Australia would start for

those countries if their passage money were paid. To hundreds of state-assisted immigrants that country is only a temporary stopping place on the route to Vancouver.

Mexico is always referred to as the land of manana, the place of the morrow, where it is always three o'clock in the afternoon, and so forth. To me who has made nine trips to Mexico extending over some twenty years, during which I have visited practically every part of it, it seems compared with Australia as a land forging ahead with almost incredible speed. English, Germans, French, Italians, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese and Americans are pouring into the country by thousands, while under the fostering care of President Diaz, easily the greatest man now on earth, beside whom all our English and American politicians are but children, wealth is piling up with rapidity. Within twenty years it has placed itself among the foremost nations of the earth. I have no figures at hand as to its increase by immigration, but the large cities such as Puebla, Guadalajara and Mexico City seem to me much more modern and convenient in their way of living than those in Australia, while the tremendous increase in the number of

great factories proves to the sight its prosperity.

Canada has not anywhere a pleasant climate. Except for two months in the summer I never heard of anyone seeking it for that reason. For generations it has been the stock subject for jokes by Americans on account of its sleepiness. From Saturday to Monday in any of its towns is said to be an ordinary life time, and yet no country on earth is today the scene of greater activity and progress. Coming out of Vancouver by way of the Great Northern Railway on my way home, the third time I had visited the city, as I saw the hundreds of new frame buildings lying at one time within sight like the camp of some great army, I turned to a companion of the boat and remarked: "That is more new building than I saw in all my stay in Australia." United States government figures right at hand show that for the twelve months ending March 31, 1910, American citizens to the number of 103,789 departed for a permanent residence in Canada. How many at the same time came from Europe and Asia I have no means of ascertaining without research and inquiry.

A gentleman from Michigan in conversation with one of the most prominent men in Sydney, in my presence, expressed himself as follows: "Australia impresses me as a country suffering from the dry rot." As I thought at the time a very apt allusion.

A commercial traveling man, born there, who went all over Australia twice a year, with whom I conversed on a train, said: "No man has any business to come to Australia who is not ready to do any rough work that turns up." I replied: "That explains to me the tremendous immigration from the United Kingdom into the United States. Do you think an expert book-keeper, plumber or machinist will come to this country, live in the bush and shear or herd sheep for four shillings a day when he can command five or six dollars per day in our large cities?" He further said: "We traveling men know the drawbacks and deficiencies of the country as well as anyone can tell us, but we are powerless. The politicians control everything." In all my travels I have found commercial travelers the most intelligent men I converse with. On board the steamer with his wife, bound for Seattle to live, was a young civil engineer. Both of them

were natives of Melbourne. They were traveling first-class and they were both such in every respect, both as to education and breeding. He said: "With the highest technical education to be procured with money I find myself constrained to leave my native land. There is nothing there for a man of my stamp. I know what I am talking about for I have encircled the globe and have seen the United States before. No scientific man can have a career there except as a favor from some political boss. Every year shows it nearer to pure socialism."

"All this", says the Englishman who has never been in Australia, "is merely your uncorroborated assertion." We will call in their own opinions. One of these clippings is from the Sydney Herald, the other from the Sydney Times, the two great morning papers of the city:

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The net number of arrivals over departures into the Commonwealth last year is officially stated as 28,933, against 13,150 during the previous year.

Some improvement is apparent, but the aggregate figures are still painfully small.

A satisfactory expansion is shown in the Commonwealth immigration returns for last year. The net addition through immigration to the population of Australia was 28,933, or more than double what it was in the previous year. The following classifies the countries from which immigrants arrived, and for which emigrants departed:—

COMMONWEALTH IMMIGRATION RETURNS.

| | 1908. | | | 1909. | | |
|----------------------|--------|---------|-----------|--------|---------|-----------|
| | Arriv. | Depart. | Net Gain. | Arriv. | Depart. | Net Gain. |
| U. K. | 21,416 | 12,086 | 9,330 | 29,959 | 12,490 | 17,469 |
| Rest of Empire | 39,838 | 38,320 | 1,518 | 40,773 | 33,047 | 7,276 |
| Total British | 61,254 | 50,406 | 10,848 | 70,732 | 45,537 | 25,195 |
| Foreign | 10,954 | 8,652 | 2,302 | 12,877 | 9,139 | 3,738 |
| Totals | 72,208 | 59,058 | 13,150 | 83,609 | 54,676 | 28,933 |

Taking the white nationalities, the year's net immigration was 29,703, as compared with 14,345 in 1908. As regards colored races, the departures exceeded the arrivals by 770, as against 1190 in 1908. There is always shown an excess of colored departures, especially Chinese; and yet the numbers do not decrease.

The following is from one of those two papers, I did not label it. I had already learned by numerous references as an old piece of news that the Swedish and Norwegian governments had already issued similar warnings:

EMIGRANTS WARNED.

“Don't Go To Australia.”

By Telegraph.—Press Association.— Copyright.
Copenhagen, February 8.

The Danish Ministry of Foreign Affairs has issued in the newspapers a notice dissuading emigrants from going to Australia and New Zealand, as the difficulties of subsistence there have increased considerably.

And here is an Australian's opinion of state of affairs:

SYDNEY'S PHENOMENAL GROWTH.

(For the “Sunday Times.”)

Sydney now contains more inhabitants than any city of the civilized world did at the beginning of last century, except London alone. It contains more than any did seventy-five years ago, barring London and Paris. Still, though its growth has been wonderfully fast, it does not constitute a record, several American cities having surpassed it in the rapidity with which they have attracted population. What, however, does constitute a record, shared with Melbourne and Adelaide, is that of the inhabitants of the State of which it is the capital, over a third are collected within its limits. And the proportion within them is steadily increasing.

Some people profess to regard this citification, as one may call it, of our population with complacency. But can a country be called healthy in which 600,000 people choose to pack themselves within 142 square miles leaving to 1,000,000 the remaining 310,230 square miles—4200 per square mile on a tiny morsel of the area of the country and 3 per square mile on all the

rest? Of course, an even larger proportion of Victorians and South Australians are to be found in Melbourne and Adelaide, but nowhere outside of the Commonwealth is anything in the remotest degree approaching such a state of things to be met with.

Out of 4,300,000 Australians inhabiting a continent nearly as large as Europe, some 400 square miles suffice 1,500,000 of them, and to the balance of 2,800,000 are abandoned 2,972,506 miles. On an area so small as to appear only a dot on an ordinary map, 4000 people to the square mile, on the remainder not quite one to that space!

It may seem to a writer in a daily paper, who asserts that Sydney grows because it is entitled to grow, and because it is best for the country, that the accumulation of so enormous a proportion of our Australian population within three or four cities is a good thing. It will appear so to no authority outside of the Commonwealth. For how does it happen if this be a sign of progress that Australia is, as a whole, the most backward—and by very much the most backward—of all new countries in respect of population increase? We are not adding half as many to our numbers annually as the United States, with a very much less area, were doing a hundred years ago. We are not adding a third as many as Canada and Argentina are doing now. Has the exceptional influence which their numbers give the city populations over the country nothing to do with this stagnation?

It has. As while a tumor swells the body in general suffers, so while the cities flourish the State stagnates. To a certain extent the growth of Sydney, to take our own case only, arises from natural causes. But to these natural causes have been superadded artificial ones in the concentration through our centralized form of Government—the most centralized in the world, Russia included, until four or five years ago—of every

kind of enterprise, institution or calling over which Government has control on the banks of Port Jackson. Moreover, Government has there encouraged by its example and by legislation, the raising of wages and shortening of hours until city conditions of work are so much superior to rural conditions that country boys scorn to remain on the land, and flock to Sydney. For any city job there are always abundance of applicants. Farmers and ploughmen must be imported from the other side of the globe. Even now, while meetings of unemployed are being held in Melbourne, few Victorians can be got to take up the blocks of the lately-opened irrigation settlements, and those who have taken blocks up cannot obtain labor to help starting work on them. Everywhere, of course, the town has an attraction for the countryman. Nowhere but in Australia do Governments deliberately increase this attraction.

The scantiness of our population compared with the magnitude of our territory is a terrible peril in this age of national land hunger. The peculiar distribution of that population doubles the peril. Were our 4,300,000 scattered about Temperate Australia only, leaving the tropics on one side, we should be in a very much more formidable position for defence than we are. Suppose that the Transvaal and Free State Boers, instead of occupying a back country and following rural occupations, had been strung along the South African coast from Durban to Capetown, living most of them in towns, how long would they have held out against a quarter of the British troops it actually took to subdue them?

And another, same paper:

THE FILLING OF PAPUA.

The blindness of even prominent Australians to the scantiness of our population is appalling. "I think

Papua is bound to become a very valuable asset to the Commonwealth as well as to the British Empire. The spare places of the earth are, year by year, being filled up and utilized, and here we have 90,000 square miles of territory, with soil and climate most suitable for the growth of many most valuable products which always command the world's market." Mr. J. G. Jenkins, ex-Agent-General for South Australia, is the author of this very droll statement—droll not because it exaggerates the resources of the territory, but because of the cool assumption that it is one of the "spare places of the world," which ought to be filled up. Is this gentleman aware that Paupa is, according to estimate, nearly four times as thickly populated as the Commonwealth, over six times as much so as Queensland, twelve times as much so as South Australia, and twenty times as much so as West Australia? If he is not, he ought, from the positions he has held, to possess this knowledge. At the present rate of increase it will not be till near the close of the century that the Commonwealth will be able to boast of having as many people to the square mile as this empty territory of Mr. Jenkins' has, and as to his own State, several hundred years will apparently have to elapse before it attains this figure.

I think these statements ought to convince anyone that I have really understated the matter. What conclusion can one derive from these figures after considering all that nature has done for Australia other than that there is something rotten somewhere? That in two years with all their prepaid and assisted immigrants, and their homes all furnished to new

settlers, only a net increase of 42,083 is rather staggering. If these were supposed to be permanent gains it would be one thing. But great advertisements and inducements will draw a crowd anywhere. To hold them is another matter. Australia has no more success in holding them than it has in drawing them. Those figures show that while in 1909 83,609 came in at the same time 54,676 left. How many of the 28,933 remaining will be found there? According to their own figures, from one-third to one-sixth. As it would take a Napoleonic revolution to produce a reaction, what better can they look forward to in the future? And probably when the Napoleon or Diaz arises he will be heartily welcomed. The best elements on the continent would be glad to see him now. After reading above clipping the Englishman who has never been there must admit that either the institutions of the commonwealth are diseased or that the people are diseased.

Apropos nothing in particular except to show that parts of Australia are still in the condition that the United States were a hundred years ago, I insert the account of a little incident that occurred while I was there. It was taken from the Sydney Morning Herald:

TRIBAL FIGHT.

In Northern Territory.

Marauders Hacked to Death.

Port Darwin, Saturday.

James Runcie M'Pherson, who arrived here a few days ago in his lugger from a trepanging expedition along the coast to eastward, reports that while working in Rolling Bay he witnessed a singularly ferocious and fatal tribal fight between 50 Junction Bay natives employed by him in trepanging and a marauding expedition of Liverpool River natives, numbering 30 or 40 braves. The fight took place on a cleared space near the seashore. M'Pherson pulled ashore to his smokehouse on the morning of January 24, and noticed that only a few of his working natives were about. He was told they were expecting a fight with hostile natives. At about 4 p. m. that day a peculiarly blood-curdling yell rang out from some bushes about 200 yards away, and immediately following this scores of ghastly white-painted figures darted out from thick bushes on either side of the clearing at the rear of the smokehouse. The air was soon thick with flying spears, and the combatants approached within 15 yards of each other. The spears used were large, heavy barbed ones. The natives on either side showed amazing quickness in avoiding or warding off these barb-pointed death-dealers. In about a quarter of an hour nearly all the spears were broken. One of the Junction Bay natives was then transfixed by a large spear as he was in the act of stooping to pick up a spear thrown by an opponent. The transfixing of this man seemed to fill both sides with ferocious fury. They immediately closed, and a furious hand-to-hand melee ensued.

The Junction Bay natives had an advantage in numbers and weapons, being armed with knives, tomahawks, and iron bars 4ft long made from hatch battens taken from the wreck of the steamer Australian. Their opponents had only ordinary bush waddies and woomeras. The iron bars proved deadly weapons, inflicting ghastly wounds wherever they struck. Within half an hour the survivors of the marauding party fled into the scrup, leaving 11 of their number on the field. These were immediately hacked and beaten to death with tomahawks and iron bars. Those who fled were pursued, and M'Pherson thinks that few, if any, escaped. On going ashore on the following morning M'Pherson found that all the bodies had been cremated, only a few charred bones being left in the still smouldering fire. M'Pherson states that a wonderful lot of odds and ends from the wreck of the steamer Australian is to be found among the natives. Hundreds of miles down the coast in one camp he found a much-prized oval mirror, which probably once adorned one of the steamer's saloon cabins.

The natives of Liverpool River are of an exceptionally treacherous and murderous character, as proved by several outrages perpetrated in the neighborhood during recent years. It was in this neighborhood that two buffalo hunters named Moore and McKenzie were killed in 1898, but in that case it was shown that the murdered men had provoked the natives by forcibly abducting native women. They were shot with their own rifles by two natives named Copperang and Nabaloor, who were arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. Owing to the proven facts, however, the death sentence was commuted, and after remaining in goal 11 months both were released. They returned to their own country, and probably are still alive, and may be more dangerous as the result of their brief experience of the white man's different ways. It is

only a few months since that Mr. M'Pherson narrowly escaped being speared to death while carrying on trepanging operations in the Liverpool River mouth. On that occasion, he was suddenly and treacherously attacked by a number of these natives while temporarily resting in the smokehouse, in which he had been engaged curing trepang. All his own boys at this time were away in canoes gathering trepang. His first intimation of danger was the suspicious swishing of a dozen or more large spears through the bough-covered structure in which he was sitting, smoking and half dreaming. Fortunately, he was armed with a rifle and revolver, and retreated back towards the edge of the water, while 15 or 20 yelling, dancing natives congregated on the scrub-covered bank behind the smokehouse, and continued hurling spears. Some of these he warded off with the rifle, and others he dodged; while springing to one side to avoid one spear, another missile struck him on the point of the hip. The sharp barbed point penetrated downwards nine inches into the fleshy part of the thigh. At the moment he felt only a sharp twinge of pain, and broke the spear shaft off with his hand. He then fired and shot one of the natives, and the remainder disappeared in the scrub. Subsequently, on board his lugger, he made fast a lanyard to the broken spearhead, and himself dragged it out by main strength, but eight of the barbed points broke off and remained in the wound. Nearly two weeks elapsed before he reached Port Darwin, and he suffered excruciating agonies in the meantime. He was operated on at the Palmerston Hospital, and eight broken barbed points were extracted from the wound. This incident occurred in July, 1909. On the present occasion, Mr. M'Pherson states that when he heard the signal cry come from the scrub, he was sitting on an upturned bucket near the smokehouse cutting up tobacco preparatory to having a comfortable smoke. He

remained a passive and fascinated spectator to the whole gruesome tableaux which occurred within 100 yards of where he was sitting. The whirring rush of heavy spears to and fro, the ghost-like way in which the wild, white-painted forms on each side avoid these, bounding high in the air, then leaping on one side, and at times dashing the spears aside with sweeping cuts of their woomeras or waddies, giving vent the while to wild yells and harsh cries of defiance, made a weird and savage picture. When Mr. M'Pherson's Junction Bay boy Billy was speared towards the end of this duel of spears, both sides appeared to go mad with fury, and become devoid of all sense of fear. As Billy fell, transfixed by a great barbed spear, they "saw red," and, as if fired by mutual impulse, both sides closed up, and a fierce hand-to-hand melee ensued, such as Mr. M'Pherson had never previously witnessed between natives. In their horrible white masks of warpaint, and with blazing eyes and every feature instinct with the pure savage, devilish and murderous lust for blood, they presented a fearsome and terrifying spectacle to the lonely onlooker. On the termination of the fight, and when the victors started to dash out the brains of the disabled with iron bars and tomahawks, Mr. M'Pherson, sickened by the spectacle, started to walk down to his dinghey. Before he reached his boat, however, a dozen of the Junction Bay boys came running after him, demanding his rifle. Several were bespattered with blood, and on their condition of murderous excitement, he deemed it wise to comply with their demand. He slipped out the cartridges, and immediately thereafter the weapon was plucked suddenly from his hand, and the whole party dashed off in pursuit of their enemies. He had hardly got on board his lugger when some of them came running with the empty rifle, clamouring for

cartridges, but to this demand he did not think wise to yield.

The party of Junction Bay natives who went in pursuit of their foes did not return to the camp until late the following day. When questioned by Mr. M'Pherson, they denied having overtaken any of the Liverpool River natives, but as several of them bore dried bloodstains on their bodies, and they appeared completely exhausted, Mr. M'Pherson believes further fighting took place in the bush, and that few of the murderers lived to return to their homes.

Polling Bay is a kind of neutral territory, situated between Junction Bay and the Liverpool River, and the bulk, or more, of Junction Bay natives were employed by Mr. M'Pherson in his trepanning business. Mr. M'Pherson has brought back with him the Junction Bay native who was wounded, also the spear which caused the wound, and several other specimens of the battle.

Bearing nothing on the question under discussion, nevertheless it ought to be preserved as a sidelight on the present history of the continent.

CHAPTER III.

The Way Thither.

There are two routes from the United States to Australia. On one you go to Vancouver, British Columbia, and take the monthly boat which sails under British flags. By these boats, ostensibly run by the Canadian Pacific R. R., but really by the Union Steamship Co., of New Zealand, you can change boats at the Fiji Islands for Auckland, N. Z., or continue on to same place by way of Brisbane and Sydney, Australia. Or you can go to San Francisco and take the *Mariposa*, an American boat running every thirty-six days to Tahiti, the French island in the South Pacific, where after a week's wait you can take a British boat for Wellington, New Zealand; or after a three weeks' wait you can take a British boat for Auckland on the north end of that island direct.

Owing to the ignorance or shortsightedness of our bucolic congressmen from Iowa and Kansas, who did not even know there is an ocean, in refusing a subsidy there is no line of steamers direct to Australasia thus causing untold loss to our trade with these countries. There are no steamships navigating the prairies of Iowa, why should they navigate the Pacific? What concern have we with countries where it is night when day here, and where it is summer when winter here? The less we have to do with foreign countries anyhow the better. They do not vote for president and congressmen. If they had seen as I saw the steamer almost loaded with the oranges and lemons of California consigned to New Zealand, and the British boat load on at Brisbane, Australia, 600 cases of dried onions consigned to Seattle, U. S., they would think as I think that this is only one little world, and the more people of different climes trade with each other the more they are all benefited. My grocer keeps a delivery wagon with horse. It costs something to be sure, but he is correspondingly benefited in his business; otherwise he would not keep one. On the other hand I never knew our congress to refuse to increase its member-

ship, their own salaries, or to build great office buildings costing millions for their own individual convenience. These were my thoughts when on going from New Orleans to the Isthmus of Panama I found I had to take a Norwegian vessel, there being no American boat leading from the heart of our country to the place where we are supporting a great army of men and spending six hundred millions of dollars.

As it is there would be no American *Mariposa* leaving the United States for Tahiti did not the French government grant it a subsidy as the shortest and quickest route for its mails to its archipelago. Even that has resulted in making those islands virtually an appendage to this country. Only the flag and officials are French. One feels, however, like congratulating the islanders for being under that flag, as for this reason the happy, amiable disposition of their people has not yet been soured and crushed by puritanism.

As I had had Tahiti on my slate for years, had not been in Frisco after the great fire, and naturally preferred the southern route, I took the *Mariposa*.

The voyage to Tahiti is a pleasant trip; the

boat a comfortable one with large roomy berths and cabins, the officers gentlemanly. To a lover of the sea, like myself, the trip was even fascinating. The gradual dropping of our northern constellations and the arising of new ones, the perfect health and renewal of youthful enthusiasm, the absence of all cares other than those pertaining to childhood, mere eating and sleeping, causes one to plan still other voyages, and like Ulysses to keep them up even if eighty years should come to chill one's ardor in other directions. All other pleasures and experiences pall upon one with advancing years. The feel and smell of the salt sea breeze in the tropics retain to the last the zest they had for me when at twenty-two at Savannah, Georgia, I first glanced over the ocean and realized my dreams. It was a typical Pacific crowd. The group of Chinese going to the archipelago "in bond", the French officials returning from a vacation in France, the crowd of tourists bound only to Tahiti, the Britishers bound for the colonies by that route through the States, probably to return and settle there after finding the colonies not up to expectation; the few globe trotters bound for everywhere in general, the reverend gentle-

man with a thirst like a Sahara, the actress from San Francisco and Coney Island, skilled musician and more skilled flirt. My, if those kodak pictures are discovered won't there be trouble in Spokane?

One thing, of course, that increased the pleasure of the trip was the natural cheerfulness of the crowd, the American crowd. Americans, the residents of the United States, are now the gayest and happiest people in the world, much more so than even the French who in their decadence have lost that, formerly their chief characteristic. Whatever may be the cause of our national exuberance, it is irrepressible. It may be the Celtic element in our blood, it may be our marvelous success, it may be the lack of a superior caste, it may be the motley discordant elements in our population, but the fact remains, and it is quickly noticed by foreigners traveling for the first time in the country, and they tell me they enjoy it. Years ago it was said that a well-known theatre manager in Chicago asked a playwright to write him a play. His only requisitions were that it should have a nigger, a Dutchman, an Irishman, a Chinaman and a jackass. So in our national life we have all the

elements of a comedy, and we live a comedy. We Americans make fun of everything, sacred or profane, at everybody from the highest to the lowest, and even at ourselves. Mark Twain embodied the national spirit when he advised a friend to go to heaven if he wanted a good climate and to hell if he wanted good society. The Englishman or colonial may be a school teacher from some obscure village. He bears himself with all the dignity and solemnity that is supposed to appertain to the president of Harvard College. The American great banker, lawyer or captain of industry, when off duty tries to travel incognito and he becomes a boy again. If he did not he would be guyed unmercifully. How often after an outing or a voyage one has discovered the genial conversationalist and boon companion to be a man of national or world-wide reputation. But woe to anyone who, misled by this apparent friendliness, when on land poaches on his preserves. "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" For one I hope it will be many a century before we lose that happy, noisy, singing, joking and joshing spirit. It is said to be the favorite jest on the London Music Hall stage when an actor says he has just been around to

some hotel listening to the Americans eat. I hope it will be long before we have to eat carrion and such vile cooking with the silent air of a bulldog bolting his food.

I wish, for the reader's sake, I could write a traveler's description of Tahiti, the beautiful isle, and its seaport, Papetee—the "water basket", which its name implies. I am too old, have traveled too much. The circular sweep of the bay with its cocoa palm trees bending over the water at each extremity of its arms, the background of green mountains covered with fogs and mist, the diving boys, the long row of little stores facing the water, the white even teeth of the smiling dark-skinned natives! For forty years at intervals they have been familiar to me one place or another, only the natives differing. I fear that now a wholesome meal, a good bed and a reasonable freedom from insects concern me more than the turquoise sky, the opalescent sea and the snow-white coral beach of the professional traveler. When away from them I long for them and dream of them. Present, they are as familiar and conventional to me as the corn-fields of Illinois, my native state. Without a new mineral, with hardly a plant unknown to

me, only the ethnology of the islands could appeal to me. There was at first the dream-like familiarity, as though at some previous time in my life or at some previous existence I had been there. This continued some days. I remarked to friends: "I am at Tahiti, but I don't know I am at Tahiti." One incident awakened me. Some distance out of town on the sea drive to the left was a large house unoccupied, situated in a grove of cocoanuts and mangos. Over the gateway was a board sign painted whereon was one word, "Tabu", and as soon as seen the rest of the world instantly vanished. I was on Tahiti, the "Gem of the Pacific", and no where else. The rest of my stay there was clear and well defined. But for this I might have left not even feeling that I had been there.

These obsessions, if I may call them so, are becoming too frequent in my advanced years. Three or four years ago just as I emerged from a great office building in Chicago I lost consciousness of where I was. I knew I was in a large city, but what one I could not tell. I knew I wanted to be in my office, but where it lay or how to get there I knew not. My first impression was to ask a policeman, but was

ashamed to do so, so I went into an entryway and leaned against the wall. At first the crowds passing and the surrounding buildings made no impression. Gradually my mind cleared, the buildings took on the familiar appearance of acquaintances, and I saw I was in the Chicago where I had lived thirty-eight years, and that I had wandered two blocks at a tangent out of my way. Then last summer I was in Denver eating my dinner in a restaurant. At once I forgot what town I was in. I paid my bill and went outside in dim wonderment of what city was holding me. I stood by the door worrying my mind until I saw a sign of the Denver something, and then I knew. My friends on reading this will at once say I was drunk. Perhaps I was.

I cannot drop Tahiti, however, without telling of two of the funniest things I ever saw. A little inwards from the sea beach was a half-grown pig industriously rooting in the ground. Upon its back was perched very much at home a black jackdaw. At intervals, perhaps when the porker would turn up some morsel desired by said jackdaw, he would jump down, swallow it, and resume his position on the pig's back watching for another bite. Both seemed

satisfied; the pig offered no objections, and I for once in my life wished I had a kodak. The other funny sight was a native Tahitan woman, big and fat, lying stretched out flat on her back in the street with head on the ground playing an accordian, while around her were seated a number of other natives listening. Her easy unconventional attitude was both charming and irresistibly ludicrous. In Honolulu a policeman would have told her to be ashamed of herself and to get into her straight jacket. I now know why travelers say that Tahiti is the only unspoiled island in the Pacific.

As to the bibliography of the archipelago I know very little, nor did I try to inform myself. Aside from Mrs. Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam" and Herman Melville's "Omoo" and "Typee", all written and read by me many, many, years ago, I know only Dr. Senn's pleasant little book on the islands, which is sufficient for the ordinary reader of travels. Clement Wragg, the "Old Probability" of New Zealand, wrote about it and New Caledonia, the other French island, but the work is the veriest trash. I wish the Chicago critics who so unmercifully hammered a previous literary effort of mine had to read it.

Then they would be sorry they had treated me so meanly. If I had the power I would inflict on them a still more terrible punishment. I would condemn them for the balance of their lives to read nothing but Indiana novels. Not that I ever read an Indiana novel in all my born days, but I know from their favorable reviews of all of them that they must be something terrible. But perhaps the critics aforesaid are Indiana productions themselves. If so they are pardonable because they could not be expected to know what a book is. Ignorance and ill-breeding, they say, are the two things we cannot charge up against anybody. It seems in literature the first offense is the most severely punished, and with every succeeding crime the punishment is lessened, and I thought I ought to be leniently treated because I had never tried to inflict a novel on the public. When a very young man, afflicted with a hunger as big as a cold storage, I made my bread and a little butter translating French novels for Chicago publishers. I did it for the same reason a burglar breaks into a house—I needed the money. I wanted to make a translation of Balzac's works, only one book of which—Eugenia Grandet—had ever appeared

in English. Chicago publishers all told me they had never heard of Balzac, but if I would write some readable novels they would buy them. My reply was that I thought I was willing to do for money anything that any other man would, but I would draw the line at novel writing. Even that did not count in my favor when they reviewed my "Aztecs and Mayas."

With Raratonga, New Zealand, Australia, the Fiji Islands, and possibly New Caledonia, beckoning me on I felt that I could not spare three weeks on Tahiti, so made a week answer and left for Wellington, although this would necessitate doubling the 700 miles of the North Island, once by water and once by rail. I ought to have waited the three weeks and gone direct to Auckland. There was a joke extant about fifty years ago about country town hotels: "There are two hotels in that town; don't go to the one you intend going to. But it makes no difference which ever one you go to you will wish you had gone to the other." Perhaps if I had taken the Auckland boat I would advise you now to take the Wellington boat. A couple of days before day scheduled for sailing there limped into Papetee a weather-beaten old hulk with a decided list to port, a little

poop deck at the stern while at its level in front was a forest of ventilators and cook's chimneys, while the funnel belched out all its cinders directly in the faces of anyone who tried to sit upon the only space where passengers could take air. No deck cabin was apparent. It was the Hauroto, Union Line steamer for Wellington, and we were told it was to be our home for thirteen days. It was decidedly a case of cheer up; the worst is yet to come. We had been told that there were first-class cabins for ten. Eleven first-class passengers were trans-shipped. I hoped I might as an old man be one of the favored. The agent on the dock and the head steward arranged matters after a very simple rule. The Britishers, whether first or second-class, were given the first-class cabins. The Americans, all first-class passengers, were given the second-class cabins. To my lot fell a second-class cabin in the middle of the boat with its only window looking straight up at the sky. It had as much ventilation as at the bottom of a cistern, and we were in the tropics sailing directly into summer. A little country school teacher from New Zealand was given a first-class cabin all to himself; kissing goes by favor.

I was in for a crowning experience. I have traveled wide and much, am familiar with American, German, English, French, Spanish, Norwegian and Mexican steamships, but the HauROTO is easily the worst I have ever encountered. Previously one of the Hall line in the Mediterranean held that pre-eminence. I think in spending thirteen days on the HauROTO I have atoned for all the sins I ever committed, all that I want to commit, and all that I ever will commit during the balance of my life. Minutes were like hours, hours like days, days like weeks. When I had been ten days on the boat it seemed as though when I last walked the streets of Chicago or San Francisco were in some past existence, and then it seemed as though I were condemned for all eternity to wander around the Pacific in that boat like another Flying Dutchman. I recalled that Prof. George Dorsey had said in his writings that the Australian boats were the worst in the world, how Mark Twain, after traveling on another Australian boat, had said the company ought to insure its boat for several times its value and then set it on fire. If my curses were ponderable I fear the boat would have gone to the bottom with all on

board. One night below was sufficient; after that a blanket and pillow on deck were preferred, where I was in a perpetual snow storm of soot and cinders. Every woman on board was sea sick from the moment of starting to the moment of landing, and some of them for a week afterwards. I myself after being at sea twenty-seven days without a qualm was overcome by nausea for the first time in many years, to my intense humiliation. And then the smells—rank, fetid, sickening—pouring up from the engines and cook's galleys right forward under our eyes, with all the ventilators from below belching their foul air right in our faces, penned up as we were on the little deck in the stern of the vessel. To our complaints a colonial remarked: "The Americans must have their sense of smell abnormally developed. Now I cannot notice any disagreeable smells at all." I later learned why. And the cooking! Twenty years or thereabouts had deadened my recollection of English cooking. It all came back vividly. I like the Italian and Spanish cooking; I even like the Norwegian cabbage soup; the tamales, chili con carne and tortillas of the Mexicans. and even the kouskous and kibobs of the Mohammedans, but

honestly I balk at English cooking, and coincide with the opinion of all the peoples of the earth when I say that for badness it bears the palm. When I made this statement it was violently contested by all the English on board. I at once got a copy of the Weekly London Times that was lying with other periodicals in the dining room and read to them an article therefrom. It was in substance to the tenor that English cooking was the worst on earth. It wondered why, as the English were so progressive in all other matters (sic), they either could not or would not improve in their cooking, etc., etc. They could not make one word in reply. However bad it was, it was the least objectionable thing on the ship. The roasts of pork, lamb and mutton, and the crackers, or biscuits as they call them, of various kinds were really excellent. So with these and an abundance of wholesome tropical fruits we were in no danger of going hungry. Perhaps someone will say it was not very polite or diplomatic to find fault with a nation's cooking on one of its boats, but on that boat I was neither a gentleman nor a diplomat. I was a Mississippi River roust-about, or a stowaway on an Alaska boat,

or, if you choose, the son of a sea cook. One night one of the cooks jumped overboard. It was his first trip on that boat. He died rather than spend a week longer on that boat and eat its cooking. We Americans all decided that he was a brave, sensible man. My, how we envied him his sleep in the tranquil waters of the warm Pacific. We hoped that if a shark found him it was while he was yet fresh, as we did not want to think of even a shark eating rotten meat. The Hauroto—gone but not forgotten.

From Auckland on towards Australia, four days, the Moana boat was excellent, excepting for the narrow little berths. On my drawing comparisons between it and the Hauroto I was told a poor boat was purposely kept on the Tahitan route to prevent passengers from Europe going through the States as a warmer and more preferable route, and drive them over the Canadian Pacific R. R., which I denounced as a Yankee trick, to their great amusement. The boat was crowded to the last berth. The morning after sailing I noticed at the breakfast table that I was the only one to eat raw fruit. Then I knew I was the only American on board. It was a typical English

and colonial crowd. They gulped down their food in silence, and swilled down great quantities of ale and whiskey. I ventured a remark to the gentleman at my left, but received only a monosyllabic reply. Nothing more was said at table by either myself or anyone within my hearing during the whole four days. Some cricket was played on deck, and a great deal of gambling indulged in in the smoking room, but the piano was not once opened. There was a theatre party of about forty returning to Australia from New Zealand, but except for two or three of the ladies I could not pick out a single member of the company. They all conducted themselves like everybody else, and I will say very much as ladies and gentlemen; but imagine such a combination on an American boat in the summer time. My room mate, an Australian by birth, a manufacturer from Adelaide, a thorough gentleman and excellent companion, had reported that I was an American, so the last morning, as we were approaching Sydney, several men came to me, tendered their cards and engaged in lengthy conversation. I had often noticed that in Europe or Africa even the highest English nobility were glad to converse with me as soon as they ascer-

tained I was an American, and they would laugh heartily at my American anecdotes or Yankee slang, when they would not even speak to one of their own compatriots. Why?

On the *Mariposa* going down was a violinist from San Francisco, paying a visit to Sydney, his native town. He had lived twelve years or over in California, and was as pronounced an American in his ways as any man on board. With a splendid repertory, it was an exceptional evening that he did not favor us with selections, sometimes playing to near midnight. I might almost say he was the life of the party. The minute he boarded the *Hauroto* he seemed to change his nature completely, settling back in the morose glumness of the English, or their close imitators, the colonials. His violin was not taken out of its case. In answer to our repeated requests he would reply: "I am afraid if I play the violin I will get sea sick."

I noticed that at the band concerts given in the parks at Wellington, Auckland and Sydney, the audience never applauded.

I will confess the Briton on his native heath is not an amiable object, whatever he may be abroad, but they are not so bad as to justify

their hating themselves to the extent that they do.

I suppose it is a matter of taste as to whether one prefers the ice-bound reserve of the English or the ready sociability of all the other civilized peoples. As I have already stated, we Americans in this, as in most other ways, follow the continental rather than the English manner. I have often noticed that after a twelve months' residence in the United States the Englishmen themselves are as frank and full of jollity as a native born. I have yet to meet an Englishman who after twenty or more years residence in the United States, having made his fortune and retired, was content to pass the remainder of his days in the land of his nativity. It would be impossible to relate all the circumstances in reference to this that have come under my observation. I will relate one: A few years ago on the train going to the coast was an Englishman going to San Francisco where he had formerly lived for many years; retiring well-to-do he had returned to England, leaving Frisco for good. In England he didn't like the climate, he didn't like the cooking, and the hide-bound ways aroused his constant indignation. He went to Paris and

soon tired of that. Naples, with its cheap opera which San Francisco lacked, held him captive for two years. Then realizing, as he expressed it that France and Italy had nothing for a live man but dissipation, he determined to return to the Pacific coast. "One lived", he said, "more in one year of San Francisco than in four of any European country. After years of that live electric atmosphere every European city seems stagnant." I met our violinist of the Mariposa in Sydney, his native town. He asked me how I liked the town. On my replying that it was a very beautiful place he smiled rather derisively and said: "Y-e-s, if you look at it in that way."

The direct way home is by way of Brisbane, the Fiji Islands and Honolulu, by one of the crack steamers of the Union line, now metamorphosed into a Canadian Pacific affair. As passengers will be supposed to come eastward over that road, and all through tickets read that way, they did their best. The Marama, upon which I sailed, was the second best steamer of the line. Except for those narrow berths in which a large man could not turn on his side, in appointment and personnel nothing better could be desired. In fact they made

things too comfortable for the passengers. A little sun, sea breeze and rain will kill nobody, but they kept the promenade deck tightly enclosed, top and sides, with canvas so that even the sea could not be seen except through a two-inch aperture. I had a chart of the southern sky which I had bought in Australia, and had planned to study the summer constellations of the south. I did not even get a glimpse of the stars. On the *Siberia*, one of the finest vessels that plow the Pacific, there is an upper deck where one can see sun and sky if he desires. The *Marama* lacked that and used altogether too much canvas around what deck it did have. To a man living in the country as I do, the impression was constraining. I had long before ceased to look for agreeable cooking. Having almost lost my life in Australia from eating rotten food, I was necessarily cautious. Still it seemed an aggravation to see on the bill of fare such things as golden pheasant, wood cock, hare, pigeon, shrimp and oysters, and yet not be able to touch one of them. It seemed almost like a swindle as I had paid for them. I often ordered them, but to sight, taste and smell they were disgusting. Usually I could not continue my meal until

they were removed from in front of me. I might attribute this to my natural crankiness, which I confess to be great, were it not that the French, Germans and Americans on board expressed their opinions on the matter to precisely the same effect. One, a German business man who had been over the line before, told me he had sent a five dollar piece (a pound) down to the cook with orders that if there were any meats on board that were not rotten he was to get them, and under no circumstances to send any other to his plate. Said he: "When I am on a French or German boat I can eat freely without regard to consequences. When among the English I must watch every bite I put in my mouth or suffer the consequences." The English can never call themselves civilized until they rid themselves of the habit of eating carrion. Anyhow they ought to eat it in the seclusion of their own homes, and not inflict it on the rest of the world. The Canadians are half Americanized. During ten trips into British America I have had no occasion to find fault with the eating. Those boats claim to be Canadian. The majority of the passengers are American, at least they were on the *Marama*, as they invariably are on the Atlantic liners.

They ought for their sakes use some sanitary precautions and engage a cosmopolitan cook. It is said bears, dogs and Indians can eat putrid meat without evil effect. I suppose the English can also because they early become immune. We know from the old novelists, Smollett, etc., down to our own experiences that meat was by them not considered good until "high" and that the fumier, as they call it, so disgusting to an American, was an agreeable part of the repast. Much has been said and written about the evil effects of eating tropical fruits, but in many winters spent in hot countries I have never once experienced any evil consequences from unrestrained indulgence. Several times I have been, there as well as in Australia, brought to the verge of the grave by rotten meat or fish. I am too old now ever to become immune to that trouble. Of course no one ever expects to get coffee fit to drink among the English, but they ought to learn how to cook eggs and make good bread. I thought I would like to bring home a piece of the bread from the boat, heavy, sour and soggy, as I felt no one would really believe except upon inspection that any people could eat such stuff, and that is what one invariably

got everywhere in Australia and New Zealand. As to eggs, they could soft boil them. To fry or poach them, the only other ways that people ever attempt to cook them, was to reduce them to the state of sole leather. Nor could we expect them to make good ice cream, as they think eating it a barbarous habit. They are going to unheard-of lengths in accommodation to serve it at all on the boats. It is not served in their hotels. At one town, never getting it in the hotel, I went to a little fruit store where the woman gave a tablespoonful of very poor ice cream for 12 cents. I remarked that in the United States ice cream was supposed to end every dinner. She replied with a sneer: "Ice cream at dinner. Fawncy." There were numberless violations of all the rules of good taste as accepted by all the rest of the world, one of the chief of which was the sacrilege of boiling a turkey. Other than by boiling I never saw turkey served in all Australia. Imagine an American housewife throwing up her hands in horror at the idea. A turkey should be roasted. "A turkey boiled is a turkey spoiled." Boiling reduces it to a slippery, gelatinous mass, and is a crime worthy of the severest punishment. Celery, supposed by the

rest of the world to be a *hors d'oeuvre*, is eaten by the colonists at the end of a meal with the dessert, or as they call it the sweets. I was rather glad of this, however, as it was there on the table to be eaten, which gave us Americans first chance at the best portions. Going from winter into full summer, back into winter again, the boats have the best markets in all the world to draw upon; and they do draw upon them. In variety of productions and abundance of the best no fault can be found, still the result is distinctly unfavorable. *De gustibus non est disputandum* is an exploded theory. There is a distinct standard of taste, and not to conform to it is a sign of barbarism. The rest of the world will never accommodate itself to rotten sea food and game.

The late John J. Knickerbocker of Chicago, an extensive traveler, once said to the writer on a French boat that he never took an English boat when he could avoid it because they did everything but knock a man down and take his purse out of his pocket. The form of organized robbery practiced on the English boats is aggravating, and the *Marama* is one of the worst offenders in that respect. I had to tip ten persons to get off that boat, and two more

wanted something and were much disappointed by not getting it. On the American boat only four. But considering this all as legitimate they took up two subscriptions on the Marama for shore charities, besides the usual English custom of a charitable concert. And then was practiced a scheme for extracting money that was new to me, although it may now be usual on their transatlantic liners, as it is nearly twenty years since I crossed that water on English boats. A committee on sports was appointed and they called on all the male passengers for five dollars each as a fund for prizes. I supposed at the time that the five dollars so raised was merely a form of gambling or lottery, and that the money would be merely redistributed. Not at all. As we were going into Honolulu the sports ceased and the prizes were exhibited in the ladies' salon. They consisted of a few teapots, hair brushes and other toilet articles. If the whole kit had been given to me I would not have paid excess baggage to get them home. I would say that \$35.00 in Chicago would have purchased the lot. An American lady told me she won a prize. It was a Japanese teapot for which they had paid in the barber shop

seventy-five cents, but which she could have purchased in any store for twenty-five; that she did not know what she would do with it when she got it home, etc. After leaving Honolulu the report of the committee was posted up in the gangway. Of the \$500 contributed, \$90 were spent for prizes, \$140 were given the servants as tips (this in addition to the inevitable excessive tips), and the remainder was appropriated to some land charity whose name I did not bother to remember. I should say that this was a rake-off that would have satisfied the heart of even a Chicago politician. I suppose I ought not to comment on this proceeding as I refused to participate in the games. I have seen rich suckers often swindled by professional gamblers on the Atlantic, and Alaska laborers lose in one night the result of a whole summer's work; but it has always been a rule rigidly adhered to by me not to risk money on games of chance, under whatever guise or nature. Then when ashore on the train in the United States others told me they did not approve of it at all, but lacked the moral courage to refuse. The English have much to say concerning begging in Spain, and their usual appellation for the whole race of

Spaniards is "Beggars". So they cannot consider it unfair for me to point out wherein they are themselves deficient in that respect.

Two days in the Fiji Islands are not enough; a month in mid-summer rather too much. They deserve a separate trip in their winter, with Samoa to share the time. Then dear old Honolulu, the glorious Stars and Stripes and "Auld Lang Syne." Then Victoria for the third time, formerly seeming so sleepy, now by contrast so quick and modern; then marvelous Vancouver, already well known to me, destined probably to be the largest city in Canada, pulsating with life and vigor, where every eye seemed full of hope and daring; no stagnation, no dry rot there. The only trace of the English bull-headedness was in the steamer baggage arrangements. As usual, having been given no checks, I had to make three trips and hunt personally a whole day for a missing trunk, at my age no light undertaking in the pouring rain, and then pay liberally for an employee to help me in the search. If it had been carried away on the through train by someone else, as I really thought it had been, I would have had no recourse, and no way of identifying my trunk three thousand miles away. Blank the Romans, and blank the way the Romans do.

CHAPTER IV.

The Australians.

The first impression made upon an American by the people is that they do not talk English, that is United States English. Irish brogue is familiar and easily understood by me, and the Scotch dialect is not so very difficult. I could make my way around London fairly well without an interpreter, but to my astonishment found on landing in Sydney that ordinary conversation was as unintelligible to me as Choctaw. I could sit in the cabin of a small boat or in the compartment of a railway car, or even between two men in a store who talked almost over my head, without knowing anything at all of what they said. Only here and there catching a familiar word, and this too while their newspapers were written in clear, correct, incomparable English that far surpassed any-

thing that our Chicago papers would or could use. I saw that Webster's International Dictionary was everywhere in use but surely they found no authority therein for their pronunciation even if they did for their spelling. Some rules soon formulated themselves, however, in my mind. A thing in a shop had been "sowled", a man was very "bowled", the day was very "cowl'd". The letter A except in appearance had dropped out of the language, and its place taken by our long I. The "mide" wished to know whether I would drink "ile" or tea. The newsboy would ask me to buy a "piper". The clerk in the shop told me they were having a "sile" of caps; the jeweler that the amethysts of Australia were too "pile" to be valuable; the shipping clerk that the steamer would "sile" on the 10th, etc. Then our broad A has become broad O. Glass was "gloss", mass was "moss", pass was "poss", my hat was "hot", a cat was "cot". This, however was not strange to me as none of the Europeans use our broad A. Then with all this sprinkle the English themselves who dropped the H where it should be aspirated and put on the H where none should be used, and you can imagine where it left a man who knew no other

English than the universal slang of the Chicago newspapers. To use the best Halsted Street of which I am capable, it was fierce. My thought was: "This is the last in my mind of the theory that English will become the world-wide language." Long before that might occur Australians and Americans will become absolutely unintelligible to each other, as much so as Germans and English. And yet I met professors, scientific men and newspaper writers who talked in lucid English with the pronunciation such as we were taught in college, and which I remember to have been used by English much-travelled noblemen met on the continent or in Africa.

The second thought was: I didn't know there was such a backward, unprogressive people in the world. I had lived in Madrid during the session of Parliament, boarding at the hotel most frequented by their statesmen. I found them as advanced in ideas as any men in the world, and as fully aware of the shortcomings of Spain. They saw as clearly as any American could have done what was needed to regenerate their country and its people. Wrongly or rightly, they placed the failure to advance upon the church. As they expressed

it; "The army supports the imperium, the imperium supports the church, and the church puts a damper on all our efforts." I had found in the larger Central and South American cities as eager a thirst for science and advancement as in the United States, and as persistent a desire to place themselves abreast of the United States, Germany and France in all the results of modern investigations, as one could expect, considering their poverty. It really seemed as though where they were lacking it was not through their own fault but owing to their poverty, the ignorance of the great majority of their people, and the Indian and Negro blood which predominates in those countries. In Australia I could see neither advancement nor even the desire for advancement. With them the acme of perfection was reached the day Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar. They do not know or believe there is such a word as progress. They as firmly believe in the ultimate perfection of everything English as it existed a hundred years ago as they believe in their own existence. In every country I had hitherto visited I found an enlightened class that saw the light and strove to reach it. In Australia there is no

enlightened class. If Nelson or Wellington did not use any given object in his daily life no one need use it during the rest of the globe's existence; to do so would be treason to their memory. It is given to very few of the human race to command great fleets in a naval battle. Every human being eats, sleeps, strives for enjoyment, suffers pain and sickness, plays his little role as best he may according to his lights. The little things that affect his comfort or health are of greater importance to him than military glory in another. To him he is the universe. To the small Roman shop keeper or farmer I suppose it made little difference whether Augustus or Marcus Antonius headed the government so long as he was undisturbed in his little home with his wife and children. So little difference did I consider that it made to me whether Parker or Roosevelt was elected president that I did not take the trouble to vote for either of them. It makes very much difference to me whether my sleep is disturbed by flies and mosquitos and whether I am poisoned by my food or not.

In considering what they term small matters, which I do not so term, I concede that hitherto the English sailors have been the best

in the world, that the possession of the strongest fleet enables a nation to control any number of savage peoples, that such control is for their own good, and that the English have done a great work in the world; also that even the Australians are far ahead of naked cannibals. The question is whether they are seeing the end of their usefulness through their own stupidity.

Writers in their periodical press and their speakers are constantly harping on their independence, that Australia is as free as England is free, that only liens of amity and blood unite them, that when they desire, finding it burdensome, they will cast off even that tie, etc. They impressed me as being the worst slaves on earth. I have spent several winters under the greatest autocrat on earth, Diaz, President of Mexico, and yet the Mexican people impressed me as a free people working out their way through eclecticism without pressure from any direction. Having learned the Spanish pronunciation in Madrid I have occasionally criticised some Mexican for his pronunciation. He invariably replied that they did not speak Spanish, but Mexican. I have in my library a copy of Gomara's history,

“translated from the Spanish into Mexican by _____.” The Australians are slaves to English conventionality and to their fear of the caste of nobility. They are constantly asserting their freedom of thought and action. They do protest too much. Privately with an American they express their dislike for the nobility, but publicly their fear of their disapproval sways every action or impulse. They carry this to an absurd extent. Even if they do not know of one of that caste being present they fear there might be and govern their actions accordingly. Only in a lesser degree do they worship the raw Englishman. The cockney struts around with a lordly overbearing air that would be decidedly irritating to a Yankee. His opinion is law there, and whereas here he would soon be filed into the semblance of a cosmopolitan, there he grows more and more cockney to his end. For instance, there are no rocking chairs in Australia. Until the nobility in England make them fashionable they never will have them. As one who often visits the English colonies, I really wish the king would buy a few and put them in St. James Palace, Windsor Castle, Balmoral and Sandringham. Then the nobility would use

them, then the officers of the navy and army would use them, then the clergy and learned professions, then the tradesmen, then the workers, and then the Australian hotels, and I might have an easy chair to sit in when I am reading in my hotel bedroom in far off Australia. When one thinks how popular the great bent-wood rockers are in Austria, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and through the whole length and breadth of Latin America and the isles thereof, and the number of Americans who, for one purpose or another, stop at Australian hotels, this fact seems only an indication of bull-headed stubbornness. As it is, the greatest hotel in Australia considers that the innovation of rocking chairs would plunge the whole British fabric into chaos.

“But this”, says my English friend, “is a very small matter to fulminate against.” When that hatred of innovation is carried into every detail of hotel and restaurant life it becomes an intolerable vexation. Every hotel bedroom in Australia is furnished precisely as every other hotel bedroom, whether you are staying in a place for which you pay \$1.50 for your room and three meals or whether you are paying \$2.00 for a room only in one of their

greatest caravansaries. Instead of trying, as in other large cities, to avail themselves of every modern idea in comfort or sanitation they, even their best hotels, try to slavishly follow the oldest English inns. The furniture all of a piece with the smallest country tavern, the flat table as a washstand with its bowl and pitcher, the wardrobe and dresser and infinitesimal looking glass placed so low that a man cannot look into it unless he sits down, the two kitchen chairs, the little iron bed with its woven-wire hammock letting a stout man down against the slats, its slippery hard mattress stuffed with a tough wiry fiber known as kaipok which by morning is half off the bed, its pillows, hard as a chunk of lead, stuffed with the same material, the room filled with flies and mosquitoes, and the absence of heat even in cold weather, and we have partially the highest they try to attain in an Australian first-class hotel. I say partially because in no respect are their hotels within sixty or more years in time with what the rest of the world considers necessary. The hotel I lived in in Sydney used, it is true, electric light, one to a room, so dim and placed in so inconvenient a position that I was compelled to buy candles

in order to read in my room, which candles were all the more necessary as the light was turned off all over the hotel at midnight, at which hour the lift also stopped running not to start again until 8 o'clock in the morning. As I want my morning paper not later than 6 a. m., this necessitated my climbing down and up five pairs of stairs. The bell boys? There were none; only "mides" who never took less than fifteen minutes to answer a call, usually nearer three-quarters of an hour. Nor were the restaurants, whether in hotel or in the city, more convenient. Nothing before 8 a. m. if you were starving. While you can get light refreshments, as they call tea and cake at any time, you need not ask for a bit of meat before noon sharp. If it is only fifteen minutes to that time you may sit and wait for the magic hour. Short orders and meals at all hours do not go, nor can they even conceive the possibility of such a thing. After 7 p. m., if you have been so unfortunate as to be delayed on your outing, you will find the hotel dining room and all the restaurants closed. You may find some place where you fill up on tea and scones or go hungry. After the theater if you hunt vigorously you may find some place

where you can get some ice cream and cake, but unless you know of just the place you will visit six or seven well-known places before you find one open. Night, which in other quarters of the world is a period of joy and gaiety, in Sydney is like a Sunday evening in a New England village. By 9 o'clock the people are all in bed and asleep.

The worst plagues in the hotels and restaurants are the flies and mosquitos. Fleas are no worse than in California, but every traveler can use his own precautions. Before the swarms of flies and mosquitos he is helpless. So far as I could see no precaution is taken either to diminish their number or to guard against their ravages. Some of the beds have nets to let down at night to keep away mosquitos, which is a very antiquated manner, smothering in hot weather, preventing reading on account of danger from fire, and totally inadequate, as the hard mat they call a mattress always slides to one side exposing from one-fourth to one-third of the bed's surface to the little pests from beneath. As against flies they have neither fly paper, poison nor screens. As we learn from Herodotus that the Egyptians in his time used netting as screens, I am

constrained to say that the Australians are three thousand years behind the times. Becoming acquainted with a gentleman and his wife living at Brisbane, after thirteen years' residence in the United States, I asked him why they in particular did not use them. He replied that the wire cloth was not to be bought in Australia. So far as I could see, their only method of exterminating flies was by eating them. I am sure I found them in my chocolate, in my coffee, in my milk, in my sugar, in my soup, in the sauces by my meats, and in my sweets, which they so term what we call desserts. The sugar bowls on the tables, always without covers, were usually black with flies, so I had to mine towards the bottom in order to get a spoonful uncontaminated. They swarm free and unconstrained in the markets, the groceries, the bakeries, fruit stores, and in fact wherever food products are offered for sale. They are as oblivious of them as an Indian is of dirt. The answer is that the royal family and nobility in England do not use screens. I really wish the king would buy some so that the nobility and all down the line successively could use them, and I taking my after-dinner nap in far off Australia would not

have my forehead, which extends to the back of my neck, used as a skating rink. (This idea is for the benefit of colonials, as it is old and worn out in the United States). But there is a more serious aspect to this matter, as we will show a little later on.

Except in freezing carcasses for export to England, there is no refrigeration in Australia. There are no ice chests in meat markets, groceries, restaurants or private families. In front of every meat market is an iron grill, closed at night and on Sundays, behind which hang the meats with no other protection from the flies, dust from the street, and deterioration from heat in a climate where the rubber tree and palm live out of doors all the year. While I was there it was seriously discussed whether or not an ordinance should be passed compelling the butchers and meat markets to install ice chests. It was voted down on the ground that it would subject them to expense. On a Sunday I have often stopped to watch through the grills the thousands of flies at work on the meats which perforce might be my fate to eat on the morrow. On buying butter in a grocery it is not given to you in pound packages wrapped neatly up in parafine paper

right from the ice as here. It is ladled out of an open box not unlike our old cracker boxes, where it stands in full view exposed to all the flies and flying filthy dust of a great city. I am very, I might say inordinately, fond of sea food, and at first the lobsters, shrimps, oysters and fish exposed to view in the lunch houses looked very enticing. Beware; you may find them fresh once, but the probability is that three times out of four they are rotten, as they stand thus exposed on the plates day and night until they are eaten. If you were to ask the proprietor why he did not keep them in an ice chest he would not know what you meant, as perhaps he had never seen an ice chest. As a result intestinal diseases are very common. One hears about them on all sides. The hotels are full of them. They take them as a matter of course, as we do the catarrh in Chicago. I found that I could eat with safety only beef, pork and mutton. After a sickness that almost cost my life I had to cut sea food out of my diet altogether. At no time during my whole life have I been so near my death from disease as while there. Disturbed by the commotion caused by me when in agony, a dear old lady, who with her husband occupied the adjoining

room, with friendly offerings of brandy, etc., said to my nurse: "Now I know he has been eating fish. You must tell him that he cannot eat fish in Australia. They are very unhealthy in this country." I have spent several years on the seaboard in warm countries, and made many trips thither, one of which I have just concluded (Sept.-Oct., 1910), during which I lived upon fish, oysters, crabs and clams to absolute exclusion of meats without evil results. So I must conclude it is not the fault of the fish but the people that I and so many others were made ill in that country.

I might go on in this matter indefinitely. That backwardness extends through all the ramifications of life. One asks himself seriously the question: "Have we the right to place in the front rank of civilized people such violators of all the rules of right living?" Such methods and ways may have been good enough when George III was king. They are as antiquated now as a passenger sailing packet. It has been eighteen years now since I lived in England. I am not able at present to draw parallels between the English and the colonials, but my winter's trip left on my mind the conviction that the English race is becoming

ossified, that like the French before Sedan they think they have arrived at ultimate perfection, that nothing originating outside of England is worthy of serious consideration. If so they are in for a rude awakening. My conviction, rightly or wrongly, is that if ever the shock comes between Germany and England the immense colonial empire of the latter will tumble to the ground like a house of cards. I will not say that it would be for the world's betterment to have that cataclysm. I am only stating a mental conviction.

Although I have been ten times in Canada, visited Africa and Gibraltar twice, been in the black islands and British Honduras, all this struck me with overwhelming surprise. It is one thing to compare a few sparse highly cultivated English with negros, and to compare a great nation with the United States. And Canada is much farther ahead of Australia than is the United States ahead of Canada. The mere fact that the Australians think there is no country can teach them anything is itself a proof of decadency. In the swift race of life to stand still is to retrograde. I did not go to Australia on a voyage of political discovery, but I soon found myself think-

ing night and day over the matter and goading whatever intellectual vigor I may have in a search for the cause. I soon found that it was with them and all who have ever visited the country, a threadbare subject. Froude, the greatest English historian, does not take up that phase in his book "Oceania", and yet every speaker is daily asserting vehemently that the English are not decadent. Every day some writer in the press is declaring that there is no halting, that the English blood retains all its pristine vigor and that they are leading in the advancement of civilization, all impressions to the contrary notwithstanding; while the very adjoining article in the same paper is a melancholy confession of weakness and old fogyism. All the rest of the world, even the Chinese and Japanese, think the English are decadent. That is one thing upon which all the Canadians, Germans, French and Yankees on board the *Marama* were united in opinion. I believe they feel convinced of the fact themselves, or they would not among themselves so constantly be asserting the contrary. The woman who is constantly asserting her virtue has been, through all the ages, an object of suspicion.

Going down on the American boat was an Austrian Pole about thirty years of age I should judge. He got off at Tahiti and it seems stayed three weeks at the well-known social cranks' colony up the mountain, took the boat from there to Auckland, and not liking New Zealand, went from there to Sydney where I met him. He had lived in Germany, France, London and the United States, and was a thoroughly intelligent cosmopolitan. In a long conversation with me, without my once referring to the matter, he stated that Australia held nothing for a live man, and that he was going to the Argentine Republic; this ten thousand miles away as though it were across Lake Michigan. He attributed Australia's depressed condition, upon which he dwelt at length giving me many new points that I had not learned, to the flatheadedness of the English race who as he claimed were incapable of learning anything. In his own language he said: "The whole world is copying after the United States but the English; that is why they are getting left. No new idea can be introduced anywhere in the world that the United States does not at once adopt and improve upon. The English will not concede

that the United States, nor any other people in the world, can teach them anything. In Austria if a man is doing anything in a new manner on being asked why he replies that that is the way it is accomplished in the United States, which brings forth the rejoinder. Then it is all right."

To me it is still an open question whether the country owes her misfortunes mostly to English bullheadedness or to her form of government.

For all this the Australians are likable fellows with many noble traits. They are not puritans. While they observe the Sunday more strictly than they think of doing in the United States, most things that are considered mortal sins here they do not bother about. In this they seem to follow the precept of Marcus Aurelius who says: "Trouble not yourself over the wrongdoing of your neighbor. Perhaps he is not doing wrong." Their newspapers are not filled with the so-called "war on vice" while they keep mum during the time that thousands of millions of dollars are stolen by office holders from the public. Their local administration does not make a great noise in persecuting helpless fallen women, while

stealing ten millions a year as in Chicago. Prohibition receives little encouragement. As in England, Scotland and Ireland, even the most of the clergy indulge in moderation, which is the sensible philosophical point of view. I insert here a clipping to illustrate how the question is entertained in that country. Yet they do not have a law punishing anyone who does not drink liquor.

LOCAL OPTION IN ADELAIDE.

A Tempestuous Meeting.

Adelaide, Wednesday—At the local option meeting in the Central Market to-night between 4000 and 5000 people were present. The speakers were Revs. C. I. Schafer, John Patterson, and Neild.

It was evident from the beginning that the speakers would get a hostile reception, notwithstanding the presence of a large number of police.

As soon as the proceedings commenced, a fusilade of rotten eggs and ripe tomatoes assailed the speakers, whose clothes were liberally bespattered. It was impossible to hear their addresses owing to the crowd keeping up a constant chorus of interjections.

Mr. Schafer announced his intention of speaking if he stayed till midnight. The crowd kept pushing into the temporary platform, and several times the speakers had to hold on to a convenient pipe for support. The police moving amongst the crowd were tossed about like ninepins.

Despite the din, the gentlemen continued to address the meeting to the accompaniment of choruses and

throwing of eggs. Eventually the announcement that the lights would be turned off brought the meeting to a termination amid laughter. Immediately the speakers moved off, they were surrounded by a mob, who hooted continuously as they were being escorted by six policemen to the Pirie-street Methodist Church.

Horse racing, which in the States is the sum of all the villainies, is there a popular sport and is, I was told, often attended by the Episcopal and Catholic clergymen. The writer has not seen a horse race since the year 1872, but he can see no more wrong in it than in school boys racing. If anyone loses more than he can afford by betting upon them that is his lookout, not the public's. Boxing, one of the finest of all exercises to breed up manly men, is everywhere as popular and as little frowned upon as any other form of exercise. As a result the Australian uses his fist where the American uses his revolver, or the Italian his knife. On the boat going from Auckland to Sydney one evening two of the sailors on the main deck stripped for a four-round setto under all the rules. There was a referee and seconds. The rounds were timed, and many of us passengers above, ladies as well as gentlemen, crowded to the rail to watch it. It was a pretty exhibition. It made my blood move

quicker, and my only feeling was admiration for the sturdy handsome fellows who could stand up and take blows without wincing. I thought of the Greek philosopher who to impress upon his son the discipline of boxing called his attention to the fact that when a hard blow was struck the people witnessing it cried out, but not the athlete receiving the blow. A nation of boxers may be exterminated, but they can never be reduced to slavery.

Of course a common council's first duty is to save the souls of its burghers, although they may rob them of their wealth in so doing. In the United States murder is a trivial amusement, and stealing almost a praiseworthy enterprise. In Australia, strange to say, both are more severely frowned upon and suppressed than boxing and horse racing. Upon the whole I think that regard for the law is much stronger there than here. The verdicts of the juries as recorded in the legal columns of the daily press seem to make this statement unquestionable. While I was there two officers of trades unions were sentenced to the penitentiary for striking. I know this statement seems incredible, but I challenge contradic-

tion. Of course no one believes a jury could be found in the United States that would convict a union man of mayhem, arson, murder or any other crime in the penal code. As a lawyer of over forty years standing I think myself entitled to say that our trials by jury are only Judge Lynch courts, that the juries are only swayed by their sympathies to the absolute exclusion of the law and evidence.

In truth-telling and honesty in petty matters I think they lead the world. I soon learned to my great surprise that I could rely upon the statements of their shopkeepers. They seemed entirely above lying in order to sell goods. I think our storekeepers are far ahead of Europe in this respect, immeasurably above those of some nations I might mention, but in some places ours are bad enough. With some exceptions the storekeepers of New York will lie as easily and quickly for five cents as for five dollars. In Chicago they are almost as bad. I would like to tell my experiences in Chicago, my own town, since I returned. Upon the whole I regard the Australians as a kind-hearted, generous and praiseworthy people. I made some friends among them whom I shall ever remember with pleasure, and I parted

from the entire population with perhaps warmer feelings than from any other foreign people whatsoever. I sometimes, however, felt like grabbing them by the coat collar and shaking them for their stupidity. Even the girls, but this spanking at long distance is in no way incited by hatred.

I only met their professors, newspaper men, clergymen and high-class business men. As I am not a student of sociological questions I did not meet the proletariat, but frequently read their daily newspapers. The men with whom I talked, without exception, admitted Australia's deficiencies and even gave me unknown examples in proof of it. They, however, would not concede that it was due in any respect to English inborn stupidity. They attributed it wholly to another cause, which I will proceed to take up in another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Diseased Australia.

Australia is, with the exception of New Zealand, the country in the world where state paternalism is the strongest; I mean where the state, the commonwealth, the *res publica* endeavors to do the most for the individual and the most curbs his own efforts to work out his own welfare, where the state steps in and tries to take on its own shoulders all the results of profligacy, idleness, wastefulness and thoughtlessness on the part of the individual. I will call it socialism. They refuse to call it by that name in Australia, but that is a mere choice of terms. They call it "public ownership of utilities" and other pet names. Avowed socialists in the United States admit to me that it is experimental socialism. I shall call it that.

I ought to admit right at the start that I am not a socialist. That theory is not strong among farmers. I believe firmly that if people were to live sensibly nine-tenths of all the trouble in the world, whether from poverty or otherwise, would disappear; that three hours of work per day from each individual would suffice for all needs, but I would say to every individual you must live sensibly and do those three hours work or take the consequences. But the trouble is that most people do not want to live sensibly, that is the thing they most try to avoid. What they most try to realize is the escape from the penalty. I take it that socialism puts the penalty on industry and thrift, and gives the reward to idleness and improvidence. As I have been farming for twenty-five years, am now eating the fruits plucked from trees of my own planting, and daily work in my garden for some hours, I have a right to such belief. When I further say that I have a long, long record of altruistic efforts in behalf of individual members of the Chicago so-called poor, every one of which met with total failure, I think I may draw on my experience in support of my position. On the other hand I have, as a Chicago landlord, been

personally reproached for hard-heartedness by individuals who were probably destined to die in the poor house or county hospital, who never in their whole lives made an effort even on their own behalf, let alone others, except to spend all their own money before they got it. This much is certain, however, I returned from Australia less of a socialist than when I went thither.

American papers often refer to Australia as an argument in favor of the single tax theory, which they claim is a halfway house to Henry Georgeism. Whether movable goods in Australia are subject to a specific tax or not it did not occur to me to ask, but I deem it not material to the issue whether they are or not. While people are paying from four to six per cent every year on the selling value of every non-income-producing vacant lot they own in Chicago as a tax, while one man who is said to own over thirty million dollars worth of income producing stocks and bonds in the same place pays tax on only \$200,000 of them, I think we are near enough to single tax for all practical purposes. I know that Australia does not have a single tax. Every receipt, every check and every legal document must

be stamped the same as letters are with us. All of us who went through the Civil and Spanish wars know what a burdensome, vexatious and oppressive tax that is, and then every business from that of the poor widow with her few boarders to the great hotel must pay for a license or permit. Possibly the disciples of Henry George would not call that a tax. Then there is the income tax and import tax, and I wish I could enumerate all that might come under that head. My impression is that the country element pays many more kinds of tax than the American farmer who pays only on his land and his stock. Postage we can hardly call a tax as that is for service directly rendered, while the government does not draw up your receipts, checks or legal documents.

It is not possible for me to give a complete list of all government functions in that country. I could not get in any form a complete catalog and its extent; what I did get would make a larger book than this will be and more tiresome to read, I believe. I might say it leaves to the individual the task of bringing the successive generations into the world and little beyond. The state owns all the railways,

all the street cars, all the telegraphs, telephones, lighting plants, water plants, owns most of and is trying to own all the lands and mines. It runs banks, sleeping cars, railway eating houses. It insures your life and your old age. It regulates just what wages you shall receive or pay. I append the following clipping from a Sydney daily paper, as above statement may seem incredible. I saw numerous other references to this question, and its correctness may not be doubted.

JUDGE ON "BLACKLEGGING."

Have Men No Manhood.

In the Industrial Court yesterday a carter admitted that he had signed for £2 3s per week for some considerable time, although his employer paid him only £2.

Judge Heydon: Well, if people will sign a thing that is false—

Witness: What was I to do? Am I to leave my wife and children to starve?

Judge Heydon: What are you to do? You, a man there, and asking me that? Are men prepared to make no sacrifice for their manhood? I am perfectly astonished. A man seems to think that pressure of circumstances is excuse for a thing of this kind.

Union Representative: We wish to take certain steps to do away with this kind of thing.

Judge Heydon: We've had a strike on for something like four months. No question of starving en-

tered into that. Here a man comes into court who has signed for a wage by which he has blacklegged, and has helped to defraud his fellow men, and does it because, as he says, he cannot allow his children to starve. Men seem to be willing to enter into a conspiracy with their employers to defraud their fellow men. You go and accept a lower wage, and allow the award to crumble away. What is the use of making an award? You then come into court and pull a poor mouth. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

The state says just what time you may open your shop and at what hour you must close it. I saw reports in court proceedings of store keepers who were arrested and fined for keeping open fifteen minutes after legal time for closing. It says that in addition to Sunday you must close for half a day as holiday, which must be either Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, which time, however, you register with the government. As customers usually do not know which day is taken dealers usually close both, as they told me because while expenses go on the alternate days nobody comes in. To a reporter said one store keeper who had been arrested several times and fined for keeping open a few minutes after time to accommodate customers then in the store: "I am so harassed by officials that I am greatly inclined to close my doors for good and never open

them again." This I read myself in one of their daily newspapers. Your books must be constantly open to unexpected visits of inspectors; every detail is under their supervision. If you are making too much money you are warned. If the government wants to conduct same business you are ousted. This on the authority of a man who had been in business there and who was coming to try his fortune in Canada. In our country every distillery, in the theory of the law, is conducting a branch of government business; that the owners are only supervising the business for the government. I would say that applies to every line of enterprise in Australia. Nor is the family exempt; wages of domestics are regulated, their hours of work, holidays, perquisites, laid down to utmost degree. I do not know if the law regulates the number of times each week a man may kiss his wife.

You are not permitted to introduce a new enterprise or invention without government sanction. Australia raises much wheat which is exported to England. It is put into sacks, unloaded by hand from wagons at the stations, piled up in great stacks on the platform, where it stands exposed to the pouring rain for days

One time while there it rained steadily for a week upon it. Then loaded into the goods vans by hand, unloaded by hand at port, and carried into the hold of steamers by hand, where I bade good bye to it. An American went there and attempted to introduce a system of elevators as in this country. Government refused to allow him to build even one, stating that when they thought elevators needed they would build them themselves. I have this on reliable authority. While there a mere boy of a scientific turn of mind rigged up a sort of wireless telegraph at his own expense and caught a message from a British man of war lying in a port at New Zealand. The newspapers made a great ado about the matter, both on account of its being done by a boy and being the first time a message had ever been received on land in Australia. Of course there is no wireless in that land. Government stepped in and stopped him. On his appealing to the press he was told by same authority that upon payment by him of \$20 per year he might experiment, but that on no account might he receive or send any message; that it was fully decided by government that no new enterprises by individuals would be

permitted. I usually in a foreign land try to keep my mouth shut, that is as far as a portion of Irish blood would let me, but this was too much. Sitting in a club where some newspaper writers were seated I denounced the condition. I stated that I thought I had at times seen the limit of executive stupidity in America, but that this far surpassed the limits of even my vivid imagination.

The human race has not yet sounded the depths of nature; like its ruler it is infinite. As many great principles still lie undiscovered as have been disclosed by man to the present time. The investigation of natural principles respond to encouragement; it will be as easily chilled by discouragement. Australia will never lead in the search for new truths. No Marconi or Edison will ever arise in that country. If one should make a discovery, which is improbable, he will go to Canada or the United States to reap the harvest of his ingenuity.

All over the United States little villages and communities have established their own system of telephones. In some places, where I live for instance, with two telephone systems a few relatives have their own little telephone

for their own privacy and family convenience. Such a state of affairs could not exist there.

How far all this goes I have not the information at hand nor the space to give it if I had. I append, however, this clipping from Pearson's Magazine, an English as well as American publication:

Nor is there such a venerable parasite in New South Wales, Victoria or South Australia. In all of these places, the capitalist grafter has been cut out, so far as the marketing of farm products is concerned. New South Wales not only undertakes to kill, dress and market cattle, hogs and sheep, but kills and markets poultry, besides handling butter, grain, wine, fruit, honey, or anything else of the sort that the farmer wants to put on the market.

All of which sounds very attractive, but the result of which is that there the farmer is more fleeced to support hordes of city dwellers than in any other country on earth. Put all your money in my pocket and I will do you good is a plea that has humbugged the human race since man was first created.

Where a people have made such strides towards the millennium one naturally looks for a happy, prosperous, contented people. You ask what more could a people possibly want? The first thing that assails the visitor is a clamor that reaches the sky, exceeding any-

thing we have heard in this country since the anti-slavery crusade. No words are spared, nō epithets neglected; every property owner, every business man, every person who lends money, is termed a robber, an undesirable. He is told that he and his kind are to be exterminated, that the sooner he leaves Australia the better. Every year new laws are made to check the business man's success; every year he finds harder to do business. On the other hand the office holders are called every name that vigorous Anglo-Saxon dialect can imagine. They are told they deserve hanging. The whole matter only stops short of throat cutting and internecine war. The feeling is as bitter as in our own country between slave holder and abolitionist in 1860, and Australia suffers from it all, without any prospect of healing of its wounds throughout all time. I grant the newspapers there give their readers the right to express their thoughts, whether it agrees with the editorial tone of the paper or not, in strong contrast with our own which only publish coincidence with their own views, and some of the letters published are specimens of vigorous English. Nor do individuals use less direct language in conversa-

tion with reference to the popular leaders. Nobody in the United States really wants to hang Joe Cannon or Roosevelt. The conservative business element would really like to hang their leaders. And yet socialism in Australia has, according to its advocates, only made a beginning, that efforts would not cease until government owned everything. I append their platform as taken from the leading union labor organ, a daily paper:

FIGHTING PLATFORM.

With the items already mentioned, our platform includes:—

1. Maintenance of White Australia.
2. The new protection.
3. Nationalization of monopolies.
4. Graduated tax on unimproved land values.
5. Citizen defence force.
6. Commonwealth Bank.
7. Restriction of public borrowing.
8. Navigation laws.
9. Arbitration Act amendment.
10. Insurance, including insurance against unemployment.

Under one name or another the different functions of the old regime have ruled Australia since constitutional government was granted. The progressive legislation of recent years is due, not to them, but to the influence—Parliamentary and educational—of the Labor Party. We now ask the electors to give us a majority to break down land monopoly, develop Australia, give effect to our own platform, and administer our laws.

The greatest fight is now being made for government wages for the unemployed. This of course has the hearty support of the thousands and thousands of idle men who hang around Circular Quay and the parks, and of the orators who nightly orate to applauding multitudes in the public squares. When I asked one of them what would be done in that case with the immense and ever increasing army of unemployed I was told that government would apportion them off and compel each one to labor a given time at government industries. *En passant*; I earnestly desire that Australia would introduce both of those laws. I believe in vivisection, otherwise trying it on a dog.

The great question that has been always asked me since I came home was: "What service does the state give the people?" Bureaucratic service, that is, as little for the money as possible, formal, careless, indifferent and blundering. Try doing business in the Chicago City Hall or County Court Building, and then do business with some great bank or mercantile establishment and you will learn what bureaucracy means. I was taught this lesson when a young lawyer. I wished to ascertain

whether a certain class of United States bonds existed as I suspected a swindle based on their alleged ownership. I went to the subtreasurer in Chicago, a man who for many years had held all the positions within the gift of the people except that of president of the United States. He did not know, he stated, but referred me to his cashier, who had formerly been sheriff of Cook County. He did not know but referred me to an employee of the First National Bank of Chicago, who he said, might know. Mr. S——, the employee in question, hardly looking up from his work replied: "There are no such bonds, and there were never such bonds."

Their bureau of information is state owned. They answer your question by giving you a printed sheet through a wicket. That friendly, chatty interview so common and so instructive all over our states is wholly foreign to them. It is like buying postage stamps. I am not able to speak of their telegraph and other state service in all its ramifications, but judge from the volume of complaints that constantly arise there is the same chilly bureaucratic air of great favor conferred in attending to the matter at all.

In their railway service I can speak more definitely. It fully exemplifies the truth that all public enterprises are terribly shiftless, expensive and inferior. Australians pay just twice as much for first-class fares as we do in Illinois, same being there four cents per mile against two here. Their sleeping car rates on top of that are about the same as in our Pullmans, but there all comparison ceases. Nowhere in all the United States, in Florida, Arkansas or Arizona will one find such poor equipments as their first-class cars. Dirty cars with seats covered with leather cushions full of holes and fleas, leaking in the rain, dripping oil all the time, running over wabbling road beds while making about twenty miles per hour, is the best they can offer to the highest rate payers. Second-class cars are about equal to our freight cars, with cloth-covered, straight-back benches. Of our splendid efficient service in all its branches they cannot even dream. If anyone favors state ownership of railroads I would advise him to visit that country before he votes for it.

A small matter, but I note that time tables, or as we call them "folders", which in the

United States are given away are there paid for at two cents each.

As to their street car service it is equally lacking; it is scarce and vexatious. They make much of their two-cent fare, but that is only for a few blocks with no transfer. The towns are cut up into sections which you do not know, and you may get on one block short of a section, then off one block beyond a section. You have ridden perhaps half a mile and paid six cents. To ride as far as from State Street to Austin in Chicago would cost fourteen cents, as against five cents with us. I found that to visit a suburban village about four or five miles from Circular Quay would invariably cost me ten cents each way. Upon the whole I found street car fares cost me considerably more in Brisbane or Sydney than in any American city. It was hardly worth while risking one's life getting on and off for the three or four blocks covered by a penny or two cent fare. The cars run only on the best streets where they will make a good showing. The passengers from New Zealand boats are landed at the foot of a hill in Sydney perhaps seventy or eighty feet high, half a mile away from the street cars. I saw women leading

little children, lugging great telescopes and bundles up that great height where a man would not care to climb. A street leading directly along the wharves runs towards the city hall, which is the real heart of the town, from which with transfers one could go in any direction. One reason of this scarcity of lines, they tell me, is that bonds must be sold to lay every mile of track, which costs the government twice as much as though laid by private enterprise, and the interest on those bonds is paid by taxation. So that the tax payer pays for street car rides if he does not even live in the town. I think if I were a sheep raiser living sixty or eighty miles from a railroad I would say: "It is all right for you to enjoy the dissipations of city life, which are dearer to you than existence itself, but pay for them; don't ask me to do so." And this, in addition to poor, expensive service, is just what they are doing. Their intelligent men all admit that their whole system of government tends to congest everything in their state capitals, and to support at high salaries great hordes of shirking, time-stealing officials at the expense of the farming element and to the deterioration of the agricultural regions. As a

large city shut up by siege soon reaches the starvation point, so a city would soon tax itself to poverty and bankruptcy if it did not in some way contrive to bleed the outside without compensation. In Australia they have carried this to a fine point. The country now does everything for Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane but feeding and housing the people, and they are clamoring for that; I think they will get it. If the sheep raiser submits to it he deserves the bleeding he will certainly get.

The system not only robs the country element but it deprives even the young city man of all incentive to exertion. He looks forward only to holding an office in some bureau. That air of reaching out for great things so common to our young man is wholly wanting. His is the air of a serf who does not even dream of liberty. If he is not thinking of holding an office he is planning to emigrate. As a result of it all I predict that Australia fifty years from now will be further behind in the race for comparative wealth than now. She will still have the land. All the rest will be owned by the bond holders in Europe, and her own children will curse her name.

CHAPTER VI.

The Chinese Question.

It ill becomes any man residing in the United States, considering our inhuman treatment of the Chinamen who have sneaked into our country, to criticize Australia for excluding them. However, as I do not agree with our policy in that respect I think I have that right. In fact I will assume the prophet's right which has existed since the beginning of the world: "You must not do as I do but do as I say." I don't want any colonial to throw back at me that because I exclude a poor undersized human being who lacks every expert trade or profession and cannot even speak the language of the country where he wants to earn the little he eats, he, the said colonial, is thereby justified in so doing. I may be a fool, but that is no reason for your doing foolish things.

Personally I agree with Socrates wherein he says: "I am not merely a citizen of Athens. I am a citizen of the world." I believe that the world belongs to all the people in the world; that every man has a natural born right to go anywhere in the world to earn his bread and butter and rear his little family where he stands the best chance of elevating them above his standard; that all peoples are either human beings or beasts of burden. If humans they should be so treated, if beasts of burden the more of them in the country the richer it is, the same as though they were mules or horses. It does not necessarily follow from this that they should vote or govern us. On the contrary we have been going too far in letting foreigners who have only been in our country six months or a year to decide our elections, but even that has damaged us less than the use of unlimited suffrage in our large cities. Where foreigners have gone out with the rest into the wilderness as pioneers it is right they should help build up the state from its foundation, and upon the whole it has been for the country's benefit. Any European of good habits who has moved into the wilderness and put his shoulder to the wheel is a help to the

community, even if he can only count his residence by months; and that problem is a very short one; life is very short. Of the great German and Irish immigration of forty years ago nearly all the participants are dead; they did not wreck the country; they did not come here for that purpose. Nor will the new comers wreck the country if our people act in a sensible manner; they do not come for that purpose. The principle of allowing one set of men to spend the money and compelling another set to pay all the bills is a much more dangerous heresy. If the country be wrecked it will be through the vicious, penniless element, the voters who now decide all our elections except in the rural communities. So far the system has proved a failure in all our large cities, and one hundred years' trial shows that the city loafer and lodging-house bum is a more dangerous element in the community than the newly-arrived immigrant even though the tough's ancestors may have come over in the Mayflower. Still I would lay it down as a principle that no man should vote unless he has lived twenty-one years in the country, and that no man should vote to say how taxes should be spent unless he also paid taxes.

While I think it is the proper province of the state legislature to pass restraining laws of all kinds, I do not take it to be the province of a city administration to save souls. A city should be a great corporation run for the benefit of the stockholders the same as a great modern hotel is run by its stockholders. These principles being agreed to, which I do not expect the average city man to agree to, no immigrant unless he be an out-and-out criminal can be a menace to our form of government or otherwise than a benefit to the community, as much so as a mule or a horse, or a steam engine or a water mill.

While our immigration laws are supposed to exclude Asiatics, the fact is that they do not. Possibly Hindoos, but certainly only the Chinese are kept out. They have only to come by way of the Atlantic Ocean and all the Jews, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, Syrians and Russians of Asia can come in. Also the Japs from the west if provided with a passport. Such a rule convicts any country of barbarism, so much so as the Egyptians when it was death for a stranger to enter their kingdom, even ship-wrecked sailors being put to death. So that it all simmers down to the fact that we

fear the Chinese and no other people on earth.

Before we take up that question with reference to Australia, I think we may ask how far that discrimination is justified with reference to ourselves. A winter spent in Honolulu about eight years ago enlightened me greatly on that matter. They had been well treated under the native Hawaiian government, and it was they who really created the islands. It was the best place I have ever been in to study their development under favorable circumstances. Americans who had lived long on the islands were unanimous in expressing the opinion that they were an industrious, temperate, honest, law-abiding and provident people. My own eyes taught me that when prosperous, as many of them were, they lived in as fine houses, ate as well, dressed as well, and spent money for entertainment as freely as any people of same circumstances from Europe. Many of them kept fine horses and carriages and coachmen; all rode on street cars freely and bought American or European made goods when they suited their convenience. Nor did they all try to stay in the city loafing around the streets by thousands or earning a precarious existence by any and every despicable

method imaginable like so many of our European new-comers. They were the main stay of the sugar plantations, the gardeners and fishers. Up against the sides of the mountains, down in the swamps, wherever a space not much larger than an American house could be cut out lived a Chinaman, patient and satisfied. He was yellow and a heathen, but for one I felt that so long as he lived that way he had the right to go anywhere that he could repeat the act, get the little he ate from the soil itself and the little roof to cover himself and his family. The second generation was even a more interesting study to me. I found the young men born and brought up on the island scholarly and bright, as thoroughly Americanized in looks, clothing and demeanor as any descendants of Europeans in Chicago. One, a fine looking merchant at the head of a large business, I asked how he found the new American regime as compared with the old native rule. "Much worse", he replied; "sugar stocks have gone down more than one-half; everything is in a slump; every week sees some store close; even the Chinese merchants are selling their goods for whatever they can get and going back to China. On top of this the

United States government is taking away from the islands every year eleven hundred thousand dollars more than it expends here." I was too astonished and paralyzed to say another word. I hunted up my newspaper friend and mentioned what the Chinaman had said. He said it was true. "Then", I exclaimed, "it means the ultimate bankruptcy of the whole community, as it cannot long stand the clear drain of over a million a year." I do not know that I started it, but the papers took it up, published columns on that subject, and were ringing the changes on it even when I left.

I found what he had said to be true to the letter. Honolulu was in the grip of an unparalleled depression. While I was there over a dozen American stores closed their doors by actual count. The hotels were being run at a loss. Every boat was filled with whites leaving the islands for good, whereas it was commonly said in the good old days of Kalakaua among the Americans diamonds had been more common than ice, and champaign had flowed more freely than water; while at the same time whites in all lines of expert work were paid much higher wages than in Cali-

fornia. The whole history of the Hawaiian Islands demonstrates that every non-criminal Chinaman is an addition to the wealth and prosperity of a country. Tahiti also proves it today.

About thirty-five years ago I met a lumber manufacturer from some place in Northern California who was stopping in Chicago. In answer to my question concerning that country I remember distinctly his stating that two years of California would spoil any man, that the streets of San Francisco were filled with idle men who claimed to be hunting work, while away from the city he could get no one to do any work at all but Chinese, and not enough of them. In his very language: "They won't work themselves and they want to prevent the Chinese from working for us." After three extended stays in San Francisco I can say that the same is absolutely true today. Of all the large cities on this side of the Atlantic Ocean I would say that that city and Sydney, Australia, have the largest body of habitual idlers. Of course in both cities there are very many men so low, so drunken, depraved, lazy and dishonest that neither the pressure nor the absence of Chinese can help. These we

may totally disregard in our considerations, except that each of them has a vote. The others are simply standing in their own light. There are sensible men found living even in the great cities, but their voice has little weight. There have been men all along, even in California, who saw the truth. Coming east across the Pacific Ocean on the great Siberia a number of years ago I became acquainted with one of the leading business men of San Francisco. In a talk with him on those questions he said: "California needs badly and could take care of thirty thousand Chinese immigrants each year. They would only make more easy jobs for so many more lazy whites who are now going hungry." A Texas gentleman told me that that state was crazy for labor. That a hundred thousand Chinese a year going thither would tend to make the lot of every white man and woman in the commonwealth lighter and their lives more pleasant. Living as I do in the country fifty miles from Chicago, where it is impossible to get help, man or woman, I can say the same thing of Illinois.

But we draw the line at Chinese. All the Negro Fellahs and Bedouins of Africa could

come unrestrained into the United States; all the degraded natives of the black islands and the Carribean coast; all the Indians of Mexico, South or Central America could flock hither, but not into Australia. They tell me that neither Chinese, Negros, Hindoos nor Indians, even though they be British subjects born under the British flag, may now go into Australia; nor even the Japanese, their national allies. This they call maintaining the white Australia.

This plea comes with particularly bad grace from Englishmen. They have never stopped to consider whether the aborigines of any country were black, yellow, red or brown when they wanted to go there. The mere fact that they were off color was a very strong inducement to go into their country. The discovery of a people not white living anywhere on the globe gave them divine right to go there and take possession. No nation since the beginning of the world has ever so thoroughly and so extensively exploited the colored races as the English. Even now were a large island discovered anywhere on the earth, with people other than white, they would at once go there and raise their flag. As they say in the South

Sea Islands: "First comes the trader, then comes the missionary, then comes the soldier, and then we belong to the great father". It is quite certain that Australia was not a white country when the English first entered the country, the aborigines being the blackest of the black. Even now they are booming Papua, an equatorial continent lying to the north of Australia, which is said to be inhabited by about half a million of people belonging, according to authority, to the same race as the Fiji Islanders ethnologically. Almost every day one sees letters from there and editorials setting forth its advantages for whites in rubber raising, etc., telling the needs of prospective settlers, etc. This, although not much over one per cent of Australia itself has been touched. We hear no talk about the maintenance of a black Papua.

I cannot conceive why the English should fear the inferior races. It is a mighty poor Englishman who cannot get on the backs of a dozen "niggers" and make them carry him. In fact the whole nation is carried on the backs of the "niggers", as she calls them. Without her dependencies the English are fitted to

compete with neither the Frenchman, German nor Yankee for the world's trade.

Talking in a club I asked a Sydney gentleman of intelligence why they excluded the Chinese. He replied that they wanted a white Australia. I asked him if they were not permitted to vote how that would affect their ownership of Australia. Without replying to the question, he broke out: "They would marry our white women". "There is no law compelling any white woman to marry a Chinaman", I rejoined. "Yes, but they will do it", he answered. "Well then", I said, "if any woman wants a husband so badly that she will marry a Chinaman she ought to be allowed to do so." He would talk no further on the subject.

Since when have the English been so particular about keeping their blood pure? They go to China and marry the Chinese, to India and marry the Hindoos, to North America and marry the Indians, to New Zealand and marry the Maoris, to the black islands and marry the Negros. Every place I have ever been on the broad earth I find Englishmen married to native women of another color. Do not understand me to reprobate it. I believe the inhabi-

tants of Germany and Great Britain, for whatever cause, to be the best racial stock now on earth, and that all inferior races, and there are inferior races, are greatly benefited by its infusion, whether accompanied or not by the priest's blessing. The blood question is merely a childish subterfuge.

I will not speak of the Hindoos, because I do not yet know that people except as I have seen them in the Fiji Islands and British Columbia. I will express it as my sincere conviction that twenty millions of Chinamen living on the continent would put Australia in the rank where she really belongs. If there be any man or woman on the place that would not be benefited, then God help them; they are beyond human amelioration. Five millions more Britons would soon follow them to share in their pickings. Taking part at first in the most unskilled labors and menial offices it would increase to an enormous degree the demand for expert skilled labor. With more trains to run it would necessitate more engineers, more conductors, more employees of all kinds from repair men to book keepers. It would mean more street cars, and consequently more conductors and motormen, and

more electricians. It would mean more lawyers, more doctors, more preachers, more actors, more saloon keepers, more gamblers, more thieves. It would mean more police, more bailiffs, more clerks, more judges. It would mean a large army of employees to levy, collect and keep track of the taxes to pay off the preceding. Then it would take a smaller army to levy and collect the taxes to pay the preceding army of tax levyers and collectors, then a smaller army to levy and collect the taxes to pay the preceding, then a smaller army to levy and collect the taxes to pay the preceding, then a smaller army to levy and collect the taxes to pay the preceding, and so on to the end of this book. And then it would give an excuse for a standing army to parade around with dashing officers, and a navy very ornamental with officers to make love to the ladies. The maid who now cleans your room would then wear her furs and diamonds as the wife of some fat office holder, and scold the Chinese houseman and the Chinese cook. And then they would get better cooking. And then if there were any Englishmen so worthless as to be made no use of at all they could do as we do in the United States—put him on the pay-

roll on general principles; and the Chink would dig and grub and pay for it all. I think we could conservatively estimate that every five Chinese men could support one Englishman in ease and luxury.

Land which now finds no sale at \$5.00 per acre would then be in demand at ten times that price.

There is another aspect to this question. Australia is now more fully awake to this matter than either England or the United States. I refer to what is popularly known as the Yellow Peril, although neither the Japanese or Hindoos are yellow. I have been knocking around the Pacific Ocean and its shores in many trips extending over nearly twenty years, and as many friends will testify, have been fortelling conditions to arise ever since the night the Russian warships were blown up in the harbor at Port Arthur. We are now face to face with the most momentous period since Mahomet preached his jehad on the deserts of Arabia. It may be averted by skillful management, but I have great fear that within twenty years we will see the Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos and probably the Philipines arrayed in battle against the whites with

the cry: "Asia for the Asiatics". When it does occur, woe to the whites. It will take a great deal of blood to wash out the insults and contumely of four hundred years. It may upturn our present social fabric as completely as did the eruption of the Goths and Vandals in the latter period of the Roman Empire, and start everything anew. What would the language and institutions of England be at present with the continued predominance of Roman ideas. From their standpoint they have a just cause, a great prize to work for—the Christian example and the incentive of loot which throughout all the ages has been an army's strongest impulse. It is so sweet to reap where another has sown. I feel that if I were a Chinaman I should work steadily with that object in view, knowing myself to be justified. I know the Japanese are so doing. When in Alaska I was told by missionaries that the Japanese working in the salmon canneries there are telling the Indians that in a few years they will be owning Alaska. I believe that today they could pick up that territory, the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines as easily as taking candy from a baby. For that reason I believe every able bodied

young American should be compelled to give one year's service in camp and military training. Our whole history proves that the first thing a militia does when facing an enemy is to turn and run. They have never been able to fight even Indians, as Crawford's, Harner's, St. Clair's and many other campaigns have shown. I believe that without extended notice and time for preparation on our part a hundred thousand Germans or Japanese could march from New York to San Francisco. Such time for preparation will not be given in the next great war. The United States are now in the placid fatuous condition that Persia was in when Alexander with 30,000 Greeks over-ran the country and subverted the monarchy.

If these things be even approximately true with reference to our country with its ninety-five millions, and I believe them to be wholly true, what may be the state of Australia facing India and China with less than five millions? They are fully alive to their peril. One of their public speakers while I was there said in a public speech that Australia was the weakest spot in the empire. An editorial said that Australia was now in greater danger than at any time in her history. Another speaker that

Mr. Roosevelt did Australia the greatest possible injury that could be done to her in calling the Portsmouth conference. My views on those subjects, which at first met so much derision in Chicago, met with complete acquiescence in that country. They are even preparing for the event. They are trying to enroll every young man of fighting age, and every evening in the parks one sees them drilling until a late hour. It is almost like our country at the beginning of the Civil war.

How can there be any difference of opinion among sensible men on this subject? There is China with her swarming, congested four hundred millions of people living like animals who only ask a chance for a little land upon which to earn bread and roof, with no door open to them but Mexico and a few French islands. Over there lies Australia with room for four hundred millions more, with millions of square miles lying idle and they kept out. It is contrary to the eternal laws of nature. While I might sympathize with the Australians for blood reasons, still in case of their conquest I could only say: "You got what you deserved."

Japan would take the Hawaiian Islands,

Alaska, the Philippines, and probably some of the other Dutch or English islands; India would be given her independence, and China offered as her reward for participating, Hong Kong, Cochin China and Australia. Germany, probably a participant, would take Africa and the whole of Papua. England would not have a friend outside of the United States and decrepit France. We will probably get our dose first and fight our battles alone.

“How in the name of goodness then will twenty millions of Chinese strengthen Australia?” I am asked. Anything that tends to relieve the pressure in China tends to prolong the day of reckoning. So long as they can go into a country freely there will be the less inclination to fight for entrance. No German or Scandinavian ever had to fight to enter our country. They had to fight, and did fight successfully, to enter England, France and Italy. Steam allowed to escape in the proper manner is a beneficent agent, confined is a destructive explosive. All revolutionists have felt what a power the army and the administration has as against mere numbers. Neither Russia nor Spain can become a republic until the army is reduced. Australia with ten millions of whites

organized, and her probable half million of men ready for the field, with twenty millions of Chinese for forced work and to pay the costs by their taxes, to furnish the sinews of war in fact, could put up a successful fight on interior lines against any army coming several thousand miles. We all know how much the slaves aided the South in continuing the struggle during our Civil war. Such a civilian working force would probably allow the whites to put over a million and a half fighting men into the field.

It is well known that the ties of religion are stronger than the ties of blood. The French Huguenots were ready to assist foreigners fight against their own people; so in Germany and the low countries during the Thirty Years war. If the Christianized Chinese had not assisted the legations in the Peking siege the story might have ended very differently. And the matter of rearing and education is very powerful. Northern people living in the South with few exceptions took part in our Civil war with their neighbors.

Cardinal Richelieu used to say that if you wanted to make a man become a dog treat him like a dog. Conversely, if you want to make

a man out of a Chinaman treat him like a man. The best manner to secure the physical safety of Australia is to anglicize the Chinaman. Take them from their cradles, educate them as they do in Hawaii; let the native born vote and hold positions as other native born sons. It would be found that the love of the country where their eyes first opened, and where their infant years were passed, would predominate over every feeling whatever. Their whole affections, sympathies and efforts would work to maintain the statu quo. They would fear the establishment of an Asiatic power with as great an abhorrence as we now would the supremacy of a European monarch. Still more would the thousands who were Christianized from birth or who might claim the united blood. We of colonial descent in the United States know what that feeling means. When I was a boy books were scarce and those largely tales of accounts of our Revolutionary war or our War of 1812. I well remember reading and rereading them, and listening during the long winter evenings to the stories told by our elders of those wars when they were still recent events, and particularly of the border Indian wars when those savages, even

against their will, were incited and compelled by the English to war against the colonists, their own flesh and blood, of the atrocities committed by them against helpless women and children; how even after the treaty of peace they were still urged on by a defeated foe to keep up an endless struggle, giving every year new and sufficient causes for war until it culminated anew in open war; and I remember how my cheeks would burn with indignation and a desire when grown up to participate in a war against that country. And yet I felt no hatred for any single Englishman such as constantly come into our country, only for that indefinite existence known as the England. This kept up over our whole country until the memories of those events were drowned by the tremendous events of our great civil struggle. With me they remained until, a grown man, I visited many colonies ruled by England and saw the really excellent work done in all of them. On the other hand England has never repeated that error. She did not attempt it in South Africa.

If Australia some day doesn't equally rue her policy in excluding all other races I shall be greatly mistaken. Her policy in this respect, no less than her policy of state ownership, is equally a mortal disease.

CHAPTER VII.

New Zealand.

The two islands with Chatham Island constituting the country of New Zealand (a very poor name) lie between $34\frac{1}{2}$ and 47 degrees of south latitude, or say from Wilmington, N. C., to Lake Superior. The climate, however, is much more equable than that between the same degrees of our country. It is cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Tree ferns grow larger than I had ever seen them before in the open. Palms, rubber trees, orange and lemon trees live as far south as Auckland. For some reason, however, neither oranges nor lemons are grown, all seen coming from California. As this, however, proves true of other fruits, such as grapes, etc., I shall think it may be attributed to disinclination to cultivate them on state owned ground. I found winter

clothing, a heavy cap and an overcoat necessary at Wellington in February, answering to our August. I noticed everybody going similarly clad. In fact at times a fire would have been comfortable. It is geologically a true continent, having all the characteristics and formations of such an independent existence. Scientific men of Australia say it formerly constituted a part of that continent. I did not read their reasons as their geological reports, so far as furnished me, did not treat of that phase, but to me it looked as distinct from Australia as Cuba is from Florida. If ever connected it must have been prior to the advent of warm blooded animals, as no four-footed beasts at all, unless we except the rat, were found in New Zealand, while, as formerly stated, Australia is wonderfully rich in mammals. Practically all the clays and building stones are found, while coal, iron, gold and some gem stones are abundant, notably the famed jade, or more correctly speaking, nephrite, which they wrongly term green stone. In fertility of soil and abundance of timber adapted to building material it far surpasses Australia. In beauty of scenery it possibly may be compared with Central Amer-

ica, but taken as a whole I know of no other country that may rank with it. One of its rivers may even excel the Hudson or Rhine in grandeur. It is the paradise of the sheep. I noticed that there they wander in couples or solitary, owing to their having lost the sense of fear from the total absence of their natural enemies. In most countries, particularly in our continent, they flock together from a sense of insecurity.

The soil seems to be of incredible fertility. Statistics that they furnish us of the yield in wheat and oats per acre beat any record we have ever established in Illinois. Ditches dug along the railroads for drainage proved the soil to be black and waxy down to four or five feet in depth. The fruit trees I saw seemed to be heavily loaded, so that the scarcity and very high price of fruit seemed to depend upon the little attention given to its cultivation rather than any natural reason. Upon the whole I can coincide with the general impression when I say that nature has done for New Zealand all that it can do for any country on this material sphere. The superiority of the Maoris, its original race, over that of any other South Sea people incontestibly proves its

natural adaption as a home for the human animal.

The sea is as generous to our race as the land. The surrounding waters swarm with fish of many kinds. I am not a fisherman, but a friend that is, who tried his luck on the interior fresh waters, told me fish were too abundant to furnish sport.

Considering its favorable position, its fertile soil, its abundance of resources in timber and the products of the mines, its climate and abundance of land, we have a right to say that the British race there may be held to a strict accountability. That if they are ruining the country for all time they should be held up to all the world for reprobation, and if they are lagging behind the thirsty desert known as Mexico, with its ten millions of full-blooded Indians, they may plead no extenuating circumstances; nor can they say that I, who have always spoken so highly of British Columbia, am a prejudiced observer. If the latter country, also mostly British, forges ahead of them with startling rapidity it cannot be otherwise than in the people themselves. Either I am lying or the British race has lost its vigor or the institutions of New Zealand are wrong.

The shortest way out of it for a Briton would be to say I am lying.

I will admit my ideas of the country, formed from previous reading, may have been unduly exalted. We have been taught by our socialistic writers that of all the countries in the world in beauty, fertility, climate, productions, and the advanced nature of its institutions, it was in the lead. I never saw a reference to it in a newspaper or a magazine where it was not held up to us as an example or a model to follow. Since a young man I had always thought that if fate made it desirable for me to leave my native land and sink my past, New Zealand is where I would go. The present trip found me going neither as an emigrant nor with the object of either praising or finding fault with its institutions, or with the object in fact of writing about them at all. I am not a student of sociology. This is a new role and was, I might say, thrust upon me. I found upon landing my impressions half met and half disappointed. The country is all my dreams had pictured it; in every other respect I found it the least desirable country I had ever seen lying between Eastern Asia and Europe. I had thought that if I ever looted a

bank of six or seven millions of dollars I would hide myself in New Zealand. As the result of my inquiries there I have concluded not to loot a bank of six or seven millions of dollars and stay in God's country.

I landed in Wellington, the capital of the commonwealth, about noon. By evening I found myself living in the second hotel in rank of the town, a place of such unparalleled badness that I wondered why it was kept open at all. Nowhere, even in Africa, had I found one so bad except in the native caravansaries. I had yet to learn that in all New Zealand there was no hotel, only boarding houses, and those with one or two exceptions execrable. Before evening I had remarked that unless I was greatly mistaken there was a general slump. Instead of the vivid and noticeable prosperity I had anticipated, there was the depressed, stagnant air so familiar at times in the United States towns where every countenance seemed to say "The boom has burst". While the public buildings were fair the whole town as well as the people looked shabby. The whole town seemed to need paint and something else indescribable. Not a well-dressed man or woman did I see on the streets. They all had a hope-

less, discouraged look. This preceded in time my visit to Australia, but in comparison even Australia seemed immeasurably bright and advanced after leaving New Zealand. Outside of my pet hobby, there was nothing else to do but study sociology. As well may one live in Florence and not absorb art as to live there and not thresh over experiments in robbing one man by means of law for the benefit of another. It is not in the nature of an Englishman to be robbed of his fortune, his business, or even a shilling, without a protest. In New Zealand he squeals like a pig going to slaughter, but his squeal is as futile. The visitor hears it on all sides, however; in fact it drowns all other sounds. Aside from sport, nothing else is talked about but state ownership.

First I learned that with a capacity for a population of over forty millions of people the commonwealth had only about one million, that in the previous ten years the population had increased by all ways, whether by birth or immigration, less than one hundred thousand, that in two of those years there were more departures of emigrants seeking to better their lot than of immigrants entering to throw in

their aid to the new fertile country. On every side arose the wail of thousands out of employment, of decadent and languishing industries. Only the sheep business seemed to thrive—that and office holding. For instance, the painters' union of Wellington in their annual meeting reported most of their men as idle, that many of them had gone to Australia or the United States in search of work, that only lack of means kept others from leaving, etc.; and yet it seemed to me that every house in Wellington needed a new coat of paint, the town being almost wholly built of frame. The commonwealth was talking of launching a new loan in London, although the debt per capita was already greater than that of any other country in the world, not even excepting wonderfully rich France. I went over their year book carefully, but thought it was not worth \$2.00 to me, or I could give the figures to prove this, but it cannot be contested.

My first impression was one of surprise that no street cars ran to the Queens Wharf where all the great liners landed, upon which fronted the post office. From the appended clipping from a Wellington daily, I see it is contemplated:

EXPENSIVE TRAMWAY EXTENSION.

Sir,—I am surprised to see that the estimated cost of extending the tramway from the Bank of New Zealand corner to the Post Office is £6000. This is an enormous cost for the very short piece of work to be done. I thoroughly believe the work could be done for a quarter of this money by any contracting firm in this city, and as a ratepayer I protest against the squandering of public money by the City Council. The public works which have recently been carried out would not have cost half as much money had they been done by contract, notably Anderson's Park and Duppa Street Park. These two works are glaring instances of money being squandered. It is no wonder that the ratepayers of Wellington have to suffer, and that people have to pay high rents. Owners of property are weighed down with an enormous burden, principally due to mismanagement. The City Councilors seem to pat each other on the back and stand idly by to see the people's money thrown away.

Another grievance of the ratepayers and property owners is that the majority of the staff employed by the City Council are impolite when applied to for any information or details on public business.—I am, etc.,

ANTI-SQUANDERER.

Wellington, January 21.

While there one of the daily papers in a long article on some political question not particularly germane to this book, referred casually to the fact that the previous year nearly 18,000 workers had left New Zealand for Australia; I presume it to be true, but the authority was not given. I know of no better way to demon-

strate the truth of all written above than to call upon themselves as witnesses. I append the following item taken from a Wellington daily paper:

A RECORD OF "GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.

The glowing accounts regarding "God's Own Country" which are circulated at Home induced a certain schoolmistress to make her way to New Zealand about four years ago, but, now, finding that it is not the Paradise she imagined it to be her soul is full of indignation.

At the Magistrate's Court, Christ church, she was sued for two installments on a phonograph, interest, broken records, etc., amounting to £3 9s. 11d. She did not appear, but sent the following note to the Clerk of the Court:—

"I hired the machine thinking it would be a benefit to the country children in training the ear, as they have little opportunity of hearing good music, and I am expected to teach music in the school. The committee objected, however, and as I found I could not keep the hire going when the school did not reach the standard I had expected, I thought the most honorable thing to do was to send it back. It was very little used.

"Since coming to New Zealand about four years ago we have on four different occasions tried to settle in a place, but as no work could be had we were compelled to sell our belongings in order to get a little food to enable us to exist. No other word could be used, as it was merely 'existing,' it wasn't living, and as a result my husband's health suffered. I obtained my present employment a year ago. It is value for £108 per annum, and I have six children to feed

and clothe. I cannot expect to overtake my debts in less than another year.

"All I can say is that New Zealand is not a country for strangers, either educated or uneducated, as our circumstances go to prove. We have had to exist for four years on less than two years' work, and that at a very low rate of pay. At present anyone coming to examine my enforced manner of living and think that I am a school teacher would find the position a bit ludicrous, as I have barely necessaries. However, the old maxim still holds good, 'Once a lady, always a lady.'

"In the Old Country my husband could keep his family, and there was no need for me to work, and our name never had occasion to be made public for debt or anything else, but in 'God's Own Country' I have had to turn to, and all I can say is that I am thankful my constitution has not suffered as much from the 'existing' as others of my family. We could pay all our passages to New Zealand, and we had five children ranging from six months to eight years. We were not assisted in any way either to come to New Zealand or since we arrived; and if I had my passage money again I would inquire what kind of country it was before I would believe all the reports sent Home to the newspapers. It is a crying shame to bring families to a country like this to starve them. Many a colony would only be too pleased to have a family to increase the population, and would see to it that the father would get work at his profession to keep them in food and clothes. We had our eyes open as we passed through the Australian cities—Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney—and we believe that if we could get back to either one of these cities we would get on all right. It seems to me there is nothing in New Zealand but boycott. I am always willing to pay when I have the means."

The letter caused a great deal of amusement in Court (states the "Evening News"), and as Mr. Mosley, who appeared for plaintiff, could not produce an agreement to pay interest, the case was adjourned for a week.

Also following editorials from the New Zealand Herald of February 4 and 10, 1910:

IMPERIAL MIGRATION.

The practical cessation of the great stream of British migration, of a most desirable character, which poured from the United Kingdom to Australasia during the middle period of the Nineteenth Century, makes of supreme interest any proposals, such as those discussed at the Royal Society of Arts, which have in view the renewal of Imperial migration upon a large scale. Taking New Zealand as a type of the outlying States of the Empire, any thoughtful person must be impressed by the vivid contrast between the migrations to this country forty and fifty years ago and now. In those days, men and women were not afraid to leave comfortable homes and secured positions in the Motherland and to adventure in small sailing ships to the furthest ends of the earth, there to settle in the face of hostile tribes and every conceivable hardship. They were frequently six months afloat, in days when there were neither tinned meats nor refrigerators, nor any of the common comforts and universal luxuries of the sea-travel of modern times. They landed in an undeveloped country, where the very coast settlements were struggling, and went back into the roadless bush to wage a desperate battle for bare existence in the confident hope of winning-out to future prosperity. These immigrants built New Zealand, as their brothers and sisters built the new Australian States which grad-

ually broke away from the parent colony of New South Wales, and as their uncles and aunts had built up Ontario before them. Today, the long ocean passage has become a pleasant ferryage, served by huge steamers equipped with every modern device, themselves veritable floating cities, in which every comfort is available and every care lifted from the shoulders of passengers. That ocean-trips are taken, in every class, for recreation and pleasure, is sufficient proof that to the vast majority of people ocean-travel has now neither hardship nor terror. More than this, colonial life has so developed that the many difficulties still to be encountered are but the shadow of the difficulties once so fearlessly faced. The Maori no longer fortifies his pas against the King's troops and comes raiding down against the frontier settler. We have schools in every corner of the land, some sort of road is being made wherever there is settlement, and in the South Island, at least there are more railways than the Government quite knows what to do with. Yet we have no great stream of immigration. Doubtless this is largely due to our absurd land laws, but the Australian States have also no great streams of immigration—as they had in the golden days of the '50's, the '60's, the '70's and even the '80's. And all the time, in the United Kingdom, there are surplus multitudes who have no work, as well as millions who might be supposed to grasp with avidity the manifold opportunities offered by our population-lacking lands.

The proposal made at the Royal Society of Arts was that the municipal and urban authorities of the United Kingdom should take migration in hand and direct their surplus peoples to definite areas acquired in the overseas dominions, with the aim not merely of affording outlet to surplus populations, but of "creating new sources of industry and revenue." We need not discuss the details of any vague migration scheme, for

in the nature of things details are always winnowed and revised under practical discussion. But the general conception that the unoccupied lands of the overseas dominions should be systematically opened to the unemployed people of the Mother Country is absolutely sound. The vast lands of the great overseas dominions were certainly never given to a mere handful of British settlers to be used or locked up at their sweet will and pleasure. New Zealand belongs to the New Zealanders, as Australia to the Australians, and Canada to the Canadians, only in trust. It is patriotic policy to hold these British lands against the Asiatic—whether Chinese, Japanese, or Hindo—but it is an unpatriotic and untenable policy to hold these British lands against the British. Admittedly, there is no unqualified attempt to exclude our countrymen; but equally admittedly, there has been an inclination in Australasia to belittle the right of the British immigrant to join our community and to take up land under our guardianship. This period of discouragement of migration may be at an end, for the question is now attracting an immense amount of attention and receiving a great deal of sympathy. Every public man in the British dominions will agree that it would be a good thing for all parties if suitable transferences of population could be made from the Mother Country to his particular state, and he will also declare himself strongly in favor of this. But great migrations cannot be arranged by mere words or satisfactorily set going by empty good-will. Particularly is this so of the migrations of to-day, after two generations of civilized living have apparently softened the fibre of the peoples from whom came the Nineteenth Century pioneers of New Zealand, Canada, Australia, and Natal. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is recognizing this in its great scheme for building a house and for fencing, ploughing, and sowing the land before inviting settle-

ment on one of its prairie farms. This sound scheme of offering the immigrant somewhere to go, where he can step into a new home and go to work on land already prepared for his coming, will probably have to be followed, wholly or in part, by any country seeking to encourage immigration today. If British authorities and colonial Governments would co-operate in this direction, upon lines acceptable to both, because assisting both to overcome their opposing population difficulties, great good might eventuate; the lives of many hundreds of thousands of men and women would be made brighter and better, and the aid of future millions of industrious and loyal settlers would be secured to the Empire in its time of need. Nothing, however, can be done without an Imperial Conference on migration, which ought to be called as soon as public interest in the question is sufficiently advanced.

IMMIGRATION TO NEW ZEALAND.

The warnings against emigration to Australia or New Zealand which have been issued upon the authority of the Swedish and Danish Governments are the reverse of complimentary to the Administrations of the Commonwealth and the Dominion. We need not trouble ourselves about the Australian phase of the question, for we have enough to do if we consider fairly and dispassionately the meaning to New Zealand of this most uncomplimentary Scandinavian opinion. In the first place, it must be recognized that while British colonies naturally prefer immigrants of British stock they unitedly and unanimously give to Scandinavian immigrants a whole-hearted welcome. Whether Swedish, Danish, or Norwegian, the Scandinavian is a very close cousin to the British, and is absorbed by any English-speaking community more easily and more quickly than any other foreigner. He has no

disadvantage but his language, and this is to a very considerable extent counterbalanced in him by the strength of common racial qualities which have too usually been weakened in the United Kingdom. Our political institutions are almost identical with his, for they are drawn from the same source and have been developed under much the same conditions of isolation from the continental conditions of Europe Proper. He is intelligent, industrious, brave, and orderly, with the same standards of comfort and the same conceptions of civilization. Moreover, though Scandinavia is the true mother of what we commonly call Anglo-Saxondom, it has built up no World-Empire, and does not set up any such claim upon the patriotism of its emigrating children as can interfere with loyalty to the lands of their adoption. Lastly, though not leastly the Scandinavian is a genuine land settler, preferring the country to the town, and having that healthy land hunger which is the most desirable stimulant to permanent colonization. If any colonial statesman were asked to place his finger upon that part of the map of the world, outside the United Kingdom, from which he would wish to draw the immigration which is the very life blood of new lands, he would unhesitatingly cover the peninsulas lying between the Baltic and the North Sea. No English-speaking country, British or American, has ever been able to secure enough Scandinavian immigrants, has never had to complain that they endangered its institutions, demoralized its civilization, or lowered its standards. We cannot, therefore pass lightly over what is practically an impeachment, by free Scandinavian Governments, of our colonial administration. We may fairly say that, as far as New Zealand is concerned, there is a certain amount of exaggeration in the official warnings which have been issued; and we can honestly believe that, in spite of everything, the Scandinavian would find greater in-

dustrial opportunities in this under-populated Dominion than in his over-populated peninsulas. But we cannot conceal the unhappy fact that when we locked the land against eager settlers, under the iniquitous "taihoa" policy, we made New Zealand an undesirable goal to the land-settling people, British and Scandinavian alike.

Sir Joseph Ward has the partisan virtue of cleaving to his friends, even when they make such a hopeless muddle of departmental affairs as does Mr. James Carroll; he can construe figures to mean almost anything, and is rarely at a loss for statements and arguments wherewith to justify the administrative system for which he is responsible. Unfortunately, this partisan virtue and these arithmetical agilities do not alter facts; they cannot transform the locked-up wilderness through which the Main Trunk runs for so many miles into the populous and productive region it should be; they cannot give a section of bush land to the land-seeker who knows that we have millions of unoccupied and fertile acres in the North, and foolishly imagines that fair official words mean that the Government encourages settlement. During 1909 our increase in population by excess of immigration over emigration was only 4000. This pitifully small result, in a country which could easily have gained 40,000 under sound and capable administration, was undoubtedly due to the "taihoa" policy. For the prices of our agricultural produce have been cheerfully and steadily good. There is no likelihood of any sudden collapse in prices, and every prospect of their continued maintenance. Our seasons are the envy of the agricultural world. Our land will compare for fertility with any land on the face of the globe. But settlement has been deliberately and wilfully blocked, as every would-be settler knows by the painful experience which is more convincing than all the arguments of official apologists. We shall

probably be told that at this very moment and for this present month 1,126,000 acres are being opened for selection by the Government; to which it may be retorted that if this is the sort of thing which has been held out as an inducement to immigrants it is no wonder that the Scandinavian authorities are suspicious. For this nominally huge area includes the following pastoral leases, which as everybody knows are formally reopened as they fall in:—Marlborough 81,852 acres; Westland, 128,660 acres; Otago, 739,526 acres; Southland, 141,066 acres. In other words, nearly 1,100,000 acres are non-agricultural, are rough pastoral runs being passed again through the leasing machinery. The small balance includes sections offered under the rack-renting lease only, as well as those offered under the optional tenure. Comment is needless. As long as the Government refuses to allow the natural growth of settlement on Crown lands, and takes no effective steps to remove the taboo laid by the Maori Landlord policy upon native lands, so long will our own urban population suffer recurrently from dullness of trade and lack of employment, our finances feel the evil in falling revenue and unprofitable services and Scandinavian Governments find good reason for advising their emigrating men and women to keep away from New Zealand. It is shameful that this should be, but, to be just, the shame falls not upon Sir Joseph Ward or Mr. Carroll, but upon the self-governing people that permits itself to be thus misgoverned.

In the country, no less than in the towns, the result seemed discouraging. Except in a small tract just south of Auckland, the people had the air of being camped out. People living on it do not love the soil. It is not their

property—their home. Nor can they say it is because it is a new, raw country. I have just returned from a trip along the Gulf coast of Southern Texas where they have only had a railroad five years. The difference is too great to be described. In one case—New Zealand—the settler is working for the public; in Texas, for himself, his old age and for his children.

He was an out-and-out socialist. He believed and openly asserted that all ownership of property was a crime, that state ought to resume and retain all land and conduct all enterprises, etc., etc. So aggressive was he and so little did he know what an argument was that it was positively painful to talk with him. He was not a German nor a Frenchman, but a Canadian of British descent. When I called his attention to the result of his ideas in New Zealand he did not even attempt to deny the condition of affairs in that country and the startling contrast between it and even Canada, but attributed it all to the unprogressive nature of British blood and ideas. Coming from a man of the race, a man who traveled extensively, this idea is worthy of some attention. I will confess that even I cannot tell

how much to attribute this backwardness to the people themselves, and how much to their laws and institutions. Take all I have written about the sleepy, antiquated aspect of everything in Australia and quadruple it and you can begin to imagine New Zealand. Australians every summer pour into New Zealand to see the mountains, rivers, lakes and aborigines, as we go to the Rockies. Every year the New Zealanders pour into Melbourne and Sydney to shop, enjoy city life and "brush off the hay seed", as our people go to New York or Chicago. The sleepy, backward old towns of Australia, with their poor hotels, are to them wonders of brightness, and they figure on the time when they will get rich enough to go and live in Australia.

Says their greatest authority: "This New-est England is no Utopia, no Paradise. Both New Zealand and Australia are far behind England and the United States in the new municipal life, which is the most promising thing in our politics, though as yet little more than a promise."

There was a handsome, stalwart young Englishman who had lived eleven years in Sacramento City, going down to New Zealand where

he had a brother living. He was aged I should say between thirty and thirty-five. He had also lived in South Africa, and was distinctly above the grade of laborer. After twenty-seven days contact with him I should say he was capable of filling any position. I afterwards met him in Auckland. Without myself opening in that strain he at once began expressing his surprise at the antiquated state of everything. In his words: "A man from a little provincial town in England might not notice it, but that it was hard to a man from the States. It is the difference between a candle and an electric light." This was Auckland, a town as large as Denver, and the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. He further added that there was nothing he could do or turn to but sheep farming, and that he was then studying up that industry. He could not engage in a better undertaking.

Some of these ways are ludicrous, and at the same time vexatious. They would be unworthy of mentioning in a book if they did not throw so much light on the nature of the people and country. I had been out to one of their numerous beaches, in which Wellington is well supplied. It was pleasant to watch the children

play in the water and on the sand, and I lingered, it being a mid-summer evening; I got back to the hotel a little after seven. The dining room was closed. I started out to find something to eat on the streets; restaurants, groceries, bakeries and fruit stores were all closed, that is such as they have, there being no regular restaurants. It was a city of the dead. Occasionally a street car passed, the only sign of life in a city of nearly 100,000 people and their capital. After visiting about a dozen eating places I at last found a little place open where the woman in charge told me I could get cake or scones, tea, coffee or chocolate, and nothing else. I ordered scones and chocolate. The latter of course had a dead fly in it, so I had to dine on a couple of scones and a glass of water, knowing at the time I could get nothing more to eat until eight o'clock the next morning. This where the sun was up and shining at 5 a. m., and I up too and anything but shining.

On Sunday the breakfast hour is 8:30. The street cars do not run until noon, and none but a few heathen Chinese sell fruit or candies. Such things as steam heat, private bath rooms and use of ice to keep provisions from deterio-

rating are unknown, also screens. At the hotel I stopped in at Wellington the stables were within thirty feet of the dining room, with no screens or even electric fans. The minute provisions were placed upon the table they were blackened with flies; the sugar bowl was also. In Auckland my room was like a hive. I think I killed at least five hundred a day with a folded newspaper without any diminution in their number. They had no sense of fear and took my blows without effort to escape. I might state my present idea of perfect misery is being awakened at 4 a. m. by swarms of flies in an Auckland hotel, with no breakfast in sight until 8 a. m. After what I have written concerning these matters in Australia this is an unpleasant, stale subject. It is as unpleasant to me to refer to it as it will be to others to read it. I could follow out these ideas to an unlimited extent and point out an infinity of petty matters wherein they are subject to improvement over which their laws and institutions have no influence. They are little, it is true, but the lack of them tend to make their country unattractive to the natives of all the peoples of Europe but those of England and Scotland, and to all of them except to those

who know no better. To any criticism there is always the ready reply: "It suits us, so there is nothing more to be said on the matter." I have only referred to them to show that the decadent state of the country may not be wholly attributed to its institutions. Whether my socialistic readers think so or not, I desire to be fair and unprejudiced. If I had found New Zealand as I had had it held up to be it would have given me pleasure to say so.

I would be unfair, however, if I did not mention one place, a week's stay, at which forms one of the pleasantest recollections of all my travels—Rotorua—amid the hot springs and its interesting tribe of aborigines. To become acquainted with the Maoris, as the tribe is called, was my chief object in visiting the country. They are mostly gathered in the region of the hot springs, and together with the beautiful mountain lake, the vegetation, the araucarias and enormous tree ferns, and the spouting springs, purely the result of chemical action, form a place well worth traveling thousands of miles to see. The village is beautiful, much like an American country town, with its neat wooden cottages placed in large yards filled with flowers. The

extensive and universal culture of flowers among the English is about their finest trait, and nowhere, not even in California—pre-eminently the land of flowers—do they grow finer ones, cosmos growing up to the eaves of the houses, auratum lilies over twelve inches in diameter, prove the goodness of the soil, as well as their fondness for their cultivation. The unexplained scarcity and high price of fruit still surprises, but as no one individual owns a foot of ground anywhere in or around the town that may account for it.

There are no hotels, but the boarding houses in all save eating are excellent, and the best I found in all Australasia, while the price is very reasonable. After the horrors of the Wellington house, my Rotorua stopping place seemed a haven of rest. Having seen hot springs in several different countries, from Africa to South America, they did not interest me greatly. Except the common silicious sinter, the creation of such springs, there are no minerals of interest in the neighborhood. So I devoted all my attention to the natives, and they were well worthy of my time, and even a more extended visit, and are worthy of a more extended description than I can give in

a book on sociology. I cannot resist saying, however, that as they never had taro before the advent of the whites, but pounded instead roots of a species of fern, this disposes in my mind of the myth so dear to the antiquarians of Hawaii that there was uninterrupted communication between them and their relatives at Honolulu in their little canoes over thousands of miles of open ocean without compass. I never did believe in it, and now I am certain.

The English and their colonials, the New Zealanders, have always been good to the Maoris, considering that they stole their country. "The earth belongs to the saints". With the exception of one little war, they have always lived amicably together, and I could see no evidence of that bitter, unending hatred which the native Hawaiians have for the missionary element in that land. One feels like congratulating them on falling into the hands of the Episcopalians instead of the Congregationalists. Their native ways have never been interfered with. Their native dances, so rigorously prohibited in Hawaii, they give to the public every week; at times under government auspices in the pump room of the sanitarium, and the person must have a very

prurient mind who can object to their boys and girls—sweet as little angels—bathing in *puris naturalibus* in the creeks and pools. I suppose a Boston school mam would be willing to look upon them through an opera glass, but not otherwise. Their women have all the winning, fascinating ways of the French women, and the English marry them very frequently and without loss of caste. The term “squaw man” is never applied to them with ignominy, as with us in the West. Upon the whole I think the treatment of the Maoris by the English the most creditable thing in the history of New Zealand.

A Boston critic, referring to my work on the Mayas, said that a collector was a hog. A hog must be true to his nature, and as, through the kindness of the museum directors, I succeeded in acquiring both plunder and information, I shall always consider my trip to New Zealand and my acquaintanceship with the Maoris as having been successful beyond my expectations.

While at a village in the Maori country I had the satisfaction of witnessing a native law suit, one according to the tribal law common to primitive people all over the world. It

seems that a member of that village which has an unspellable and unpronounceable name had run away with the wife of a Maori living in some other village. In Chicago the man whose wife had run away would have been arrested and sentenced to jail; in Hawaii the whites would have arrested both elopers and made them work the roads for a few years. The New Zealanders let the Maoris settle the matter in their own way. A delegation from the other village, headed by a handsome middle-aged man with bare legs, wearing knickerbockers, an official necklace and cane, filed in, calling for vendetta or a valuable consideration as a salve for their wounded feelings and honor. Their chief, who had the head of a Roman senator and the demeanor of Regulus addressing the Carthagenians, spoke for about an hour, while his delegation sat comfortably down on the grass in the shade by the banks of the beautiful stream and imbibed warm bottled pop. Soda water is never iced in New Zealand. Then a tall, handsome old Maori took up the reply on behalf of the residents. Sometimes his antics approached near to a war dance. Thereupon the villagers began bringing guns, cooking utensils, articles of

clothing, blankets, etc., and throwing them in a pile on the ground before the delegation, accompanying the act with some expression of opinion. One old woman carrying an old blanket worth perhaps a dollar, before throwing it down gave utterance to a speech that was almost a song or chant, accompanying it with the prettiest piece of pantomime I had ever witnessed. Madame Pilar-Morin was not even a good second to her. Plainer than words she expressed her opinion of the general worthlessness of women in general and the absolute, ultimate and complete worthlessness of the woman in question. As she deposited the blanket on the pile she unquestionably said: "I give this blanket rather than have trouble, but she is not worth it, the brazen hussy." I left before the matter terminated, but when I left the villagers were still hopping around like toads under a harrow, while the delegation sat silent and composed, still drinking warm pop. An Englishman there said the delegation would undoubtedly take the goods, as they did not want the woman back at any price.

I will now take up the more serious questions that concern the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

State Socialism In New Zealand.

Ten years ago one of the foremost socialists in the United States visited New Zealand, and afterwards published a work about the country. His work is quoted by all the newspapers of both this and that country as authoritative, and I will so consider it. I read it only since my return. A great deal of the matter contained therein I learned in the field, but in such a way that it is hard to quote authority, which to an old lawyer is a second nature. The writer of that book I knew personally and he is now dead, otherwise I might handle him and his book differently. I give him credit for being sincere and earnest, and believe his book to be a truthful statement of affairs in that country. I, of course, do not agree with him in his conclusions, and think ten years of ex-

perimentation have not carried out his roseate predictions. I did not meet the official classes as he did, nor did I desire to do so. I met mostly the business men and men of science. Forty years contact with professional politicians have taught me to believe very little in what they say, and nothing at all in what they do, as the practice of "queering" among them is almost universal, that is ostensibly speaking and working in favor of a measure while secretly murdering it. I expected that if I called upon one of them the prosperity of New Zealand would be painted in the most vivid and alluring colors. Their year book did not show it, my eyes did not show it, and their business men did not show it, and so far as I could learn their artisans did not show it. A business man will not willingly run down his own business world nor the place he lives in. As he supports not only himself and his family but the politician and his family, his word is entitled to the more credit of the two.

New Zealand is unquestionably the most advanced socialistic country in the world, far more so than even Australia. It is the following things:

Banker.

Broker.
Bull Owner.
Coal Dealer.
Clothing Maker.
Competitor in many lines.
Sugar Manufacturer.
Exporter.
Farmer.
Butcher.
Fire Insurer.
Life Insurer.
Intelligence Office.
Hotel Keeper.
Guide.
Landlord.
Land Monopolist.
Lawyer.
News Distributor.
Partner in Business.
Railway Owner.
Street Car Owner.
Railway Manufacturer.
Sugar Refiner.
Real Estate Dealer.
Electric Light Manufacturer.
Savings Bank.
Annuity Insurer.

Telegraph Owner.

Telephone Owner.

Restaurateur.

These in addition to our familiar ones of conducting the post offices, making the roads, educating the children, protecting the public and preserving the peace.

All the above is only a beginning. Below come what they are still after. The leaders of the so-called progressive party pledge themselves to attain them, and they are rapidly accomplishing it.

State Fire Insurance.

Further democratization of transportation of the steamship lines, the ocean to be no longer free.

Nationalization of the coal mines.

Complete nationalization of the land.

Assumption by the government of the business of mining and selling coal.

Increase of the land and income taxes for the further equalization of rich and poor.

Removal of tariff taxation on the necessaries of life.

Establishment of government offices where cheap law can be served out to the people.

Regulation of rents for the protection of tenants from political pressure by landlords.

Extension of the purchase and subdivision of the large estates so that all the people may have land.

State banking to give the people the ownership and administration of the machinery of commercial and financial credit, doing for the business class what the state with its advances to settlers does for the farmers, tradesmen and working men.

The nationalization of the news service, government to own all newspapers.

The above list is from my socialistic authority, and was made ten years ago; much of it has been realized; great strides have been made towards all of them. While I was there the great agitation was for state payment of wages to men out of work; it was not included in the list. When I asked what would be done to have the unpleasant work accomplished when no man had to work unless he felt inclined, I was told it would be done by forced corvees, of all the men in portions. Now let me say that I extend my hearty sympathies to the progressive party in New Zealand, and express my wishes and desires that all their

program will be carried out to the utmost extent of their desires. I want to see it all tried and am satisfied to see New Zealand try it. So far as they have already gone satisfies me, but I want the rest of the world to ascertain by their example how far a community may safely go in that direction. I think it lies some distance this side of New Zealand.

I will not assert that all those measures are unwise and destructive. That capacity is not given to me, and I will not grant that it has been given to any other man of the human race. So long as the race is made up of the idle and the industrious, the vicious and the reasonable, the spendthrift and the provident man, the thief and the honest man, the drunken and the temperate, the sharper and the imbecile, the farmer and the city man, the professional tax eater and the unwilling tax payer, I presume the science of government will be purely experimental, a game of give and take. My authority arrogates to himself that wisdom all through his book; he lays it down as a principle that everything taken from the individual and given to the state is a benefit, and that everything taken from a man who has any-

thing and given to a man who has nothing is a benefit.

With my limited understanding, however, I think I may lay down the following incontroverted principles:

That protection is a government function, as no man could protect himself against either a gang of bandits or a foreign invasion.

That regulation of the currency is also a governmental matter, otherwise every man could issue his more or less worthless money.

That education should be made a matter of sublime importance, as the state is another parent to each individual, which includes posts and other dissemination of intelligence, as it is mostly done without any prospect of or hope of profit except in general welfare. They are a matter of expense to the community and will probably always be so, and we are satisfied to pay for them sensibly administered, as we are satisfied to pay for the lighting of our houses during the long winter nights. It is my firm conviction, however, that beyond these every step is the step of a blind man over a dangerous, rocky, precipitous path. Every advance should be slow, timid and hesitating, only taken after carefully feeling the way with the

knowledge of the precipice lying on the left hand. Under this head we may say that liberty is the most precious heritage of man, bought by the struggles of centuries and the blood and sacrifices of the best, and that ought to be jealously guarded. Every individual right surrendered to the state makes one less a free man; the total surrender of everything to the state, under whatever name it may be called, makes one a slave beyond even the domestic slavery of ancient times where they all constituted a sort of great family, or the yoke of more recent African slavery. Short of that and not within the domain of speculative sociology is the fact that everything done by the state is more expensively done than if done by private enterprise, spurred on by the hope of profit and the fear of competition. In my talk with the Canadian socialist I asserted that everything our state did cost money to be paid by taxation; that our schools, our army, our navy, our various legislative bodies, our courts, foreign representatives, executives, geological and coast surveys, were so paid for and that even our post office costs us sixteen millions a year over receipts. Thereupon I laid it down as a fact that where an individual

or a private corporation paid three dollars for a service the state paid four or five dollars. He admitted this and said it was right, that every man ought to have good wages, etc., disregarding my claim that the difference consisted more in the amount of service given than in the wages, which also differed. When I stated that taking over the telegraph and telephone would cost ten or sixteen millions more above receipts he admitted and justified that. When I stated that taking over the railroads, the coal mines, etc., etc., would each cost many millions more above receipts, he admitted and justified all that. So does my authority in his book on New Zealand. Therein lies the first and most patent danger from state socialism. The socialist thinks the purse of the public is as abundant and inexhaustible as the waters of the ocean; that there can be no limit to the demands upon it. This the conscientious ones like my author. Then there are the others, thieves by instinct, who ardently desire to drain every man who has one of his last dollar. The man in the press being squeezed out of his life blood, drop by drop, like the victim in the embrace of the iron woman during the middle ages, knows there is a limit and with the

escape of every drop of blood feels weaker and weaker. On my farm is a very fine spring of water, fully adequate to supply all the stock that will ever be on the farm. What would that do towards supplying Joliet, our county seat, with its 40,000 people, or Chicago?

Let us see how it works so far as it has gone in New Zealand. Ten years are a very short period in the life of a man. In the life of a people infinitesimally small, but in this case ten years are enough. We will first take the railroads, the nationalization of which has been pushed further there than anywhere else in the world. New Zealand owns all its railroads. I paid four cents a mile to ride first-class from Wellington to Taumarinui on the Wanganui River. They called it the "train de luxe"—the luxurious train. It was hardly equal to our freight trains with cushion seats. The train left a little after daylight and reached my destination, a little over two hundred miles, at midnight. I will not compare it with any trains in the United States or Mexico, because neither country has trains so poor. It was very much poorer than the Yankee-owned railroads in Central America. It bumped along about like a stage coach over

a corduroy road. A few days before a train for Napier from Wellington stuck right in the middle of a long tunnel. It could neither go forward nor back out. When it was extricated it was found that several people had been smothered to death; I escaped that fate. There were no air brakes, no vestibules, no electric lights, no double windows, no toilet appliances, There was a dining car. I washed for lunch by pouring a glass of drinking water on my handkerchief and passing it over my hands and face. The service and food in the dining car was hardly so good as in a Halsted Street beanery during the rush hour. The lunch costing 62 cents was not nearly so good as a twenty-five cent lunch at Child's. If you had asked for ice water they would have confined you as a crazy man. On the coaches one in half an hour would become white from dust which lay thick over seats, clothing, baggage and window sills. From the Wanganui River on, the ordinary mail train was taken. It carried freight cars and stopped at every station from five to twenty minutes. Starting right after breakfast Rotorua, a distance of less than two hundred miles, was reached as the long summer day was merging into night,

at a rate of about twelve miles an hour. Taking the express train de luxe from there running right through to Auckland, this swift train took from morning to night, a distance of 170 miles. The ride tired me more than the four days journey from Chicago to San Francisco for purpose of taking the boat to go to that country.

We will now call upon the New Zealanders themselves as witnesses. The communication referred to in the first I did not see. Both are taken from the New Zealand herald.

HOW OUR RAILWAYS ARE RUN.

Sir,—I am able to practically sympathize with your correspondent "Visitor," for some two months ago my wife and I underwent similar experiences. We were staying with friends at Waihi, and noting in the time table that if we left Waihi by the 6.5 p. m. train we should catch the 7.35 at Paeroa, and arrive at Te Aroha at 8.25, we arranged accordingly. We did not then know that this official time table was a hoax. We sat on the Paeroa platform, waiting from seven o'clock until nine, when the train dragged itself alongside it. In our simplicity we walked to the passenger cars at the end, and on boarding one of them a porter came and peremptorily told us to get out, for the train would not go on for half an hour, when we should have to board it "in the yard." Asking where the "yard" was, he pointed in the darkness towards Te Aroha, so I pulled our luggage on to the platform

again, but afterwards seeing that the guard's van was open, and to save carrying it to the "yard" by and by, I placed it in the van, only to have it again thrown out, because it was not labelled. Ignoring rules and regulations I replaced the luggage on the passenger coach. We then spent another half-hour on the platform, when we groped our way through the darkness to the "yard", having a well founded belief, that the officials would not trouble to warn us before the train started. After walking along the track a short distance we came to a lighted carriage, which we identified by finding our luggage where we had left it. There was not a sign of life about the place, and we realized our wisdom in acting on our own initiative, for we immediately afterwards moved away. The train stopping, eventually, within a few hundred yards of Te Aroha, we were asked to get down, which we did, burdened with our heavy luggage, stumbling over sleepers and other obstructions, which, in the darkness, we could not see. At 10:30 (two hours late) we found ourselves on the station platform, which was in total darkness, the only living person being the guard of the train. There being nobody to take the luggage, and no way of leaving it at the station, which was locked up, we "humped" it through deserted streets, arriving at the hotel at 10:45, almost exhausted. Thus ended one of the most primitive and provoking railway trips it was ever my misfortune to take, and I am told that it is the usual thing.

Between the populous centre of Waihi and the well-known neighboring resort, Te Aroha, a distance of only 26 miles, there is practically no connection after the 9:40 train in the morning. Excepting the Rotorua, the Auckland-Wellington and Christchurch-Dunedin express trains, we really have no passenger trains worthy of the name in New Zealand. Our railways are, generally speaking, simply a good and live stock

service, passengers being only an incidental consideration. And can we expect it to be otherwise? Each Minister who takes charge of our railways, knows no more about practically working them, than he does of the solar system. Thus, instead of supervising, he becomes subservient to our permanent officials, who, being "in the rut" themselves, drag him in too—every time. Taking our New Zealand railway service altogether, I honestly believe it to be the most unsatisfactory railway service in the world. Again and again, in the pursuit of my business, I have traveled on the railroads of nearly every new country, and thus I can speak from experience. The people of New Zealand do not know how much theirs are behind the average railways of the world, and how little accommodation they really get for their money.—H. H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

North Auckland Main Trunk Trains.

Sir:—On the 29th ult. the usual evening Helensville to Wellsford train was detained in the interest of the passengers from Helensville Show—a train arrangement termed a "special," for which its patrons are expected to be grateful. The public patronized it well, five or six carriages being filled to overflowing, and, in addition; there were several cattle and horse trucks. The men in charge took extra trouble, both at the engine and in looking to the comfort of passengers, the train being opened throughout and well lighted. But the engine! As soon as we began to climb the slope above Kanohi the dragging pace promised trouble, and half-way up to the tunnel the skidding of the wheels and a few snorts and grunts brought us to a standstill. Then we had to retrograde into Kanohi. A fresh head of steam was developed, one of the car-

riages shunted, the passengers being distributed through the other cars, and again the driver put his little iron horse at the incline. Half-way up the brakes were applied, and the passenger train left standing while the cattle trucks were hauled into Makarau station, I understand. Then the engine came back for us and hauled us successfully into the Makarau tunnel. Here for some minutes the engine lay down to rest apparently, while the carriages slowly filled with sulphurous smoke. Strong lungs half-choked and strong stomachs retched violently, while weaker passengers almost fainted with the intolerable stench. Slowly and at last the engine prevailed. We drew clear, and open doors and windows soon restored the comfort of passengers. Each station lightened the load, and at Te Akaroa the majority of the stock trucks were left. After this the engine was fairly up to its work and made satisfactory progress. But from Helensville to Hotea, a distance of 27 miles, the time taken was three hours at the rate of nine miles per hour. And why? The time-table? Fault of the men? Certainly not! The cause of delay is the ridiculous little toy engine employed on the line, an engine which is utterly inadequate to the work required of it. On no other line in the world, with our traffic, would such a Puffing-Billy be tolerated, and it should long since have been relegated to working in a quarry or on a timber tram, if indeed its vagaries do not entitle it to a place on the scrap-heap. But our long suffering Northern public seem never to learn the lesson of the unjust judge: 'Because this woman troubleth me will I arise and avenge her of her enemies.'

"Roydworth,"—J. H. Hudson, Hotea.

If I wanted to take up the space with personal matters I could parallel either of the above letters with my experiences with their

national tourist agency and my reception at the station at midnight on their famous river.

But now we will fall back on their most enthusiastic advocate, my authority, as to the success of their state owned and conducted railroads: "An average of two millions of dollars a year of the general revenue is appropriated to railroads."

"When I was there (my authority) the department had just bought twelve thirty-eight-ton American locomotives for 1,650 pounds delivered at Wellington, and ten sixty-ton engines for 2,000 pounds; the same locomotives bought in England cost 3,150 pounds, and built in New Zealand (state work shops) just twice as much as the American article—4,000 pounds."

"None of the Australasian governments (Australasia includes New Zealand) make both ends meet in their railroads. None of them are able to pay out of the receipts of the railroads the full interest on the money borrowed to build them. The tax payers have to go down into their pockets every year to make the deficit good. In New Zealand in 1898 the roads earned three per cent over anything but the interest charge; and if the railroad bonds

were bearing only three per cent interest the receipts would show a profit over interest too of .029, but the fact that some of the bonds carry four per cent and more prevents this showing of profit."

Query by Diven: What would be the deficit if the roads were run with the accommodations they are in the United States?

Much is made by him in several pages of printed matter on the absence of discrimination between shippers. Let us see:

"Rates favoring producers shipping for export are an acknowledged feature of the railroad management all through Australasia."

"On the other hand freight from America, France or Germany pays a higher rate than their own produce. This in addition to a high tariff."

"We can afford to help the men who are producers if we make it up on the men who drink the tea and buy the dry goods. So we make the merchandise pay and favor the producers."

"The commissioner of railroads has power to make special rates for persons and places he thinks it desirable to foster, as in the case of new districts or enterprises operated under

certain disadvantages, such as a great distance from market.”

“The New Zealand railroad tariff is literally a protective tariff. The protective freight rate against imported paper bags and in favor of the domestic article is almost double, and so on with other things.”

“Materials for making roads pay only half the regular rates, because roads are feeders for the railroads.” And then a page of other differentials.

“Towns with water facilities get freights and fares at competitive rates. Those dependent upon the railroads alone receive no such concessions.”

If all the above do not constitute discrimination I do not understand the English language.

“New Zealand freight rates are of course high in comparison with ours.”

“The New Zealand railways are in some respects almost primitive. They can be shown to be inferior to the roads of Europe and America in speed and comfort.”

“The scientific traveler could fill a volume with the complaints which he could gather from the remonstrances of railway reform leagues, deputations to the premier and minis-

ter for railways, from the debates in parliament and from individuals with private grievances.”

“None of the traveling accommodations of New Zealand are what could be described as luxurious, and those that have been provided for the second class are primitive in the extreme. Narrow, uncushioned seats, bare floors, draughty doors and windows, make the cars cheerless and uncomfortable, though in New Zealand as elsewhere the majority of the travelers are second class.”

Justice compels the writer of this book to state that those narrow, hard seats have been covered with pieces of carpet. Otherwise there has been no change since authority wrote.

“There are no air brakes even on the express trains in New Zealand. There is no cord between the passenger cars and the conductor and engineer. There were no dining cars when I was there, though they have since been put on. The rates are high, but what the traveler or the shipper pays the treasury gets.”

“One of the commissioners whose power is of the greatest since he has the power to make new rates, to arrange methods of appointment

to places, and must be consulted on new lines, confessed that his life was made a burden by the politicians. The politicians are all on the job. The members of parliament are simply commission agents for their constituents."

"Libraries of criticism and of statistical comparisons to prove that freight rates are much higher and accommodations poorer than those of countries which enjoy the blessing of private ownership do not touch one point at least, and that is that the system suits the New Zealander better than any other."

"The New Zealander thinks the inconveniences he suffers are part of the education of the democracy, teaching it to consider the common good instead of individual and local self interest, and he thinks this lesson worth all it has cost and is still to cost."

A drunken man fell down stairs bumpty-bump, heels over head, landing at the bottom a collapsed heap. A lady comes up to him with expressions of sympathy. He looks up with surprise and replies: "I allus comes down stairs this way."

Do the New Zealanders really own their rickety travesty of a railroad? I think not. If so why do their laborers, for whose sole

benefit the whole country is run, leave her shores by thousands? They do not own their railroads, nor their lands, nor their telegraphs, nor their so-called co-operative industries. All these—and they to boot, body and soul—are owned by the bond holder in Frankfort and London. When he cracks the whip they must dance. With the largest debt per capita of any people in the world hanging over his head, never to be reduced, without the hope of amassing a competence for his old age or to leave to his children, he is a slave without even the slave's certainty of bread and butter until he sees the snows of sixty-five winters on his head.

A man there who had lived in the United States said to me: "Your country gives a live man a chance. New Zealand gives no live man a chance. Every step a man makes upwards the harder they make it for him."

The land in New Zealand does not yet all belong to the state, but it is working as rapidly towards that end as they can possibly accomplish it.

"The minister of lands has declared in a public speech that he would like to see the time

when all the lands of New Zealand were nationalized.”

“Mr. William Rollstone, the most authoritative figure certainly as regards the lands question, said during the last campaign: ‘We shall never have national prosperity in New Zealand until we nationalize every foot of its land.’ ”

“Both in the land and fiscal policy of New Zealand since 1891 this has been the ruling purpose, to put an end to private ownership of land.”

“One of the leading officials in the Land Department, whose special work is the purchase of the resumed estates, said to me: ‘We have the choice of all the large estates of New Zealand. All are at the call of the government. No man now dreams of buying an estate or seeking to build one up to leave to his family. All that is a thing of the past.’ ”

“In consequence of the laws we have referred to and public opinion, speculation in land in New Zealand is dead.”

“Land monopoly was the first to be attacked, and the first means of attacking it was that ancient constitutional weapon, the tax.”

“The premier was explicit. The graduation of the taxes is to check monopoly. He did not shrink from raising the issue between the rich and the poor.”

“It is our intention gradually to lead up to the pure land tax.”

“I found it universally avowed in New Zealand that the present taxes are only the beginning. There is no point of policy for the future more firmly fixed in the popular mind than that these taxes shall be increased until they have done the work for which the reform was begun.”

“The progressive tax encourages the land owner to sell.”

“The ultimate ideal of the New Zealand system is that the state shall be the only land owner, the only free holder.”

“As to the means by which the funds will be provided for the growing pension list, he said if hereafter the burden exceeds our resources we will tax land more, and I have already so intimated.”

The above quotations, all from my authority, I believe to correctly set forth the position of the government of New Zealand on the question. But even at the time—ten years ago—

penalties were laid on the self-reliant, enterprising pioneer. To quote again from authority: "In the new laws the hated freehold is continued, and yet it is not continued. It is practically discontinued in the disposition of the private estates taken back to be made into farms for the people, but is still given in the sale of public lands. But new conditions as to use and improvement and area are imposed which take away from the new freeholds the anarchistic right beloved of the would-be New England squire as of all squires—to do what I will with my own—and besides these new restrictions progressing upon him from the rear come the never-resting progressive taxes."

The above means simply that if you are willing to go away back in the mountains where there are no other settlers, no proximity to towns, schools, transportation, churches, no society for your wife and children, you may imagine yourself to be the owner of your own home until you have gotten it nicely improved, then regardless of necessary public expenses your taxes will be increased until crushed by the burden you are glad to turn it over to the public at a nominal price, and that is just what New Zealand has been doing as I shall show

later on. I was told there, however, that now no public land is sold, only leased, but as I can quote no recognized authority I only venture the statement, leaving it to be either true or not true, as it makes no present difference with the tenor of this chapter. To return to our authority:

“No one is allowed to buy or lease more, either of the resumed lands or the public lands, than 640 acres of first class or 2,000 acres of second class land, nor more pastoral land than enough for 2,000 or 4,000 sheep. If he already holds that amount of land he can get no more. Mineral and oil lands are reserved. The government offers its public lands by lease or sale. But it offers the lands it has had to buy compulsorily or amicably on lease only. But on those who buy and on those who lease restrictions are imposed to prevent monopoly and insure use, restrictions of area and improvements. No one can attain the dignity of state tenant who cannot pass a satisfactory examination showing that he has the money, knowledge and character necessary for success. No one can retain his farm, whether bought or leased, unless he is found to be faithfully complying with all the requirements.”

“Leasehold and freehold alike are taxable on the prairie value. If the land tax is increased so as to soak up all the unearned increment of the freehold it will also soak up all the unearned increment of the leasehold.”

“It is equally determined never to part again with its ownership of the lands which it is buying back.” “No one has the right to purchase, and therefore there can be no speculation.”

“It might seem at a first glance that the fact that the state had millions of acres of public lands which it was opening to settlement was a good reason for not buying more land by resuming the great estates. But the public lands were in the North Island in vast forest wastes, far from roads, markets or society. It would take a long while to supply this territory with the accessories of trade and intercourse.”

That was the land they were satisfied to turn over to an enterprising man until they were ready to confiscate it by excessive taxation, as above openly stated. Now as to some of the conditions of leasehold tenure.

“The lease holder cannot borrow on the security of his lease, either from a private banker or from the government.”

“OWNERS sell because they are afraid of the graduated tax.”

“This gentleman did not conceal the fact that the progressive land tax was one of his reasons for selling.”

“He (Mr. Seddon, the premier) declared himself willing to have the process called confiscation, bursting up, anything.”

“We propose,” said Wm. P. Reeves, “to take off taxation from the small land proprietors and put it on the large land owners.” Said Mr. Seddon, the premier: “I care very little for the capitalist. I care not if dozens of large land owners leave the country.”

“The state sometimes puts its rents too high. The procedure for reduction is cumbersome, and there is an agitation for A Fair Rent Bill. Revaluation is possible under the present system only upon the tenant’s abandoning his land.”

“The conditions as to residence and improvement are very strict. The successful applicant, to hold his property, must begin residence within a year, and within a year must put on improvements equal to two and one-half per cent of the value of the land, and within another year two and one-half per cent

more, and within the next four years another two and one-half per cent. He must have his fields fenced in accordance with stipulations of the law within two years. He must once a year cut and trim all the hedges on his land, and must keep it clear of all koom, sweet brier and other noxious plants. He must not take more than three crops from the same land in succession, and one of these crops must be a root crop. After the third crop he must put the land down in grass and let it remain in pasture for at least three years before beginning to crop it again. If his farm is more than twenty acres he must keep not less than one-half of it in permanent pasture. He is not allowed at any time to remove from the land or burn any straw which is grown upon it. If the tenant neglects these and some other less important conditions the land commissioner will have the work done for him and the cost of it is made recoverable in the same way as the rent. Some of the old-fashioned people used to the immunities of the freehold resent the inspections of their premises necessary to insure their compliance with the terms of the leases. 'It is a good deal like being at school again,' one of them complained. The Ranger

is the title of the inspector of leasehold properties. 'If you find the ranger in your garden', a leasehold said sarcastically, 'counting the gooseberries you mustn't mind it. It's part of the system.' "

"In this district the farmer makes the road to his farm with an American pick and shovel, he puts in his wheat with an American drill, he reaps it with an American reaper and binder, he pumps the water for his harvest hands through an American pump, he takes his wheat to a mill where the intricate machinery is American, he drives around town in a buggy that is mostly American, his timber is cut with an American ax, the hammer that drove the nails in his house was an American hammer, his saw was American, and finally his wheat rolls into Wellington behind an American locomotive."

Now let us see what will be the inevitable result of all this. I believe that I can lay it down as an uncontroverted principle of economics that where a man is not reasonably sure of the reward of his labor he will not work. The only exceptions to this are the head tax and forced labor under the overseer's whip, the instruments of the autocrat through

all time. The pioneer going into the backwoods of New Zealand can not look forward to retiring in his old age and living upon the rental of his land, his reward for many years of labor constantly returned to the soil to enhance its value, nor can he hope to turn it over to his children that they may find life easier on account of his labors. Knowing that he is to be expelled from the ground he cultivates no affection for it. He will neither plant orchards, fine trees, build good houses or barns. He will become a herdsman like a Navajo Indian or a Sahara Bedouin on communal property, as only his herds will be his own. He will be a tenant at the will of the landlord—the state—and will give it only a tenant's care. Nor will he have more love for the country which only insures him his grave, and not even that beside his loved ones, as they will be expelled and be wanderers.

In Illinois a very large tract of land at one time was owned by a rich Londoner of Irish name. The ground of wonderful fertility was leased to tenants for cultivation. He was a good landlord as landlords go. His ground was well tilled, his rents reasonable, and his tenants were assured of holding their places as

long as they lived and paid rent. His tenants prospered and saved money. Yet, as was commonly remarked, one could tell his territory as soon as the boundary was passed in the poor improvements, shabby cultivation and generally discouraging air of the neighborhood. His tenants openly asserted that they would not try to add to the value of another man's ground. As a rule they only farmed long enough to save some money to buy their own ground, even if it lay in far-off Kansas, Nebraska or Dakota.

This is just what is happening in New Zealand. Nobody is planting orchards or building up fine farms. Except for a small tract just south of Auckland, probably an old freehold settlement, everything throughout the country has a hopeless abandoned look; you feel that it is incurable. These lines are written at Brownsville, Texas, the most southern town on the mainland of the United States, a region which has had a railroad less than five years. It is now in the midst of a boom. Thousands of families are living in tents and shacks, while interspersed are the beautiful homes of those who can start that way. The climate is worse, the scenery not so beautiful nor the soil

so good as in New Zealand. Everything must be irrigated to produce at all, and yet hundreds of acres are being planted to oranges, figs, grapes and pecans. Every step is quick, every eye ardent, every jesture buoyant. The whole atmosphere is full of enterprise and hopefulness. Not a croak nor a discordant note is heard. What do these Texas planters look forward to that those of New Zealand do not? Why this greater courage? The Texas farmer faces an arid soil, an unkind sky. He must struggle with the wolf, the coyote, the fox, skunk, opossum, mink, eagle, hawk and rattle snake. The malaria he may expect almost as a matter of course; the yellow fever is a possibility any summer. The New Zealand farmer has no evil to fear but that of fatigue from work.

The Texas farmer, like every other American farmer, expects his reward. He is not only building his fortune but his home. Every shade tree he plants, every rose bush he sets out, becomes a part of himself. Every nail he drives, every stone he sets is like the gold the dentist puts into his teeth. His hands grow large and caloused, his shoulders bent with approaching years. It was his own burden he

has been carrying. Like labor and self denying for sake of children he has not considered his efforts. He sees and feels the results. There are only two places in all the world—his home and the rest of the world. He feels his place to cover him like his clothes. Even in his sleep he feels the protecting influence of his soil. His animals are his relatives, every twig on the place a fibre of his body. He may sell the place. He realizes the fruits of his labors, but his feelings towards the old farm are those of a farmer who has seen his daughter marry and go out among strangers, or a son who has left the homestead to engage in business elsewhere. Out of his possession it is still a part of his body. Sickness or disability may come; he may go blind, he may lose an arm or a leg, his wife may break down, his farm is still his livelihood. He rents it to another and still gets a share of its products. Age may come and feeling that he can no longer stand the labor as once he did, he may desire to go to some town and pass the remainder of his life free from those eternal cares. Again he rents the place, and with its rental feels as secure of honorable bread as a man can feel in this life. He has justly earned his leisure, and no one

should begrudge him in it. His savings are in his farm, the best place they can possibly be. In spite of all the swindling schemes advertised for the public's amelioration the best possible place for a man's dollar is in his own pocket.

In this little Brownsville hotel where I am stopping is an old retired farmer accompanied by his wife. He is seventy-three years old. His wife, with whom he has shared the storms and sunshine of forty-seven years, has borne him fourteen children. His father was a pioneer in Kentucky, he a pioneer in the southern part of Missouri, from there moving and becoming a pioneer in the Panhandle of Texas, taking there four sections of land which he built up for seventeen years and then sold, investing the proceeds in the town of Amarillo, where he built both business and residence houses, whose rental now enables him to rest and once a year see a little of the rest of the world. For eighteen years after the Civil war he was totally blind. He is now almost wholly deaf, but can see enough out of one eye to read and observe things in the world. In intellect keen and bright, enjoying life to the utmost. A Confederate soldier of

the slave-holding class, he was considered by the abolitionists as deserving hanging in this world and eternal damnation in the next. Now as a capitalist and landlord he deserves confiscation and pauperism in the eyes of our socialists and the New Zealand politicians. His Confederate badge says "God Judges". I will judge him this far as to say that he deserves every cent he has gotten, and I hope that both he and his noble wife will long live to enjoy their trips to the winter resorts of the Mexican Gulf.

The New Zealand farmer when he gets old or breaks down must turn his leasehold back to the state, step out without anything, and wait until he gets to be sixty-five years old to get his dollar and a half per week as a pauper. He may sell his sheep for a large sum in ready money when he parts with his land, but what will he do with his money in a country where a capitalist is a malefactor? The best place for a man's savings is in his own land. He may either spend his money and join the universal army of paupers, or he may emigrate to England, Canada or the United States, where he may still live on the proceeds of his youthful industry and providence, and that is what he

is doing. On our boat returning was a New Zealand farmer going to Canada to live. He stated that farm lands had depreciated over one-half in value, that the man who purchased his farm two years previous could not now sell it for over two-thirds as much as he paid for it. He claimed the same to be true of all town and city property as well.

The writer, who was taught in his boyhood to bear hardships in youth that one may live at ease in his old age, believes such to be the immutable law of nature. The children of New Zealand are taught the blessings of pauperization as they are taught religion, and that is what they will get. It is now and will forever remain the paradise of paupers and fat office holders.

Much has been made by the New Zealanders and by authority over the forced sale and subdivision into small tracts of several large land holdings. We hear at great length of the greater advantage of a thousand small leaseholders where wandered the sheep of a single master. Granted. It is what has been done in the United States ever since the revolution, is what is now being done all over the United States, and what will be done all over the

United States while our present form of government lasts; only we make one hundred owners instead of one without legislative enactment, and by the natural laws of supply and demand. Life is very short. The owner dies, his heirs are away in other business, and the old farm is sold and divided to be sold again to small farmers. Or the owner, too old to work longer, performs that act himself, expecting and getting no praise therefor. Instead of one careful owner in New Zealand there becomes no owner at all, but a crowd of careless pauper tenants, while they shout and advertise the transaction to the entire world. This seems too trivial even to refer to, and I would not do so but for the thousands of pages that have been printed on that subject concerning New Zealand. Instead of putting a halo around the head of the man who accomplishes that in the United States he is universally dubbed a shark.

As to all the minor matters, such as state life insurance, old-age pension, state banking, etc., etc., I did not sufficiently investigate to pass an opinion upon. I am not prepared to say they are all good or that they are all bad, nor to say which ones are good or bad. Enough

was learned to ascertain that the state was grasping into its own hand one enterprise after another, with the determination to ultimately be doing everything by what is called state co-operation. Authority, however, quotes without dissent the opinion of a leading dignitary of the church of New Zealand that the co-operative works are more costly than the old system. Taken collectively, however, I will assert that they are strangling in its infancy the prospects of the fairest country now known.

CHAPTER IX.

“Look To Home”.

Our country has a New Zealand, perhaps more than one; I will only refer to the place with which I have been identified for thirty-nine years, and in a measure ever since I was born—Chicago.

Twenty-five years ago the British consul officially reported to his government that Chicago was destined to become the largest city in the world. Every writer or speaker who ever referred to the matter spoke of its situation unparalleled in either the ancient or modern world. Rockefeller, desiring to be identified with the greatest, chose it as the seat of his university, which was to eclipse in wealth and equipment anything in the line the world had ever seen or ever would see. The growth of its population was marvelous. It

was commonly referred to as the large city of the entire world where the workingman was best clothed, best fed, best housed and best paid. A prominent New Yorker talking with me about the matter referred to the airy, sunny little cottages owned by the laborer in Chicago and his cheaper food, and said: "In time that is going to make itself felt. The laborer is going to live where his welfare is greatest. New York cannot and never will equal Chicago in that respect. I consider our town out of the race." The workman himself was imbued with that spirit. First he desired to get his own home. That made secure he looked around for vacant property upon which to build some houses to rent. He knew of many cases where the artisan without leaving his bench had accumulated an income of from three to six thousand dollars a year by his judicious investment in houses and lots and business property. It was the common expression: "You cannot lie about Chicago; she outdoes the wildest statement you can make." The term "Windy City" was not given to it on account of the movement of the air at that place. It is no more windy in Chicago than elsewhere. It was given on account of the pro-

pensity of its men to blow about its greatness. When away from home every citizen or suburbanite was proud to register from and claim to belong to Chicago.

And now?

From 1880 to 1890 Chicago increased at the rate of 60,000 per year. From 1890 to 1900 it increased at the same rate, 60,000 per year. The government census has just been taken for the year 1910. The growth of Chicago has dropped from 60,000 per year to 45,000 per year. Leaving out all questions of percentage the normal increase of population should have been 65,000 each year. Civic pride has dropped out of sight. To register now from Chicago is to stamp one as being a commercial traveler or a workman hunting a job. It is now Oak Park, Evanston, Lake Forest, etc., etc. If one now has a city residence and a country place he registers from the latter. He may be a prominent Chicago merchant, but your chance traveling acquaintance takes pride in telling you he does not live in Chicago. At home almost every man who wants to live sensibly and wisely is getting out of the city into the surrounding country. It amounts almost to an exodus; it would be an exodus if the men had

their way. Thousands of families are kept in the city by the women's overwhelming fondness for the dissipations of city life. The men say a butcher shop is a necessary place, but it does not necessarily follow that a man should live in a butcher shop.

Another result has followed. The workman has lost all ambition, even all desire to buy property, to own a home or any property in Chicago. Although values on vacant lots have fallen from one-half to two-thirds, the lower it gets the less he or any other person is inclined to buy. Offer a lot to a workman so low that the taxes upon it amount to six per cent of its selling price he will tell you: "I figure it out that if you were to give me the lot I would be making a bad bargain." Property has gotten so low in price that many persons have told the writer that after selling their vacant lots they went to pay accrued taxes and found the taxes were fully six per cent of the price they had received therefor. The usual rate upon improved property is two per cent of selling price, on vacant from three per cent to four per cent, that is upon the more favorable assessment. It amounts to this, that the city has confiscated all the real property within its

limits. Owners are paying full interest upon the value thereof, although it may be wholly non-income producing. But the nominal holder of the fee must still pay all assessments for improvements spread in the neighborhood. These have been so numerous and so great that it is an exceptional lot in Chicago that will now sell for the amount paid upon it in taxes and assessments during the past sixteen years.

In improved property nothing is left for the owner. A friend of mine about five years ago built within a block of one of the great parks five cottages containing bath and sanitary plumbing, hot and cold water, gas for cooking and lighting, hard wood floors, picture frame mouldings, drawers in closets and pantry, etc., etc. He borrowed one-half the cost of the buildings only to assist him in building. When the houses had been finished three years he struck a balance. The rents he had received did not by a great deal equal what he had paid out in interest, taxes, insurance, and repairs. He is now controlling them solely for the benefit of the tenants and the tax eaters. His houses are a wreck. The writer has talked with many owners of large apartment buildings, and except in the most fashionable neigh-

borhoods the story is the same. As a result, the apartment buildings are usually being sold to rich innocents living away from the city, who will find the honor of owning Chicago realty their only reward. Among the men who were building up the city wide-spread bankruptcy has resulted. Many were killed under the burden. Building has ceased to be a business. One man who used to build from forty to sixty buildings a year tells me he would not even contemplate the possibility of ever erecting another structure in Chicago. Only the most profound philosophy and economy in living enables a man to hold on to any rented property in the city at all. Chicago landlords, as a rule, are living in the country where the greater part of their cost of living is taken from their gardens and their domestic animals. They do not dine at Rector's or the Congress Hotel.

In manufacturing, no other story can be told. No one now starts a large factory in the city. He chooses some place in the country within easy reach. Many of the large factories which could be named have forsaken the city for some village. Others could be named that would gladly go but for the expensive

plant already existing that would be an almost total loss. Only a few days before writing this, going to the City of Mexico on a train, I entered into conversation with a gentleman who proved to be a large and successful manufacturer. Learning I was from Chicago, without my mentioning the subject, he plunged headlong into the matter. He ventured the statement that Chicago was throttled and crippled for all time. To draw him out I disagreed with him. He told me that contemplating the establishment there of a branch factory to avail himself of the name and prestige, he had taken his wife and spent four months of the last summer (1910) in Chicago, living as though it were to be his home. As the result of his thorough investigation he concluded that he would not start such a branch there, that under no consideration would he invest a dollar in the place. In his own language: "I could have bought fine residences all over the South Side with their lots for one-half what it cost to build the house." Rockefeller has ceased interest in his university and closed his account. It must sink or swim now without his further help.

To what may we attribute this tremendous

revolution? There has been no change in the map since Mr. Sadler reported to his government that Chicago would become the greatest city the world ever saw. The tariff walls have not been moved nearer; no great convulsion of nature has put an impassable gulf between it and the great West; no pestilence, no great flood or earthquake has occurred to destroy life or property. The oldest man born in the Mississippi Valley has never seen a failure of the crops. The only war, the one with decrepit Spain, merely brought increased prestige and trade. Neither in thought nor habit have the sons born in that vast interior empire become degenerate. While Chicago real property has fallen from fifty to seventy-five per cent, the lands around it have trebled and quadrupled in values.

By all the rules Chicago ought still to be the Mecca of all the hopeful in the United States. No other city has advanced further in Henry Georgeism. Nowhere is socialism more strongly founded. The whole city is a seething, boiling pot of altruistic ideas. The preachers have quit preaching Christianity and preach only socialistic ideas. The clergyman who is most radical in that direction is

the one most popular and who gets his name most often in the daily papers. Those papers themselves, with possibly a single exception, have swallowed socialism whole, and each tries to outdo the other in its advocacy of confiscation. To one great paper a correspondent wrote advocating raising the taxes so high that no one could afford to pay taxes on real property, and that it all, without new laws or legal proceedings, would revert to the state. The paper published the letter, and others of similar tenor since. Another, a property owner, called attention in a letter that on some of his unimproved property his tax receipts showed that he was paying two and one-half times as much as twenty years before, while he could not sell the same for one-half as much as then. The same paper refused to publish this letter. According to published list there are twenty-seven social centers supported in the town, practically all teaching insurrection against wealth and landlordism. Some of them are hotbeds of unrest, sedition and lawbreaking. Millions upon millions are being spent to provide club houses, play grounds and other public entertainments for the laboring classes. A member of the South Park Board said they

had in a few years spent ten millions of dollars upon cement play houses that were already falling to pieces. Since beginning this book an outer-park system has been voted that will cost twenty millions of dollars or more. The tax payer has become a negligible quantity. The worst argument you can urge against any measure is that it will place new burdens on the property holders.

Henry Georgeism is a doctrine that peculiarly appeals to the office holders. There is a fascination in spending other people's money, and it is so much nicer when you can feel that the more taxes you impose on the people the more you are benefiting them. It is a poor political job where the rakeoff is not half the amount spent. Of course the writer will not say that everything promoted by the office holders is inadvisable. "*Vixi fortes ante Agamemnon*". Before excessive taxation on lands was taught as a religious duty we laid out and paid for a magnificent park system and boulevard system; afterwards we had the public library and a better school system than now. Only the property owner was not then considered a robber and an oppressor, a new

slave holder to be deprived of his holdings regardless of all laws, human or divine.

This theory has now been in practice for eighteen years. We will say nothing here about the confiscation of vacant lands, the bankruptcy of its owners and the enforced exile of so many citizens. We will take note, however, that while so much was formerly heard about taking the unearned increment, not a word has been uttered favoring restoring the one-half value lost in depreciation; that while the vacant land was confiscated they never confiscated the mortgages that covered so much of it. We will consider the laborer, for whose sole benefit the whole city of Chicago has been conducted for nearly two decades, what Henry Georgeism, the twenty-seven social centers, the socialistic preachers and the high-taxing politicians have done for him. All authorities unite in stating that the people of Chicago as a whole are now living in a state of congestion and degradation not surpassed in any city on earth. Said Dr. Gunsaulus in a sermon recently: “In Chicago the poverty is more dire and the indigence more foul than anywhere else in the world.” The Chicago Tribune about the same time pub-

lished an interview with a number of the proprietors of storage houses. It was the revelation by all of them that every year the first of May saw more and more families store their furniture and take to rooms. In their words: "They say they intend to get the furniture again and go to house keeping, but they seldom or never do." Last year the United States government took the census in Chicago. The same daily paper published an article derived from the united impressions of the census takers that Chicago had become a city of families living in one room. Strange tales of the present condition of affairs keep breaking out; of the single rooms holding three and four families; of forty men and women sleeping in one room; of the wet, dark cellars occupied as living places by widows and children; of families occupying rooms so dark that on the brightest day in summer lights must be burned from morning until night; of habits resulting therefrom that place its participants on the level of beasts. I know personally of eight or ten men sleeping on the bare floors of small rooms, not lodging houses but rented property; of families who formerly lived in six rooms occupying only one; of American fami-

lies of apparent refinement, consisting of father, mother, grown daughter and son, all living together within the same four walls. Intelligent American women, the mothers of several children, upon whom we would at once say the future of the country rests, have come to me crying, telling me that they could find nothing within their means fit for animals to live in, let alone rearing American children. All this in the chief city on the boundless plains of Illinois, still a pioneer state of the great new republic. And with all this there comes a feeling expressed in the everyday phrase: "Nothing matters much." To one who knows Chicago these words mean volumes. In addition to this they have rendered the city impossible of habitation for 200,000 people.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the settlement question in Chicago to thoroughly discuss their influence. Aside from their charitable works, if they do really perform charitable works, I believe their teachings to be pernicious. Backed as they are by a swarm of cheap magazines and socialistic newspapers, their influence is subversive rather than up-building. I am corroborated in this by the

opinions of many men of real worth and of numerous clergymen, although I pay little attention to the opinions of the latter. As to their charitable works, I am told by persons better informed that they themselves are objects of charity, affording sustenance to non-producers; that like the brotherhoods of the middle ages, with the same objects, they give an easy living to their promoters; that anyone has only to start a social settlement and then start out begging.

As to the politicians and office holders I can speak with more assurance. All their expenditures have been prefaced with the arguments that they were made for the benefit of the laboring classes. That this talk always goes down shows the inherent gullibility of human nature. Every bit of local legislation in Chicago during the past twenty years has directly tended to increase the burdens of the man of moderate means. Then the cost of a permit for a one-story cottage was from one to three dollars; now it is six dollars and upwards. Then it cost three dollars to tap the water pipe; now it costs five. Then it cost three dollars to connect with the sewer; now it costs five. For nearly forty years outlying districts

contributed their taxes towards paying the entire cost of putting in the sewers of the most expensive parts of the North and South Sides. This being done, the common council decided to put them all in by special assessments levied only upon the lots draining into same, the city not even bearing cost of street intersections or to carry off flood waters. The much talked of laborer living in his little cottage, or with his vacant lot, was paying special assessments for three sewers at the same time; one a half a mile away, another a quarter of a mile away, and the one in front of his own lot. When the ordinance was first passed experts estimated that it would cost each lot owner about fifteen dollars, and that even that amount was three-fourths unjust. It cost, on an average, every lot owner from \$60 to \$70. The \$5,000 lot was sewerred at the expense of the whole city; the \$200 lot had to pay over \$60 for same service, and of that unjust levy over half was literally stolen. A friend of mine had several times advanced under the old law money to put sewers in streets where he owned most of the property. All asked of him for the twelve-inch street sewers was one dollar per foot, that covering expense of putting in pipe and the

catch basins for flood waters. Under the new law he was called upon for from \$3.00 to \$3.50 per lineal foot. Being justly indignant he did a little detective work. On some streets, notably those from West Indiana Street to Kinzie on the West Side, he learned that the contractor got \$600, while the cost of levying the assessment and inspecting the job was over \$800. On some of the jobs the inspectors were more numerous than the laborers engaged on the contract. On his complaining at the City Hall he was laughed at, called a land baron, and told they were going to make it as hot as possible for the land owner, that he either had to build or sell. But calling him a land baron did not exempt the poor laborer from paying the same assessment.

Chicago is the only city in the United States known to the writer where the entire cost of sewers, water pipes, catch basins, filling curbing and paving the streets and the cement side walks are laid upon the adjoining property, and even the cost of levying those assessments. He calls to mind a certain lot in the city, one of a numerous class. The owner first paid about \$40 for a cement side walk; then about \$60 for a sewer; then about \$150 for curbing,

filling and paving the street in front of that lot. Then within sixteen years the sewer was taken up, another one laid at a cost of \$55 or more; then it was repaved at the cost again of \$150; then \$13 a year taxes for twenty years; then water connections and sewer drains to lot line about \$40, making nearly \$800 paid out on that lot within twenty years, not counting interest on those payments. He cannot now sell it for over \$500.

It will not do to call this an exceptional instance. The writer can give full particulars and figures of a hundred similar cases. He has been given facts by poor working men in many, many, such cases until his heart grew sick. Merely to refer to the matter causes him pain. Not the cub reporter or the professional office holder, but from the tax payer himself must it be ascertained whether these statements are exaggerated or not.

Except on the theory that it is a crime to own real property, not a word can be urged in justification of all this.

It may be noticed that the benevolence of the office holders and their efforts in behalf of the poor laborer has been confined to lavishly expending the tax payers' money. It has

never extended to decreasing their own wages. On the contrary, salaries every year have been raised until now they are out of all proportion to benefits conferred. Men who could never earn in private life over ten or twelve hundred dollars per year think when working for the public that they are justly entitled to \$5,000, \$7,000 or \$10,000. Seven thousand dollars is a good income on a quarter of a million dollars. The writer could add a great deal to above subject, but as life is sweet to him at even his advanced age, he refrains. In all their benevolence has increased the city expenditures, not counting special assessments, during the last five years from eleven millions to twenty-four millions of dollars.

What solution do these pseudo philanthropists offer for the evils they themselves have created? You may confiscate a man's property under guise of law, but you cannot compel him to build more houses when you are going to also rob him of the rentals therefrom. The office holders' solution is to lay on more taxes. A woman settlement worker's solution, quoted by the newspapers approvingly, is to pour gasoline on the congested tenements and set

them on fire. It is the old matter of hanging the bakers during a famine.

I append two clippings on this subject taken from the Chicago Tribune of recent date. I thought I had preserved the date, but find I did not. They speak for themselves:

HOUSES FOR POOR A HUGE PROBLEM.

Should the housing of the poor be overlooked in the plans for the beautification of Chicago?

A formal protest against any such omission has been made to the city plan commission by the trustees of the University of Chicago settlement, and a plea is made for a comprehensive method for the housing of the working people who now reside in tenements. An ordinance which will prevent the erection of cheap tenements and bring about the abolition of present unsightly and insanitary buildings is suggested.

"Under the direction of public spirited members of the Commercial club, excellent plans for a greater Chicago have been prepared," declares the latter. "These plans make wise and ample provisions for the future growth of our city as regards traffic and transportation facilities, public buildings, parks and boulevards. But there is an important factor of a better Chicago which was not included within the field of last year's report on the city plan. That factor is the housing of our working people.

Families in Cellars.

"We cannot have a really 'great' Chicago unless there are habitable and comfortable dwellings for its wage earners. In the Twenty-ninth ward, for example, hundreds of families are existing in dark, un-

ventilated rooms, sometimes in cellars. Two, three, and four families are crowded together in frame cottages originally built for one family. In the long two and three story frame tenements six to twenty families may be found, besides dozens of lodgers.

"Many of the long tenements cover the entire lot, and where there are cottages there is often one in the front and one in the rear—leaving insufficient space for a playground or yard. The structures are often old, moldy, unpainted, and set in jagged lines, and few trees or gardens break the bleakness and ugliness of parts of the district.

"In the northern part of the ward it is almost impossible for people earning limited wages to secure any dwellings in which they can take pride and comfort. Unsightly and undesirable buildings are now being erected, and the city is paying the bill in the loss of vigor and efficiency for its wage working population and in additional expense of maintaining public health. For instance, in the Twenty-ninth ward (where housing is poor) during the month of July, 1910, the death rate of infants was more than ten times that of the Sixth ward, a well housed district fronting the lake.

Building Law Not Enough.

"To meet problems relating to sanitation and building structure a new building code was introduced into the city council last year. It contains many excellent regulations with respect to safety and health. If properly enforced, if a generous appropriation for an adequate building and sanitary inspection force is made, decided improvement will unquestionably follow.

"Still, it cannot be expected that the passage of a building ordinance will meet the situation, for such a law merely prohibits contractors from erecting dangerous and unsanitary structures, and only to a limited extent lessens the evils of existing housing. Even if

properly enforced it would leave unsightly dwellings which would provide adequate living space neither inside nor outside the houses. It would not meet the profound moral disintegration which, we know too well, always follows upon overcrowding in family life.

Little Time to Hunt Houses.

“The reason for this need of supervision by the community through its representatives is to be found in the fact that the pressure of making a living leaves a considerable number of our wage earners little time, money, or energy to determine how they and their neighbors are to live. And because they are forced to live in cramped rooms, at a low rent, under conditions which make privacy and cleanliness almost impossible, we sometimes judge that they do not want to live cleanly and decently. In the majority of cases this judgment is unjust and untrue.

“The present moment is favorable for attacking the problem here, because from the forthcoming investigations of selected parts of Chicago made through the Russell Sage foundation and other sources there is a wealth of information which bears directly on this question.

“The housing problem is of central importance in any scheme of the city planning. It requires competent, impartial control, and immediate action must be taken.”

Sociologists O. K. the Plan.

The proposal to have the city plan commission take up the question of housing was indorsed by a number of Chicago sociologists.

“The other tenement districts of Chicago are about the same as in the Twenty-ninth ward,” declared Miss Mary McDowell. “Wherever there are large numbers of industrial workers there is overcrowding. These

workers can't build cottage homes, and are forced to reside in the tenements.

"As rents go, tenement rentals are exorbitant, and these poor people are forced to pay a higher rate than in other parts of the city. I know families that pay \$10 and \$12 for rooms on the ground, with no heat or light and almost no air and sunshine. The little cottage isn't ideal when built on the ground, and these tenement cottages rent so high that the tenants sub-rent every inch of space.

Would Reserve Districts.

"Under our city ordinances a factory can be put up almost anywhere in the city," declared George Hooker who studied housing problems in a number of European cities last summer. "Factories have been erected in residence districts and have changed the neighborhood, for property owners will not make improvements in such sections. We have not had proper inspection of tenements. We need to have them inspected and to have a census of the dwellers taken, including conditions of living, rents, and so forth. Certain districts should be reserved for residence, and no other use made of them."

"The general question of housing is quite as important as any feature of the city plan," declared Walter L. Fisher, special traction counsel "But it is a serious question whether the city has the authority to declare just what sort of buildings may be erected in certain districts or to lay out zones in which buildings must conform to a certain type and standard, as some European cities have done. We have no statute along this line in Illinois, and even if the legislature passed such a statute, it would be a nice legal question whether it would be constitutional."

THE WORKERS HOME.

Every man and woman in the city of Chicago ought to read a communication published in The Tribune of this issue.

It is a letter of the board of the University settlement addressed to the city plan commission, and it touches upon one of the most important questions affecting the people of this community.

That question is better housing for the wage earner.

As the letter points out, Chicago already has, through the generosity of the Commercial club, a plan for the beautification of the city. This plan provides for splendid boulevards and open places, and for the orderly and convenient arrangement of streets. The plan is now in the hands of a public commission appointed by the mayor. It includes public officials, aldermen, and men from all walks of life. Therefore it is appropriate that in such hands the Chicago plan should be extended to include the subject proposed by the board of the University settlement.

In the board's letter reference is made to certain conditions in the Twenty-ninth ward. It is said that there are "hundreds of families existing in dark, un-ventilated rooms in cellars." It is said that "two, three, and four families are living in cottages built for one. It is said that "in long two or three story frame tenements from six to twenty families live, besides dozens of lodgers."

These conditions are not found only in the district named in this letter. They are found in other parts of the city, and, taken all together, they constitute a large area which calls for enlightened attention. The letter very truly declares that Chicago cannot be a "great" city in the sense in which we all wish to make her great if she neglects the needs and interests of the wage workers, the men and women upon whose labor

all her material prosperity is founded. The wage earner has little time, money, or energy to spare for the solution of this problem. And even if he did, he would not be able to accomplish satisfactory results individually. It is work which must be done along broad lines by public or collective agencies. Other great cities of the world, especially those of Europe, have been forced to adopt measures of reform. Chicago ought to be far sighted enough to meet the evil before it grows worse and to make provision for not only a present improvement but also for a sound growth.

Yesterday The Tribune spoke of the great movement for conservation, and especially of the conservation of human life and health. Here in this proposal of the board of the University settlement is the way pointed to a great act of human conservation. Let Chicago put her hand now to the task of wiping out these crowded districts and providing by wise means that the wage earner and his family shall find homes that are healthy and convenient, homes where children may grow up happily to be prosperous and useful citizens.

The same Chicago Tribune, a few weeks after publishing those articles, editorially referring to the news that Milwaukee was going to embark in the business of building municipal-owned tenements, said that the more socialism of that kind we had in Chicago the better. When a young man I officed seven years with the man who, until he went on the bench, was the lawyer for Joseph Medill and the Tribune. Naturally I became as familiar

with him and his private opinions as an unknown young man could with an old man in the full blaze of glory. When I read that editorial I thought: “The brains of old Joe Medill have run out in the third generation.”

This book is not intended as a primer of political economy, much as Chicago may need such a primer, but let us consider this question a minute. It would take a hundred millions of dollars expended on tenements to make any impression upon present congested state of Chicago, every dollar of which would have to be borrowed from the much-hated capitalist. With those hundred millions of dollars they might build fifty million dollars worth of tenements, as, whether in Chicago, New Zealand or Australia, public works cost double what private works cost. The politician, as a rule, is hardly satisfied with a rakeoff of one-half. The city would collect very little in rent, and at the end of fifteen years the houses would be uninhabitable wrecks. This process would have to be repeated so long as the capitalist could be found to keep up the game. I saw the four million dollar post office go up, stone by stone, and fall down again in fifteen years. I saw the six million dollar city hall and court

house go up, stone by stone, and fall down again in fifteen years. I am stretching my imagination to the utmost in giving fifteen years to jerry-built public tenements filled with destructive tenants.

Perhaps I am old fashioned and deserving of hanging, but I still think that the best citizen is the man who lives with his family in his own bright, sunny, roomy house; such a man stands the best chance of rearing his children in the right way; that a city should be a great corporation, economically run for the best interests of the stock holders—its tax payers; that if you legislate for home owners you get home owners; that if you legislate for paupers you get paupers; that if you deliberately rob every man of the fruits of his industry he will purposely try to have nothing that may be taken. This was true in Persia three thousands of years ago. It is true in Chicago today.

On searching for the compensation, as Emerson advises, perhaps we may conclude it is all for the best. Great cities are the sink holes of the human race, the places where the blood deteriorates, sterilizes and runs out. Anything that tends to overcome the centripe-

tal propensity of the people to crowd together may not be an unmixed evil. Whether they desire it or not, to drive them out is a benefit. Anything that induces the manufacturer to locate his industry in a village instead of Chicago is a work of philanthropy. Any family that takes an acre or more out of the congestion, out on the electric interurbans may easily avoid all the evils we hear so much about. The only cure for a socialist is to starve him. But our loud-mouthed, much-writing socialistic friends do not intend it that way. "If John D. Rockefeller drinks champagne we want champagne" is their cry. But the John D. Rockefellers of the industrial world do not drink champagne. My critics will indignantly resent the idea that they are making Chicago less habitable. The boy who fouled the bed occupied by himself alone still denied that he had done it.

Much is being said about making Chicago another Paris. It is considered a justification for any and every expense. We are told in French literature of a man who had a very beautiful wife. He went up to court with her where the king, seeing and admiring her, made her his favorite, bestowing upon her husband

and all their relatives honorable and lucrative positions. Thereupon all the men in France who had beautiful wives went up to Paris and paraded them before the king, to the effect that they, not finding the king easy, bankrupted themselves and, disappointed, went back to their mortgaged estates. Phryne, the courtesan, we are told in Greek history, offered to rebuild the walls of Thebes at her own expense, but that has not deterred millions of Phrynes since then dying of hunger and destitution. The world needs but one Paris at a time. As Venice preceded her, so she will reign until dethroned by another. When that occurs it will not be Chicago to take her place. To bankrupt all her citizens to make a courtesan out of ugly, dirty, slatternly Chicago. Es ist zu lachen.

CHAPTER X.

Our Lesson.

This book was not written with intention or expectation of halting the course of socialism in Chicago. With practically all its newspapers, aided by innumerable cheap magazines, each trying to outdo the other, not to mention the hundreds of speakers and writers working for the advancement of those ideas, call them what you may, one might as well stand on the brink of Niagara and try to arrest the downfall of its waters. Chicago is a hopeless case. It is pledged to socialism, so far as the legislation already accomplished or to be obtained at Springfield, will permit. If I were not a Chicago tax payer I would be glad to see the question pushed to the utmost. After being robbed of \$100,000 worth of unproductive real property by confiscation no element of sympathy in my mind is involved. If it were not

that I am still a large stockholder in the enterprise I think I could view the throttling process with the utmost complacency.

Then why this book?

It certainly is not a bid for popularity. I am fully aware of the storm of opprobrium that will burst upon my head when these lines face the light. No association will ever invite me to address its meetings. No Chicago school house will ever be named after the writer of this volume. I have probably given of my own money to churches, reading rooms and colleges ten dollars where Authority ever gave one. Where he was a saint I can only be a sinner. I am also well aware that the only really benevolent men are the men who make their living by their benevolence. Talk is so cheap. I expect, as the result of all this labor, unpopularity during this life and oblivion thereafter, so far as the Chicago newspapers can give it to me. The men of intelligence and integrity, both North and South, whose wise counsel, if followed, would have stayed the senseless four years' struggle between brothers in our Civil war, are now lying forgotten in unknown graves. The men on both sides who, for their political aggrandizement, plunged the country

into that awful struggle are now the heroes of their respective sections, their statues standing high above the market places in marble, their features perpetuated in bronze tablets or stamped on the coins. I do not expect human nature to change in my day. I am also fully aware that it is not the man who produces a disastrous condition of affairs that achieves the hatred of the people, but the man who makes it known to the world. So they wanted to lynch the health officer who reported the existence of the bubonic fever in San Francisco, but not the men who allowed it to increase.

Nor am I a student of, or writer upon, sociological conditions. Carlyle says that no man need go out hunting for things to reform. To perform the duty that lies nearest is sufficient for any man and will keep him fully occupied. I did not go to Australia and New Zealand to arrest their course in socialism, nor did I intend to write a book about them. This labor was, in a great measure, forced upon me. I have a message to the people of Illinois and I give it. What the result may be I do not know. I should feel craven and recreant to the last day of my life if I withheld it. I will feel

infinitely relieved when the task is accomplished.

Said my Vancouver friend, the big North of Ireland lumber man, (not the socialist) on the Marama coming home: "I predict that socialism will continue to grow all over the world until it extinguishes all known governments, Christianity and our present civilization starting the world anew on the basis of the ancient Persian monarchy—the boss owning everything."

Who will assert that he is not telling the truth?

Judging from its growth during the last thirty years, I would say his statement merited serious consideration. When a city hall tax eater twenty-five years ago said to me that it was their intention to so burden vacant real property that the owner would be compelled to build or part with it for anything he could get, I considered it merely the irresponsible utterance of a flannel mouth. I afterwards learned to my sorrow that he was telling the absolute truth. So that now when a clamor is arising ostensibly to compel the farmers, as they say, to bear a greater share of the public burden, but in reality to tax farm lands up to

its rental value, I think it time to open my mouth. I am in the position of a burnt child. Having lost, say an arm, by fire I now know that fire will burn. I do not propose to let either myself or my neighbor inconsiderately be consumed.

Are these the fears of an alarmist? The Chicago Tribune has of recent years repeatedly in its editorial columns called for the creation of a tax commission, having for its object the equalization of taxes all over the state, that the farm should bear a greater share of the public taxes. I will not say that this is the only newspaper favoring this step, but as it is the only daily that I read consecutively, its handling of this and similar questions is more familiar to me.

A few months ago a cheap magazine of supposedly tremendous circulation published an article written by a professor of economics in Harvard College. In that article he favored as the easiest solution for the evils under which the community is supposed to be suffering, high cost of living, congestion in cities, etc., the placing of higher taxes on the farms; that as the community is one, and one limb of the body cannot suffer without the entire cor-

porate system suffering, it is the duty of the farmers to contribute to the uplift of the cities, etc., etc. About fifteen years ago the president of a great western university gave utterance to nearly similar views in a lecture. He was at once put out. That no notice whatever was taken of the article referred to shows how far socialistic ideas have progressed in the meantime.

Mr. ———, a Chicago lawyer who has made fame and fortune as a tax fighter, only a few days previous to writing this chapter, as quoted in the Chicago Tribune, stated in an address that the farmers in Illinois did not pay half enough taxes, and favored the establishment of a central assessing body which shall levy the taxes for the whole community, however distant the land may lie. De Tocqueville, in his "Democracy in America", asserts that the only real liberty enjoyed in the United States not shared elsewhere is the township government, and particularly in the levying and collecting of taxes by those bodies, and not by a central body. Township self government he considers the foundation stone of our liberty. Take that away and the whole superstructure is imperiled. We have had a taste

of that in the Board of Review in Chicago, the most corrupt organization ever holding sway in Cook County. When that central tax assessing body called for by Mr. ——— is established I hope there will also be established an autocrat at Springfield with power to shoot or behead grafting politicians and jury bribing, perjury inciting and tax fighting lawyers without judge or jury.

Ever since the world began, and all over the world wherever organized society existed, the man who tilled the soil has been compelled to bear the burden of the social structure, the cost of its gorgeous courts, its highly decorated military organizations, and its mass of idle vicious hangers-on and around those royal courts, and everywhere the tiller of the soil has purposely tried to keep himself poor to avoid the pressure. France and the United States have been the only exceptions, and now they are starting a propaganda to remove the latter country from that exception. If the farmers of Illinois permit it to be carried out, I can only say they will deserve their fate. For my part I would say sooner insurrection than New Zealand socialism. For my part I would rather see Chicago level with the prairie and sown

with salt than pay its full rental value as tax on my farm to the public. A deaf old man, I could neither work it myself or make my living without it. I do not view either the poor house or \$1.50 per week as a pauper pensioner with equanimity. And there are thousands in Illinois in precisely my circumstances. It would have been greatly to my financial advantage if eighteen years ago I had stopped paying taxes on my vacant lots in Chicago and let the state take them all. When the crushing machine gets fully into motion I expect to sell my farm lands for whatever I can get and emigrate to Central America or the Cannibal islands of the Pacific where there is still some regard for property rights. Still I expect it to be done, and that within fifty years we will see every foot of farm land in Illinois be paying full rental value as a tax. Then the only future for the old or broken-down farmer will be the poor house or the pauper's pension. I only hope it will not come until after I am dead.

Why this crusade against the farmer? It is only a short time that he has been enjoying his prosperity. It is only about twelve or fifteen years ago that I was getting eight cents a

dozen for eggs, three dollars a hundred for my hogs, and seventeen cents a bushel for my corn, while anybody who bought farm ground was considered as big a fool as the man who now buys Chicago real property.. The farmer has always borne more than his share of the public burden. He pays his share of the national, state, county and township tax. Enough is raised for all needful purposes, and to that no objection is urged. As a railroad conductor once said to me, the farmer is the only man who paid three cents a mile. Every faker, every chevalier d'industrie who lives by his wits in promoting schemes in the cities, looks to the farmer for his prey. The import duties have always pressed most heavily upon him to build up the colossal fortunes of the Carnegies et al. For what reason this cry for taxing the farmers up to their rental value? Formerly the talk was taxation for the legitimate expenses of government economically administered. It is no longer that. He must be taxed as a principle. If its advocate be asked for what purpose so much money be raised beyond all reasonable demands of government, the answer, the only one, could easily be: "Let not that concern you; you furnish the

money, we will attend to the spending''. It is as easy now for the city government of Chicago to spend twenty-four millions of dollars a year as it was to spend eleven millions five years ago.

I will answer that question in a way he would not. It is to provide for great hordes of highly-paid, useless, idle officials who will form a great machine to aggrandize themselves and add to their number, as in New Zealand. It is to pour from the utmost extremities of the state great sums of money to support a numerous army of bums in the city who will further the lust for power and ambitions of those office holders. It is to reduce to serfdom the tiller of the soil and inevitably bring in the all-owning autocrat. Rome drew upon every acre of its vast empire for grain to feed its worthless idle masses, but those distant regions could not help themselves, being under military domination. Like Gibbon, one can only think that they got what they deserved when the barbarians came in and exterminated the whole crowd. I know it is dreadfully sophomorical to refer to Rome after these forty years, but I couldn't help it.

To make even a pretense of justification for

this, they make much of the "uplift" as they term the regeneration of the city masses through the robbing of the country man. It is a pretty difficult matter to uplift the people who will not make an effort to uplift themselves and do not want to be uplifted, and who, on the contrary, will stubbornly resist any effort to uplift them. However, it gives notoriety and an easy life to those who make that an excuse for their existence. Some years ago the Chicago Tribune published a synopsis of the report of the New York Tenement Commission. As the result of their investigations they reported that if the families were taken out of the New York slums and put in the finest mansions of Fifth Avenue, within six months those mansions would be the slums of New York. I clipped that article out and mailed it to a lady well known for her benevolent inclinations. No reply to it was ever received by me. Let any family in Chicago express even a desire for better conditions and see how many practical men will spring to their aid, but those practical men require that that family co-operate in their efforts, which usually is the last thing it desires to do. Pouring water into a rat hole has generally been considered the

height of wasteful and useless expenditure. It is nothing compared with the task of impoverishing a whole stateful of industrious provident farmers to coddle a mass of vicious idle city dwellers who want "money not advice". It is paying too dear for it. Summed up, all this talk of the uplift amounts to the fact that while they cannot stop the poverty they can stop the wealth. It is the old primitive desire for loot. It is strongest where the loot has accumulated. In the country where possession of property means back-breaking toil, it is practically non-existent. Father Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary, says after the wild Indians had compelled his thrifty Christianized Indians to accompany them into the woods of western Ohio: "Every day brought us new troubles. The cattle finding no good pasture were constantly attempting to return, and therefore had to be watched. The milch cows failed for want of proper feed, and owing to this many families, and especially those who had small children, suffered. Provisions of all kinds were wanting, and when the women went into the woods or on the river banks to look for and dig roots as a substitute, they either could not find what they were in search

of or the ground was too hard frozen to get them. Corn was very scarce throughout the country, and those who had the article asked a dollar for three or four quarts. Even the timber for building was far off, for all the country, to a great distance was a barren prairie, with the exception of here and there a few scattered trees. The pinching cold was severely felt by all those who were in want of clothes and bedding, and this was particularly the case with us.

Under the pressure of sufferings we were ridiculed and laughed at. 'Look', said the Monesey chief to a Wyandot, 'look at these praying (Christian) Indians, who but the other day were living in affluence, how they now creep about in the bushes looking for roots and berries to keep themselves from starving. Well, they are served right, for why should some live better than others? We have now brought them on a level with us.' Yet such sayings were not the worst, but both Pipe and the half king boasted that they now had it in their power to compel the Christian Indians to go to war with them whenever they choose to command them."

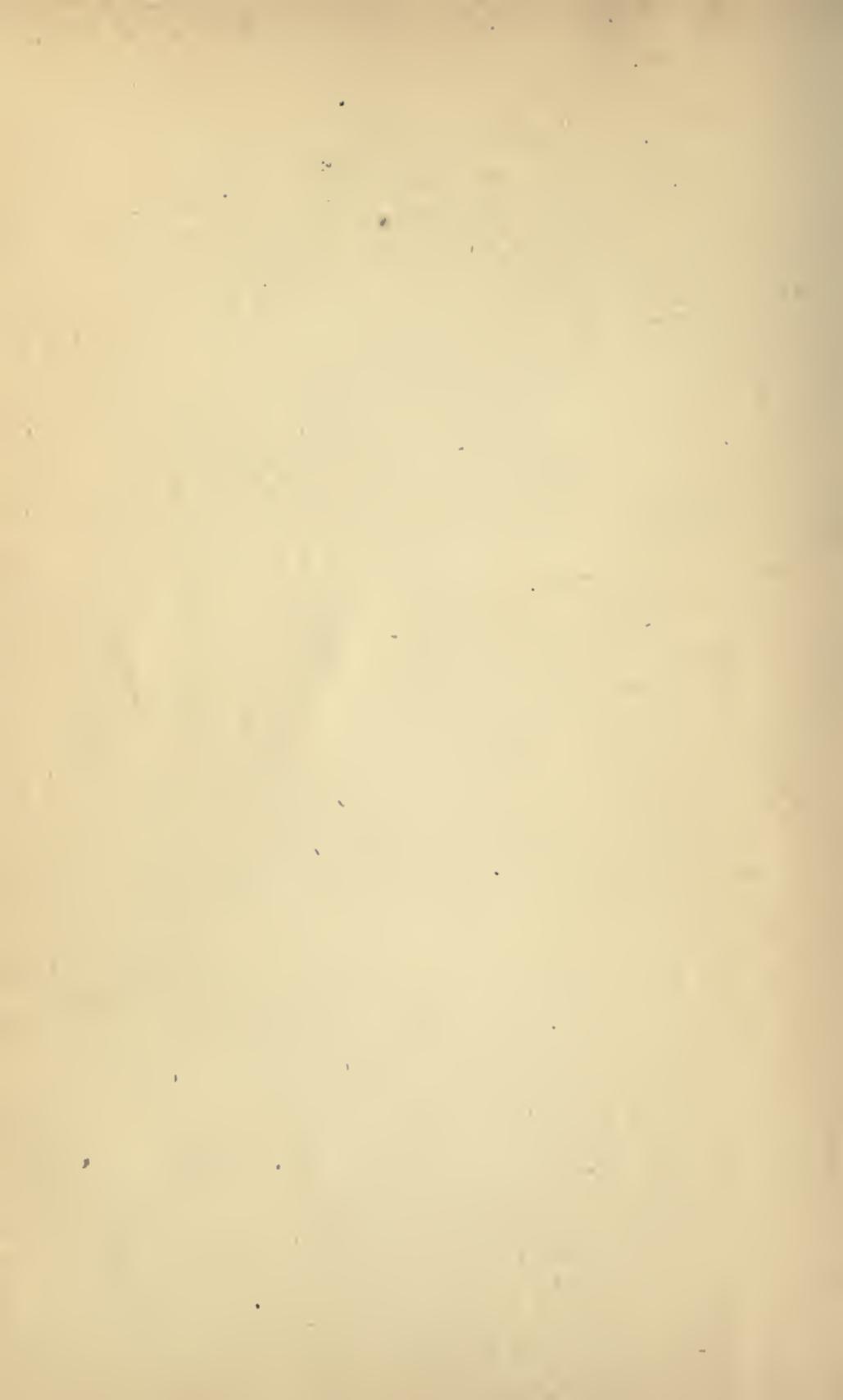
So they as much as say in Australia and New Zealand: "We may pauperize the whole community, but it must be a community of equals. There shall not be a rich man and a poor man."

The human race has always been trying to abrogate the laws of nature by statute laws, the law of the political bum for the law of the Creator, to its own loss. Homer makes Jove say: "Mankind brings a flood of evils on its head by its own follies, and lays the blame upon me." A more modern writer hits it off neatly when he makes Jove say: "What, I damn such fools?"

It is the law of nature that the idle, the vicious and the drunken suffer therefor. Few of the human race are guided by reason, or by any other law than that of necessity. If you rob a man of the rewards of his industry, or if you make it hard for individuals to accumulate wealth, you increase the poverty of all. Among the rich you get rich; among the poor you get poor. New Zealand and Australia are condemned to an eternity of mediocrity. We are trying to follow their example.

The End.

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