

Making Tomorrow's World

By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.
(Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)

AUSTRALIA—AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY



Sydney, Australia. — Australia, in area the size of the continental United States, with population approximately number though not in variety the population of the city of New York, is trying out democracy. Here experiment is substituted for experience, new theories for old practices.

The land is favorable to the experiment. It is the youngest land in settlement, though oldest in geological years. Though discovered and named in 1606 by a forgotten Spanish navigator, it was not until 1770 that Captain Cook, sailing the South sea, refound the island continent and baptized it into the British empire. Nor did occupation by white colonists begin until 1787, and the first colonists were convicts. "Australia should be a land of selected population," runs an old and cruel saying, "for our fathers were sent out from England by the best of judges!" Only within the last third of a century has Australia, through growth of population and advanced legislation, taken any considerable part in the world's affairs. Australia has no ancient crust of privilege to be broken up by the plowshare of progressive legislation. The soil is clear to the seeding. The unusual husbandman has had an unphysical field, of which he has not been slow to take advantage.

Continent of Marvellous Riches.
The discovery of gold in 1851, at Bathurst, west of the Blue mountains, turned attention to the marvellous richness of Australia, which had been comparatively unknown. Sheep had been, and are, the chief source of Australia's wealth. It is a land, however, for which Nature has done much, and in the use of which man can afford, for a time at least, to take long chances. Many and rich minerals are found. The main export, however, is wool, and it is as a producer of food supply and material for railroads that this immense land has its most prosperous future. Hidden away until other lands were full to overflowing, Australia has been the reserve continent from which a large share of the world's food and clothing are to come. Its possibilities in this direction have hardly begun to be realized.

The four and a half millions of inhabitants, fringing the shores of the continent or scattered on solitary sheep stations and cattle runs miles apart in the "back-blocks," have scarcely commenced to possess the land, certainly not to subdue it. The handful of political and minor offenders who, with their guards and overseers, came first from England, have been succeeded by generations of pioneers of much the same type as peopled the western plains of the United States 50 years ago. The "Great American Desert," as it appeared in the geographies before geographers knew any better, has its counterpart in the vast interior of the southern continent. Western Kansas is duplicated, though on an ampler and more arid scale, in western Australia, and Queensland resembles, to a degree, New Mexico and Arizona.

It is a "new country" as well as varied, in which the experiment of democracy is on trial. This excuse for any delinquency or failure is urged by every Australian.

A White Man's Country.
The experiment is being made by white men. Australia is deliberately a white man's country. A few aboriginal blacks survive, in color blacker than the so-called "Guinea negro," once known in America and in industry, about on the same plane with his laziest and latest youthful descendant. Some Chinese and Japanese reside in the coast towns, admitted before the policy of "Australia for the white man" was entered upon, but although the non-whites are a negligible fraction of the entire population and, unless the governmental policy be changed, as does not seem within the range of probability, will so remain. Immigration is sought in many ways, but this immigration must be

desirable and white. No black, yellow or brown man need apply. He is not rejected on account of his color. That might lead to international complications. He is rejected on other grounds, illiteracy, knowledge of no language, or for other reason. The law is administered so that no colored man can get into Australia. A captain, on whose steamer five Chinamen came as stowaways, was fined \$2,500. At the Queensland ports customs officers are especially vigilant in looking out for undesirable immigrants. Two grave, military-appearing individuals, wearing caps that bore the label "H. M. Customs," might have been seen in my cabin, as the steamer tarried at Brisbane. They turned over every article of furniture and every bit of bed clothing in the berth to discover whether or not a Chinaman had been therein concealed, with or without my knowledge. I was not to be permitted to disturb the "Australia-for-the-white-man" policy.

Regarding only one part of Australia there is serious consideration of a reversal of the white-Australia policy. This part is in the northern territory, an immense, undeveloped region, lying within the tropics, where it has, up to the present time, been found impossible to colonize white men. There are six states constituting the commonwealth of Australia: New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania. The northern territory is directly administered by the federal government, while the states have even larger self-government than the states of the American Union. The white men cannot, or, at least, will not live in the northern territory, though it has much rich and fertile land. In an area larger than that part of the United States lying east of the Mississippi river, are less than two thousand whites. The census statistics show that this population has increased just 27 in 27 years. The northern territory remains largely inaccessible until the construction of the transcontinental railway, which is projected. This railway and more insistent immigration schemes may change the conditions, a section of the Australian press and public favor departing from the white-Australia policy far enough to permit colored labor to enter the northern territory, to do what one Australian called the "donkey work" in development. This section is in the minority, however, and will doubtless remain so until it is demonstrated that other plans of settlement and development have been tried, and it has been conclusively shown that the occupancy of the northern territory by the white man is impossible. If there be evil resulting from the experiment in democracy, the white man, the Briton away from Great Britain, is responsible and the white man alone.

Democracy to the Limit.
The Australian federal constitution, modeled upon the Constitution of the United States, carries to the farthest limit the principle of trusting the people. Every adult, man or woman, has an equal voice in the election of both houses of parliament. There is no property qualification and no circumstance entitles any citizen to more than one vote. In actual practice, however, as Frank Fox, keen observer and long resident of Australia, pointed out, "it has been found that the principle of federalism imposes a check on the actions of the Australian parliament, which is deeply resented by the advanced labor leaders, and the inconvenience of which is acknowledged by others. The constitution followed somewhat closely the United States model, and reserved very large powers to the states—far larger, for example, than the states or provinces have in Canada. To provide that there should not be any arbitrary encroachment on state rights, a 'states house' was set up in which house—the senate—the tiny state of Tasmania has equal representation with the very large state of New South Wales. Also, the respective power of the states of the federation were defined by the written constitution and the high court of the commonwealth was made the guardian and interpreter of that constitution."

This high court, it may be observed, has kept a jealous watch for any trespasses by the federal power on state rights, and has declared a great deal of the federal legislation "unconstitutional," and therefore invalid, because it went beyond the powers given to the federation or commonwealth by the constitution. This has created

ported free of duty in lots of 5,000 or more. His 30,000 cigars got in free, but he had to pay on the 705.

Jordan Holmes of Chicago returned from London with an evening suit. Clothes are dutiable at 35 per cent. "But this suit," said the official "has braided to port and starboard on the pants. So that they become embroidered goods." The rate on embroidered goods is 60 per cent.

In his calmer moments Mr. Holmes will regret his characterization of our tariff law. As the customs inspector said, there was no reason to consider it a personal duty.

The Business Instinct.
"Marcus Aurelius says life is a battle and a sojourning in a strange land."
"Does he? What business is Mr. Aurelius in?"

All Kinds.
"You ought to go to a show and forget your thoughts."
"That's right. Maybe I can find a show tonight that will make me forget the one I saw last night."

RULINGS THAT CAUSE PAIN

Travelers Frequently Say Harsh Things About Custom House Decisions That Don't Appeal to Them.

American citizens who have just returned from a trip abroad may be recognized at any hotel, says a New York letter to the St. Paul Pioneer Press. You tell 'em by their language. After having come in contact with our tariff law they prove that tourists and truck drivers are brothers under their skins. Charles R. Steers returned from Ecuador recently. He has been arbitrating the usual South American railroad muddle, on appointment of President Wilson. He brought with him an elaborate headdress of beads and feathers, made by some jungle Indian.

"We'll have to destroy that," said the customs officials. "See law re the importation of feathers." So Mr. Steers made disappointed vocal noises, but they burned the headdress. A Cincinnati man imported 30,705 cigars from Porto Rico. The law states that Porto Rican cigars may be im-

a strong demand for a revision of the constitution, just as the decision of the majority of the justices of the United States Supreme court in the income tax case caused a demand for a revision of the American constitution. It strikes observers from older countries with surprise, and perhaps with dismay, that it should be urgently proposed to enter upon a profound constitutional change after only ten years' experience of federation under the act of union.

Labor in the Saddle.
Other experiments, tried out, may be abandoned, lightly or otherwise, but the experiment of democracy is not among them. The Australian, whether he be a member of the Labor or of the Liberal party—the two great political parties—is a democrat. One man is as good as another man in his eyes and, to employ the Irish phrase, often a little better. The secretary of the drayman's union is appointed member of the legislative council. The cabman, who overcharged me in Sydney, as cabmen overcharge the traveler in all cities upon earth, is a member of parliament. One premier is a miner, another a printer. Not in mere theory, as in some other countries claiming to be democratic, the government in Australia is in the hands of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker.

The extent to which democracy goes may be illustrated by the New South Wales experiment. The Labor party, returned to power in this state, the most important in Australia, selected as its leader W. A. Holman, who had filled this place with distinction in the previous parliament. Under the constitution and by precedent the formation of a government, that is the selection of cabinet ministers, fell to his lot. Premier Holman, as an ultimate democrat, declined to avail himself of this immemorial privilege, and called a secret caucus of all the Labor members of parliament to elect the new ministry. A score of candidates were voted upon by the 48 Labor members, and after six hours of strenuous balloting the caucus selected ten names. These are the new cabinet ministers, though the caucus left the assignment of their separate portfolios or officers to the premier.

Faced Toward Socialism.
With many Australians democracy spells opportunity for socialism, to greater or less degree. The two chief occupations of the Australian are sports and politics. Indeed, he carries his sporting proclivities into the realm of politics, and just now is permitting his democracy to take a long chance in socialism. He is staking the future of his continent on the new theories of government that he is putting into practice, betting that the world, up to now, has been wrong. Perhaps the Australian democrat, with his face toward socialism, is right. Perhaps he is mistaken and will be compelled, and painfully, to retract his steps. Just now he is going ahead, confident, almost arrogantly, though capital hesitates and immigration lags. The fact years have been his, but the lean years must come. Today's prosperous world in Australia holds for the observer much that suggests answer to the question which every visitor asks: Will democracy, far advanced toward socialism, stand the lean years test?

Having bet that all the world's wrong, what will the Australian do if he loses his wager on democracy? (Copyright, 1914, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Illicit Still on an Island.
The County Galway police have made a large capture of "potheen" barrels, tubs, and a fully working still at Gorumna island. They left the mainland in the middle of the night, and concealed themselves on the island until they discovered smoke arising from the still, when they rushed the place. They captured three of the smugglers and 4,400 gallons of wash.—London Tit-Bits.

Skilful Gold Beating.
The gold beaters of Berlin, at the Paris exposition, showed gold leaves so thin that it would require 252,000 to produce the thickness of a single inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes as to be impervious by the strongest electric light; if these leaves were bound in book form it would take 15,000 to fill the space of ten common book leaves.

Does the Work of the Sun.
Carpet manufacturers in Europe, who formerly had to send samples of their product to southern countries to test their sun-resisting qualities, now use the mercury-vapor quartz lamp for that purpose, its ultraviolet rays having even greater power to fade dyes than the sun.—Popular Mechanics.

His Idea.
Redd—Five years ago United States factories produced only 100,000 automobiles.
Greene—And now see how much money the country gets out of us in fees!

Too Long to Get It All in Print.
Bishop Shepard, who presided at the Methodist conference in Winfield, Kan., last week, told a story about an editor. Here it is: A kind contributor brought in a story telling how he had killed a serpent 29 feet long. The editor took it and put it in the paper as an item of interest. The next day the man came back and said, "I brought in this story about a snake 30 feet long and your imbecile paper says a snake five feet long." "Well," explained the editor, "we were very much crowded for space yesterday and we had to cut everything down."—Kansas City Star.

The Reason.
"Norah, there is entirely too much tang in the taste of this dish."
"Dear me! I guess I mixed the recipe by mistake with the tango directions."

Current Fashions.
Billie—Mrs. Highbrow is a woman of remarkable personality.
Hilby—Yes, she displays more personality than dress, I think.

THE AMERICAN HOME

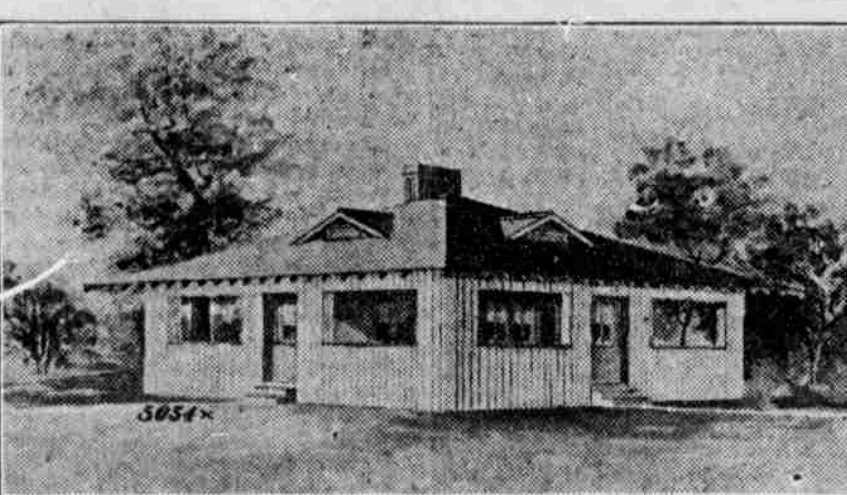
WILLIAM A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1577 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Can you imagine yourself "far from the madding crowd," living in a bungalow like this, with never a care or a thought except the comfortable exertion of breathing the pure air from the fields or the woods? To suggest this to the tired city dweller who is caged in a flat may seem cruel, yet even he or she hopes some time to live amid such surroundings. A bungalow like this fills the day dreams of thousands of people who are able to keep up their ambition by the hope of some time being far away from the scenes of confusion and bustle that tax the nerves and the strength.

Now, to come down out of the clouds to more practical things. The plan of this bungalow, you will observe, is simplicity itself. There is more porch than house. And while there are only three rooms, we shall see how roomy the structure can be made. The porch extends all around the house, with steps on each of the four sides. This porch is 5 feet 3 inches wide. At a very small expense, the open spaces between the pillars of the porch can be screened in, and screen doors provided at the entrances. Divisions or partitions of tapestry can thus divide the entire porch into outdoor bedrooms. Privacy or protection against beating rains or sunshine can be provided by the placing of canvas shades on rollers at the openings.

This plan is an ideal conception intended for the man or woman who wants to live outdoors. In fact, it is a compromise between the out-



doors and the indoors. The side of the porch adjacent to the kitchen, for instance, can be utilized as an outdoor dining room; and if all the remaining porch space is not needed for bedrooms, it can be set aside for other purposes. The building itself is 34 feet square, and the porches added make it 34 feet 3 inches square. The living room, provided with window seats as the plan shows, and a cheery fireplace for use in cold weather or on rainy days, is 15 feet 3 inches long and 13 feet 9 inches wide. The kitchen is 10 feet long and 9 feet wide. A closet is provided off the bedroom, and a pantry of ample size is placed off the kitchen. If the bedroom is not used on account of the



porch being fitted up for sleeping quarters, this room can be used as a den or as a nursery.

People today have come to realize the value and hygienic necessity of plenty of fresh air. This has come about through long education. The fresh-air cure for consumption is even now established as a fact, and camps are maintained in many parts of the country for the treatment of this disease by the fresh-air method. It is needless to say that no member of a family living in a bungalow like this will ever need treatment for that dread disease. The open window at night is the greatest safeguard against disease. It is in the winter when the windows are closed, shutting out the pure air, that most ailments are contracted.

The bungalow displayed here can be built for a nominal sum, say somewhere around \$1,000 to \$1,200, under favorable conditions of the market for materials and labor. The interior can be finished in any style, where most of the money in building is usually spent, can be simplicity itself. The ceilings can be beamed, and the sides with wainscoting and varnished or stained.

As for the exterior, the design is admirably adapted to being finished with cement stucco. On the sheathing, tar paper should be tacked; and over this, furring strips nailed. Then either expanded metal or wooden lath can be used. Two coats will be required.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Laid Off Duty by a Thrilling Baseball Dream

CHICAGO.—In these days of high-salaried ball players, where the team managers demand speed of their players, some big league magnate is overlooking a promising recruit in not signing John J. Garrigan, a second-class detective sergeant at the Central detail police station, to a contract.

Garrigan recently was laid up at his home with a dislocated shoulder as a result of a baseball dream he had, and which came to an abrupt ending when he found himself in the back yard below his bedroom window.

"If Comiskey only had seen that play," Garrigan said, as he nursed his injured shoulder, "I think I could have gotten away with a nice contract with the Sox."

Garrigan is an ardent baseball fan. When he reported ill Captain Gibbons thought he had been injured in pursuit of duty and sent a sergeant to his home. But not so. It all happened when the detective, who had been following the Sox-Giants in their world tour, had a very exciting dream, so exciting that the thief-catcher carried away part of the window sash before he struck terra firma.

"Funniest thing you ever heard of," said Garrigan. "I dreamed that I was playing with the Sox against the Athletics and that Bender was pitching. It was the ninth inning, with the Macks two runs to the good, when I came to bat. There were two men out and two men on."

"As I stepped to the plate the crowd rose en masse, and for two minutes the cheers were deafening. As I stood there at the plate I remembered the experience of Casey at the bat, and cold chills ran down my back. Then I saw Bender brace himself for the pitch. Over came the ball, and I stood like a gofer while the umpire called 'Strike.' The next was a ball, and then came another strike. 'Take him out. Take him out,' they yelled, and as I looked in the direction of the third base I saw Callahan turning handspindles. Then he straightened up and shook his fist at me. I would have been willing to give anything to Bender at that moment if he only had been good enough to let me foul out."

"But no. He wound up, and I closed my eyes and swung. The ball sailed over Oldring's head far into center field, and I began to tear round the bases. As I rounded second I heard Callahan yelling frantically that I forgot to touch first, and I redoubled my efforts for the keystone sack, while the grandstand and bleacher crowds appeared to me as though they had gone violently insane. As I dashed back I struck something and then suddenly brought up with a thud."

"The game was over. I was sprawling eight feet below my bedroom window with part of the window sash hanging to my anatomy and my wife calling to me, 'John, what is the matter?'"

"I certainly will never forget that ninth inning."

Great Dane Honored by New York Society Woman

NEW YORK.—It is not a frequent occurrence in the lives of men, famous or otherwise, to have tea given for them by a member of the fair sex. The average man looks upon a tea with horror. It is a thing to be avoided at any cost. There is one member of the masculine sex in this city, however, who not only attends these festivities, but can honestly and truthfully say that he enjoys them.

Natural curiosity makes one wonder who this odd member of the community is. He is Mr. James Galpin, more familiarly known as plain Jim. More curiosity makes one begin to wonder who and what Jim is. Jim is nothing less than a very large and dignified Great Dane, who belongs to Dr. H. T. Galpin.

Is Jim a well-known member of New York society? Indeed he is. He is best known for his great courage and bravery, which has made him a famous character. Dinners and teas, several medals, and a silver bowl have been given him in recognition of his valor.

Recently a large tea was given in his honor by Miss Kate Sanborn. On this occasion he was presented with a silver bowl. This was in appreciation of his bravery in saving the life of his master at a fire in his apartment. He enjoyed every moment of the afternoon. He likes lots of people about him, but with it all he is modest and retiring.

He was seen the other day in his own home, where he received his visitor most graciously and cordially. His delight in tea predominating, he immediately demanded that tea be served and insisted that the visitor have some.

He sat back easily in a large, comfortable chair, drank his tea, and nibbled biscuits. When he finished his tea he suggested smoking. The visitor declined, but was interested in seeing Jim smoke a pipe brought from Damascus, which stood on the tea table. This and an oriental lamp gave quite an Eastern appearance to the room. Smoking is apparently one of Jim's greatest enjoyments. In fact, he enjoyed it to such an extent that he became slightly drowsy. Finally he nodded a little, and a suspicious grunt was heard. The visitor took this hint and departed quietly.

Incident of Storm Recalls Dog's Persistence

YORK, PA.—Whatever he may lack in pride of ancestry, "Pup," Joseph Klyeman's shaggy little brown dog, has saved a human life. There is many a pedigreed dog that cannot boast as much.

It may be unfortunate that there cannot be recorded a long list of remarkable feats of "Pup" leading up to his crowning achievement; but truth will not permit it. He was simply an ordinary dog, a faithful guardian of the house at night and a companion of his master by day, until the hour arrived for him to work out his destiny. But when that moment came he knew exactly what to do.

On the morning after the great blizzard here recently Klyeman started out to get willows for use in his trade of basket-making. "Pup" accompanied him, as usual. As they approached a Pennsylvania railroad crossing where the white drifts were piled high in the cut, "Pup" suddenly stopped and sniffed, then plunged aside and heading into a mass of snow. Klyeman paid little attention until the dog ran back to him and leaped about, whining and betraying every evidence of excitement. Then he ran back and began to scratch and burrow in the snow.

Klyeman's curiosity was aroused, and he went to investigate. Buried deep in the snow he found the body of an unconscious man. Help was summoned, and the stranger was taken to the county almshouse, where he was restored to consciousness. He proved to be Robert Dempsey, a vagrant, who, benumbed by the cold, had lost his way and finally fallen exhausted in the drift. It was found necessary to amputate both of his feet, which had frozen.

Betrothal Party Jars Cops and Child's Mother

DETROIT, MICH.—When Robert Johnson the other afternoon arranged an engagement party for his twelve-year-old daughter, Salome, without consulting his wife, he proved himself, in point of courage, a worthy wearer of the big badge, which adorns his left suspender, and which tells the world that he is assistant chief of all the gipsies of the United States.

Chief Johnson wears no medal for diplomacy, however.

When the chief's wife, Mrs. Lela Johnson, mother of Salome, heard of the affair, she told the police that someone was trying to marry her daughter to a boy of fourteen years. She also told her husband a few things—which, because of postal regulations, she will not mention here. When Mrs. Johnson returned to her home at 28 Division street, the party was in full swing. Twenty-five members of Chief Johnson's band, dressed in fantastic native garb, were celebrating. The "bridegroom" was not in sight. His father explained that he was in Chicago.

Salome was the belle of the party. Bracelets and necklaces of wrought gold coin adorned her slight figure. Her dress was of a pattern to make Joseph's coat look like a dull monochrome in comparison. The policeman, who responded to Mrs. Johnson's call, addressed Salome's father.

"Surely, you are not going to have this little girl married?" they said. "Sure I am," said the father. "Five years from now. That's what the party is for."

"Oh!" breathed the enlightened policeman, and their exit resembled that of Mr. Longfellow's Arabs.

