

FOREWORD TO THE PEOPLE OF AUSTRALIA

THIS is a book about you—the impressions, the investigations, and the conclusions of a world-wanderer who spent a few months in your midst.

For years many of you wrote to me: "You write books about America, Canada, Russia, Siberia, and other lands; why don't you come here and tell the world about us? Tell the truth, and we'll give you a good time when you are here."

It was long before the opportunity came. When it did, you kept your promise. You gave me a good time. I have told the people of Britain about your hospitality. It never faltered from the moment the first bunch of greeting telegrams was pushed into my hand on reaching your shores, till, in the droop of the day, I watched the flutter of handkerchiefs as my boat steamed homewards. There were the official receptions from Premiers and Lord Mayors, the dinner parties and the luncheon parties, the kind things said, the willingness of men whom I had never seen, and am never likely to see again, to throw private concerns aside in order to show me phases of life in which I was interested; the visits to farms, the pleasant meals, with the good-wife waiting on her guests, the talks with all sorts and conditions of