

AUSTRALIA

The coming of children is slow. The native-born population moves slowly. Children are a nuisance—and they interfere with pleasure. The American cry of "race suicide" is being echoed in Australia.

The country is too far away to attract throngs of the determined needy from Europe. Besides, they have heard of the horrors of drought seasons. And though the shout in Australia is "Population—oh, that we had population!" I missed any general genuine desire for immigrants. "We are happy; life is good; why should we make things harder for ourselves by letting others come in and share the good things?" That is the thought which I could discern at the back of the minds of many Australians.

Yes, a pleasant country, that southern rim of the continent. A good-natured and most hospitable people. A languorous climate, with the danger of consequent slackness of energy.

A beautiful land. I loved it. I loved the people.

But always, after they had been entertaining me, after I had been on motor tours, after a yachting trip to Sydney Harbour, I kept saying to myself: "It is delightful—but what are the Australians intent upon doing to make Australia the great country they all say it will be, some time?"