

"Yes, sir, it's dirty work, dirty work," he countered, not wishing to tell me the truth. "At this work a man's got to wash 'most every day."

He was a priceless remnant, that wood-chopper who did not like to admit that he stayed because he could be free to be lazy. And it was later on that same day that I met a little French Canadian who gave me another clue. "Outside," he said, "you have to have de money at de ends of de fingers." Inside, one could imply, you were free from such restraints. Inside men will trust you, for they can keep tab on you. Inside there are lazy men and licentious men, but no bad men—they cannot survive there. Inside the conditions of existence are easy: learn to shoot, learn to cook, learn to avoid freezing to death, and two hundred thousand square miles of park-land is yours. By working hard for six months, even for three, a man can loaf the rest; and the subtle

poison of this liberty enters his system rarely to be ousted. It is the land of reversion.

Nobody can ever say Yukon in my presence henceforth without starting a strange thrill around my body. The mischief has been done, the spell cast; and it was the Yukoners who cast it rather than the land they inhabit. I have been in greater wildernesses since. I have tasted life in the Mackenzie Valley, where the tradition is rivalry and social bitterness, and nothing could induce me to go there again. But the Yukon! It is a land to dream about; a land where the animals roam unterrified, where business is only skin-deep and beauty is the rest; a land where even the most hurried traveler needs only to stoop to pick up something rare. While there he begins to see how much of the routine of life is a mirage, a deception of shiny surfaces; and when he comes away, he comes thoughtful-eyed and richer.

SEPARATION

HENRY ROBINSON

Now I know why the lonely horse
Whinnies beside the empty stall;
Now I know why the hollow corse
Lies so desolate and still;

And why the living clover-shoot
Dies when the sickle makes it hay;
Oh! even unremembering fruit
Withers when severed from the tree.

A WOMAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Have We a Presidential Possibility

IDA CLYDE CLARKE

TO THE majority of people the idea of a woman in the White House is still unthinkable. And yet, since women have successfully aspired to honors as high in the political scale as the United States Senate, and since, politically speaking, they are not in a state of arrested development, it is not unreasonable to assume that a woman presidential candidate is at least within the range of possibility. Not that such a candidate would set a precedent. It has been about half a century since the nomination of Mrs. Belva Lockwood for the presidency of the United States sent a slight ripple of amusement over the country. A little later the Equal Rights party nominated Mrs. Victoria Claffin Woodhull Martin for the same high office, but this incident was taken even less seriously.

That was back in the unsafe seventies, those years when democracy was not yet safe for women workers or women voters or women office-holders. It is true that some of the barriers to woman's progress had already begun to give way. A few women had been employed by the government to copy land-warrants, the work being sent to their homes. In the Treasury Department a wife had been permitted to

work in the place of her husband who was ill, but although she was allowed to keep the position after his death because of her efficiency, she had to work *under her brother's name*. About that time a high official of the government said: "A woman can use scissors better than a man, and she will do it cheaper. I want to employ women to cut treasury notes." The movement of women toward economic freedom having been thus accelerated by the wisdom of Providence augmented by the thriftiness of man, there is no telling how rapid progress might have been except for feminine frailty made evident when the tea-pot invaded every window-ledge in the Treasury Department. This, according to the political philosophers of the day, was proof that women were unfit for government service, though the corridors were blue from the smoke of cigars with which, at the noon-hour, men workers stimulated and refreshed themselves.

Yes, Belva Lockwood and Victoria Claffin Woodhull Martin lived in those good old days when woman's right to overwork and to be overworked remained untouched by legislative interference. According to the statistics of the seventies there were in Boston alone eight thousand