

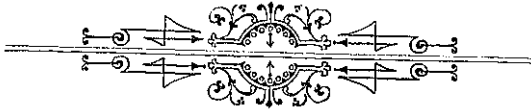
and joining two different quotations into one, or making it appear that you (or rather he) must be the author of Kipling's lines. These are matters of pure sentiment.

I have spoken of a fraternity, but the only sort of freemasonry we have, is that we can always tell each other, just as an experienced teacher can always distinguish another of his own species. It is the Press supernumeraries that most haunt public libraries' and swoop down upon new books and papers and magazines. We know them by their look as of a bird of prey, hurriedly skimming over ten pages a minute till they settle down upon their chosen morsel and eagerly devour it; we know them by their profound indifference to the novel-reading, leisurely subscribers, but most of all by the fierce resentment with which they eye the other man who is enjoying the particular paper they themselves want.

We are not all alike. Many are mere dilettantes, professors, lecturers, sportsmen, specialists of all kinds who write only on their own subjects, and only for the exquisite joy of earning money they don't want by some way out of their own sphere. Even amongst the real journalists there are many who eke out their living by other means, by

coaching, typing or casual office work. None of us are wealthy; some of us are poor. The best supernumeraries continually leave our ranks to become permanent "members of the staff" of some office. With large numbers the stop-gap stage is only temporary. Then there is an increasing number of women journalists pressing in, and bidding fair to rival the men. Some of them live in small cottages, and some groups of friends in a top flat of some big business buildings close to the office. It is romantic to live in a flat but not comfortable. If you are a Socialist you do not mind being uncomfortable, because you believe that living in a flat is part of the Millennium.

So much for the material rewards of unattached journalism. In regard to the "fame," it is a splendid training in altruism. If your work is really of its kind first-class, you can have the consciousness of merit to reward you. No one else knows whose it is. The editor gets the credit, but generally there is no credit to be got, so he gets the blame. Yet we could envy him even the thorns and pricks of power. For our part no one troubles to attack us. We are the unknown, the unnamed, the unseen, the people who in the public eye are not even shadows but non-existent.



## “COURAGE.”

A GLEAM of light, that cheers the soul  
 When life seems sad and drear;  
 When the World's a blackened nightmare,  
 And the heart depressed with fear—  
 When all the hopes and dreams of life  
 Are sinking fast, and Death  
 Seems all that's left for me, I turn  
 To Courage for my breath.

A breath that seems like Wind, from shores  
 We dare not hope to see;  
 From heights we cannot hope to scale,  
 So veiled in Mystery.  
 The lightness, then, the heart can feel  
 Is ecstasy sublime,  
 When Courage comes to cheer the soul,  
 The sun begins to shine.

H. P. SEALY.