

ate about economy, and the actual formation of something like a budget committee, Congress has been voting money very much in the old fashion, so that the outlook now is, not for a large saving, but for an actual increase in expenses.

Lord Cromer once made a speech on financial administration in which he said that he had always held it a rule in Egypt, whenever the question arose of making a new governmental outlay, to insist upon being shown first where the money was to be found. He added that, of course, the problem was different in a country where elected representatives might force the hand of a Finance Minister. But he said, dryly, that while this altered the political problem, the arithmetical problem remained precisely the same. Money voted has still to be found. And the only place where it can be found is in taxes. Hence before citizens settle down comfortably in the conviction that the increase of public expenses is bound to go on, and that no man, no party, no system can prevent it, they ought to ask themselves whether they will be equally comfortable in the thought that there is to be a like and unavoidable increase in taxation.

GOING FISHING VS. ANGLING.

Only a very dull or untrained reader—of the kind that would confuse fox-hunting with shooting foxes—will stumble over this title. The angler and the man who goes fishing inhabit different worlds, profess mutually incompatible morals, and reciprocally must misunderstand each other. Your angler is essentially an uneasy man, a stickler for form. The mere taking of fish is a trifling incident in a long and complicated process. For months he has weighed the merits and demerits of rod-makers, all winter he has put by with the eye of the critic feathily tied flies, has considered the mechanism of reels, by taking thought has cut an ounce from the weight of a rod, and finally, when he reaches lake or stream, he not merely wants fish, but wants them according to an elaborate code. They must be taken on the top of the water, with the lightest tackle. The angler, like a pseudo-classical dramatist, has his unities and scorns mixture of the *genres*. He abounds in distinctions. Under certain circumstances, but carefully restricted, an artificial minnow may be

substituted for an artificial fly, but only contempt would be his portion who should add to fly a tiny revolving spoon, or tip the combination with a bit of the loathly earth-worm. In short, the angler seeks not fish, but an engrossingly ceremonious pursuit of them; not relaxation, but a fine and exacting avocation.

Imagine pretty nearly the opposite of this character and you have that of the man who goes fishing. He prefers the coarsest and most handy tackle. Any lure serves him, and a line hitched for security to a tholepin at one end, with a hook at the other, is often his entire outfit. His whole mental attitude differs from that of the angler. Whereas the neo-Waltonian plans an aggressive campaign, the man who goes fishing waits passively until destiny provides fish or night. There is a belief that anglers are contemplative men; Izaak Walton gave some comfort to such a fallacy on his title-page. The error is radical. No one can be more incapacitated for vagrom meditations than he who is conscientiously whipping a stretch of water. After the business of angling, in evening lassitude, an angler might possibly be contemplative; the strength of the mere fishing man's position is that he is never on duty, always free to slumber, to muse, to indulge hazy philosophies, for in so doing he fails in no duty and loses no tactical point. The fish that is simple enough to bite at the crude bait covering a massive hook is doomed to stay on until he is wanted, though a system of morals were evolved the while.

It is, in fact, the simple, instinctive love of vagabondage that takes men fishing. To be for a space dissolved in the flux of things, to escape the calculable, drop a line into mysterious realms above or below conscious thought—this is the privilege of the man who goes fishing. One bond unites him with the angler—neither primarily desires fish, but a special experience; and here the man who goes fishing has the advantage of setting forth impromptu whenever the spirit moves, and of always coming back with some kind of catch. For it cannot be denied that, while the angler, for the sake of a maximum of form, cheerfully puts up with a minimum of fish, the total lack of fish disconcerts him. Here his humbler colleague evinces a superiority, a purer amateur-

ism. Knowing that the inner rewards are his, he has no shame at being outwardly "skunked." It is enough to have restored the unity of his spirit; he has been a-fishing.

A fair consideration of the man who goes fishing will do something to extend the tolerance and reduce the spiritual pride of the angling kind. Angling lends itself to strange perversions; the lowlier pursuit is ever integral and worthy. There are insensate, demoralized anglers who, borrowing the professional fisherman's quite legitimate desire of fish, employ strange artifices. Bottom baits, spinning, or twirling; likenesses of creeping and hopping things there are; nay, one reprobate we have met who shamelessly displayed a moleskin mouse which, twitched on a lake, he held was infallibly appetizing. Such fanatics pursue fish with the ungraceful ardors of a Calvinist doggedly treading the primrose path. They lack the delicacy of the angler, the geniality of the man who goes fishing, and the economic warrant of the pot-fisherman.

It may be urged and should be frankly admitted that the man who goes fishing has the defects of his qualities. Whereas the angler is usually temperate, keeping training as it were, the man who goes fishing is likely to accelerate with stimulants the oncoming of cosmic sympathy. In fact, there is something receptive and sponge-like in his texture; he absorbs either from within or without. To many, on the other hand, the mild progressive narcotization of sun and wind and lapping water is sufficient. These are the elect of the class. There must be times when the angler, substituting laboriously the niceties of his recreation for the rigors of his daily task, envies just a little some motionless vague figure squatted in a punt from the side of which depends inertly a mighty cord. Yet there may be rarer moments, when the trout are leaping, in which the man who goes fishing likewise envies just a little the finished art of the angler.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

A few days ago, an item of news which attracted considerable attention told how a man who had begun life as a bank messenger at the age of fourteen rose to the presidency of the greatest bank in Chicago. Mr. Reynolds, it

was stated, "has never lost a day from sickness; he has never taken a vacation that did not have business inside; he does not drink; he does not smoke; he does not play bridge; he does not play golf; he has no favorite author; he has no hobby but banking; he has no country residence; he does not even take exercise; he works nine hours a day." Mr. Reynolds himself declared that he had adopted as a rule of life the maxim, "Make your business your pleasure." Putting this and that together, one might pleasantly conclude that brilliant outward success and complete inward satisfaction were both within the reach of all of us: work all the time and have unbounded love for your work—that is the sovereign prescription to procure not only success, but also happiness.

Of course, this illusion can be entertained only for a moment; the problem of life obviously admits of no such simple solution. Even if we were to suppose that everybody could follow the prescription if he chose, and that it would be a good thing if everybody did follow it, we should be confronted, first of all, by the manifest impossibility that the result should be similar to that recorded in the case of Mr. Reynolds. High distinction for everybody is a contradiction in terms. It is only in comic opera that the prospect is held out for *all* to become rulers of the Queen's Navee as the reward for sticking close to their desks. There are millions who start in life as messengers or the like; there are tens of thousands who are faithful, competent, and industrious; but those who reach the top must of necessity be counted only by the hundreds. To tell everybody, therefore, to follow Mr. Reynolds's example, with the expectation that this will lead to like achievement, would be obtaining business virtue on false pretences.

As for the maxim, "Make your business your pleasure," it is in itself excellent. To take pleasure or satisfaction in one's work is a prime requirement of contentment; and if a man can have an absorbing love of his work he has gone far toward solving the problem of happiness. In some pursuits, too, it is possible for large numbers of persons to have this unbounded absorption in the labors to which their lives are devoted. The whole tribe of German university professors—as they were, at least, be-

fore the commercialization of German life in these latter years—might be reckoned in this class; and there are many artists and musicians who, without achieving high rank or notable artistic success, find a like joy in their labors. But in most fields of activity, such keen satisfaction in the pursuit of the daily business is possible only if a man feels that he is exercising unusual powers and accomplishing unusual results. A man may well be satisfied to be simply an industrious and competent cashier, or foreman, or manager, or what not; but, unless he has a sadly limited range of thought and feeling, he can hardly find that this occupation of itself supplies all the pleasure and gratification that he has reason to look for in the world about him.

There is nothing, therefore, to regret, in the fact that we are not all equally great lovers of work. There is room in the world for an indefinite number of comfortable, easy-going people—people who do not shirk work, but whose appetite for it is limited. But for people of the other kind, who find unfailing joy in ceaseless toil, there is only a limited amount of accommodation. It is for them, indeed, the saying has been invented that there is always room on top; but the saying is rather a truism than a truth. There is always room on top for those persons who can get there; but for those who cannot, it would be folly to order their lives on a plan expressly based on the supposition that they can. Here in America, we are quite as much in need of encouragement to make pleasure a business as to make business a pleasure. Both rules are good in their degree; neither is absolute. Keep your nose to the grindstone by all means, if you enjoy it; but don't tell everybody else that he must enjoy it as much as you do. There is room for a vast difference of tastes in this matter; and the difference of tastes is in itself a good. No one type of man, and no one attitude toward life, should suffice for a whole people; and if there is one thing more than another in which we should benefit by the infusion of a somewhat alien spirit, it is in the appreciation of those pleasures of life which are to be had from a free-hearted use of leisure.

HISTORICAL LITERATURE IN AUSTRALASIA.

SYDNEY, June 1.

Some twenty years ago, the Government of New South Wales decided to publish its early manuscript records. The gentleman commissioned conceived his duty to consist in the composition of an historical narrative from those documents. After the printing of two volumes on these lines, the work was arrested, and the publication of the documents began in 1893. They fill seven considerable volumes, which must remain the foundation of a critical history of Australia. It is fifty years since New Zealand collected in a volume of parliamentary papers the instructive reports of select committees of the British Parliament and other official documents connected with the early colonization and settlement of the islands. At that point, for half a century, the task was left. Then, more than ten years ago, an instructed and capable inquirer, Robert McNab, barrister and farmer, latterly legislator and minister, devoted himself to collecting all discoverable documents relating to the early history of the most southern part of New Zealand. Not only Southland itself, as the portion is termed, but the adjacent islands were his objective, though not the fields of his research, since no documents were to be found there. In Tasmania, Sydney, and London, where he ransacked the Record Office and the British Museum; in many American cities—Salem, Boston, and New Bedford, Nantucket, Providence, and Newport, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington; and in Madrid and Paris—not yet in St. Petersburg, though he does not despair of it—he found the precious materials of his historical labors.

What was it he found, and what did it tell? Such documents as have never before, perhaps, been regarded as materials for history—chiefly the log-books of ancient voyages. Of one such find, he tells with the subdued enthusiasm of the fortunate collector. In "the magnificent collections of the Essex Institute," Mass., Mr. McNab had the good luck to discover a volume, "got, no one knows where," containing three precious logs, especially that of the ship *Britannia*, which landed the first sealing gang on the coast of New Zealand in 1793. How far afield this indefatigable researcher has gone appears from the facts and scenes now first drawn from the narratives of two great navigators—the Spaniard, Malaspina, and the Russian, Belingshausen. All these documents he has printed copiously in his "*Murihiku and the Southern Islands*," published in 1907 after nine years' research. Two years of further research brought within his command such a mass of additional materials as compelled him to reconstruct his work. It now appears under a similar title—"Murihiku: a History of the