

world was strongly arrested. Amongst the persons "obsessed" was William Lane, and being a journalist, gifted with brilliant imagination and tremendous nerve-force in wielding the pen, he threw himself ardently on the side of Bellamy, his natural affinity.

William Lane was for some years (1883-1885) engaged in the somewhat humble capacity of a reporter on a then comparatively obscure evening newspaper in Brisbane, Queensland, called *The Observer*. He contributed a special weekly Saturday Column of Sketches on the conditions of the working classes in that city. His range extended from the trials and struggles of the maid-of-all-work to the occupations of the Trades Unionists, the aristocracy of Labour. His pen glowed with enthusiasm, with sincerity and graphic power of description. From Dan to Beersheba, it was all a Bellamy-esque barrenness. While on *The Observer* he established himself in the very first rank as a journalistic impressionist. He could command his own price for his own special articles. He gathered round him a small band of journalists, Bohemians, and struggling students in all the professions. He inoculated them all with the virus of his enthusiasms, and having established his circle, founded a weekly illustrated newspaper, *The Boomerang*. Unlike most enthusiasts, he conducted the newspaper with brilliant financial results, though the whole of the initial capital was scarcely sufficient to bring out the first issue. He organised all departments and infused his own untiring energy into each one of them.

There are speakers who have command of language. There are speakers whom language commands. To the superficial ear it is often a difficult task to