

that. They pay their rent; if they do not they must vacate the premises."

"And of course that is right," said the Richest Young Man. "The houses are mine, and if some one did not build them the people would have no roofs to shelter them. Of course, I have some rich tenants, too?"

"Yes, but these pay less rent on the average per cubic foot of space than do the very poor who dwell in your cheaper tenements."*

The Young Man raised his eyes in sudden surprise. "What do you mean? I do not sell them space."

"Oh, but you do. That is the very thing you do sell them."

"It is not possible."

"But it is possible. If you thought it was wood and iron and bricks and mortar alone you were selling them, you are mistaken. If that were all, your income, though still great, would be much smaller and would tend to diminish with the years. Buildings deteriorate, but cubic space in a great city is valuable and becomes more so with time."

"It is a great problem," said the Richest Young Man. "But you must help me solve it. You are to figure out the number of my tenants. You are to tell me how much they pay each for his cubic foot of space. That seems funny, you know, that I should be in the business of selling space to the poor when I have just begun to feel for their poverty. And then you are to divide twenty per cent of my income by the entire number of my tenants, omitting, however, the rich or less deserving, and send each his check for a pro rata amount. You will do this for me?" said the Young Man, with a burst of enthusiasm and glistening eyes. "These people work for me and I want to recognize all they have done for me in a substantial way, especially as I hear that there is much poverty in the city now. Do you hear about it?"

"Oh, yes," said the agent with an indifferent air. "There are always complaints. They were rife even in your grandfather's time, when"—added the Agent, with a twinkle in his eye—"New York City space was worth much less a cubic foot than it is today."

"Well," said the Richest Young Man, somewhat impatiently, "figure it all out for me, and be ready to report by the first of the month."

* * * * *

And thus it came about that the Agent presented himself to his Principal on the day set.

But his manner had undergone a notable change. It was no longer with a confident air that he faced his employer. There were visible doubt and perplexity in his attitude. He began hesitatingly.

"Your checks have not been made out, Sir. The calculation is beyond me. You want to help the people who are working for you. Mr. Ford

could do it, but you cannot. Good God, a whole city is working for you. I cannot make five million checks, for they would have to include the babies born tonight, and every immigrant that comes through Ellis Island. The child born in the East Side tenement helps to swell your income. And what is its share of your income? I do not know. But make no mistake; it has a share which is its by inalienable right. But you, alone and of yourself, have no means by which you can work exact justice. You cannot even go as far in this direction as Mr. Ford."

"And then must Justice remain undone?" asked the Richest Young Man despairingly.

"Perhaps it is an insoluble problem," said the Agent.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.



THE THREE GREAT MYSTERIES.

From an Article by Dr. Frank Crane in the Chicago Examiner of November 6, 1911.

No matter how much knowledge is in a man's head, how much skill in his hand and how much purpose and force in his heart, he is still a fool unless he has met and arranged with the Three Great Facts.

Not that any man can understand one or all of these three mysteries. It is safe to say no man understands them. Since the beginning of human time they have sat like sphinxes by the roadside of every man's life.

But one can do better than understand; one can adjust one's self to them. After all, in anything, the truest wisdom is not knowledge, but adjustment.

We do not know what electricity is, but we can adjust ourselves to it, we can use it, make it work, and cause it to serve us in the telegraphic wire instead of killing us in the lightning. So also we do not know what gravitation is, nor chemical affinity, nor life; but we can employ these mysteries to our advantage.

The last Three Mysteries of life, which men in general cannot use, and by which they are baffled and downcast, are those I have mentioned. To adjust ourselves to them implies the highest degree of intelligence and of moral power.

First, death. Death is as natural as life. It is a certainty. How many people have settled with it? Sad to say, to most persons Death comes as an awful calamity, a blow in the dark, an event that upsets all calculations and defeats all the aims of life. A wise man is one who is always as ready to die as to live; his books are in order, his business arranged, and his thoughts are so set that death may come at any moment. No man, who is not so has a right to call himself happy or intelligent.

Second, failure or sickness. In whatever a man proposes, he ought to make definite plans for what

*A fact in New York, and perhaps generally in other cities.

he will do in case he fails. Any fool can manage to get along with good health; only a wise man knows how to be ill. Any general can succeed if he invariably is victorious; the great general is the one who knows what to do when defeated.

Third, ignorance. What one does not know is infinite, compared with what one knows. The supreme test of character is one's relation to the unknown. Out of the unknown come the plagues of life; for the unknown is the lair of the greatest enemy of life—fear. Out of the unknown issue fear of God, of spirits, of nature, of the dark, of fate, of disease. Properly adjusted to the unknown we have religion, instead of superstition; our lives are made moral and brave and free, instead of base and cowardly and enslaved. The clear, scientific, religious mind sees plainly the difference between the things it can and cannot know; the untrained, low mind blurs the line between known and unknown. This is the chief distinction between the intelligent and the unintelligent thinker.

Whoever, therefore, will have peace, poise and wisdom let him make definite arrangement with the three sphinxes—Death, Failure and the Unknown.

BOOKS

A LIFE HISTORY.

The Story of a Ploughboy. By James Bryce. Published by John Lane Co., New York and London. Price, \$1.25 net.

The author of this remarkable story is not an ex-ambassador or a viscount, but no one who reads his book will doubt the fact that he has what sovereigns can neither bestow nor take away, namely, the touch of genius. That is to say, he stands on his own feet, thinks with his own head, and writes in his own way. The following quotation is characteristic:

"When you are speaking," he said, "you give your own opinion, you say that things ought to be so and so. That's right enough; only, you ought to back it up with authorities. If I were you, I'd quote the Social Reform leaders often; I'd say, 'Karl Marx, the famous German writer, says so-and-so,' or 'Listen to what Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace says on this.' You know all those men well enough."

"No," I said, "I don't."

"Oh, yes, you do; although you don't show it off."

"No," I repeated, "I haven't read a great deal in that line; indeed, some of those writers are merely names to me. But even if I had them all off, I wouldn't quote them. What I want people to do and what I think they need most to do is to look at things with their own eyes. They don't need Russel Wallace to tell them that one man has no right to own all the land in a parish."

This independence is fine. To get people to look at things with their own eyes is a great desideratum. But, after all, independence does not consist in neglecting the teachings of others, but rather in weighing the teachings, and then independently accepting or rejecting. One can not but think that if the Ploughboy had weighed the practical teaching of Henry George he might have arrived at a less vague conclusion in the end of his experiences.

But the story as a story is a wonderful record of the life and development of an humble lad of the open country in Scotland. It is, as Edwin Markham says in the introduction, "a big story bearing the blood-prints of reality. . . . It depicts the processional of Scottish farm life with its ever-present sense of the long arm of the landholder, an arm directing the fortunes of the workers, coercing their acts and speech, conditioning their personal conduct toward their neighbors; and through it all sounds an Aeschylean note of the fate that shadows our time—the might and the mercilessness of Property."

As my quotations show, it seems hard to write about the book without stressing the sociological features, and yet the story is a real story, and impresses the reader as essentially a true story. There are cruelties, sufferings, love-scenes, poetry, and plenty of bold acting and crude thinking, just as you would expect in such a life history. You have the feeling that the author could not write any other book, certainly not until he has passed on into other experiences. Up to date he has told us his whole self, outside and inside.

JAMES H. DILLARD.



A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE.

Overland Red. Anonymous. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1914. Price, \$1.35 net.

For a certain delightful sort of summer reading Overland Red is perfect—a good story, not too thrilling to lay aside when one's nap-time comes, not a whit lagging in interest when one awakes. Here struts forth the dear old-fashioned wild west: desert, canyon, retired sheriff, tramp boy, charming ranch heiress, gold-hunting, sharp-shooting, mustang-riding—the chapter, "Blunder," is an enchanting character sketch of a colt—and in all and through all, Overland Red's "line of talk." Red's language is almost too diverting, belittles the plot. But then his expressions are the *climate* of this California story. (Any Californian will understand, "and God help all the rest," as Red says and the San Francisco Star promptly quotes.)

The book is named after a man, but the writer's real heroes are horses, and every lover of them, as he meets Blunder and Boyar and the Yuma colt, will wonder that their proud biographer could choose to remain incognito.

A. L. G.