

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.