

evidence that all early human communities before they entered on the stage of modern civilization were communistic in character. Some of the Pacific Islanders today are in the same condition. In those times private property was theft. Obviously the man who attempted to retain for himself land or goods, or who fenced off a portion of the common ground and—like the modern landlord—would allow no one to till it who did not pay him a tax—was a criminal of the deepest dye.



## LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

### 1. The Reckless Youth.

For The Public.

According to his lights the Professor of Mathematics at Worthington Private Academy was a good man, obedient to the regulations of his social world. It was not altogether his fault that like many other people he only carried with him in his journey through the darkness of life a somewhat ill-smelling and spasmodic acetylene lamp of local manufacture. He had never cared to connect with those everlasting currents of electric flame in which the planets float like midges on a ray of sunshine. He had heard that men's comfortable shelters were sometimes thus burned to ashes, and that they had to create new ones by making their own bricks, hewing their own timbers.

Painfully the Professor toiled along the road, paying little attention to his fellow travelers, dealing in narrow honesty with all men, voting his straight party ticket, contributing according to his means to "worthy objects," suffering blindly at times, but not without efforts to bear witness to the things in which he believed.

Day after day he taught an unimaginative species of commonplace mathematics out of his text books; he never once rose into the realm of those great living conceptions which make *Pure Mathematics* as wonderful a science as the Universe holds.

The Professor was on a railroad train, and he heard the conversation going on in the seat behind him. There sat one of his former students, a young man of promise and of prospects, the son of a rich merchant whom he knew. The youth was hardly eighteen. He was being educated with especial care to become his father's successor in business, and before long he would be sent abroad with a valet and a tutor. With this youth of such promise sat an ill-dressed, hard-handed young man, a farm-laborer from the next county.

They were talking together in an amazing fellowship, full of fishing and other outdoor things, then of people and of books they had read. The Professor continued to listen; it seemed so strange and so dangerous a fellowship.

"There is that fine young Ellsworth McMasters," he thought, "with all his high-class family connections, chumming with that long-legged Link Jones, exactly as if they were friends and brothers. I wonder whether I ought to try and interfere in some shape?"

But he kept on listening, and after awhile it dawned on his comprehension that these two young men were really exchanging life-experiences; were asking each other lots of questions, and were hammering out problems of many sorts with entire self-satisfaction. Pretty soon Link was telling Ellsworth about his hard times, his secret ambitions, and Ellsworth was telling Link a story out of Plutarch's "Lives," and quoting something from Shakespeare.

Then Lincoln Jones had to climb off at his station. Ellsworth went with him along the platform; spoke to a dozen people he knew; took off his hat to an old woman in a buggy, and sent his regards to an invalid husband. When the train was ready to start he ran back to his seat with the great and joyous vitality which was born in him.

Before long, however, he fell into a "brown study," gazing out of the open window, and up into the sky, as the train moved across a blossoming valley. The Professor, whom the youth had long before greeted, watched his thoughtful face.

"Ellsworth," he said at last, "I wish you would tell me what is on your mind."

"I am worried, Professor Dayton, about the unfairness of things in this world."

"Is not that very much like criticising the laws of your country, or Providence itself?"

"I hope not," said the youth. "But if so I don't much care. Because things might certainly be more decently arranged. The world is full of nice people like Link Jones; who get less than they earn, and full of other equally nice people—such as myself—who get more than they earn. It isn't right, Professor Dayton."

"It seems to be the way the world is made. Ellsworth; it's only the working out of the great Law of the Survival of the Fittest."

The youth leaned forward, close to the Professor. "But see here," he said. "Wouldn't you like to have all people, everywhere, rich and poor, strong and weak, black and yellow, white and green and brown and spotted, begin to live together like good and helpful neighbors?"

"Ellsworth," he said. "I must confess that I have heard a good deal of the strange conversation which went on between you and your seat-mate. I listened to much of it with surprise and regret. I cannot understand why you found that ignorant farm-hand interesting. You seemed to have no conception of the difference in your respective stations in life. Otherwise you would not have sympathized so strongly with him in his criticisms of our industrial system. Lastly, you

were telling him stories out of classic authors which were very appropriate for a literary club, but in this case it was but 'the casting of pearls before swine.'"

At this the face of the youth became a sight for gods and for men, so troubled, questioning and astonished it grew. He answered with utter simplicity:

"But, Professor Dayton, Link told me exactly what he was doing and thinking; so I told him exactly what came uppermost in my own mind. That's all there was to it."

The Professor began to feel the presence of a force beyond his comprehension, newly at work in this highly-gifted young man.

"Had you met Lincoln Jones before today?"

"Why, no! We just happened to sit together. We were fellow-travelers, you see; we had to be nice to each other. Then we began by comparing notes."

"Most persons ride to their journey's end without making acquaintances on the road; it isn't always safe, you know, Ellsworth."

The youth cast a swift glance around the car. Most of the people in sight were dolorously inadequate to the task of entertaining themselves, and conventionally averse to the desperate adventure of introducing themselves to their neighbors.

It staggered the youth for a second, but he rose to the situation.

"So they do, Professor Dayton. But I hope to be different." He slipped his hand over on the Professor's hand, smiling with a winning audacity upon the gray-haired man who had once taught him Algebra and Geometry. "You won't mind my saying it, but my friend Link has given me more pearls than I could give him. Really, now, if there's any porcine individual in this game, it's the fellow like me, who has never earned a cent by his own labor to pay for his keep."

The Professor shook his head, but somehow he was not angry. The youth's station was called; he sprang up, shook hands, and jumped off, greeting and being greeted by everybody.

"Thot young McMasters is just plain everyday folks," said the old brakeman to the green hand. "He's thravellin' the same road with the rest of us."

The Professor of Mathematics leaned back and thought it over. "Fellow-travelers," he said under his breath. "All of us—on this railroad train of a planet." Something like that seemed to be the boy's notion of life. In a long-unused cell of his brain a certain desire for fellowship began to waken. The idea stayed with him to some extent. He looked with new interest upon his neighbors, he somewhat entered into their modes of thought; he gained a fuller expression, and taught a better sort of mathematics.

Although he never knew it, the things done and said by the Reckless Youth formed the real

reason why the cleaver-wielding Academy Committee at their annual meeting changed its mind for the first time in its history and concluded not to retire Professor Dayton. Said one of the Committee men afterwards, in extenuation of its weakness: "The old Professor has been picking up his gait. He seems to be coming out of his shell these days, and he travels very well with the procession."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



## EQUITY.

Edmund Vance Cooke in the American Magazine.

We envy no man what he makes;  
We challenge only what he takes.

## BOOKS

### WHERE AND HOW TO LOOK FOR LAND.

**Hill's Reference Guide for Land Seekers, Travelers, Schools, Tourists, Emigrants and General Readers; Including Description and Outline Maps with a New Method of Quick-finding Location, in Each State, of Any City or Village of 200 Population or More.** By Thomas E. Hill, author of "Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms" and Other Reference Works. Chicago. Hill Standard Book Co. Price, 2.50.

"There is plenty of land in the United States for anybody that wants it and will go where it is to be had," is one of the commonplaces of social controversy; and "back to the land" is easy advice to give. But where is all this land to be had? How is it to be had? What can be done with it when it is got, and what will it cost? These questions are answered by Mr. Hill in so far as they admit of an answer. Take Oregon, for example. Mr. Hill tells an immense deal about it that a land seeker would wish to know, including the fact that there are free homesteads in central Oregon which "will raise tremendous crops of wheat, grains, alfalfa, grasses and hardy root crops," but that "they are going fast, and once they pass into private ownership there is no more free land with which to replace them." Such general information is supplemented with details of transportation facilities, school lands, crops, timber, prices of land privately owned, altitudes, climate, dimensions and history. And as of Oregon so of every State, and also of Alaska. Information and advice about the acquisition of government land is also given. It all seems like minutely telling a man where and how to get a drink of fresh water if he will first swim a fresh water lake. So long, however, as the lake is monopolized and its water too dear to drink, the thirsty are in need of information about drinking places beyond.