



## A Question in Sociology



MY FRIEND TUPPER was always interested in sociology. When in college he made a specialty of that science, and had always interested himself in the social questions of the day. He had captured several prizes in intercollegiate debates on social problems, and had even written a few tracts on the subject which had attracted considerable attention. In fact, he was regarded among his friends as a coming social reformer.

Tupper and I were always great chums. At least I know I loved and admired him a great deal, and I think that he had, if not very much admiration, at least a fair share of affection for me. And then there was another bond of friendship in the shape of Alfred Courtland. Courtland loved us both; in fact, he loved everybody excepting himself, as his mother said. We three had always stuck fast to one another at the University, and while Tupper was fiercely wrangling with other debaters on labor questions and strikes, and I was steadily grinding away at my law, Courtland was simply playing. His father was a millionaire, and very indulgent, and the young man had not a responsibility in the world. He seemed to think it would be mere foolishness to try to do anything but enjoy himself. There was never a foot-ball game nor a reception, a college dance nor a fraternity jollification of any kind, but Courtland was sure to be there, having a glorious time. And now, when Tupper and I had settled down to serious work as partners in our law office, whence Tupper made periodic sorties to lecture before audiences of workmen and labor unions, Courtland was still playing. He was like some overgrown boy, whose