

transcendent president: "William, go forth! Let the new Christianity have full swing; we stand ready to pay for the guns and the shovels!"

"Another man is speaking now, papa."

"Yes, Eddie; that is Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. He is telling us that prosperity is a state of happiness possible only under a republican administration. And he is most emphatically right in his assertion. The misguided adherents of Bryan cannot point to a democratic era when a Carnegie, not working full time, was able to earn \$40,000,000 in one year by hammering armor plates. They know that during no democratic administration was John Rockefeller able to spare even one-third as much of his deep drawn wealth for the endowment of truth-teaching universities as he spares now. They know— But we must hurry. Here is Roosevelt! What cheering! He will be our next vice president, Eddie."

"But, papa, how are you so sure?"

"So sure? The exhibition will go no further! Turn on the light and help me put away the machine. I am ashamed to have you ask such a foolish question after my strenuous endeavors to make you conversant with the political situation of the present! Don't you understand that Mr. Roosevelt is to be on the same ticket with Mr. McKinley? Come! Up with the light!"

G. T. EVANS.

"A REPUBLIC MEANS A GOVERNMENT OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE."

An extract from an address on "Democracy's Insidious Foes," delivered by William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, before the meeting of Progressive Friends, Longwood, Pa., June 15.

Doubters of democracy affect to believe that the wide extension of the suffrage is the chief cause of our partial failure. Those who accept and trust the principle of self-government are equally convinced that its unjust limitation lies at the bottom of the trouble. . . .

This issue needs to be faced at the outset. A republic means a government of the whole people, not of a part. It includes all within its borders, regardless of race or sex, subject to its laws. Otherwise it has no right to the name. To make laws and deny the governed a voice is simply despotism.

The most dangerous foe of democracy is he who, in its holy name, seeks to make it an oligarchy. Profession of belief in repudiated truths has cultivated that insincerity of speech every-

where apparent. Never did deed seem more divorced from creed than now. Never did more men speak with double tongue.

Ex-Gov. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, noble and venerable citizen, recently expressed his conviction of the right of the poor and ignorant to the ballot. It is a magnificent thesis to defend. Indeed, it is the weak who must need the franchise; the strong, the educated, the rich, having other and potent means of self-defense. Not to guard the weakest with the ballot is to intensify ignorance, increase poverty and make the state less safe.

Wendell Phillips proclaimed the true theory of democracy in his Harvard address, "The Scholar in a Republic." It is this:

Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race; while you secure, not perfect institutions, not necessarily good ones, but the best institutions possible while human nature is the basis and the only material to build with. Men are educated and the state uplifted by allowing all—everyone—to broach all their mistakes and errors. The community that will not protect its humblest, most ignorant and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves!

In this there is no uncertain note, no "waiting until people are prepared to vote," no absurd test of education or unjust one of property. Why? Because self-government antedates book learning. It teaches more through failures than all the examples of other countries and all past times have ever taught human beings. That clear-sighted observer, Prof. Flinders Petrie, whose discoveries in ancient Egypt have not closed his eyes to modern development and the tendencies of so-called "civilization," well says:

Our bigoted belief in reading and writing is not in the least justified when we look at the mass of mankind. The exquisite art and noble architecture at Mykenae, the undying song of Homer, the extensive trade of the bronze age, all belonged to people who never read or wrote. The great essentials of a valuable character—moderation, justice, sympathy, politeness and consideration, quick observation, shrewdness, ability to plan and prearrange, a keen sense of the uses and proprieties of things—such qualities are what should be evolved by any education worth the name.

In central New York, at the town of Freeville, is an institution worth studying. It is called the George Junior republic. To it are sent the hoodlum and uncontrollable children of "the devil's kindergarten," as the streets and slums of the great metropolis have been called. Once arrived, each mem-

ber becomes the citizen of a miniature republic, responsible for the government under which he lives. No exactions of intelligence or possession embarrass the problem. All are equal before the law, and the law is made by the consensus of all. Privilege has no existence.

Fortunately the chief enemies of democracy who are always suggesting barriers to its civilization, seem never to have entered Freeville and meddled with this wise conception. No one whispers that before allowing the boys and girls to vote they shall be able to read the constitution or write a legible hand. The primary and all-important education, that of the individual trust and responsibility, precedes the primer and penmanship. Behold, you who are afraid that with universal suffrage, the ignorant and criminal from the slums will destroy government, here are ill-born children of these dreaded classes, selected to demonstrate the saving and uplifting influences of practical democracy! And the brave experiment has vindicated itself.

This most important feature of the George Junior republic is the least emphasized, and its value as a remedial method for city evils is made most prominent. But as an object lesson, proving that political responsibility develops character and high citizenship, it far outweighs the possible relief it can afford to the poor and overcrowded city quarters. Embody this principle, which is so faithfully and patiently worked out at Freeville, in education generally, and we shall have a republic in which that insidious foe to democratic institutions, distrust of the people, shall have no place. From the dreaded microbe of society, this audacious man of faith, William R. George, is producing germs for its salvation.

Universities and scholarships have so far failed in this fundamental education that the vital reforms of every generation are born and draw their sustenance outside of the realms of academies. Within is taught the lore of the ancients and respect for precedent and statute, in frequent forgetfulness of the ethics which underlie them. Indeed, one of the most powerful opposing forces that advocates of unpopular causes must meet is the college. Nowhere can be found greater distrust of true democracy or more reluctance to face new problems in the light of abstract truth. For learning has its aristocracy not less than wealth, and familiarity with the classics and history not unnaturally breeds contempt for opinions based on simple

reasoning. Yet, as Wordsworth testified:

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules.

Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought

More for mankind at this unhappy day
Then all the pride or intellect of thought.

No single class is to be trusted. If the scholar would draw the line of citizenship at education, the man of wealth would make property his standard. The worshipers of brute force would let strength be the test; the enfranchised masculine thinks sex excuse enough for keeping women from the polls; the blatant patriot is sure that race must determine the matter. Everywhere the point of view is selfish. Even let a long-suffering class at last achieve the franchise and it loses interest in those still outside the pale. Whoever watches the tendency of the woman suffrage movement, rapidly nearing its goal, notes its readiness to compromise on the color or race question as southern women swell its ranks.

What follows from this dry rot of atheism in a democratic form of government? Directly the limitations and political indifference of voters and the concentration of power in fewer hands; in other words the growth of aristocracy and oligarchy—antithesis of democracy. In place of a people's government we have a government-trust in the hands of a few people.

PROF. HERRON IN PALESTINE.

Extracts from a private letter, dated "In Camp in Southern Judea, May 7th to 15th, 1900."

We left Hebron early morning, Monday, the 7th, and journeyed through the mountains all day, straight toward the plains of the ancient Philistines, camping in the mountains at night. And here I must tell you something of the camp. It takes about 30 horses and mules and 12 to 16 men, to take us through Palestine. We form quite a caravan, though the camp usually goes by short routes ahead of us, so as to be set up and ready when we arrive at night. A lunch tent goes with us. At noon we lunch in it, and rest awhile in the heat of the day. Our tents are large and beautiful, brilliantly covered with Arabic work and figures on the inside, and they make quite a village when all are pitched at night, with the horses and men included. Our horses are beautiful Arab animals, raised by the Bedouins, and are quite gayly trimmed with ornaments. The horse I was first started with was gentle and pretty and somewhat old-maidish. He stumbled some. The dragoman had as-

signed Prof. Maine and me "safe" horses. But I did not feel at home on his back with his fussy ways. On the second day they let me ride a powerful and spirited horse, while the first was being reshod. I liked him at once and he knew it. So I insisted on keeping him. He is the strongest horse in the camp, sure of foot as a mountain goat, and we have gotten along famously together.

The second day we went on our way through the mountains, reaching the plain of Philistia by night. We passed through the battle field which was so often used in wars between Egypt and the Asiatic empires, and which you can read about in Isaiah xxxvii. We passed, on our way, many beautiful and far-stretching views, and visited the site of the ancient cities of Lachish, Um-Lachish, and Eglon. We were also delightfully received by a Bedouin encampment.

These Arabs are always full of grace and dignity and princely hospitality, no matter how poor or dirty they are, or how ragged their tents. They live in their tents, and with their flocks of camels and goats, just as Abraham did, and his ancestors. The richest of them are well pictured in Job. They are the real lords of the land still—the natural aristocracy—a strange people, fierce yet gentle, contemplative and yet ready to fight and steal. Here in Palestine one can see life just as it was five or six thousand years ago. There has been no change. Nowhere else in the world could we thus see life, not even in China, I imagine, at least not the same elemental life as we see here.

That night we camped in a most beautiful spot on the plain, at a Philistine or Canaanite village called Bruer. In the prolonged evening light we could see for many miles. The village inhabitants all came out to see our camp, in great wonder. The sheik came, and his friends, and sat around in a circle, on the ground, and solemnly sipped coffee and gave our camp welcome. The village was built of mud, but with rude attempts at art that were pathetic and even beautiful. When we reached there in the evening, our first sight was the village well, 300 feet deep, and the water for the village being drawn by a yoke of oxen hitched to a rope as long as the well was deep. In the stone frame about the well were beautiful pieces of marble, taken from ancient ruins. For this whole plain was once populous and filled with great and splendid cities—lost sight of even by history after the centuries of strife and desolation coming from them.

In the evening a band of gypsies

came and sang and danced for us and asked for "backsheesh." The day lasted far into the night, but we slept long and well. The next morning we went to the ancient city of Gaza, our southernmost point, and a beautiful city to see, lying on a green hill—palms and fig trees and vines—a little above the Mediterranean. It was strange to be in a city of 35,000 people, and a city thousands of years old, yet as much out of the world's life and thought as if it had been on the moon. We could not even mail a letter there, with any hope of its reaching its destination. And yet the city is six hours away, by sea, from the great international sea-highway between all Europe and India. But no ships stop there. Nuremburg would seem as fresh as a western mining town in comparison with Gaza. Yet it is beautiful to look upon, especially from the hill where the traditional Samson carried the city gates. Ernest Renan liked Gaza so well that he lived there several months preparing his life of Christ, so I am told.

The next day, instead of going by the road, we went through the deep sands to the remains of the ancient harbor, three miles away, and then rode our horses along the beach to Ascalon. I rode my horse through the surf, and we lunched on the sand, by the water. Ascalon was a famous and beautiful city; nothing but orchards and fields now, with scattered fragments and broken marbles. That night we camped at a busy Mohammedan town called El-Megdel.

The next day we took a long, hard ride, visited the sites of the ancient cities of Ashdod, Jamneel and Ekron. We camped at Ekron.

Around this site are three of the modern Jewish colonies, the first-born of the Jewish movement that hopes to again possess Palestine. I stopped in one of their houses awhile. These were Russian Jews and talked French. They were extremely and beautifully kind and hospitable. They were discouraged about the future of the Jews in Palestine. Whether these people will ever again possess Palestine or not I do not know. I do not know whether they ought to. They never really possessed the whole land. They never wholly conquered the Canaanites who are still the inhabitants of the land. The Jews gave the world its spiritual ideals, but could never become a state. They would have been unconquerable if they had held together. But perhaps it was their mission to die as a nation and to be despised of men in order to leaven the world.