

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.

Yet their glory consists in the things they rejected, things which the rest of the world in part accepted. They gave the world a religion, and yet killed all its prophets.

It seems strange that Jerusalem should be called a holy city, when I think of it. It never did anything holy or stood for anything holy. It has been the hell of tyrants and greed and faithlessness and bigotry and every evil spirit from the beginning. Every year thousands, increasing thousands, make pilgrimages to the "holy city" of Jesus—"our Lord" they call him. Yet all Jerusalem had to do with Jesus was to kill him.

The next day was Sunday. We spent that at Ramleh, and had a delightful day on the Plain of Sharon. The next day we visited Lydda, where St. George, of dragon fame, is buried, and where a famous early Christian theological council was held. Then we went on through an Old Testament city called Jimzu to the side of Modin, where the great Jewish heroes, the Maccabees, were born and buried. That night we camped in our most beautiful camping ground. It was in a fig orchard on a mountain shelf, where the whole range of the Judean mountains, with the plains of Ajalon and Sharon, and many places of Biblical history lay before us.

The next day our way lay through these plains, visiting various places en route, camping at night on the high road to Jerusalem. The next morning we visited the ancient city of Gezer and came to Jerusalem.

Sunday, May 20.—Day before yesterday was one of the most beautiful days we have had. We went first to the ancient Jewish Mizpah, the highest point around us here, away up above Jerusalem. Then we went to the ancient Emmaus, where the Gospel of St. Luke tells us the risen Christ met some of his disciples and walked with them part way to Jerusalem. The way was very difficult. The Franciscan monks at Emmaus entertained us beautifully and we came back through the mountain passes and along the beautiful valley to our camp in Jerusalem, or rather in an olive orchard outside of Jerusalem.

GEO. D. HERRON.

WHY JOE WAS FOR BRYAN.

"Let me tell you," said the truckman, "long before I got a truck, and when I first came to New York, I was pretty hard up. I think I hunted for a job from August to November. Things got pretty blue, and I had four

mouths to feed. We lived in three rooms over in Varick street, and when I reached the last dollar and the landlord was getting ugly, I got a job driving a delivery wagon for a department store. The wages were ten dollars a week, and the Christmas holidays were coming on. The day I made my application there were 30 men ahead of me, a pretty hungry-looking crowd, all after that one wagon. But I got it. I had to find three recommendations and get an indemnity bond of \$500. The store paid this, but was to take it out of my wages at the rate of a dollar a week. My old girl had a cry that night, when I told her I had got a job at ten dollars a week, and I'll leave it to you to guess how hard up we were when that ten dollars looked like a godsend. Well, sir, I want to tell you that I've seen some pretty rough times in my life. I've camped with the loggers in northern Wisconsin, when the mercury stayed out of sight for a month, and I herded in Montana one winter when you couldn't tell a pleasant day from a barbed wire fence, and I only got \$24 a month, but I never touched bottom in hard work till I drove a delivery wagon that winter. Cold? well, say; the tightest blizzard on the plains ain't a marker to one of them side streets up-town. It's all the difference between being in a flue and being out in the open where the weather spreads itself and thins out. But Lord bless you, it wasn't the cold. There's some worse things than cold for a constitution. My old girl had laid out that first week's wages to a cent in advance. You haven't any idea, how much satisfaction she took in figuring over what she would do with it, and she stretched it most scientifically, and I whistled that week through as if I had been making \$25, and I had to work 12 and 14 hours, for, as I told you, the holiday season was coming on. I reported at seven o'clock in the morning, and sometimes turned my horse in at midnight. But I stood up to it till pay day, and then I was handed \$4.75. I pushed it back to the cashier. Says I, 'that's a mistake. My wages is \$10.' 'Your account is all right, look at your slip,' says he.

"I stepped aside and looked at the slip, and found that \$4.25 had been deducted for fines and one dollar for the bond. These fines were for the non-delivery of goods. I was charged 25 cents for every package I had brought back, no matter who had made the mistake in the address. Was I mad? Well, no, that wasn't the feeling. I was thinking of my old girl sitting there and waiting for the nine dollars, and all

the people that were to get a portion of it, waiting, too. So instead of going straight home I went to a near-by resort with six other drivers to get some information. I found that their average pay per week, owing to the fines, was \$6.25. Not one of them had ever received ten dollars. If their horses slipped on the asphalt and were scratched the men were fined. If someone ran into their wagon from behind, they were fined. Each horse and vehicle was inspected at the end of every trip, and there was no appeal against the inspector. Careless or overworked girls got the addresses on the packages wrong. When the driver tried to deliver them, no such person lived there. Usually the mistakes would be in the east or west of a street, and that gave a mile or two of extra driving and often failed, even then. Besides this, many of the goods were sent 'collect on delivery,' and the purchasers would often dispute the goods.

"I went home that night with a numbing kind of wrong eating into me. I hadn't got what I had earned, and there wasn't any way to get it. I think if a man had come to me and told me that the individual had to give way to the improved system of business, I'd have clipped him under the jaw. It was pretty tough on the old girl who had squared everything to nine dollars. I guess I swore some, and I'm not a swearing man. But she coaxed me up and said it would all come right next week. Well, I stuck at it two weeks more, and it didn't come right.

"The last week was the week before Christmas, and the thermometer went down to six degrees below zero, so that driving a wagon at night down one of them West side streets was no game of puss in the corner. We were all allowed to take a boy with us who stayed on the wagon while we went in with the goods. I was loaded up pretty heavy one night, and when I got to Amsterdam avenue I was so stiff that I couldn't use my pencil on the checking book, and I had to carry a barrel of hardware up four flights in one of them apartment houses. The baggage elevator stopped running at seven o'clock. When I reached the fourth floor I was pretty well winded, and the woman began to abuse me for coming at that hour. Then she pulled the goods out and declared that they were not what she had ordered, and she wouldn't pay for them. I could just take 'em back. I must have been pretty mad and said something tart, for she called her husband and the janitor. Then I thought of my old girl and pulled myself together. This won't