

free trader does not fight against nature and economic law. He recognizes that two sets of tram lines owned by two different companies cannot run down a single street. He sees that in such a case competition is practically impossible, and the best substitute is municipal control or municipal ownership. It is plain that the people of the locality ought to prescribe the conditions under which a local monopoly shall be exercised.—London Speaker of April 21.

SOME CHEMICAL TRUSTS.

Although we now manufacture and supply our own market with hundreds of articles which formerly were imported, and although we obtain no revenue from the duties on these articles, yet it is a mistake to conclude, as many have done, that duties on such articles are dead letters and are not effective. It is these non-revenue producing duties that are most effective in protecting trusts.

Thus the duties on drugs and chemicals, with few exceptions, produce little or no revenue, yet protect hundreds of trusts. Chemical manufacturers and chemical dealers take to trusts as ducks take to water. Combinations, associations, agreements and understandings are common throughout the entire trade. Manufacturers in similar lines sell by the same schedule of prices; jobbers practically do the same; retail dealers have uniform prices. Druggists in most cities, villages or counties have their associations which fix prices on most of the important articles dealt in. Free and open competition, if it ever existed, is a thing of the past in almost every branch of the chemical trade. Chemicals being mainly raw materials or medicine, protective duties upon them are almost certain to become "instruments of extortion."

Some of the "heavy" chemicals which are controlled by substantial trusts are borax, linseed oil and white lead. Some others controlled by agreements, selling agencies, etc., are paris green, ultramarine blue, bromine, etc. Nearly everything in the acid line is under control. Thus acetic acid (wood alcohol) is controlled by a monopoly, Manhattan Spirits company, which sells in this country at nearly double cost price—present price is 90 cents per gallon for what is estimated to cost less than 50 cents—and exports its surplus sometimes at prices but little above cost.

In "fine" chemicals there are numerous trusts composed of cliques of manufacturers, which, by means of some

form of agreement or understanding, control production and prices of scores of articles. Thus, four of our largest manufacturers of chemicals, two in Philadelphia, one in St. Louis and one in New York, each manufactures about 350 articles. Each firm has its own catalogue, but they might as well sell from one catalogue, for their prices are uniform.

Some of the articles manufactured by these firms are iodoform, citric acid, bismuth salts, mercurials—such as calomel, corrosive sublimate, etc.—chloroform, resublimated iodine and iodide of potassium, bichloride of potash, bichromate of soda, santonine, strychnine, rochelle salts, etc.

The duties on all of the above and on hundreds of similar articles are prohibitive and serve no purpose except to protect the trusts formed to take advantage of these duties. As usual, the members of these protected trusts are very wealthy and much of their great wealth has been filched out of the pockets of the people by means of these worse than useless tariff duties. According to the New York Tribune Almanac (See American Millionaires), William Weightman, of Powers & Weightman, one of the four firms mentioned above, is "considered by many the richest man in Philadelphia."

Many chemicals are exported, and often at prices considerably below our home prices. But for our inordinate duty and internal revenue tax of 700 or 800 per cent. on alcohol—the most necessary and costly supply in chemicals—our chemical industry would probably lead the world.—Byron W. Holt.

AN ACADEMIC QUESTION.

"The question as to whether we shall keep the Philippine Islands is now purely an academic one."—Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter.

What is an academic question? One on which the professors and students of an academy or college may exercise their speculative faculties, but which has no other interest for mankind. One which is purely speculative, having no bearing upon practical duties, opportunities or affairs. How many angels can dance on the point of a cambric needle? Was St. Paul's thorn in the flesh sore eyes or epilepsy? Is there a general goose in addition to all individual geese? Such questions were earnestly and even violently discussed by the schoolmen of the middle ages, but are now regarded as purely academic.

Does the Philippine question belong to any such list? Not unless the

perpetration of any and every great wrong must be accepted by the people in servile submission, and the perpetrators thereof be permitted to proceed to the perpetration of other and still greater wrongs.

The other night a thief stole his neighbor's watch. Being apprehended the next day, he said: "It is true that in general I do not believe in stealing; but this watch is now mine, and the matter is practically settled. The question as to whether I shall keep the watch or not is now purely an academic one."

Some months ago a band of robbers kidnaped a man's child. The child is still alive, and its whereabouts known. Is its restoration a purely academic question, simply because the kidnaping is an accomplished fact?

The Missouri compromise was adopted in order to "settle" the slavery question. Was the discussion of slavery after the adoption of the compromise a purely academic one?

The Philippine war is costing a hundred American lives a month. It is also costing the American people in taxes at least \$100,000,000 a year. Is this purely an academic question?

If we keep the Philippine islands either as colonies or as territories, it means that we must have an immense navy and standing army. Is this an academic question?

"Practically the matter is settled," we are told. Yet the people of the United States have never yet passed upon the question at the polls, and will not have an opportunity to do so until next November. Is this an academic question?

Almost 1900 years have passed since Jesus Christ proclaimed "a Constitution for the Kingdom of God," as Hase calls the sermon on the mount. That Constitution has been set aside or violated by human folly and wickedness for nearly 19 centuries. Is the matter of its application an academic question?

For our part, we are still old-fashioned enough to believe in the constitution of the United States, the declaration of independence and the sermon on the mount. We do not believe that the golden rule is played out. We think that divine injunction contains more wisdom, both for men and for nations, than all the so-called practical policies of shrewd selfishness or grasping greed. We are not yet ready to set aside the golden rule and adopt in its stead David Harum's revised version: "Do others as they would do you, and do it fust." We

do not believe that anything pertaining to human affairs is ever settled until it is settled right. We are certain that any question involving, as the Philippine question does, not only the rights and liberties of 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 Filipinos, but also the government and welfare of 70,000,000 or 80,000,000 Americans, is not an academic question, but a profoundly practical one. To learn this, we do not need to go to Manila for six days.—The People's Paper, of Minneapolis, Minn.

PROFESSOR HERRON IN PAL- ESTINE.

Extracts from a private letter, dated Jerusalem, April 30, 1900.

I have had a week of expeditions in the parts of Judea near Jerusalem, and to-night ends our stay in hotels. To-morrow morning we start on our camping pilgrimage. Three days of this week have been taken up with a trip to the Jordan and the Dead sea. We left here Tuesday morning and went down through the mountains to Jericho. It is a big descent—4,000 feet in 18 miles. The ride was very beautiful, and very wild in some of its effects. We stopped at Bethany, just beyond Jerusalem, to see what remains of the old mines, and lunched at noon at "Good Samaritan inn." In the afternoon we reached the mountain ridge overlooking the brook Cherith, where Elijah hid himself from King Ahab when he joined himself to principle at war with power. Here, too, the young men who were to be prophets gathered about him, and here he thought and reflected; here he aspired and came to his conclusions. In this gorge was really the historic beginning of all the prophecy that has come since—the standing forth of individuals and groups against world powers. It wasn't in the programme to go down there, but I could not possibly pass by such a place, appealing to me so sympathetically, so I walked down into the valley and went on to Jericho late in the evening, some of the party going on ahead, and some going with me. There is nothing in Switzerland so uniquely beautiful. Among high and barren rocks, white with the sun shining on their barrenness, this deep gorge or valley of Cherith meets one as a surprise. Its beauty is all hidden from sight, because it is so deep down and inaccessible. Through the gorge flows a beautiful mountain stream of crystal water, and on its banks grow everything luxuriant in beauty. Away down, in the historical cave of Elijah,

who was fed by the Arabs and not the ravens, the Greek monks have built a beautiful and picturesque monastery—dug out of the rocks and built upon them in bird-like perch, and in almost impossible ways. The monks have most beautiful little gardens down there, of figs, olives, dates, pomegranates, and all kinds of fruits and trees and flowers. They raise their wheat on little mountain terraces, and have their own mill, turned by the water. They greeted us kindly, and brought coffee and fruit to us all as we rested for an hour on the monastery balcony. Then we started on to walk back up the mountain. If one wants to hide from the world, there could not be a more ideal place. We got to Jericho that night, and without falling among thieves.

The next day we went to the Dead sea and the ford of the Jordan and Gilgal, starting at 5:30 in the morning, having risen at 4:30, and getting back for noon lunch and rest from the heat. The most impressive sight at the Jordan was the presence of hundreds of Russian pilgrims, sent on their long pilgrimage from Russia by their priests. They were so imposed upon and robbed by the church, and yet so simple and devout. They were bathing in the Jordan as a sacramental act, and dipping their image-covered shrouds in the water to take home to be buried in when they should die.

In the afternoon, about three o'clock we started on another pilgrimage to some old historic sites. I climbed to the top of the traditional Mount of Temptation, where Jesus is said to have decided against the kingdoms of the world and their glory. I rode my donkey part way up the mountain. There is a picturesque monastery up there, too, and the monks were very kind—ten of them in all; one of them spoke very good English. He had been in Chicago, with some Greek emigrants, years ago.

I climbed up above the monastery and sat on a rock. I shall never forget the hour. Nothing in Switzerland compares with the view. Away off, two or three days' journey in distance, across the Jordan, I could see the dim summits of Mounts Nebo and Pisgah. Below me was the whole plain of Jericho, where I was looking down on more than a hundred generations of history and conflict, and defeat and achievement. Here Abraham and Moses, Joshua and David, Jesus and the apostles, the crusaders and Arabic chieftains had struggled, in one way or another. There is no

plain in the world where one can survey so much of human hope and failure. It is the most fertile plain, capable of supporting boundless life, and of being made a paradise. Yet it is now barren, too desolate to be even a wilderness, inhabited chiefly by Bedouin tribes in their tents. And this is the porch of the land of promise, so I keep thinking. So many promises have been made on this plain. From Moses to Jesus, from Jesus to the crusaders, great forces and ideals have battled here. Is there to be no land of fulfillment, as well as of promise? Is mankind forever to struggle for what is never to be attained? Are not great ideals ever to be realized? Is history to be the perpetual martyrdom and perfidy of humanity? Yet, while I asked these questions, a long file of Russian pilgrims came by me, singing in deep rich undertones and minors, a fervent hymn of victory. The Son of Man, they felt, in a poor, crude way, had won—won for them—the victory of faith and life over power and compromise—the victory of love and sacrifice over fear and force, and above all, over self and selfish hopes and happiness. So I, too, knew that somewhere at the heart of things the victory of the sons of men was already won, and the land of fulfillment is sure. It was a beautiful ride, back down the mountains, to Jericho that night. The lights were shining from the Arab tents over the plain, and the Arab soldier was full of merry interest. The next day we came to Jerusalem, and completed our seeing here. Saturday we hired our horses for the going ahead, and went down the valley of Raphaim, to the mountain where the Jews fought their last battle as a people, and became extinct as a nation. That was a hundred and thirty years after Christ, when the Romans completed the massacre of the Jewish nation, which was led by Bar Cochaba.

My horse is a beautiful Arab steed, a pure Bedouin. I am thinking I shall have to buy his trappings and bring them home.

GEORGE D. HERRON.

Every proprietor, therefore, of cultivated land owes to the community a ground rent (for I know of no better term to express the idea) for the land which he holds.—"Agrarian Justice," by Thomas Paine.

The narrow-minded ask: Is this one of our tribe, or is he a stranger? But to those who are of noble disposition the whole world is but one family.—Hindu Scriptures.