

ed in the course of a few days. There will be a separate map of each ward. The maps of the Seventh ward, for instance, will only be distributed among the residents of that ward. A circular letter will be distributed with the maps. After explaining the work of the tax school and the unit system of arriving at land values the circular says:

"This print is distributed for the purpose of giving every resident in your ward the opportunity to give his opinion as to the value of one foot of bare land by 100 feet in depth, within the ward.

"By establishing a unit of value and submitting the same to the people for criticism and suggestions, the cash value of all the land within Cleveland can be arrived at. We, therefore, at the request of the mayor, ask each resident to take this print, go over it carefully and to insert in plain figures what he regards as the value of one foot of land by 100 feet in depth, on as much property as he is acquainted with, and either in person or mail return the same to the tax department in the city hall. If a unit of value is not clear to you, then give us your opinion as to the value of one foot of bare land for the entire depth, giving the number of feet of such depth."—Plain Dealer of Dec. 1.

FRAMING TAX BILLS.

The important tax bills which will be introduced into the legislature this winter at the instance of Mayor Johnson, will be drawn by Attorney James Williams on lines suggested by the mayor. The mayor engaged Mr. Williams for this work yesterday. He is the man who codified the laws of Ohio and on questions of constitutional law is in the front rank. In drafting the mayor's ideas on taxation into bills for the legislature to enact into laws requires some delicate word-handling and few men are as well equipped as Attorney Williams to perform this task.—Plain Dealer of Nov. 27.

MAKING OUR THANKS ACCEPTABLE TO GOD.

A portion of a sermon delivered at Union Thanksgiving services in Cleveland, O., November 28, by the Rev. Carl F. Henry, pastor of All Souls' Universalist church, in Cleveland.

While we of this land have enjoyed plenty and peace, another people of another land have suffered, and still are suffering, because of us, the awful famine and miseries of war. When the pilgrim fathers appointed that first day of thanksgiving one of the blessings for which they were grate-

ful was liberty—civil and religious liberty; and from that day until now this land of freedom has been an asylum for all who are oppressed. Americans have always held that one self-evident truth is that among the inalienable rights of man are "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." For this principle our fathers gave their heart's blood freely; upon it they built the state. And for 120 years our flag was loved as the emblem and protector of those rights. In every harbor in the world and on the high seas it was welcomed by the oppressed of every land, who sent up a prayer to God for his blessing upon the free republic beyond the blue.

But, alas! the history that we have been making under Asiatic skies since January, 1899, has forfeited our right to claim any special distinction in this respect. The awful tragedy in which we have had a part, and still prolong, has outraged every principle of freedom for which the fathers fought, and upon which our nation was founded and grew to greatness. "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," which the framers of the declaration of independence declared to be inalienable rights of all men, have been denied to a race by the country of Washington and Lincoln, and for nearly three years the power of arms has been employed in all the cruel business of war to subjugate and bring to vassalage a liberty-loving people fighting for their homes and country.

The circumstances under which this war was begun make it one of the most perfidious and disgraceful in military annals. Long months ago Hon. Carl Schurz challenged its apologists "to point out in the whole history of the world a single act of perfidy ever committed by a republican government more infamous than that which has been committed by our government against our Filipino allies." It has not been done. It cannot be done. The challenge, though renewed, has remained and will remain unanswered.

When America began this war of conquest it seemed to many of us that she put a stain upon her escutcheon which nothing could wipe away; but we were not prepared for that which has followed. Little by little the "destiny" that impelled us to claim sovereignty over our brown allies and enforce the claim with all the barbarities of war, has led us on to doing to these people exactly what Weyler did to the Cubans. His "reconcentrado" policy was so brutal and inhuman that the world stood aghast at its inaugura-

tion, and America flew to arms, President McKinley declaring that Weyler's driving noncombatants into the towns, there to sicken and starve to death, was "not civilized warfare; it was extermination," and the "only peace that it could beget was that of the wilderness and the grave." But, in less than four years thereafter we are doing in the Philippines exactly what Weyler did in Cuba, justly earning, thereby, the name "Butcher" Weyler.

It is a sad spectacle, indeed, to see the two great Anglo-Saxon, enlightened nations exchanging precedents for modes of warfare surpassing in cruelty anything of modern times, for England and America have gone beyond all others in this respect. Mr. Chamberlain defends the outrages in South Africa by citing American precedent in the Philippines, and we apologize for American atrocities in the Philippines by pleading Kitchener's methods in South Africa. Were it not for our own barbarities we should shudder with horror at the practices that have for their purpose the extermination of the Boers. The British press reports a death rate in the "reconcentrado" Boer camps increasing so rapidly that in September alone, of 109,418 persons, 2,411 died, and most of them were women and children. This is at the rate of 264 a year for every thousand—more than 17 times the rate in Cleveland. The frightful results of the same policy in the Philippines may never be known, but they must be terrible. The people of Samar have been ordered to concentrate in towns on pain of being public enemies and being treated accordingly; and in the island of Leyte we have not only driven the people into the towns, but have also established a rigid blockade to prevent the importation of food and compel starvation—all because the husbands and fathers of these women and children insist that the land is theirs and they have a right to govern themselves. If war is hell, how shall we characterize this deliberate, cold-blooded starving of women and children?

We dared to hope three years ago that our time-honored ideals would temper our colonial policy (if we must enter upon it) with a modicum of liberty and justice. We hoped that America, if she determined to govern without the consent of the governed, would at least have the grace and justice to govern well. But in the heat of conflict these hopes have volatilized into thinnest air. The colonial policy of America at this hour is less in harmony with liberty and humanity than

that of any other nation on earth, bar one. The government that we are developing in the Philippines is the "most absolute government (professing civilization) on the face of the earth." It is purely a one-man power, with that man thousands of miles from the islands and a stranger to the people's needs.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny!" That echoes down from Faneuil hall and the Old South church, and has a familiar sound to American ears. That formed the rallying cry for quite an important little tea-party in Boston some years ago. Was it in accord with that principle that the descendants of the tea spillers have sent over to our "white man's burden" a commission to establish a government without consulting those who are to be governed, and collect from them the price? And such a price? The commissioners were permitted to fix their own salaries; and they have voted the civil governor, one of their own number, a salary and allowance for subsistence aggregating \$20,375 a year and a house to live in, and to each other member of the commission they have voted a salary and subsistence of \$15,000 a year. The secretary of the commission receives \$7,500, the treasurer \$6,000, the collector of customs \$6,000, and the director of posts \$5,000. The governor receives a compensation more than twice that of the governor of the richest state in the Union, two and a half times that of the vice president of the United States. The other members of the commission voted themselves salaries almost twice that of a cabinet officer, and three times that of a United States senator. All these salaries are to be paid in gold, and must be extorted from a people who are very poor, the Filipino laborer earning but 25 cents in gold a day. Based upon the price of labor, and this is the measure of all values, the civil governor of the Philippines is receiving a compensation equivalent to a salary in this country of \$80,000 a year—and the other officers accordingly. If these men shall be so fortunate as to retain for only a few years their offices they will bring home a "white man's burden" quite different from that which inspired Kipling's warlike song. Oh, friends, it is an outrage committed by the strong against the weak. My thanksgiving is not unalloyed with pain because my country, in direct contradiction of its most sacred traditions, is playing the tyrant to a helpless, alien people.

But there is one more chapter, one more besides the story of pouring in

upon the people wherever pacified a flood of intoxicating liquors, so ruinous to all natives in the tropics. It is this: Suppose that France, after helping the patriots of the revolution to throw off the tyranny of George III., had sent over a large army and proclaimed that the United Colonies must acknowledge the sovereignty of France and accept whatsoever government she had a mind to give them. That would have been a close parallel to our course with the Philippines after helping them to rise from under the heel of Spain. And suppose that France had met a stubborn resistance (as she certainly would have met) and after keeping up the fight for two or three years had proclaimed that after a certain time all Americans found in arms and all Americans giving aid and comfort to the enemies of France were guilty of treason, and upon apprehension would be put to death. What would the world have thought of France? But that is what America has done in this day of greater enlightenment and supposedly clearer ethical perceptions. It was reported early this month that the Philippine commission had adopted a treason ordinance that brands as traitors all who are in arms against the United States and all who give the Filipino soldiers aid and comfort. The ordinance also forbids seditious speeches and libels against either the United States or colonial governments. To execute men under that ordinance, as our agents are doing in the Philippines, is not one whit more defensible than it would have been for Lafayette to have shot Washington at Yorktown because he would not kneel to the sovereignty of France. We have invaded a strange land where we have no rights that the people are not willing to accord, and are shooting as traitors, when we catch them, men who resent like men being bought and sold like sheep.

Thus far have we departed from our sacred traditions and assailed the life, liberty and happiness of 10,000,000 people, whose only offense is a desire to be free. Our army is devastating farms, burning villages, bayoneting men, making widows and orphans, and starving to death women and children—and all for the lust of power, all to seize territory of a people against whom we had no grievance, yea, who trusted us as deliverers and friends.

We are doing this, it is said, with a benevolent motive; and in fulfillment of a sacred duty are taking to them the blessings of civilization and the Christian faith. If that be true a great deal of misunderstanding might have been

avoided by a wise use of Scriptural texts. We should have embroidered upon our battle flags: "Have we not all one Father?" Upon the shells with which we fire their villages there should be cast messages of love, so that when a survivor of a murdered family finds a piece of the death-dealing instrument he may know the noble motive that sent it on its errand. For a text to encircle the breech of our cannon and machine guns I would suggest: "The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." Our "reconcentrado" starvation proclamations might begin with: "Grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father;" and above the graves of the little Filipino children sacrificed to the policy we might put wooden slabs with the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And since our soldiers are missionaries in disguise let there be inscribed on every bayonet: "In the name of Christ."

While these things are being done under our flag and in our name the religious people meet to-day to express their gratitude to the giver of every good gift, the creator and father of all. It is well for us to give thanks; but how sad and shameful it is that because of America 10,000,000 of our brethren "go mourning all day long" and "water their couch with tears." What awful delusion is upon us that we should think that the righteous God who loveth mercy and justice will accept with satisfaction the thanks of any who are guilty of these crimes against his people? To quote again the president: "We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which on this earth and at this time we do our duty to our fellow men." The word of the Lord comes to our nation as it came to Israel of old:

Your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doing from before mine eyes: cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Oh, friends, wrong, is still wrong, though done 10,000 miles away. Beneath brown breasts beat hearts of flesh. The little Filipino mother loves her child and home and husband as dearly as you love yours, and she has the same right to them as you to yours. Under tropic suns hearts ache the same as here; and the fact that their skin is dark and the sufferers far away

does not lighten the burden of the oppressed or feed the fatherless or lessen the widows' woe.

O, God! when to Thy courts we come
To offer praise and lift our grateful hymn,
May we be clean. Oh, may our hands,
Upstretched in prayer, reveal no strain of blood.

Defenders of the fatherless,
Protectors of the helpless and oppressed,
Driers of widows' tears, we come
And find our thanks acceptable to Thee.

A SUCCESSFUL WAR.

Somehow we haven't succeeded
in convincing the Filipinos
of our genuinely kindly
feeling towards them.
They met us with open arms,
hailing us their deliverers—
it's now three years ago.
And now how do they regard us?

We have not a friend in the islands
except a few holding office
who instead of a bolo extended
carry a knife up their sleeves.
Aguinaldo is a prisoner
who would certainly get into mischief
if we let him go at large.
Resentment smoulders except
where it blazes in open revolt.
And our "friends" become our foemen
the moment one's back is turned.

We have tried to make them love us,
we have left no stone unturned,
we have slaughtered their men in droves,
we have burned their cities and towns,
and devastated their fields,
and showed our superior kind
by calling them niggers and rabbits,
we have sent them preachers withal
to preach them the gospel of peace,
and still they are discontented,
and still they refuse to love us.

"The hope of Bryan's election
keeps insurrection alive—"
that isn't true now, is it?
It wasn't true then, was it?
In other words, 'twas a lie,
wasn't it?
(But that is aside from the case.)

The past is past. Its mistakes
cannot be mended now,
and that about Bryan's election
was a lie in good faith—
you thought it was true,
and you thought you were right
and the others not only were wrong
but wicked to doubt your course
and the wisdom you only possessed,
didn't you?

Let it pass—it is past.
But the future?
Are we doing what's right to-day,
are we now pursuing the course
that will finally make them love us,
the course by which in the end
we shall show what America means,
shall accomplish the mission
God meant us to have
in the march of the nations?

This nation was born in the world
to declare that just powers
of government come from consent
of those whom it governs.
We are false to our faith
when we leave that tradition aside.
And if we taught them to hate us

instead of to love us, their hate
is the price of our sin,
our sin against faith.

Yes, we have whipped them,
we have made our war a success,
we have drenched them in hell
and spattered ourselves with its spume.
Our war's a success
but our peace is a failure.

Because—
we forget what we always have taught—
that all men are brothers
and God is the Father of all.
—John Stone Pardee, in the Red Wing
(Minn.) Argus of November 3.

Liberty is the mother, not the
daughter, of Order.—Proudhon.

Capper—Was the senator's speech
applauded?

Toller—Yes; in the Congressional
Record.

G. T. E.

Those who would give up essential
liberty to purchase a little temporary
safety, deserve neither liberty nor
safety.—Franklin.

Mother—The idea of your thinking
of marrying that Mr. Hardupp! Don't
you know that he is poor?

Daughter—Yes, ma; but then, you
know, is he not honest.—San Francis-
co Star.

Miss De Puyster—Do you really
think it is possible for us to love our
enemies?

The Bishop—Well, I think we can
love some people more as enemies than
we could as friends.—Puck.

PERIODICALS.

—Willis Abbot's "Pilgrim," published
monthly at Battle Creek, celebrates the
Christmas season with a special number
in which Ernest H. Crosby makes some
seasonable reflections, Clara Morris writes
with sympathy of Mary Magdalene, and
Ira D. Sankey tells of a trip to Bethle-
hem of Judea.

—The Arena for December (New York:
The Alliance Publishing Co. Price \$2.50
a year; 25 cents a copy) contains as usual
several interesting articles, but the one
which is of most practical interest at the
present moment is by Gen. C. H. Howard,
president of the National Publishers' Bu-
reau, on "Publishers and the Postal De-
partment."

—The second issue of the Commentator,
"a magazine of nonconformity," which
has its home at 788 Broadway, New York,
nonconforms with vigor and brilliancy.
Thomas Carlisle Hoadly's humorous sat-
ire on McClure's railroad stories, and
Ernest H. Crosby's stirring lines on the
captains of industry as the "New Mil-
itary," are notable contributions to this
number.

—The initial number of the Craftsman
(Eastwood, N. Y.: The United Crafts.
Price \$2 a year; 20 cents a copy), appear-
ing in October, is devoted to William Mor-
ris and his artistic and socialistic work.
The subject for the November number will
be John Ruskin. This new monthly is
published by a guild of cabinetmakers and
metal and leather workers, which has been
organized to produce artistic house fur-
nishings. It is intended to parallel in
America the house which William Morris
established 50 years ago in London. The
magazine, which is a fine piece of work
typographically, is illustrated with pho-
tographic reproductions of decorative
house furnishings of the simple and dig-
nified kind.

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