

blacks really because they are blacks, but they dodge the fifteenth amendment by falsely pretending to disfranchise them for some other cause—because they cannot prove that they or their fathers or remote ancestors were voters before the war. The fourteenth amendment, therefore, applies, and the question is whether it shall be enforced—whether those states shall be represented in proportion to the number of their inhabitants who are permitted to exercise political rights, or whether some of their inhabitants shall make political outcasts of others, and still represent them in the national councils.

Statesmen would do well to address themselves to that question. It is mean and cowardly in them to evade that question, and seek to blind the people by raising a dense smudge about such utterly irrelevant matters as the comparative reasoning power or morality or industry or complexion or anatomy of the citizen of African descent.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

The Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow spoke on this subject at the Vine street Congregational church in Cincinnati, June 21.

Do we love our fellowmen? Do we wish them all well? Have we universal good will? Are we willing to fight for their rights? Do we make their wrongs our own? Are we friends of the stranger, of the naked, of the sick, and the prisoners? Is our heart with the emancipators? Do we feel it to be the supreme mission to preach the gospel to the poor; to preach the gospel of justice and hope for the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives; and liberty for the bruised and oppressed children of toil?

That is enough. That is religion. That is the badge of discipleship. To reduce the elaborate doctrines of theology to that simple formula of good will to man, and to exalt deeds of loving kindness above the worship of the temple, that is the service which Jesus rendered the world.

A week day spent in honest, earnest work is holier than the Sabbath of the Pharisee. The fittest place to worship is at the altar of human need. No man is saved until he becomes a savior. A redeemed soul is one that is inspired with aspirations for the public good.

I was standing on a street corner waiting for a car. Beside me were

two young men. There came along a squatty little man, with red face and large stomach. He wore the collar of some religious order. On his vest there was displayed a gold cross. The two young men looked at the wheezy cleric, then looked at each other and laughed. Why did they laugh?

I suppose they were struck with the incongruity between that stomach and the cross.

These young men got their car. "All about the awful accident," cried a newsboy. They bought a paper. They looked over the same page and read. Two men had been working in a boiler. One was white and the other colored. The white man had a family and the colored man was single. Some one, forgetting that the men were there, opened a valve which sent a rush of scalding water into the boiler. Both men sprang for the ladder. "Go first. You're married," cried the colored man. The white man escaped. His black comrade perished.

The two young men, after reading the story, looked at each other. They did not laugh this time. They were sobered. They were moved by that sublime sacrifice. Neither would they have laughed at the cleric, if they could have felt that he would have given his life, or even sacrificed a dinner, now and then, for the sake of truth and humanity.

In the city of Cleveland, last winter, a man was taken to the pest house and died of smallpox. This man's neighbor was very poor. But not so poor as the widow. So the neighbor made a home for her and tried to comfort her in her sorrow. In a few weeks the widow died in child-birth.

The neighbor and his wife called on the Director of Charities. They told their story honestly, as investigation proved. They did not ask the Director to help them to any charity. They merely wanted to save the body of the widow from a pauper's grave. They could not pay for a grave. But they wanted to arrange to buy it on the installment plan.

They not only did this, but they adopted the baby. What are the libraries and universities of our millionaires compared to the benefactions of these heroic poor who bury the dead and feed the helpless out of their pitiful store?

To many it would seem strange to speak of the sacrifice of the black man in the boiler as an act of wor-

ship. When we speak of religion we think of stained glass windows, and eloquent sermons, and gold crosses and catechisms. We do not think of the poverty which shares its crust with widows and orphans. Ah, how suffering humanity ought to love those heavenly words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these."

"The religion of humanity!" Would you know what it is; what it hopes for and what enthusiasm it kindles in the hearts of men? Listen, then, to these words of the revolutionists who died in the streets of Paris:

Citizens, do you picture to yourselves the future? The streets of the cities flooded with light, the green branches upon the thresholds, the nation's sisters, men just, the old men blessing the children, the past loving the present, thinkers in full liberty, believers in full equality, for religion the heavens, God priest direct, human conscience become the altar, no more hatred, the fraternity of the workshop and the school, for reward and penalty notoriety to all, labor for all, law, over all peace, no more bloodshed, no more war, mothers happy.

THE RECENT ENGLISH LAND TAX BILL.

From the Liverpool Financial Reformer for June, 1903.

Few, if any, political questions have made such progress in public opinion during the past few years as the question of the taxation of land values. But there is the danger, as it becomes popular, of its being dealt with more on the lines of expediency than of justice. The bill that formed the subject of the recent debate in the house of commons affords a good example of this. On the land of our native country we must live, move, and have our being; from the land alone can labor produce the necessities and comforts we require. By force and fraud, in the past, this land, access to which is a necessity of our very existence, has been made the private property of a numerically insignificant section of the people. We live and work on our so-called "native land" by their permission, and upon condition of paying them for that permission. Where it has suited the landowners to have men on the land, they, upon payment for the permission, have graciously allowed men to live; where it has suited their caprice to make the land a desert handed over to deer or grouse, they have expelled the inhabitants. Where they have had a fancy for large holdings, the people have been cleared off the small holdings, and large farms been created. Where they chose to allow our mineral wealth to be worked—

again upon payment—they have done so; where they choose to allow it to remain unworked the people are powerless. To this fundamental wrong of allowing that which was created for the use of all, and is necessary to all, to be the private property of the few, almost all the misery and poverty that exist in our midst can be traced.

The evil is twofold; first, the landowners can refuse to allow labor and capital access to the land from which alone they can produce wealth; secondly, where this permission is granted, it is on such onerous terms that production is restricted, and the vast proportion of the workers have to live in appalling poverty. The taxation of land values will, if properly applied, cure both forms of the evil. To be a success, the tax must be universal in its application, i. e., it must apply to agricultural, mineral and town lands; secondly, it must be sufficiently heavy both to make it unprofitable for a landowner to keep land out of use or put to an inferior use to that for which it is wanted, and yield a revenue sufficient to allow distinct financial benefits to be given to the people.

The Bill introduced by Dr. Macnamara fulfils neither of these conditions. It is applied only to Urban Land; it is limited in amount to one penny in the pound on the capital value; and all existing contracts between landlord and tenant—contracts which the tenant has been forced to enter into—are to be respected. As Mr. Soares (who, by the bye, made, in our opinion, the most thoughtful speech in the debate) said, any advanced man "would hope that this Bill would not pass into law." The advocates of the taxation of land values are always quoting cases like that of Bootle, where, owing to the industry and presence of a population, vast value is added to land. It is stated that the Derby family now draw nearly £100,000 yearly from land that not very long ago was sandhills and rabbit warrens. Yet this Bill of Dr. Macnamara's would not touch this income at all until the leases fell in. By reason of being confined to urban lands the Bill would not help the agricultural laborer, who was debarred from an allotment by reason of the high rent demanded, although for similar land the farmer was charged a much smaller sum. It would do nothing to bring a Lord Penrhyn to his proper place. It is a Bill the landowners were foolish to refuse, for it would have enabled them to say, "You were always talking of the vast benefits that would result

from taxing land values. Well, now you have this tax in operation; your own bill, and how much good is it doing?"

It does not apply to Scotland or Ireland, and while assessment is compulsory the levying of the rate is optional; again, although the Local Authority may refuse to levy the rate, yet in places where they want to levy it, they are restricted to the penny in the pound. Take the case of vacant lands in our towns. They are not vacant because they are useless, but because the landowner wants a high price; higher than the land is worth by far. In keeping that land idle he is inflicting an injury on the community. We say let him pay his rates on that land just the same as he would if the land were put to its proper use. "Oh, no," says Dr. Macnamara, "do not rate him more than one penny in the pound on the capital value, though it is doubtless quite true that the next plot, which has a building on it, is rated at six to eight shillings of annual value." Why should the man who puts land to use be punished by being rated at six or eight shillings in the pound, while the man who keeps land out of use escapes with a rate of from (at most) 1s. 6d. to 2s. in the pound, annual value being taken in both cases? The limitation gives the case for taxation of land values away altogether.

We are aware that Dr. Macnamara hopes by whittling down the measure to conciliate opponents and carry opinion of moderate men with him; but this expediency is the curse of politics, and, further, never succeeds. As the matter now stands, the advocates of the taxation of land values have introduced a measure at a time when they could have no reasonable expectation of carrying it through the House—for even though they gained a snatch victory on the second reading, the fate of the measure in Committee would be certain—at a time, therefore, when the debate was raised more for educational than legislative purposes, and have voluntarily declared that such taxation should be optional on the part of local authorities, but that where they wish to impose it they ought to be limited to at most one penny in the pound capital value; and that all the contracts the landowners have, by reason of their monopolistic powers, been able to extort from the tenant must be respected. Truly we may say, "Deliver us from our friends!"

"Worth half a million, is he?"

"Yes, but otherwise he's worthless."—Puck.

"AS ITERS SEE US."

Two American girls were recently visiting a town in Japan not much frequented by foreigners, and a friend who understood Japanese told them of the comments made when they appeared in the street. Said Miss Peach Blossom to Miss Chrysanthemum: "Oh, do look at those foreign women! See how strangely they are dressed. They wear short kimonas, just like the men. How very improper!"

"Yes," acquiesced the other. "The foreign women have no taste in dress. In Tokio, where I have been once, no foreign woman's toilet is complete without a stuffed bird on her head. If she has not enough money to buy a whole stuffed bird she buys a head, the wings or some feathers. They are very strange, the foreign women."

"But," exclaimed the first, "did you notice the terrible size of the noses of these two foreign women? Are the noses of all the foreign women as large as these?"

"Yes, they are as large. But they are proud of their large noses. The foreign women do not consider a large nose a disfigurement."

"How very strange! And, see—their eyes are as round as the full moon."

"Yes, as round as the full moon. They stare at you without any expression or feeling."

"And their walk! Do look at their walk! So ungainly—just like great big birds!"—Chicago Chronicle.

Uncle David—How the map of this country has changed. When I studied geography no one thought that Illinois would ever be one of the southern states.

Nephew Billy—But it isn't one of them now, uncle.

Uncle David—But it must be. I was reading the other day about a negro that was lynched there.

G. T. E.

New York city or any other large city is a good place to enjoy an industrial communion with several million people living and many more dead, who have followed their divine instinct of service until you are deafened by the clamor of their engines and machinery and wagons and steamboats and street cars, which are at your convenience upon terms that are trivial in comparison with the time and energy and inconvenience they save you. What if they are "thieves"? That is their misfortune. They never knew the joy of real, voluntary, intentional service, perhaps. They emphasized the im-