

Arguing for the Singletax in China.

China Press, (editorial paragraphs).—Believers in the Singletax seldom miss an opportunity to say a word for the plan. Dr. W. E. Macklin* got his chance at the meeting of the Kuling landrenters' meeting. A speaker had advocated that the council should sell lots according to value, instead of at a flat rate of \$350, and had pointed out that he had bought a lot privately for \$950. "Yes," said Dr. Macklin, "the state should have got that \$950. Then we could have had a water service throughout the state."

**The Republic of China.**

The Chicago Tribune (Prog.), December 16.—The failure of the administration to recognize the republican government of China has aroused the surprise of a good many of our people. In his statement of Dec. 3 President Taft expressed sympathy with the effort of the Chinese people to establish a republic, but explains the failure to recognize the new government by saying that he prefers to await the results of the election to be held in January. This is cold comfort. The government is established, it has been working since last February, and the elections of next January are not to determine whether the government is to be continued republican, but who shall operate its machinery in behalf of the people. The explanation seems hardly sufficient. The refusal to recognize the republican government is virtually to co-operate with its opponents. Russia is acting more or less openly against it, and would undoubtedly like to see it fail. Our position strengthens her efforts. Moreover, we have thrown in our lot in the matter of loans with the so-called "financial group" of Powers. That is to say, we have taken the same view as they do, that our people should not lend money to China unless the Chinese government will turn over to foreigners revenues and their expenditure. This would be to abrogate its functions, and such a demand is unworthy of the United States. Its effect is to weaken and not to strengthen the spread of democratic government.



I refuse to kill your father. I refuse to slay your mother's son. I refuse to plunge a bayonet into the breast of your sister's brother. I refuse to slaughter your sweetheart's lover. I refuse to murder your wife's husband. I refuse to butcher your little child's father. I refuse to wet the earth with blood and blind kind eyes with tears. I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my stained fists in the folds of any flag.—From George R. Kirkpatrick's "War—What For?"



Emma Ginter, a little girl who goes to the Park avenue school, in a story about the harvest supper served many, many years ago by the lord of the manor, in merrie England, tells of how this supper ended in drunkenness. "The harvest supper began in the right way," writes little Miss Emma, "but it ended in disrespect to God. This we regret, but we cannot change the customs of our forefathers."—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

*See letter from Dr. Macklin on page 1207.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

"ON EARTH PEACE."

For The Public.

Three mighty evils hold the world to-day
Close-bound within their devastating sway,—
Three hellish spirits that so long have grown
And batted in our midst they scarce are known
For what they are, and their true loathsome mien
By many—nay, by most—is never seen.

Chief spirit of this black abhorrent three
Is that which preys on woman's chastity,—
Which feeds with human souls the fires of lust,
And turns God's boon of love to poisoned dust.

Next is the coward spirit that doth wreak
Its hate against the luckless and the weak
In Justice' name,—which snares and cages men,
And murders manhood in the prison pen.

Last is the spirit that, for schemes of state,
Transmutes the bond of brotherhood to hate,—
Which sends man forth, in cool deliberate plan,
To slay, like Cain of old, his brother man.

With eyes close-sealed we dream of earthly peace,—
Vain is the dream until these wrongs shall cease!
Peace shall but mock us, till the righteous stand,
Fronting these monsters, in embattled band,—
Until at last our wrathful arrows fly
In whelming clouds against them, and they die.

WALDO R. BROWNE.



THE GROWING DEMOCRACY OF THE CHURCH.

Many a man, remembering the faith of his mother, has a certain sense of disappointment upon entering the average city church. He cannot but feel that there is something lacking. But, remembering the faith of his mother, he looks hopefully for signs of change.

The title of this sketch might be construed as a reproach: Why should the early "cradle of democracy" be only growing into democracy, instead of being the leader of democracy? Tracing its lineage to the Great Democrat, why should it not be still the cradle of democracy?

Defendingly, we may say that the Church has a special function to perform, the "spiritual" function, but can we say it with a straight face? In our hearts we know that the real function of the Church is to lighten the burden of those "who labor and are heavy laden"—lighten it not at one particular point, nor even where it bears heaviest, but lighten it. Is it doing so?

Why not? Why is the Church only growing into democracy? The reason is essentially the

same reason that the world at large is only growing into democracy. It is that democracy has been dwarfed at the roots, and the rule of a limited few established; it is, tritely, the lack of democracy. The general conferences of the Protestant Churches, and the like, have been dominated by the clergy, a self-chosen clergy; for, while individual church organizations have chosen their own pastors, they have been limited in their choice to a self-chosen group of ministers. In the Roman Catholic Church, authority has been much more highly centralized. There can be no doubt that these men, in entering the ministry, have been animated by high ideals of service to humanity, but they have been preachers of The Truth, rather than seekers after the truth. Like the "bench and bar," like men in all walks of life, they have been bound down by accepted beliefs that have been pronounced Truth. Thousands of men and women of character and of interest in the public welfare, feeling the inadequacy of the Church, and seeing no way themselves to better conditions, have drifted away from these organizations.

Now, however, the "rising sun of democracy is rising in the west," and, just as it is shedding its light on bench and bar, and into every corner of the earth, so also is the Church becoming illuminated.

And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Here and there a Crapsey or a Bigelow springs up; everywhere the Churches are adopting new lines of activity, widening their sphere of service to mankind. Only recently, upon the occasion of a civic uprising, I heard the minister of one of our city churches arguing valiantly that "it is perfectly proper for Christian men and women to vote," for, said he, "if you will go to the voting places, the polls where they vote, there you will see every bum and promoter of vice voting whenever they get the chance." Smile if you will, but these are signs of change, and change in the right direction.

There is another reason why the Church will again become an active factor of democracy, namely, the character of the church buildings—neighborhood auditoriums, ideally adapted to democratic gatherings and discussions. When the Church has again entered into the life of the *whole* people, by adapting itself to their needs and aspirations, the churches will become the gathering-places, cradles of democracy.

HARRY W. OLNEY.



THE MEETING.

Rose E. Sharland in *The Labour Leader*.

His tool-bag was slung on his shoulder,
He hummed a sweet song as he stepped,
And looked up the hillside as moulder,
With bracken by autumn's brush swept.

The flame-yellow gorse-bushes burning,
To him were the candles of God
Before some great altar, where, yearning,
The spirit walked humbly, unshod.

"Get out of the way, you!" came, heated,
A voice from the depths of a car,
Wherein a great Bishop was seated,
Aloof in his splendor, and far.
He passed: and the fair roadside under
Was foul as the powdered dust spun,
Where, lost in a sad smile of wonder,
Was standing the Carpenter's Son.



WHAT THE BRAKEMAN OVER-HEARD.

By the Rev. Robert A. Bakeman. This Parable
Was Sent Out from the Baptist Parsonage
at East Jaffrey, N. H., Christmas, 1911.

It was flashed by the Associated Press to all the great dailies of the world that Jesus would spend Christmas day in Jaffrey, New Hampshire. And it was further reported that Jaffrey was the only place where he could be seen. Naturally, there arise two questions of absorbing interest—What happened in Jaffrey? and how did the people outside of Jaffrey receive this remarkable announcement? In the first place, just as soon as the news reached town there was a meeting of all the ministers. This sounds dignified, but accuracy really demands the statement that the ministers met without appointment almost in the center of the village while each was hurrying to the home of one of the others. And they tell us that at that meeting the older brethren seemed to have forgotten entirely that there was one among them who was shaky on Regeneration and had publicly admitted his inability to associate the idea of Eternal Torment with his Heavenly Father. So much of a bombshell at the very start did the Associated Press hurl into the midst of a little village nestling peacefully at the foot of Monadnock. And then a mass meeting of all the people in all the churches was held, for the Bishop had telephoned permission to the good Father of the Roman Catholic parish that his people might unite on this occasion with the other churches in the village. Committees were formed to look after every detail. A great chorus choir from all the churches held rehearsals every night, and it is only fair to say that a kind of lofty, holy enthusiasm ran contagiously through the community; the censorious harshness that makes so many lives rasp and scrape, almost entirely vanished and many people took advantage of the few days of grace before the coming of the Master and made a bee-line for the homes of those whom they had wronged and whom they passed each day with lip of scorn and eyes from which the lightning flashed. And outside of Jaffrey, as the news was re-