

THE AMERICAN.

A WEEKLY NEWS PAPER.

"AMERICA FOR AMERICANS"—We hold that all men are Americans who swear allegiance to the United States without a mental reservation.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

VOLUME VI.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1896.

NUMBER 47

HILLIS TO PATRIOTS.

He Favors the Establishment of Schools of Patriotism.

He Quoted Fiske as Saying That "The Mission and Dignity of America is to Secure Perpetual Peace."

Rev. Dr. Hillis preached Sunday morning, November 8, in Central Music Hall, Chicago, on "The Fortune of the Republic; What God Has Done and What Patriots Must Do." He took as his text:

Take heed unto thyself that ye be not snared by following after other nations.—Deut. xii, 30.

He said: In reviewing the history of civilization Guizot loved to emphasize the principle of national greatness through isolation. Looking backward he saw that each nation that had made some striking contribution to government or literature or religion, had for centuries been shut apart from other nations, and compelled to develop its own genius and mature its special contribution.

It was given to Freeman also to perceive that in all ages islands and isolated peninsulas have been the seats of civilization. For a thousand years the Hebrew was a hermit people shut apart between the high cliffs of the Mediterranean and the deserts of the south and east. Secluded for centuries, they developed the sentiment of conscience and stored up their moral codes and precepts, their religious poems and prophecies.

Like-wise that sunny land where Plato thought and Sappho sung is practically an isolated island. Walled in between the mountains and the deep sea, the Grecian race refined its genius accumulated its poems and philosophies, its treasures of eloquence and art and song.

In a non-seagoing age, also, the Alpine valleys isolated the Roman and compelled him to mature the principles of law and government as a permanent heritage for mankind. Just as a reservoir through its walls enables the waters to pile up their tides, so the Swiss race was girt about with mountains, while they developed the first of the pure democracies. Likewise the English Channel and the North Sea isolated the Saxon race that they might store up the principles of Puritanism and liberty; even as the Pilgrim fathers were shut apart in the wilds of New England that in solitude they might develop their special talents and contribution.

A century ago Washington saw the advantage of our isolation and warned our people against entangling alliances with Europe, lest these might serve to dilute our ideas and Europeanize us, before we were sufficiently individualized to Americanize the old monarchies.

For it is as true of nations as of individuals, that getting goes before giving, and accumulation before distribution. The power of the Mississippi is in the thousand streams and rivers that lie back of its current and crowd forward its mighty flow. Virgil spent fifty years living a heroic life, that out of his accumulated stores of heroic thinking and living he might write a heroic poem that the world would not willingly let die. Asked how he explained the eloquence of his lecture on the "Lost Arts," Wendell Phillips answered, "By getting a thousand nights of delivery" back of me." Listening to Hayne's speech on "State's Rights" one day, and upon the next replying to his opponent, we account for Daniel Webster's marvelous achievement by saying that forty years of rigorous thought and study upon this subject made ready for an oration that is a part of the history of free institutions. Indeed, all the great achievements, poems, orations, and inventions have sprung out of isolation.

Blindness secluded Homer and Milton, and gave us the "Iliad" and the "Paradise Lost." Exile and the garret isolated Dante, and gave us the "Paradiso." It was the dungeon in Bedford jail that gave us "Pilgrim's Progress."

In his book, "Kin Beyond the Sea," Mr. Gladstone wrote: "The United States has the natural base of the greatest continuous empire that has ever been established by man, and the distinction between a continuous empire and an empire severed and dispersed over the sea is vital. America will probably become what we are now, the head servant in the great household of the world, because her service will be most and abiest. For the growth in one century from 3,000,000 to 65,000,000 encourages the belief that in 1990 America will have 500,000,000 of people."

More recently one of the leading cotton manufacturers of England has expressed the judgment that the next quarter of a century is to witness the transference of the manufacturing center of the world from England to the Mississippi valley. The Manchester and Birmingham and Sheffield of the new era are to be in the interior of this continent. The reasons for his prophecy have been rendered very clear by this student of affairs. He notes that America's coal and iron are fully equal to these treasures in England. Also because American brains are largely English, the looms and engines of New England are fully equal to those of the old world. But having noted that as to coal, iron, tools, and intelligence of workmen the two

nations stand upon an equal footing, this writer observes that the raw material called cotton is at America's door, while England must pay heavy freight bills across the ocean.

Breadstuffs and meats also are close to the hand of our workmen, while the English toiler must, at heavy cost, import them. Of late years competition has become so close that the cost of freight on the raw material and breadstuffs has caused a steady decrease in the profits of those who manufacture cotton and woolen goods, and threatens in a few years to drive the foreigner out of the market. This English writer holds that the time is rapidly approaching when immigration will not be confined to the poorer classes. He foresees a day when the manufacturing classes must transfer their capital and industrial plants into the Mississippi valley, where breadstuffs are found, or set up the looms in the south in the interests of readiness of access to the raw material.

What a pang of sorrow it must have cost this merchant, and the statesman, also, as from the House of Commons he looked toward the noble abbey, the distant cathedral, the glorious palaces and temples, the Thames, crowned with the commerce of the world, and prophesied an era when industrial supremacy should pass from the hands of the mother into the hands of the daughter, when the whole of mankind shall form one huge federation, each little group managing its local affairs in entire independence, but referring all questions of international interest to the decision of one central tribunal supported by the public opinion of the entire human race.

"The mission and dignity of America," says Fiske, "is to secure perpetual peace, through the parliament of mankind and through the federation of the world." Dwelling in a land with such a history and heritage, with such an outlook and destiny, it stirs wonder in us that it should become necessary to discuss plans for preserving our free institutions and guarding our liberties. Yet here, where the life of the people is the freest and the happiest known to man, where the income of each toiler is thrice that of his foreign brother, are multitudes either indifferent to our institutions, or openly hostile to our flag. Recent events have revealed in each large city a multitude who have grown up with the ignorance of Hottentots and the lawlessness of savages. Now that we have witnessed the massing of the forces of unrest and discontent, their power and strength stir alarm, and bids all patriots think long and carefully as to new plans for safeguarding the republic.

The events of the past summer seem to unite in the request for this nation to found a school of patriotism for its youth. For the children of New England every hillside has its song, every valley its legend and story, while for the citizens of these western and southern states the hillsides all o'flow with their country's dead make the entire land unspeakably dear. For us the flag is dear because the crimson represents the blood of heroes whose life is also in our veins, and its stars shining upon the background of blue represent the states united forever by God's overarched firmament. But not small the multitude of foreign children for whom the flag has no sacred charm and the land no sanctioned associations.

Under the rule of foreign officials the windows in our public halls in holiday times are often chiefly notable for the waving of flags of other nations rather than of the stars and stripes. Recently for purposes of political discussion a prominent orator entered a hall in a foreign district of our city. Crossing the threshold he was astonished to find it decorated with the flags and banners of eastern Europe, and so great was their number as to leave no room upon the wall for our American flag. It is not without meaning also that our west includes many communities who insist upon educating their children in the language of the mother tongue rather than in our language and rear their youth upon the memories of the heroes of the old world, rather than upon the memories of Lincoln and Grant and Washington. Perplexed by the magnitude of this problem Boston has sought out an adequate solution of the problem. Her loyal citizens have founded for children and youth a school of patriotism. For several years past the old South Church, rich in its associations with liberty, has been thrown open one Saturday in every month to the youth of the various graded and high schools. Before an audience that crowds the historic room each year twelve orations are pronounced upon the history of our country's liberty, from the time of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge to Gettysburg and Appomattox.

Once a month also some pamphlet like the declaration of independence, or the constitution of the United States, or Washington's farewell address, or Lincoln's inaugural, or one of a hundred like addresses has been placed in the hands of the children and youth of that great city. Having paved the streets for young feet, these citizens have gone on to educate the mind and heart. The enthusiasm for Boston that characterized such a man as Wendell Phillips when he said: "I love every stone in the streets of Boston, and I hope to make these stones too pure for the feet of slaves," must be accounted for by Boston's enthusiasm for the education of her young children. The time has come for this great city, equally distant from the east and the west, to found its school in the interests of patriotism. What if for one hour upon every Saturday of each month this great hall of the Auditorium should be crowded with the youth from our graded and high schools; what if once each month we placed in the hands of every boy and girl in this city a document like

Lincoln's inaugural, or Milton's plea for liberty, or Wendell Phillips' speech in Faneuil Hall, what if every high school in this state, imitating our example, should become also a school of patriotism. In the light of what sentiments and change them into loyal for Boston, who can measure the gains for this city, if every child and youth in these foreign wards should come up to manhood with a deathless devotion for our flag, and the institutions for which it stands? The entire expense of such a movement would be less than \$1,000 each year. Such clubs as the Marquette and the Union League have wrought powerfully in the field of patriotism, but much still remains to be done. Each young forehead must indeed be made white with its purity, beautiful with its wreaths of wisdom, and holy with the consecrations of patriotism.

The nation is anxiously waiting for great minds and friendly hearts who shall touch the multitudes of foreigners who are citizens in years, but not in sentiments and change them into loyal Americans, even as the sun touches the black clouds and changes them into a mass of gold. Unfortunately this need does not appeal to all our citizens, for many know more of the streets of Rome or the avenues of Paris and London than they do of the streets that pass through our Little Hell of the stock yards district. But those who have gone frequently and faithfully through the foreign districts of our city must confess that we have diluted our citizenship, dimmed the luster of our American ideas, and lowered the standard of our patriotism.

In trying to love the nations of all Europe we have come dangerously near making it impossible to effectually love ourselves or others. In the home each citizen knows that the best way to serve the thousands of children in the city is to specialize upon the children in his own home. Because there are orphans in the streets, the parent does not kick out his windows, pull the front door off its hinges, invite in all the neighbors, and try to kindle a fire so hot as to warm all out of doors. An attempt so foolish would end with the freezing of his own children, without effectually bettering the condition of poorer families. But our nation seems to have been imitating just such a foolish household.

Upon the nation's door, called Castle Garden, we have written the word "welcome" in letter so large that it can be read by every discontented person and unjaded villian in Europe, and also by every tramp and pauper. For years also foreign cities have been furnishing free steerage tickets to their discharged convicts and thriftless persons.

All this is saying nothing against foreigners who have ceased to be foreigners, and have become loyal to our institutions and lovers of the land that has welcomed them as a mother welcomes her adopted children. It is simply to enjoy the use of this country as a forum for overthrowing our institutions, attacking our flag and instituting comparisons with other nations to our disadvantage—those who derive from this country their support and happiness, yet spend their days and nights talking anarchism and socialism, and plotting the overthrow of the existing order, and scattering broadcast ideas that are more dangerous than bomb shells. The time has come for these people to be made to understand that our long-suffering endurance of this outrageous treatment of the republic does not mean that Americans are indifferent to their institutions. We admire the wit of the Irish, the conservatism of the German, the airy grace of the people of Southern Europe, and we need their help. But we want these gifts consecrated to American institutions and poured as a free-will offering into the republic's life. We want—not many warring sections, but one body politic, one American heart, whose throbbings shall pulsate patriotism and loyalty into every vein and artery of the body of the great republic.

Wise men will also recognize the importance of strengthening those Christian institutions that battle against moral illiteracy. It is not enough that the free schools and the free press make men scholars, for unfortunately some whom society has educated have used their training as weapons against the state. One of the chiefest dangers of today is the danger of educating our villains and degenerates. Ignorance may live like a brute beast, like a cloud, like a poisoned weed, but educate the traitor and he lifts the sharpened ax upon the vine whose fruit nourished strength.

In these days of powerful explosives and combinations no community is safe that does not each week ply its every citizen with motives of hatred toward theft and lying and dishonesty, and every crime against the street, the store, while at the same time plying men with a love of honesty, purity and truth.

The above extracts are taken from the report of the sermon published in the Inter Ocean, November 9.

Shall We?

Shall we let it go down in history that we allowed the "idealized" statue of a Jesuit, a representative of all that is dangerous, despicable and unworthy in morals and politics, to overshadow the immortal Lincoln? Shall we allow it to go down to history that the freemen of Wisconsin allowed the "idealized" statue of a representative of a society which is so pernicious that it has been driven out of nearly every civilized country on earth, to crowd out such men as General Fairchild and Honest Jerry Rusk from a hall dedicated to men illustrious for their distinguished civic and military services to the state?—Patriot.

A ROMAN MIRACLE.

It Is Explained to the Satisfaction of the Patient and the Sisters.

The Madonna Turned Out to Be a Pretty English Girl Who Loved a Wounded Soldier.

J. Ferdinand Brand, an English soldier, lay between life and death in a foreign hospital, nursed by the sisters, who devote their lives to works of mercy.

But all their kindness could not reconcile me to the weary life that lay before me if I recovered. They gave me no hope that I should not be blind, if I lived, and from the aching depths of my sad heart this thought had torn all that made life worth living.

One day had seemed more bitter than any of its predecessors. A comrade had died near me. And I lived! A blackness of darkness was upon me. I could not rest. I could not sleep. I could not taste the food they urged me to partake of. I even wept—I, a soldier. Then I prayed to die.

In the midst of that prayer a strange thing happened to me. I felt a form bend over me. I inhaled the perfume of a breath as sweet as new mown hay. Two lips softer than rose leaves pressed a kiss upon my closed eyelids and a tear dropped upon my forehead.

Involuntarily I stretched forth my hand. It caught a woman's fingers. They wrenched themselves from me, but left in my clasp a ring.

"Who is this?" I cried. "Come back! Tell me. Who is this?"

There was no answer. I heard a soft, retreating step and nothing more. The woman who had kissed me, whoever she might be, was gone.

I slipped the ring on my finger and fell into a reverie. Who could this have been? Whose lips had touched my lips? Whose hand had I held? Sister Agatha was large and stout and elderly. Sister Estelle was hard and thin, and her hands were always as cold as ice. Then, nuns were not given to the wearing of jewelry.

I questioned Sister Agatha after awhile as to who had visited the hospital. "Only the mother of Antoine," she said, but I knew those juicy lips, that warm, fluttering hand were not those of any man's mother.

It was a little incident, but it employed my head for the day. You laugh, but you must be wounded and weak and blind and far from home and kindred to know the value of a woman's kiss and of a pitying tear.

For one or two days I listened for the return of that gentle mystery. For one or two nights I dreamed of her. Then I stopped dreaming. Life dawned anew for me. I opened my eyes one morning and saw a ray of faintly and dimly the outline of the long room. I was no longer blind. I should be myself again.

Hope healed my wounds. I grew well miraculously. Ere I left the hospital I told Sister Agatha of the kiss. She looked at me solemnly and fell to crossing herself.

"My child," she said, "it was the Madonna. It is a miracle. She has healed you."

"But the ring?"

"The Madonna gave the ring to St. Catherine. Why not the ring to you?" she said. So the story ran about the hospital. I knew that I had held a mortal hand in mine, and that living lips had touched me, but who would have blighted the nun's pretty faith by persistent contradiction?

Five years passed. The war was over. I was in my native land again. I had almost forgotten my period of suffering in the hospital, but I had not forgotten that kiss. I still wore the ring upon my finger and I still hoped, absurdly enough, to know one day to whom it had belonged. I was constant to a memory vague as it was beautiful.

About this time my brother Henry married and brought his wife home, a lovely girl, who won our hearts at once. She had but one living creature, a sister, who had been educated abroad, and who was coming to visit her very soon. She was said to be beautiful and Henry spoke of her often.

"It would be a lucky thing for you if you could win her heart," he said. "She is almost an angel."

"Not that that would be so easily done," he said. "Laura is a strange girl. She refuses every offer. She is two and twenty now and has had several, but Emma tells me that she will never marry until she gets over a queer fancy of hers. You'll keep it to yourself if I tell you, Ferdinand?" I promised.

"The girls are orphans," said Henry, "and Laura was educated at a convent in—. By some strange neglect she remained there during the whole of this last terrible war. The convent was safe enough, and she had no fear, but it was outrageous. Well, to cut a long story short, there was a hospital at—, and it was filled, of course, with wounded soldiers. The girl, just 17 then, used as times to go with the nuns, and, protected by their costume, to the hospital. One, a beautiful young officer who had lost his sight attracted her attention. She used to watch him from afar and think of him when she left him until she fell in love with him. At last, one day, when he

had been suffering very much and had, as she thought, fallen asleep, her feelings overcame her. The Sisters were busy elsewhere, and she crept up to him and kissed him. He was not asleep, it seems. He caught her hand, and she, in pulling it away, lost a ring from her finger."

A week after this I went to meet the evening train from London, commissioned to escort Laura Lee to our old home.

When I first spoke to her she looked at me as a singular way, and her color came and went rapidly. As for me, it seemed that I had known her all my life. How I told her the story I do not know, but tell it I did on my way home. And the ring that I had snatched from her hand adorned it again—a betrothal ring—when we crossed the threshold of the home together.

Once a year or two ago—my wife and I visited the continent, and, stopping at—, went to his hospital. A Sister who was quite unknown to us showed us through it. Over one cot was a little shrine and a picture of the Madonna.

"It was here," said the nun, "that Our Lady graciously performed the miracle. She kissed open the eyes of a blind young English soldier and left in his hands a ring."—Republic.

TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

Rev. Madison C. Peters Writes an Able Article on the Subject.

One of the best things we have read on the taxation of church property, is a letter by Madison C. Peters, in the November number of the North American Review. Mr. Peters opens as follows:

Mr. Speed Mosby in his article in the August number of the Review says: "The taxation of church property for governmental purposes would be most unwise and indiscreet."

The general theory of all just taxation is reciprocal service. Judge Cooley in his "Law of Taxation" says: "The protection of the government being the consideration for which taxes are demanded, all parties who receive, or are entitled to that protection may be called upon to render the equivalent."

It costs the community something to enjoy the use of property. If the church paid taxes it would pay its fair and honest share to secure its enjoyment of the use of property.

Church property is not exempt from taxation. The taxes have to be paid, and the property that is exempt, or rather omitted from the tax roll, is simply spread upon the other property.

Everybody's tax goes up at least one-tenth. The American people would rise up in rebellion against direct taxation for church support, but what is exemption from taxation, but an indirect state support of the church, a virtual subsidy for its support of the church, and at the expense of the general public? The state avoids a deficiency in its revenues by transferring to other property increased taxation, not by the voluntary action of the tax-payers, but by the compulsion of law, all of which is out of consonance with our republican institutions. The founders of our republic wisely separated church and state. But if we are taxed for the support of churches and state are separated, Benjamin Franklin said: "When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself, and when it cannot support itself, and God does not take care to support it, so its professors are obliged to call for help from the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one."

The churches enjoy no immunity from the operations of the laws of God. They place roofs upon their buildings to keep out the rain and put up lightning rods to prevent lightning striking them. If God does not vary his laws for the benefit of churches, why should the state be expected to do so?

It is argued that many churches are not self-sustaining at present, and that to tax them would render them less so. Thousands are less able to provide for their children because of the tax-collector. Why should the laborer pay taxes upon his humble home, and the religious corporation be exempted? Make all property bear its just and equal share of taxation and you lessen the laboring man's burden. When the working man feels that his burden is heavier, because the magnificent possessions of the church are omitted from the tax roll, do you wonder that the church loses its power over him?

Tax churches and only those able to bear taxes will dare to be extravagant. Tax churches and modest buildings will be erected where they are most needed, instead of a few imposing structures in the fashionable quarter. Every tax-payer in the city, the country, and the state has his per centage of state tax correspondingly increased because of the needlessly expensive churches which he may never enter.

The church yields no income to the incorporators; neither do many other kinds of property; but the state cannot regulate its action by rule of income. The state may and does tax for local benefits; then why not also for general benefits?

The saloon keeper by force of law is compelled to help pay the taxes on my church, in the use of which I denounce his infernal traffic. If the saloon keeper is taxed to support my church, in all fairness he ought to have something to say in its management. "No taxation without representation."

In 1850 the church property of the United States, which paid no tax,

municipal or state, amounted to \$87,000,000. In 1860 the amount doubled. In 1870 it was \$265,483,587. The census of 1890 reported the alleged value of church edifices, the lots on which they stand, and their furnishings, as \$650,687,196. This does not include parsonages, lots, monasteries, convents, schools, colleges, etc. A conservative estimate of the value of the church property of all sects in this country is \$2,000,000,000. In 1875 President Grant, in his message to congress on the subject of a total separation of church and state, and the taxation of church property, said: "In 1860 without a check (it is safe to say that this church property which pays no tax will reach a sum exceeding \$3,000,000,000. So vast a sum receiving all the protection of the government without bearing its proportion of the burdens and the expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay the taxes. In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religions or otherwise, if allowed to retain real estate without taxation."

History is said to repeat itself, and the United States are on a fair way of reaching a condition which took place in England at one time; and in France, Italy, Spain, South Germany, Mexico, and some of the South and Central American republics. In these countries incorporated religious wealth became so great that it crippled their resources, paralyzed industry, and produced political and social ambitions which were only alleviated by wholesale confiscation. The taxation of church property is in the interest of American principles, and in harmony with the experience of nations. Exemption is a relic of the principle of church and state, inherited from the old world, and not yet eliminated from our political system.—Winnipeg Daily Tribune.

Made to Respect the Flag.

Father Nugent, a Catholic priest in East Des Moines, Iowa, was compelled to run up the stars and stripes last Friday night.

Up to July Father Nugent was a strong gold man, but returning from a two months' sojourn in Wyoming and Colorado in September, he became a radical free silverite and attempted to reply to Archbishop Ireland, which attracted much attention.

It was alleged here that western money caused Nugent to change. His speeches in Iowa and Illinois have been the most bitter, and he was compelled by his own church to quit the stump.

He would not concede McKinley's election until the last moment, and said that it had been brought about by fraud, and that Bryan would be seceded if a war was necessary, to accomplish it, and that he would be the first to enter the ranks.

The sound money democrats and the republicans held a monster ratification Friday evening and Nugent's utterance were considered, following which the vast crowd went to Nugent's residence and compelled him to run up the stars and stripes.—Exchange.

A High-Rolling Church.

London, Nov. 6.—Arrangements have been completed for the opening of the men's club in connection with the church of St. Michael and All Angels in North Kensington. Rev. Mr. Denison, the vicar, has had charge of the scheme. The curate has taken up his residence in the club. In the basement is a roomy skittle alley and close by is a space for boxing. The first floor is a billiard room. On the others side of the passage is a bar. Denison has refused any place for undue restriction for the sale of liquor. He contends that if you teach a man to respect himself he is more likely to be careful, not forfeit the respect of others. If any man takes too much and makes a beast of himself, he can be kicked out. The bar and game rooms are not open on Sundays.

Closed an English School.

A Mexican cable to the New York Herald from Lima, Peru, says: "The government has closed a large English school in Callao. It was established under Protestant auspices. It is reported that more institutions of the same character will be ordered to close their doors. The reason given by the government is that such schools are not in harmony with the law of public instruction."

The above is a fair sample of what would be in store for us if this fair land should become Romanized. The prattle of some of our salary earning preachers about the liberal spirit of Rome in the present age becomes a quantity mighty scarce to judge by Rome's practical working where she has the ascendancy.

Should Be Done Everywhere.

There is a movement on foot to tax church property in Pennsylvania, and a bill is being prepared for that purpose, to offer in the next legislature. And the question was laid before the annual convention of county commissioners which met in Reading in October. The reason given for this move is that the property owned by the churches of the country has come to be of enormous value, and to longer exempt these valuable properties from taxation is to discriminate against the small property owner, who is a member of a small congregation, and has his taxes increased because the more valuable properties are exempt.—Martinsburg Herald.