

Still triumphs through the silent years  
the living God!

It is roses now, and flags, and high exultant cheers.

Red is the cup, the wet red cup our mad hands lift on high:

But dim on the wind I hear the children's cry through tears,

As they reap, back bent, in the field of tyranny.

Thorns they shall reap, thick sowed, and know the armed heel

Of fattened insolence. The low shall whine and whimper in their dread.

They shall pray one breath of freedom, and shall feel the thrust of steel;

And wives shall lie a-tremble in the bed.

Liberty is dead! Stabbed in her chosen house, and stripped all bare,

Her white corse thrown unto the birds of air.

And blood smeared, like a pirate, see! the Great Republic paves

An oozy path to Death with red unholy graves.

And thou of highest post and lowest deed!

Smooth tongued to speak the lie in saintly chosen words—

Not God himself shall keep thee from thy certain meed—

Adulterer with villainy and Moloch of the swords.

Go, blazen on our banner, crown and bolt and scepter rod.

Bow all ye grinning people to your overlord's behest.

Gone are the sons of Freedom with the trumpet voice of God.

Blind in the stony mill of shame, treads the giant of the west.

Hear my voice of truth-wrought prophecy and blame,

Oh, ye traders of bright honor for dull gold,

Ye have bartered soul for sodden gain and shame;

Ye shall tread the paths destructionward to desolation cold.

Not yet—not yet! The sea is old, the earth is very gray.

It is roses now, and burnished gold, and drunken lusty cheers.

But earth is old, and sea is old, and downward lies the way

To the judgment and the scaffold in the shadow of the years.

O! ye fools, dull fools, ye people! ye! the burdened ones, and blind.

What is your gain, ye shouting ones, for the fetters which ye bind?

Look home! ye ridden cattle; look not with lust abroad.

Ye are puppets of your masters. Hark! I hear the drums of God!

C. E. S. W.

**"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES."**

For The Public.

The High School Professor wore bifocal glasses and was very wise. He had studied in a \$40,000,000 university and had a diploma to prove it. It was written in Latin. As I remarked a moment ago, he was very wise. He was especially strong in applications of algebra to the problems of economics. Some day, he fondly hoped, he

would be able to show by a proper solution of the equation

$$\frac{3 \text{ payx}}{2x \div (y \div z) - ab} = rot$$

that the idle and riotous classes are up against the inevitable, and that protest is of all things the most futile.

The Little Girl who was preparing the oration was all right, but she had somewhere absorbed the heterodox notion that, with two continents and five oceans to produce things from, and modern machinery to do it with, the people of the earth could keep themselves from hunger and cold if there were not something wrong with the system. So she chose for her topic "The Man with the Hoe." She showed that he is a type of the downtrodden and disinherited the world over. Then she considered some of the ways proposed for getting rid of him. She spoke of Gen. Booth, and Karl Marx, and Edward Bellamy and their various ways of doing away with the Man. Finally she referred to Henry George. She said that in her humble opinion this great philosopher had put forward the only really adequate mode of abolishing the Man with the Hoe. There was unused land in plenty in America, and in every other part of the world, she said, for all. Give the workless a chance to get upon the land, and the labor problem would be solved.

The Professor smiled indulgently and said to the Little Girl: "Your language is very good. Your sentences are well formed, and the marshalling of ideas quite effective. As to the data upon which you have founded your conclusions, perhaps you will accept a little criticism. You speak of permitting the working classes to go upon what you call the unused land. Now, if you will carefully study the reference books in the library, you will learn that the United States have no considerable area of unused land which is capable of any productive use. All the good land is taken up. You are therefore basing your oration upon false premises. Do you not think, in view of this error, that it would be better to choose another topic, or give the one you have chosen a different treatment?"

The Little Girl said to the Professor: "Please come to the window."

They looked out over a city of scattered buildings, with many vacant lots between, and out still further into suburbs of untilled and sparsely settled "additions."

"Do you see any unused land there?" said she.

"Why—why! Is that what you mean?" asked the Professor.

"That is the land I mean," replied the Little Girl; and there was silence for a long time.

"We'll look this oration over again," said the Professor. "I have some engagements coming on soon, now. I shall have time next week to give you a few minutes again, and I have no doubt that we shall be able to make a very good oration of it."

And the Little Girl, having received much help, went home.

H. Q.

**THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.**

Remarks of John Sherwin Crosby, at services in memory of Thomas G. Shearman, Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 30, 1900.

It is now a score of years and more since Henry George instituted in the high court of a world-wide public opinion his all-embracing, still pending suit in universal equity, a suit to recover for and to secure to each one of the children of men his equal, rightful share in the common heritage of the race—a suit to which you and I, and all men everywhere, are necessarily parties on one side or the other, and in which no man may enter a disclaimer, for the rights in issue are inherent and inalienable.

However often that great cause may come up for hearing, and whenever and wherever it shall be finally submitted, neither counsel nor court will need other brief than that filed by Thomas G. Shearman. How long the cause may linger upon the calendar no man can tell, but it will not be dismissed; it will hold its place until there shall be a final hearing and a decision upon the merits. Of the result there can be no doubt. All the evidence points but one way. There is no conflict of testimony, no flaw in the muniments of title. In Nature's great parchment deed we read that one man has as much and the same right on earth as another, while in the inspired record of a Divine Testament it is written: "The earth hath he given to the children of men;" and we know that some day sooner or later a decree will be entered in accordance with the prayer of that grandest of all bills in equity: "Progress and Poverty." However distant that day may be, and however many and able advocates may from time to time, from term to term as it were, appear in behalf of that

cause, whenever the judgment roll shall be made up, all through it from beginning to end will stand the record entry: "Thomas G. Shearman, of Counsel."

There can be no higher honor in human achievement than that which attaches to distinguished service in some great, unpopular movement essential to human freedom. There is no especial honor in espousing what is popular, however worthy it may be. "Then to side with truth is noble, ere 'tis prosperous to be just." The mental and moral characteristics necessary to the winning of such honor are those which possessed in large degree constitute true greatness in man. They are ability, honesty and courage. There must be ability to perceive the significance and appreciate the merits of the particular movement, to distinguish between the true and the false. Some men are ever ready to run after anything new. To others everything new is always a "fad" or a "mere theory," although the oldest and most revered custom must certainly at some time have had a beginning. The so-called existing order has been in every age only a greater or less degree of disorder, of departure from the one only true order, that which nature ordains. Ability is necessary to decide whether any proposed movement leads toward the natural order, or merely to a further complication of existing disorder. There must also be honesty, the sincere desire to be right and to do justice, a willingness to surrender and forego any personal advantage or advancement that may seem to stand in the way of right thinking or doing. And there must be courage, sufficient strength of purpose to withstand and as far as possible overcome any and all opposition brought to bear upon the cause and its adherents.

That Mr. Shearman possessed all these characteristics in a marked degree was clearly demonstrated by his distinguished service in the George movement, one of the greatest and most important ever inaugurated in behalf of universal freedom, a movement whose unpopularity was second only to its righteousness.

Striking proof of intellectual ability appears in the fact that he had already advanced to middle life when first called upon to give his assent to the then novel theory advanced by Mr. George. It has been said that when Harvey made known his discovery of the circulation of the blood no physician in all England over 40 years of age would accept the theory as true. It

would seem that whatever circulation may be necessary to intellectual progress does have a tendency to stop at about that time in the life of an ordinary man. Or is it pride of opinion, that most pernicious of all forms of pride, that so closes the mind to the reception of newly-discovered truth? Happy the man who can indeed grow old. With most of us ageing is anything but growth.

That Mr. Shearman's treatment of the single tax was able goes without saying; he never treated any subject otherwise than ably. He brought to it rare faculties already trained to the special service he was to render. Mr. George, by a course of deductive reasoning, had arrived at the conclusion that land values were sufficient to provide all public revenues. Mr. Shearman inductively demonstrated the correctness of that conclusion, as well as the justice of appropriating those values to public use, and the necessity of so doing if we would abolish the great and ever-increasing industrial and social evils inevitably arising from the prevailing modes of taxation which he showed to be unnatural and denounced as crooked. He made it so plain that it ought to be seen by professors of political economy, who tell us that nature gives no hint as to taxation. But some folks can't take a hint, and man has for the most part been kicked into whatever he enjoys of natural, rational mode of life. Mr. Shearman was a statistician who could distinguish between statistics and principles. Standing on principle he routed time-serving statisticians with their own guns. His honesty was no less evident than his ability. His remarkable book, entitled "Natural Taxation," so full of logic and of facts, reads more like the opinion of an able and disinterested judge than the argument of an advocate.

He was, indeed, able and honest, but what especially challenges my admiration is the splendid courage of the man. Ability, honesty and courage, these three, and the rarest if not the greatest of these is courage, that courage which, like charity, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, behaveth not itself unseemly. Mr. Shearman was peculiarly exposed to the force of that great, powerful, stupid though unnecessary tyrant, public opinion, that mob which is ever ready to lynch an idea if it be new, and often would if ideas were not immortal. His friends and associates were prominent, influential and conservative. He had already on former occasions, in the discharge of professional duties and the obligations of a

strong friendship, incurred no small degree of unpopularity, and he must have been especially anxious to conserve as far as possible the respect and good will of those upon whom he was mainly dependent for continued professional success and social standing. He could not expect any of them to understand why he should espouse a movement which seemed to menace the existing order. They would not take the time, but would honestly, and we know how honest ignorance may be, consider him if not vicious at least weak, lacking in common sense, and most men would rather be thought knave than fool. Under the imperious pressure of this deterring influence how readily would many a man have excused himself from active participation in the work, taking counsel with prudence and fear against the promptings of his better nature. Not so Thomas G. Shearman. He wasn't built that way. He had the same magnificent courage as that of his friend, that great preacher who brought the poor slave girl with her chains into the house of God, and from this very pulpit sold her into freedom.

I honor the man who is willing to sink  
Half his present repute for the freedom  
to think,  
And when he has thought, be his cause  
strong or weak,  
Will risk t'other half for the freedom  
to speak;  
Caring naught for what vengeance the  
mob has in store,  
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand  
or lower.

To such men the world owes the progress it has made; to them it must look for that which is to be. We do well to honor them even in death, but greater honor to us as a people will it be when we are wise enough to honor them living, to give them at least the honor of an intelligent hearing. We build triumphal arches to the living hero of a single naval victory, but pay little heed to the heroic souls whose strong endeavor is fast conquering for us the time when war shall be no more.

I would not blame the timid and conservative. Courage of any sort is a kind of ability and a man may be no more responsible for the lack of it than for any other inherent defect of character, but I would warn young men not to worship at the shrine of conservatism. I would say to them in the words of Beecher:

Listen not to the everlasting conservative, who pines and whines at every attempt to drive him from the spot where he has lazily cast his anchor. Every abuse must be abolished. The whole system must be settled on the right basis.

Settle it ten times and settle it wrong, you will have the work to begin again. Be satisfied with nothing but the complete enfranchisement of humanity, and the restoration of man to the image of his God.

But how are abuses to be abolished? How shall the whole system be settled on the right basis? The abuse must become apparent, known to be an abuse, even though it be called a vested right. The right basis must be discovered. Some man must think of these things, and when he has thought he must speak of them again and again; must even shock the dull, inattentive ear of a sluggish, conceited public opinion. Of what use all the long struggle for that freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press which we are now said to enjoy, unless we do indeed and in truth enjoy it; unless we do freely think and speak, aye, and listen to what is spoken? The truth, now so plain to us all, at some time shocked our conservative ancestors. They were shocked when Locke wrote against the divine right of kings, when Garrison denounced slavery, and when Lincoln declared there could be no vested rights against human rights. And so we are shocked when Henry George points out that land monopoly is the gigantic abuse of the age, a sin against God and man, and when Shearman demonstrates that land values constitute the true source of public revenues, the right basis of a system of taxation. We need to be shocked. Let us, as Beecher says, be satisfied with nothing but the complete enfranchisement of humanity, and when admittedly able and honest men tell us such enfranchisement can never come under existing conditions for whose continuance we are responsible, let us at least try to understand what it really is that they propose.

What an uprising on all sides there now is in a crusade against that social vice and civic corruption which is as old as civilization itself. And the methods which we for the most part would use for the repression and dissipation of these diseases of society; are they not equally old? Have they not been tried again and again; and have they not always failed? Are we willing to go to the seat of the disease? The overcrowding of tenement districts with all its resulting poverty, sickness, vice and crime, is the inevitable effect of land monopoly. Civic corruption is due in large measure to corrupt basic modes of maintaining the body politic. It grows by what it feeds on. There is that which by nature's law is mine; there is that which is thine, and there is that which is ours. We have

gotten them strangely and wickedly mixed and confounded.

O, for more philosophers like Henry George, more clergymen like Edward McGlynn, more statesmen like Thomas G. Shearman. A hundred such men could, and, with the help of God, would, save New York. And how would that help come but through the cooperation of thousands of other brave men and women who believe in God and man, who welcome justice, and who fear not to follow freedom!

It is often remarked when a man of prominence passes away that his place will soon be filled, that he will not long be missed by the world at large. This is ordinarily true. Hundreds stand ready and eager to take the place made vacant by the death of a leader in business or professional life, and the work he had done so well continues to be no less satisfactorily done. But who speaks for Thomas G. Shearman's place? It will be hard to fill. That of Edward McGlynn is still vacant. Henry George's never can be filled. There is, indeed, room at the top. George, McGlynn and Shearman, benefactors of their race, servants of the Most High, saints who from their labors rest.

#### THE "TRIBES" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A tract written by Senor Sixto Lopez, and published by the New England Anti-Imperialist league, Boston, Mass.

Statements have been made to the effect that we are divided into 84 tribes, speaking different languages, and of all degrees of barbarism and civilization; that these "tribes" are at enmity with each other; that they would never agree to form a united, strong government; and that one warlike "tribe" is seeking to dominate all the others, and to rule with an iron hand the weaker and peaceable citizens of our country.

These statements are entirely incorrect.

That there are a few uncivilized or semi-civilized peoples still inhabiting the northern part of Luzon and the interior of the island of Mindanao is a fact which no one disputes. They correspond roughly to the uncivilized or semi-civilized remnants of the Indian tribes still inhabiting certain parts of the United States.

The Schurman commission is responsible for the statements about these 84 different "tribes." But it is clear that the commissioners' list has been compiled from imperfectly kept and still more imperfectly spelt Spanish records. The confusion into which they and others have fallen

in reference to the so-called "tribes" is due to the fact that our country is divided not only into provinces but into provincial districts; wherein slightly different dialects are spoken. The inhabitants of these provincial districts have been confused with the few mountain peoples. The latter have been subdivided by purely artificial boundaries, by which means a small community has been subdivided into two or more "tribes." Additional "tribes" have also been created by the incorrect spelling of local Spanish officials, and by giving two native equivalents for the same people—as for instance, when two "tribes" are created by calling the one Buquils and the other Buquiles, which is equivalent to saying that there are two "tribes" in England, the English and the British.

Examining the list still more in detail, we find that there are said to be two tribes of Aetas, two more of Attas, and one of Atas. These are not tribes at all. The word "Aeta" is the Tagalog equivalent of "Negrito." This word has been spelt in three different ways by careless Spanish officials, and thus multiplied by the commissioners into three separate and distinct "tribes." The word "Baluga" is another native equivalent for the Negritos, and this word is also given by the commission as the name of a separate and distinct "tribe." It would be just as absurd to regard the Americans as one tribe and the "Yankees" as another, and then to increase these two tribes into four or more by misspelling the word "Americans," or by translating it into French. The names are also given of "tribes" which do not exist in the Philippines at all, as, for instance, the Manguianes of Masbate, the Manguianes of Ticao, the Negritos of Tayabas. I have been in all of these places, but I never saw or heard of these "tribes," nor have I ever met anyone who had seen or heard of them.

Thus, by the process of imagination, bad spelling, translation, subdivision and multiplication the 15,000 Negritos are split up into 21 "tribes!"

There are also said to be 16 Indonesian "tribes" in the island of Mindanao. It would be interesting to know where the commissioners obtained this information. The interior of Mindanao has never been explored; all that is known of it with any degree of certainty is that the inhabitants are Indonesians, and that they are divided into sections under small chiefs or head men.

It would be impossible, in the time