

RELATED THINGS

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HARK TO THE CRY!

Katrina Trask in the Craftsman of January, 1907.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
Death on his charger fleet and pale,
Death with his cruel remorseless fall,
He rattles a laugh as he rides fast,
At the empty show of class and caste.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
Now who is serf and who is lord,
When Death on his charger rides abroad?
Peers of the realm—and waifs of the street
Tremble at his relentless feet.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
King and Commoner, side by side,
One in poverty, one in pride—
The fustian cap and the royal crown—
Low on the sod must both lie down.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
And they who work, and they who scorn—
The millionaire and the fag forlorn—
Cringing in terror before Death's power,
Are beggars together for one more hour.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
The haughty lady in gems and lace
Forgets her boast of caste and place,
She grips the dust with her serving-maid—
Naked, shuddering, sore afraid.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
And the plous dame who turned away
From her fallen sister yesterday,
Is buried with her in the ditch,
Death, mocking, murmurs "Which is which?"

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
The arrogant pedant of many schools
Mumbles wild jargon with the fools.
What does he know but a dying moan,
When he goes with the fool to the Great Unknown?

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
He rides on his charger fleet and white,
He rides by day, he rides by night,
Long and loud is the laugh of Death
As he breaks Life's Bubbles with icy breath.

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GIVE AND TAKE.

For The Public

"Why do you come to me?" said the Millionaire.
"I am not to blame for what you gave me. Surely you would not be heartless enough to take it away again. And then you must remember that I am a Captain of Industry, while you are only Vox Populi."

"But," said the Citizen, "we make the laws and can do as we please."

"Laws which I do not like are very apt to be unconstitutional," quoth the Captain.

"But certainly we are entitled to a fair share of what we produce," said the Labor Unionist.

"The trouble is you have produced too much," replied the Captain.

"But," said the Single-Taxer, "the value of land is purely social and should belong to society."

"Those who have the supreme pleasure of basking in the sunlight of my society have all the land they need," rejoined the Captain.

"But the whole system is wrong," said the Socialist.

"You are a revolutionist," hissed the Captain.

"All systems are wrong," said the Anarchist.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the Minister.

ELLIS O. JONES.

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CAPACITY OF THE FILIPINOS FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

From the Manila Independencia of Jan. 2, 1907.

Our enemies say that we cannot have independence because the Philippine nation is not sufficiently civilized or educated. We venture to analyze the nature of the culture or civilization of a nation in this regard. Almost all will agree that a nation is to be reckoned cultured or civilized when it respects order, and when its citizens respect the laws and respect each other.

From this point of view the Philippines are one of the most civilized countries on earth. There are towns in the Philippines, such as Cinarangan in Western Negros, where one chief and four policemen suffice for 15,000 inhabitants. Order is maintained there. All work honestly for their living according to their means; some cultivate the coconut trees, others are fishermen, others till the fields, and there is one policeman for each 5,000 inhabitants.

The capital of Iloilo with its large area and more than 60,000 souls, has only 65 policemen, and most of them are in the city proper, the port, with its many foreigners and large transient population,—one policeman for a thousand people; and similar conditions prevail in most of the other cities.

For the seven and a half million inhabitants of the Philippines there is only one Supreme Court, in Manila, and its docket is in direct ratio to the limited number of policemen, showing that no more are needed because as a rule there are so few disturbers of the peace.

On the other hand, such civilized countries as France make a different showing. There are sixty policemen to every ten thousand inhabitants of Paris, or in other words, six thousand of its inhabitants are policemen. In spite of this excessive number, the person who made the attempt on the life of Alfonso XIII and the President of the French Republic came near making his escape. The attempt on the life of the King of Spain at his wedding was almost successful, though there are forty policemen to every ten thousand inhabitants in Madrid. Matters are scarcely better in London. In Washington there are thirty-seven policemen to every ten thousand inhabitants. In spite of all the precautions, President McKinley was murdered and

two other presidents have been killed in that civilized country, the United States.

Here in the Philippines there are no such tragedies, and yet we are considered as relatively uncivilized. Let it be acknowledged that among the mass of the Filipinos there are many who cannot read nor write. We venture to assert that if in an atmosphere of education men are reared like Civil Engineer Morrals, who tried to kill Alfonso at his wedding, or the would-be assassin of the President of the French Republic, or the wretch who murdered President McKinley—we would rather have our own people with its limited present education than one which breeds such vermin. We give the palm to a poor devil of a Filipino who, half naked, climbs his cocoanut tree to gather his fruit honestly, which he sells to maintain his family, rather than to a civil engineer who speaks four languages but manufactures a bomb and assassinates many innocent persons in trying to blow up a boy king. We would rather see our humble Filipino in his hut, ready to invite any passing stranger to share his hospitality and join him in his poor meal, than the rich owner of a hotel who refuses to receive the weary traveler simply because he happens to be of another race, not to mention the impossibility that he would condescend to share a meal with a dark-skinned Filipino anywhere.

If civilization means respect for law, love of order and inclination to work, regard for charity and hospitality, the Filipino nation possesses these and many other of the virtues which fit people for independence.

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ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

For The Public.

Crosby, thou art gone!

A sweet true voice is taken from the scanty choir
Of those Heaven-appointed singers
Sent to hymn to men traveling through the night,
Lest they forget the day,
And so cease to labor and to pray for morning.

Thou wast clay moulded for this office.

Once the night seemed day to thee, our civilization
The full blown flower of time;
But sitting midst thine honors and thy wealth the
voice came
That showed thy treasures false,
And our vaunted age but a necessary night on the road
to day.

Then thou didst arise,

And shaking from thee honors, dull respectability and
cant,

In glad renunciation,

Thus setting thine own life to music, went thence forward
by

The open way of truth, turning aside for none,
And by the despised but joyous path of frank and simple
Brotherhood.

Few understood thee.

Men called thee pessimist, destroyer, one sick and soured
by dreams.

Blinded by the worship of their baser selves,
They saw in thee a menace to their ignoble good, and
they held thee

Half in contempt, half in dread and awe,
Thus consecrating thee to the Prophets' noble fellowship.

Crosby, thou art gone!

But we are strong, for thou didst sound the universal
truth,

And it is ours as it was thine.

Thy song will swell into a chorus till all earth confess it.

And then passing on,

We will hear thy voice again, farther up among the
hills of God.

JESSE S. DANCEY.

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"WE HAVE NOT REALLY LOST THEM."

Address of Frank Stephens at the Lincoln Dinner of the
Women's Henry George League, New York,
February 12, 1907.

There lies a little city leagues away;
Its wharves the green sea washes all day long.
Its busy sunbright wharves with sailor's song
And clamor of trade, ring loud the livelong day.

'Twas long ago the city prospered so;

For yesterday a woman died therein:

Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,

And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din.

The thronging ships have been, the songs have been.

Since yesterday it is so long ago.

Since yesterday it is so long ago. Ernest Crosby, Hugh Pentecost, Malcolm Macdonald—yesterday they were with us, living and working with us, so that we were strong in their lives and in their work. To-day, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate," so desolate that the greatness of the loss makes long the days of it. Since yesterday it is so long ago.

Yet we recall these men, and speak again among us these names to which no man will answer more. Not that we may mourn for them—they have fought a good fight, they have finished their course, they have kept the faith. I speak of them not to regret, not to grieve over their going. It is for this only—that we who have yet a little time to labor may realize how brief it is, and, as it passes, how much more worth doing than all else, is the work they did, the work to which we have set ourselves, the work for which this League is banded together.

This that they and we have chosen, is to labor for the freedom of the race. It is the same work for which we honor Lincoln, that for what he saw of it "as through a glass darkly" he wrought manfully; the same for which we honor above all men the Prophet of San Francisco who, looking into the perfect law of liberty, continued therein.

These things let us who follow where they led, keep in mind always. First, this teaching from the wisdom of Herbert Spencer, that though the utmost a man can do to alter unjust social conditions is very little, yet that little is worth all it costs to do it. And then this also: that we are in no way responsible for the accomplishment of results.

If the bringing to pass of results were our affair, the power that through the awakening of men moves the world to good, to that far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves, would not have taken from us these strong, devoted men whom we have lost. We are responsible only for doing all that we can toward the results—each individually, as though he worked alone, against the world, instead of working, as thank God we do, among the goodliest company of noble men whereof the world holds