

supreme aspiration of the country. We have long intended to devote ourselves to the discussion of economic questions; but, pen in hand, fully determined to write along this line, we have been diverted by the recollection of a statement made by the Governor General in one of his speeches. "The Philippine people," he said in substance, "want independence. But to achieve this in any real sense they must devote themselves to the cultivation of the soil. This is a consideration of major importance for all countries which desire freedom, for the most important factor in the existence of any country is its agriculture." Coming from the lips of the Governor General, this is equivalent to saying: "Filipinos, I know you desire independence; but first your agriculture must be better developed. When that is done, my country will grant you your desire." Setting aside some aspects of the question which might well be considered, and without stopping to question whether or not the Governor is the official mouthpiece of the American people, we are convinced that if the Filipinos were consulted in this matter, their answer would be something like this: "Mr. Governor, we have been informed that, through the efforts of your country, the people of Panama, numbering less than two millions, as poor or poorer than we, and unquestionably far less civilized, are now enjoying independence. We remember also that when the Spaniards conquered Peru, they were amazed at the wealth and material progress of the great empire of the Incas, who, nevertheless, were wholly unable to defend their liberty. Where, then, is your proof?" Moreover, is it not true that agriculture can only produce great prosperity when it is undertaken on a large scale, which implies both labor and capital? But the right of free homestead tends to destroy this necessary co-operation between the laborer and the capitalist. The advantage which lies in the introduction of this new system of homestead rights, we are told, is that it will bring about equality. Well and good. But why, then, this effort to attract large quantities of American capital? If we are to have free homesteads, where does the capitalist come in? If we are to have the capitalist, why the homestead? We ourselves believe that the best hope for independence lies in the determination and persistence of our aspirations, and in the good will of the United States.

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#### Plutocracy Aforetime.

Chicago Tribune (Rep.), Aug. 12.—Forasmuch therefore as your treading is upon the poor, and ye take from him burdens of wheat: ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them; ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink wine of them. For I know your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins; they afflict the just, they take a bribe, and they turn aside the poor in the gate from their right.—Amos, v. 11, 12.

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O these English homes, what beautiful places they are! I wonder how many people live and die in the workhouse, having no other home, because there are people having a great deal more home than enough.—Hawthorne.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

For The Public.

Ah! Weep not for the dead; they do not need your tears.

They now are blest; at rest are all their fears.  
In blissful quiet let them sweetly sleep.

Why should we weep? Why should we weep?

Sleep on, O Blessed Dead, sleep on!

The fight was hard, but in the end you won.  
Now comes the rest for weary hands and brain—  
Eternal rest. Ah, what a prize to gain!

Ah! Weep not for the dead; they will not hear your cry.

But for the living lift your voices high,  
And cry aloud: There's suffering in the land,  
And it is caused by man, inhuman man.

The oppressed, the over-burdened in the fearful strife,

The struggling masses longing for the light—  
Demand for them the justice men withhold,  
And in its place give little ill-got gold.

These men are called by the unthinking masses  
(Who bray so loud you'd think they all were asses),  
Philanthropists most charitable, Christian men and good—

Who build the churches with the people's blood.

They're rich and prosperous; and for them 'tis wise,  
The way they fool the people, blind their eyes.  
They bind them, rob them, take it all, alack!  
And then to ease their conscience, give a little back—

Give a little back!

Oh, no, my friends; this bright and pleasant place,  
A loving Father's gift to all the race,  
Was not intended for a chosen few,  
But each should have his share—yes, you and you!

A. W. RUST.

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## SUMMER DAYBREAK ON THE MAINE COAST.

For The Public.

Stirred to emulation by a friend's claim to have seen the constellation Orion in August, and waking at three o'clock of a cloudless night midway in the month, I dress and go out to view the eastern sky, scarcely believing it possible that I shall catch a glimpse of the "winter groups."

But the report is true! There in the clear indigo depth above the first chrome light of dawn in silent majesty lies the glittering Hunter, while above him twine Aldebaran and the Pleiades, his recumbent form suggesting some valorous warrior

who has fought his way up from captivity and enemies in the darkness, and now rests here weary but free.

It seems that the air should be frosty-cold, and glimmering snow-fields spread far below these keen-jewelled figures that are usually seen so high only at the threshold of winter; I doubt if I can feel again until another year the thrill of that first vision of the whole sparkling array so unwontedly emblazoning the mid-summer day-break.

The Great Dipper is low to the ocean, as though it would plunge its scintillant bowl into the saffron-tinged depth below the strengthening dawn-light, and lift out so enormous a bulk as suddenly to lower the tide all along the coast.

Walking along the cliffs I find at last a peninsula where no shore impedes the view of sea and sky, and every detail of the celestial-pelagic drama now unfolding can be noted.

Boone Island Light is like a new-risen star near the horizon, of languorous, melon-yellow luster; above, vast tawny meshes and coils of thin, unthreatening cloud weave all across the sky, while the sea-floor beneath is figured with serpentine paths of wind-flurries on the swaying calm.

A few sandpipers flit past like wisps of smoke, cheeping faintly as the thin shrill note of wind in a ship's cordage. By four o'clock the day spring has welled high toward the undaunted stars and its chrome hue deepened to orange and smoldering red.

I had been confused during this time, like a geometer who has lost his base-line or an indispensable point in his problem, in tracing the great astral hexagon of the winter constellations—Capella at the apex and Pollux and Procyon, Aldebaran and Rigel, composing the sides, are brilliantly conspicuous, but where is the sixth jewel?

With leap of pleasure now I discern where he ascends among the dun cloud-coils above Boone Island, and flashes imperiously from the interstices, the regal, greenish-rayed Sirius, in electric defiance of the increasing daylight all about him, and completing in triumph the stupendous figure of the supernal geometry.

The cliffs extending on either side of my promontory are jutting into distinct relief as the dawn advances, with strange resemblance to stereoscopic pictures in their clear-cut and almost artificially emphatic perspectives; there is something also in the reflection of the lucent east, in the sea that sways with gentle sibilance against these tumbled prows of granite, that suggests the shore of Greece—this might be called "Sunrise on the Aegean" instead of on the Maine coast.

Abruptly now the high-flung meshes of cloud begin to kindle with glowing crimson, and the lonely observer feels almost crushed with the access of splendor above and below his watch-tower, as the beryl-green and pale-blue fissures of open

heaven become enwreathed with mauve, carmine and pollen-yellow cirrus, and the reflecting waves along the cliffs break in roseate foam.

The bay to the north has become a veritable vat of lilac dye, as it vaguely mirrors the cloud-Alps in bluish-cerise illumination that impend magnificently above it. Two fisher-boats, silhouetted black against the glowing deep, put out from the beach, but their rowers with backs to the morning leave the portentous responsibility of adoring all this splendor to me. What marvel, that such a spectacle should be thus prepared and enacted as though for but one pair of eyes!

The only stars still visible are the gems of the hexagon-corners, and ruddy Bételgeuse almost at the middle of the figure; truly these are the Morning Stars singing together on the temple-stairs of heaven among the fire-sinitten clouds, chanting as no human song may dare, the anthem of this auroral pageant.

Overhead Aldebaran holds his place the longest; I cannot forbear to call his name aloud as he follows his fellow-choristers back among the foldless blue curtains; there is an appeal in the very syllables—"Aldebaran! Aldebaran!"

At last the smoldering red at the horizon whitens at its core—as in a steel-mill when a candescent ingot is approaching the compressing rollers, its fierce heralding radiance prepares the waiting workman—and then as the amazing sun-brow protrudes from the unobstructed sea, the watcher rises to greet it and involuntarily the voice says "God!"

How the waves exult!—where the long, breeze-ruffled swells become squamous coils of a prodigious dragon with every scale aflash with ruddy sheen, and all the cliffs, like knights adorned with burnished chain-armor over scarlet tunics, seem marching forth to meet their prince through tumult of the golden foam.

On my homeward walk, with the cool dawn-wind rushing by me like a fleet runner over the moors, and the eager access of sea-born light flooding the bay like a brighter tide, comparisons suggest themselves between this sunrise and two others that will abide with it in memory:

The one seen on Mont Blanc, while ascending its eternal snow-fields above the Grands Mulets, when the marble pallor of the domed summit still far distant was first incarnadined with the leaping dawn, and then the attendant peaks, the billowing snow-slopes and the ribbed glaciers received enraptured the rose and aureate Niagara of day.

The other an Easter morning over the crowded tenement-roofs of New York's "East Side," when even the stained brick foreheads of that jumbled caravansary were counted not too sordid to share the resurrection-glory, and shine with pathetic prophecy of earth's nobler cities that shall rise.

ELIOT WHITE.