

track on Hamilton street was favorably acted upon by the board of control yesterday.

The application was returned to the board yesterday morning bearing the approval of the mayor.

"Yes," said Mr. Johnson, "I have got everyone connected with the Variety iron works pledged to help us the next time we try to put the three-cent fare railroad through Hamilton street."

And the permit was forthwith granted without an opposing vote.—Plain Dealer of Jan. 6.

THOUSANDS OF FILIPINOS DYING OF HUNGER.

The once prosperous Philippine Islands have come to a sad pass. After war, murder, torture, rapine and fire had devastated the greater portion of these islands, the inevitable plague, pestilence and famine have followed in their train. Two hundred and fifty thousand Filipinos are said to have been killed in the war, and a like number have perished from the plague. How great is the number of the widows and orphans that have no providers is problematical, but the number must approach two million of helpless ones. These are now dying of hunger and the number is added to daily, for the plague has not been stayed.

So desperate are the conditions that President Roosevelt has transmitted to Congress a message inclosing a letter from Secretary Root, describing the terrible conditions that prevail, and asking that a special appropriation of \$3,000,000 be made for the relief of the destitute. The Secretary of War says:

It seems to me that the conditions resulting from the destruction by rinderpest of 90 per cent. of the carabaos, the draft animals of the islands, and the consequent failure of the rice crop, followed by an epidemic of cholera, are so serious and distressing as to call for action by Congress beyond that for which the commission specifically ask. . . . I think the occasion for relief in the Philippines is now greater than it was in Cuba, when Congress appropriated \$3,000,000 for the payment of the Cuban soldiers out of the treasury of the United States, or than it was in Porto Rico when hundreds of thousands of dollars were contributed by the people of the United States, and more than a million of dollars paid out of the national treasury for the relief of the sufferers from the hurricane of August, 1899.

Never before has a message of a president to Congress presented such a sad and disastrous condition as existing in any part of the territory of the United States. Worse than Cuba, after the iron despotism of

Spain and the brutality of Weyler had devastated that fair island. Could any parallel be worse?

The great heart of the American people freely gave relief to the Cuban distress and now will respond with even greater liberality, for Cuba was only a neighbor in distress, but the Filipinos are our own people, whom we have undertaken to provide for. We bought them with a great price and have spent hundreds of millions to force our government on them. We have been told we are there to stay whatever betides,—the more reason they should be cared for. There should be no delay in making this appropriation to relieve this distress for which we are at least partially responsible. If three millions is not enough, let it be doubled or even tenfold appropriated.

The government we have instituted in the Philippines collects all the revenues, and, sorry to relate, most of it is expended on our own officials who have been sent there to administer it. The Filipinos are helpless; their fate is in our hands.

Whatever disposition is to be made of the Philippine Islands will be settled hereafter. The present is no time for quibbling on political conditions when thousands are dying of hunger and disease.

The Republican administration of benevolent assimilation for the islands is a failure—our chief officials acknowledge it. Instead of the pictures of contentment and good government, that have been the constant theme of the Imperialists, they are now forced to portray impoverishment and distress.

Is it to be wondered at that ladrones are organized into bands, even for plunder, with gaunt hunger stalking through the land, up to the gates of Manila?

Government of the people without their consent, has always been disastrous to the governed, and has usually brought misfortune to those who have attempted it.

B. W. H.

WHAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY CAN AND SHOULD DO.

The opening portion of an address delivered by Western Starr before the Henry George association, of Chicago, December 28, 1902.

The Democratic party is ostensibly the agency through which the interests of the people are safeguarded. It is the popular organ of democracy; it is the representation of the

unprivileged, as opposed to the privileged, in governmental policies.

The various forms of privilege group themselves into a few classes, each of which bears with heavier weight upon some specific class or group of people; and this gives rise to various theories of defense.

The victims of tariffs and the victims of railroad discriminations, as classes, each have a separate remedy to propose. The victims of municipal franchise have still another. Those who suffer from the abuses imposed as a result of competition in the labor world, offer still another. Each of these classes, sincerely, honestly believes that if only its peculiar grievance was removed, life and labor would again become a smiling summer holiday for the whole world.

All of these classes look to the Democratic party for relief; and each class demands that whatever may be done for others, it shall by no means be neglected. This has made the Democratic party an agglomeration of discordant factions, each striving for a special object, and indifferent to the consequences to all others.

Added to these classes is still another class which makes use of all the rest—a class the exponents of which speak oracularly of the fundamental principles of Democracy, without venturing to state in explicit or concrete form what these mysterious principles are, or what they could produce as results, if once established. This latter class is virtually the "usufruct" element of the Democratic party, and is, in fact, more incumbrance than help to its councils or field operations.

The great party opposed to this party of the people, is that great association of the cohorts of privilege—the so-called Republican party; a party composed of a vast number of lesser parties, each dominated by the fetish of its own special interest, and cooperating with all the other advocates of special interest, because of the identity of purpose animating each.

Every beneficiary of special interest or privilege is enlisted to preserve the principle of privilege, fully realizing the disastrous consequences to his own little tin god if some other tinsel deity should be dethroned.

The practice of the devotees of privilege ought to be sufficient example for the opponents of privilege.

The broad conflict lies between the privileged on one side, and the unprivileged on the other. And the new Democracy must mass its assault on the principle of privilege; destroy, beat down, undermine privilege, and all the evils of privilege will cease to be.

The friends of privilege are wiser in their way than the children of light; it is entirely to their satisfaction to fight a campaign, or a series of campaigns, on any one of the outposts, on a false issue, against a divided opponent. Let the opponents of privilege in all its forms unite. Let there be no lurking reservation or compromise. Let privilege, of whatsoever breed, be exposed and driven into the open, there to justify or perish.

The issue should be the Trust—not the Borax Trust, but the Trust. It should be Railroad Discrimination—not the Vanderbilt Lines, or the Goulds', or Hill's, or any other lines, but Railroad Discrimination. It should be Franchise—not the Union Traction, or People's Gas, but Franchise. It should be the Tariff—not the Tariff on Hides, or Iron, or Coal, but the Tariff.

And within and behind all, the impelling power of the New Democracy must be the realization of the moral value of ideals. Expediency, policy, bog and quicksand of perishing parties from immemorial time, should not longer lure upon false ground the hosts who stand for the rights of man.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John: I am having a good deal of trouble with these ladrones. You see, John, I shot their water buffalo, and the Filipinos can't raise rice, and it changed them into ladrones. So I gather from my man Taft's report, and it makes things so disagreeable there that Taft's conscience won't allow him to desert and be a justice of the supreme court—which he'd rather. It's too bad! You notice Taft is needed on the supreme bench. When the judges had constitutional law, he didn't catch it. It never took—never struck in on Taft. He is immune to constitutional law, Taft is; and I need him on the supreme bench to pass on Filipino business.

You know yourself, John, how annoying it is. Do you mind the ladrones of Bunker Hill, and Stony Pint and Eutaw Springs? They give

ye a mighty sight of trouble, John, in '76. I see now it was wrong, but I was right smart of a ladrone myself in those days. I'm sorry I bothered ye, but you'd shot my water buffalo (burned my farms) and I was too young to know any better, and I swiped ye from Cape Cod to New Orleans. I see now we'd all ought to a been hanged; but there was a whin of us. Th' was Hancock, and Sam Adams, and Is Putnam, and Paulding, and Van Wirt, and a lot of uneasy blades down South—Sumter and Francis Marion—and even the women. Why, there was one Southern woman—I forget her name—when you drove her out of her big house and quartered red coats in it, brought an Indian bow and arrows and rosin and fire, and had us shoot arrows from the woods tipped with burnin' rosin, onto her roof, and burnt down her own mansion-house about your ears. And—well, the Imperialists had to cut away to Canada them times. They weren't runnin' the Senate then, and sendin' over a little man in knee breeches to help ye put yer hat on. No, we were a kickin' the hat; and we made ye pick your feet lively, John, from the lemon to the pine. You sent over Cornwallis, too, I remember, with, I fergit how many men—ten thousand, I guess—I tell that joke every time I think of it. It's a hundred year old, maybe, but good yit. The boys said they shelled the corn off Cornwallis, and sent him back Cobwallis. Do you get it, John? Some day the Daughters of the Revolution will be a sendin' their keards to the Daughters of the Philippine Ladrones, may be on manila paper, but they worry me now.

I'm still troubled with trusts, John, and don't know what to do. When you had your troubles with the Dragon in the early days, there was a strenuous young fellow on a prancing horse to help you out; but while I've lots of strenuous men at the treasury, I have no fighter. My dragon has come, and I hain't got any Saint George.

Sometimes I have hopes of Theodore, and then again I misdoubt. He's taken a sudden streak of bein' very democratic and fair, and givin' offices to colored people, not forgettin' the women. If it's color he favors why not give a post office to Aguinaldo, say I? And if he wants to be gallant to the sex, there's Miss Taylor that Root threw out; why not give a post office to her? I'll men-

tion it to Theodore and I guess he'll do it. It will show he is sincere.

THE MODERN ST. GEORGE.

Oh, the modern Saint George he is fine,
With his lance and his capering steed;
It's, "Oh, for a foeman I pine;
The people may trust me indeed.

"I will 'shackle the cunning' of might;
I will win the applause of the fair,
And full in the popular sight
I will press the foul foe to his lair."

But the Dragon he came down the pike
A eating of babies in glee.
Said he: "Master George, don't you strike,
Or I'll cut off your fine salarree."

Then Georgie reined up where he stood,
And he said: "I am sure it is sad;
But some of these Dragons are good,
And only a few of them bad.

"The way for a Dragon to wax
So we'll not all to limbo be sent,
Is—commissions to sit on his tracks,
And actions of Par-li-a-ment."

UNCLE SAM.

A DREAM.

For The Public.

Bion used to say that the way to the shades below was easy; he could go there with his eyes shut.—Diogenes Laertius.

Scene—The domain of him who thought it "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

Time—Present, or a little later.

Characters—Satan.

His First Assistant.

Satan—Well, how now, sirrah?

Assistant—Your Most Worshipful Majesty, a courier has just returned from earth, and reports a great revolution in progress.

Satan—Indeed! Who's hungry now? All revolutions are stomach troubles.

Assistant—A nation, your Highness, which has been sending us many subjects of late. They have a mischief called "expansion," the chief symptom of which is that they think they are soaring aloft, when they are falling hitherward as fast as—your Worship will pardon the presumption of a personal allusion—as fast as your August Self when you came to establish this, your kingdom. I was in Nero's oven three firings ago, and he asked me if the ruling politicians of this nation were intending to colonize here.

Satan—And this nation is—

Assistant—Chastise my ignorance, Sire! I know not what it is. They themselves call it The United States of America; and it used to be a republic when I was on Earth. I understand now that they contemplate changing the name to "The United Trusts of America," and making dollars ballots. They are a "republic," with individuals who "owe allegiance but are not citizens." I hope I shall