

Nobody now has the complacency to say what was pretty openly said a century and a quarter ago, that "all men are created equal." Even with the obvious implication that equality of political right was there asserted, not equality in any other sense, it is a political maxim not universally heeded, even by the people for whose benefit it was proclaimed.

These three quotations disclose in truth the limit of reaction. "Liberty, equality and fraternity" was a raving dream. Sympathy, which Adam Smith made the basis of his philosophy, is a foolish, harmful sentiment. Let the mighty reign and the metaphorical devil take the tailenders. Blessed are the self-assertive, for they shall, as they ought to, inherit the earth. Christian ideals have been the curse of the centuries by even calling in question the great gospel of might. The true evolution of society and the true development of the race demand a complete disregard for the people as a whole and for their fancied rights. There is no right but might—the might of a society organized without God, founded upon brute force and the cunning of intellect.

J. H. DILLARD.

MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

NO CAMPAIGN PERSONALITIES.

Mayor Johnson declared yesterday morning that he would have nothing to say during the campaign as to the personal records of the candidates upon the Republican ticket.

"In politics," said Mr. Johnson, "I have never assailed a man's private life. It is the public records of candidates to which I have invariably given my entire attention."—Cleveland Plain Dealer of March 19.

MAYOR JOHNSON AND THE EAST END.

The successive defeats of the Republican tickets in Cleveland during the past two years have been ascribed to the apathy of Republican voters at the East End, or to their voting the Democratic ticket to mark more decidedly their dissatisfaction with the course of Republican local administration. It is claimed by the opponents of the Johnson administration that the people of the East End have discovered their mistake and will now shake off their apathy and reverse their action of two years ago. "Johnson promised much and did nothing," said one East End Republican when urging his associates to "bury Johnson out of sight" at the approaching election.

Possibly that East End Republican may have forgotten a little matter in which he and others in that section of

the city were deeply interested, and in which Mayor Johnson "did something" to their great satisfaction, and for which they said among themselves they would hold the mayor in grateful remembrance as an official who acted instead of merely talking, as others had done.

For years Giddings brook had worked wide damage by its frequent overflows. Streets became torrents, traffic was stopped, sewers choked, cellars flooded, and the value of property was seriously affected by the escapades of this erratically turbulent stream. Several years ago, in the height of the flood, one mayor and his city engineer visited the district and announced that "something must be done at once." A plan was sketched by which the stream was to be turned either into Doan brook or Kingsbury run, the surface water on the original route below the point of diversion being utilized for flushing the sewers. Beyond that verbal sketch nothing was done by that administration. To divert a natural watercourse needed legislative action, and no such action was attempted. The floods continued through succeeding administrations, and so did the talk of "doing something." There was little progress beyond talk until the damage became so great and increasing that a plan was formulated for diverting the flood waters into Doan brook through a tunnel emerging at Fairmont street and the boulevard. An act was passed by the legislature authorizing the diversion of the stream, the issue of bonds to provide for the work, and the levy of taxes to take up the bonds and pay interest. At last there was an assurance that something would be done. But a new obstacle suddenly appeared. There was an appeal to the courts to prevent collection of the tax and the city was enjoined from further proceedings until the case had been fully decided.

That brought everything to a standstill once more, so far as concerned the city authorities. But the obstacle that brought the city government to a dead halt had no effect on Giddings brook. As if to celebrate its triumph it went on the most riotous rampage in its recorded history, swept houses from their foundations, flooded a wide district of the East End, filled the cellars with disease-producing slime from the overcharged sewers, and besides causing the loss of several thousands of dollars did irreparable mischief that could not be estimated in money.

But there was a new city administration. The East End flood sufferers

appealed to Mayor Johnson against the continuance of the impotency of preceding administrations. Mr. Johnson's response was immediate and effective. The obstacle that had been regarded as insurmountable was swept away so swiftly and thoroughly that work on the tunnel was begun at once. It was pushed with such vigor under continuous pressure from the city hall that it was completed before the expiration of the contracted time, and since then the people of the East End are free from the old dread of Giddings brook in the rainy season.

Administration after administration had talked and promised. The Johnson administration acted. East End citizens should go out to the Woodland Hills end of the Giddings brook cut-off, and see for themselves how Mayor Johnson "did something" for their benefit.—Editorial in Plain Dealer of March 24.

THE MAKING OF A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

A tragic farce in several acts.

Act II.

Scene.—Same as in Act I, Library in the Push Mansion. J. Head Push pacing the apartment.

Mr. Push (solus)—Oh, the pity of it! To think that we are powerless to transmit our experience to our children. We lie awake nights scheming; we devise innumerable engines to get riches and power. We make some mistakes—our feet occasionally slip from the colorless, cold, crystal paths of pure business into the blood-red byways of mercy and justice—but in the main we are true to our business ideals, and finally we succeed. We get so much power that the craving for more tears our souls like the restless fang of a cancer, and then we try to transmit our knowledge to our sons—to fill them with that commercial singleness of purpose which is never obscured by love, friendship, justice or mercy, but persists to the end, sublimely pure and undefiled. We strive to keep them from our errors, but in vain. They are like flies. Each one must get on the fly-paper and tear his legs out for himself. He sees his comrades dismembered one after another, and the poor fool thinks he, forsooth, is to be the bright particular exception to the general rule. He will eat his fill of the sweet seduction and fly away jubilantly. Bah! What a pity! And yet, were it not for this perennial idiocy, where would we captains of industry