

see that government is just; is the friend and protector of every man, woman and child without distinction of race, color or religion.

It is only justice, mercy to ourselves and to destructive anarchy, that assassins pay the penalty of their deeds. But it should be the solemn behest of justice, and not in the spirit of anger or revenge, and one should be just as careful that the innocent should not suffer, and that the right to think and speak be sacred.

England went through this long battle for liberty, and in England today there is perhaps larger mental freedom than in any other country, and fewer destructive anarchists. In Italy and Russia there has been more repression and suppression, and there are more violent anarchists. The teachings of psychological anarchy are, as I think, extremely impractical, but so long as they are peaceful they need not be feared. Error is harmless when truth is free.

What we think, we create, and when the thinking, the feeling, is right, the acting, doing, will not be wrong. The power back of will is thought, feeling. Will is the whole being in action, it is a nation mobilized in war, or quiescent in peace.

We have yet to realize the full power of thought, feeling, will. The revolt, the shame, the sorrow of the millions, is the most powerful protest against the assassination of the president. It will go far to lessen the danger of such tragedies in the years to come. It is the prayer that reaches the heart of humanity, the heart of the universe.

Oh, if all minds and hearts would will the will of God—say: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven," then would all lives be free in the Divine order of reason, of justice, peace and love.—Rev. H. W. Thomas, in *The Chicago American* of Sept. 18.

THE TEACHING OF THE TRAGEDY. For The Public.

On rare occasions men awake to a realization of the sacredness of human life and the enormity of the crime which would deprive a fellow-being thereof. Such an occasion is with us now, and, alas! it is only when the public conscience is thus stirred that we are, as a body, capable of realizing the culpable acts committed by ourselves. The conscience which is awakened at the crime of an individual ought to be sensitive to the misdeeds of a nation.

Practically all citizens unite in

strong condemnation of the assassination, and denounce it as dastardly, detestable, cruel and cowardly. All these it certainly is, except, possibly, the last. In a certain sense, it probably is not cowardly, for it doubtless requires a certain kind of brute courage to attack a man at the imminent risk of being torn to pieces by surrounding thousands. It is much the same sort of feverish desperation which we laud as heroism in war.

And if it be dastardly, as it certainly is, to shoot down one man, what shall be said of our national morality which prompts us to shoot down thousands without a qualm? The principle involved cannot be differentiated because the one man is a president. It was not the office which lay suffering in Buffalo. It was the man. William McKinley was mortal. The president never dies. Mr. McKinley passes and Mr. Roosevelt succeeds. If Mr. Roosevelt is taken, Mr. Hay takes his place. There is always a president.

Therefore it is the man with whom we sympathize, and it is because Leon Czolgosz shot a man that we condemn him. We must administer punishment; we must wish him repentance.

But what of ourselves? Have not we been shooting, too? Have we not been killing people who were only engaged in the crime of defending their country, and not even killing them "humanely?"

It is the testimony of correspondents and soldiers in the Philippines that we have, as at Alkay, fired even on amigos returning to their homes, and, as at Legaspi, shot down hemp workmen armed only with wooden hemp-beaters, in a mad scene of carnage. Villages have been reported burned, and others bombarded without the customary warning to non-combatants, women and children, to leave the town. It has been stated that combatants have been killed to save the trouble of capturing them, and that captives have been subjected to torture, euphemistically known as "the water-cure." Some of these reports may be erroneous, but it can hardly be that all are. Have we concerned ourselves? Have our moral sensibilities suffered at the enormities committed in our name? Have we tried to stop the outrages?

But aside from these, let us choose an instance which we not only have not condemned, but have applauded

and rewarded—the capture of Aguinaldo. Let us compare it with the crime at Buffalo.

The assassin approached the president as a friend.

The captor, or his associates, approached Aguinaldo as a friend.

The assassin disguised his weapon with a handkerchief.

The captor disguised his party and person in Filipino uniforms and as captives.

The assassin accepted the hand of the man he was betraying.

The captor accepted succor to save his party from starvation at the hands of the man he was betraying.

The assassin went forward with lying looks and intent.

The captor went forward with lying letters and forgeries.

In the exact moment when amity and confidence were at their highest, each betrayed his victim. We condemn one and rightfully. We have applauded the other, and why?

By what species of casuistry do we make the distinction? It is cheap and idle to excuse ourselves with the word "War." War is only a name. Lying, spying, falsity, forgery, maiming, murdering—call these by any other name, even that of war—and they smell as foul.

The connection between the two incidents quoted lies in one fact. We rewarded the captor with a position of honor and a munificent salary for life, which we tax ourselves to pay to him. Our agent in conferring this reward was the president!

There is sorrow for the suffering and death of William McKinley, fortunately not the theatrical hysterics pictured by the newspaper correspondents, for hysteria is never indicative of real feeling, but a sincere sorrow and sympathy, expressing itself quietly, but earnestly. There is indignation at the deed, and contempt for the misguided wretch who committed it.

This is the general attitude, and it is a great deal more creditable than the incoherencies of lurid writers whose concern in the tragedy was to get plenty of good "stories" out of it, or than the lamentations of some poseurs who stood on the street-corners of the public prints, so to speak, and cried: "Behold our grief!"

Out of the genuine part of this feeling, we ought to gain something—a tenderer care for our righteousness and mercy as a nation, and an avoidance in future of doing to other

people as we would not have our chief executive, or any of the rest of us, done by.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

A REPLY TO A FALSEHOOD.

The Cincinnati Times-Star recently charged Hon. Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, with having appointed Harry Kline and the father of Czolgosz to places under the city government, saying that both are rank anarchists. A citizen of this county upon reading the article at once discredited it and wrote to Mayor Johnson regarding the matter. Mayor Johnson replied at once, saying: "The clipping is based upon a falsehood which was sent out by the Associated Press, I think through the influence of the Leader, the paper which so bitterly fights me here." Mr. Johnson states that the facts are that Harry Kline, who does not advocate murder or violence in any form, has been in the employ of the city for some months in the humble position of rodman or chainman in the engineer's office, and that he has never heard any expression that would warrant him in believing otherwise than that Kline was a law-abiding citizen and a lover of humanity. As to the father of Czolgosz, Mr. Johnson says, every laborer was employed to assist in clearing up the wreckage after the flood, and that he was informed a few days after the villainous attack on President McKinley that the father of the assassin was one of the laborers employed, and that on inquiry he found the father condemning his son's act quite as much as anyone else. The mayor when asked whether he would recommend his dismissal before the work was completed advised against it, thinking the old man deserved more pity than blame.

Such attempts to injure a man are indeed base, and when not founded on truth deserve vigorous condemnation. —Troy (O.) Democrat.

KEEPING TAB ON ORDERS.

Tired of issuing orders for the immediate execution of certain things which are not carried out for weeks, if at all, Mayor Johnson has evolved a new scheme for keeping check on his subordinates. His secretary now keeps a book to record the orders issued by the mayor and the dates when they are to be fulfilled. He also keeps a calendar, on which is shown just what things are to be done from day to day.

Every head of a department to whom

an order is issued is required to make a report on a certain date. The secretary's calendar shows just what orders are to be received each day, and if they are not forthcoming the delinquent receives notice to appear at the mayor's office and explain.—Cleveland Plain Dealer of September 24.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT TO THE WORKHOUSE.

The lot of the workhouse prisoner in Cleveland is to be made lighter and a bit brighter as a result of a visit made to that institution yesterday morning by Mayor Johnson. He was accompanied by Director of Charities Cooley.

Their appearance at the workhouse was entirely unexpected, the mayor purposely choosing a time when he would not be looked for. He wanted to know what the prisoners had to eat for breakfast, and how they were treated, and he concluded that the best way to find out was to drop in suddenly and go through the whole prison from end to end and top to bottom. The mayor and Mr. Cooley drove out early in the morning and remained until nearly noon.

The mayor and the director were considerably surprised to learn that breakfast at the workhouse consisted of bread and molasses and black coffee without sugar or milk. It was ordered that sugar and milk be supplied with the coffee at all meals, and that a hash or stew be added to the breakfast occasionally.

Under the rules of the workhouse prisoners have only been allowed to write on prison paper and send their letters in prison envelopes, and that only once a month. Orders were given that plain paper and plain envelopes should take the place of the prison paper, and that prisoners should be allowed to write every two weeks and more often if necessary.

Many other little changes were ordered as the mayor and director passed from department to department, all with a view of making the lives of those confined less miserable. They also made the discovery that of the 180 or more men pardoned since last spring only 11 had been sent back to the works.—Plain Dealer of September 25.

"Mother won't have to take in washing now," declared William White, a prisoner in the workhouse, whom Mayor Johnson and Director of Charities Cooley released yesterday. White promised that he would return to his aged and feeble mother, help her to provide for the table if he could get work, and lead a different life.

White is the man who maimed ex-Patrolman Martin Madden for life in a fierce row on Factory street hill on June 14, 1900. Madden attempted to make an arrest in the neighborhood and he was attacked by White and a gang of ruffians, being forced to give up after a hard struggle. White at that time kicked Madden in the groin and the patrolman has suffered from the effects of the injury ever since.

White has been in the workhouse 16 months. A few days ago his mother called upon Mayor Johnson and made a pathetic appeal that her son be released. She said he had always been a good boy and had supported her. As winter is coming on she felt that she must have more money than she can earn by wearing her knuckles off on a washboard.

The mayor took the matter under advisement consulting with the officer who was mixed up in the affray. Madden said White had been punished enough and recommended that he be released.

Yesterday wasn't the regular pardon day, but the mayor, Director Cooley and Superintendent of the Workhouse Butler got together and called White in. His mother was also present. The meeting of mother and son brought tears to the eyes of the city officials. White was finally told that he was about to be a free man.

Director Cooley urged the young man to lead a better life in the future and to do all in his power to assist his poor mother. He promised faithfully that he would, then thanking Mayor Johnson, Director Cooley and Superintendent Butler for their kindness, he led his mother away, remarking with a ring of determination in his voice that his mother would no longer have to take in washing.—Plain Dealer of Sept. 25.

TOM JOHNSON'S DESPOTIC WAY.

An editorial with the above title, published in the Plain Dealer of September 28.

When Tom Johnson was elected to the office of mayor it was hardly thought by his friends and supporters that a time would come when he would forget to be a servant of the public. The American people like to feel that their representatives in such offices realize that they are executives and not rulers. Until this week we had supposed Mayor Johnson incapable of an act of despotism. That was before his latest trip to the workhouse, and previous to the Leader's comments on the same.

What right had Mayor Johnson to arbitrarily order a change of menu