

little ones woven in miles and miles of accursed cloth by the roaring mills bows me again beneath a heavier cross than I bore up Calvary. Oh, these little ones who are of my Kingdom, whose white soul-flowers are defiled by man-made trade for gain! More bitter than the scourging & buffeting is the loss of these to me. And out of the gain wrung from wrecked child-lives they dare build churches in my name! In my name, who said: It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones! And I pleaded, Blessed Lord, take me with you, that my love may comfort you."

"O, my child, think of this no more!" said the Mother.

"And I pleaded, Blessed Lord, take me with you," said the Child. "But the dear Christ said: 'O, little child-heart so near to me now—so near to me now; some day for the love of the world & the lust of success, you will make still heavier the burden of the cross.' And I said: Take me now, that I may never leave you or harm you. And the dear Christ said: 'It may not be, but this lay to your soul, He who sanctions wrong has blood upon his hands—blood of the wronged and my blood, also; and he who stands silent in the presence of evil is not guiltless.'"

"The child is surely ill," said the parents.

"And he who stood silent is not guiltless," said the child. "And it seemed to me that all men had blood upon their hands—blood of the innocent and blood from the five sacred wounds. And I asked: Dear Christ, is there blood upon my father's hands? But the Christ was gone."

"How ghastly!" said the Mother.

"I must send for a physician," said the Father.

"The dear Lord Christ stood by my side," said the Child.—Frank Stuhlman, in *The Whim*.

#### A DEMOCRATIC TREND IN EDUCATION.

A condensed extract from an article on "Education's New Trend," by Laura McAdoo Triggs, published in the Boston Evening Transcript of February 25.

In the autumn of 1902, tired of appealing to the "good citizens," complacent taxpayers, and hopeless of influencing the corporations which have regularly opposed any increase of expenditures for education, the Chicago Teachers' Federation joined the Chicago Federation of Labor, trusting that the personal interest of its members, as parents of school children, would give them support. . . .

The immediate aim of this union with labor is to defeat measures for a system designed to repress the individual. The effort to better their own condition is naturally a primary consideration with the teachers. But the most advanced among them believe also that their protest marks a step in social progress. . . .

The episode has a large and wholesome meaning for social advance. The movement unquestionably is a triumph for social sincerity. Although sustained, as must constantly be remembered, by a comparative few, it marks the first move toward a reconstruction in certain class bearings, with all their implications. By tradition, the teaching profession is an appanage of the leisure class. In those earlier times, when education concerned itself solely with the accomplishments of scholarship, this relation was unavoidable. But today, when education is in the train of every vital interest, nay, rather in the van; when its object is the training for a work-a-day career, and when the economic necessity controls the very character and extent of its efforts—now to make the educator an ornament of the leisure class is an anomaly, not to say an absurdity. In point of fact the teacher is a laborer, hired under a system of wages, subject to dismissal at pleasure. Yet by a species of conventional classification, a place is assigned teachers on the outskirts of leisure; their profession is assumed to be "honorific" employment. In so far as this brings prestige to the intellectual pursuit, it is praiseworthy. But the effect on the teachers is not altogether fortunate. To be classed with leisure induces a certain passive attitude on their part toward their material interests. It acts to perpetuate a formal instruction and nurses a faith in the superiority of the polite arts, to the detriment of a more practical education. In so far as education is removed from the modern activities there is bound to be dilletanteism on the one hand and materialism on the other.

But a small number of teachers in the middle West have become pioneers of a new order. Their union with the workingman may do more than increase their wages and efficiency. It may mean that the industrial forces will be quickened, and a truer correlation will be effected with the everyday work of the community. Distant though this goal may yet be, despite the progress of

American education, if the Chicago movement even points the way to it, it is justly to be classed among the important achievements of our time.

#### THE LIMIT OF REACTION.

For The Public.

Let us understand that what Buckle called the protective spirit was not, and is not, averse to the welfare of the masses of the people. It is simply the theory of those who either consciously or unconsciously maintain that this welfare depends upon the fostering, benevolent care of a superior class.

But there has arisen within the past quarter of a century, a theory which goes far beyond this protective attitude. What this theory is has been so clearly and boldly proclaimed by one of its chief apostles that we are saved the trouble of restating it. He will do this for us.

In the New York Times Saturday Review of March 7, Mr. C. R. Miller gives us in four well-written columns an account of the work and philosophy of the great German writer, Friedrich Nietzsche. Nietzsche went insane, as many readers know; but before this sad calamity befell him, he left a great body of work, in which he stated with undaunted and unconventional candor the result of modern atheistic philosophy. In doing so he has rendered the world a great service. It is well to have the veil drawn aside and to see the ultimate conclusion.

We are here concerned only with that phase of his philosophy which touches social problems. On this line, as well as on other lines, he has simply stated bravely what other more careful and politic philosophers, less honest in professing their faith, really think.

According to one of his interpreters one of his "three fundamental conceptions everywhere present in his writings" is what he calls "slave morality," which is defined as follows:

The application of those beliefs that men are equal, that the lowly must be lifted up, that we must sympathize with misfortune, and that altruism is a virtue, and self-denial noble, beliefs of Jewish-Christian origin . . . responsible for the false and backward-tending modern social system.

Here is a quotation from the philosopher himself:

Sympathy thwarts, on the whole, in general, the law of development, which is the law of selection. It preserves what is ripe for extinction, it insists in favor of life's disinherited and condemned ones. . . . It is a chief instrument for the promotion of decadence.

The writer in the Times, in his closing comments, utters the following pertinent remarks:

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