

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

at the workhouse breakfast table? Didn't the prisoners always have bread, molasses and black coffee? Why add sugar and milk and a small panful of meat stew occasionally, to this already elaborate basis for a day's work. Think of it! Meat stew! Didn't this despotic mayor of ours, who appears to think that a workhouse "bird" has a stomach, know that in thus enlarging upon the menu he was increasing the cost of board from 9 to 11 cents per day per man, and woman, and child? Think of it! Two cents a day wasted in turning black coffee into yellow coffee, and providing, occasionally, a pan of hot meat stew! What would Mr. Squeers, of Dotheby's hall, think of that? Out upon such a mayor! What right has he to surrender to influences of the heart, when pennies that multiplied make dollars are in sight? Besides, who ever heard of a humane despot?

The Plain Dealer is led, and sadly, to these reflections upon the course of the present mayor through reading the following editorial in yesterday's Leader:

The mayor seems to be desirous of making life in the workhouse a pleasure for the hoboes, criminals and others who are sent there by the police judges.

And think, too, of the pleasures of a small panful of hot meat stew occasionally administered!

**THE MAYOR IN THE COURTROOM.**

Mayor Johnson spent about half an hour in court room No. 1 yesterday morning. He was given the seat of honor beside Judge Kennedy.

The mayor listened attentively to the cases which came up. The first case was that of Charles Link, who was arrested at the instance of his mother for running away from her and making his home in the tough district. The woman admitted upon the witness stand that she was accustomed to call her son vile names.

"Humph," said the mayor. "If I was the boy I wouldn't return to her, either."

"Do you think the boy ought to go to the workhouse?" asked Judge Kennedy.

"Well, I shouldn't send him," answered Mr. Johnson. "The tough district is a bad place, but the workhouse is worse." The case was passed until October 30 for decision.

Three boys, arrested for stealing rides upon freight cars, were next tried.

"Why do they arrest boys for such things as that?" asked the mayor.

"I used to steal rides myself when I was a boy."

"So did I," said Judge Kennedy. "The boys are discharged."

After a few moments' chat with the judge the mayor left for his office.—Plain Dealer of Sept. 28.

**ON THE SPEED ORDINANCE.**

Several amendments to the speed ordinance were proposed to the board of public control by Director of Public Works Salen Friday. It limited vehicles of all sorts and street cars to a speed of eight miles an hour and required drivers and motormen to stop their conveyances at any time or place on the signal of a policeman.

"What! limit the street cars to eight miles an hour?" cried the mayor.

"Why, do they run faster than that now?" inquired Salen.

"Do they? Yes, 18 miles an hour and more," exclaimed the mayor. "Why," he continued, "if you limited the cars to eight miles an hour you would be mobbed. Everybody would complain."

"In Detroit they kicked about cars running faster than six miles, so for two days, after determining just what speed meant six miles an hour, we compelled the motormen to observe that speed. The people raised an awful howl. They said they didn't want to spend all their time on street cars, so the council passed an ordinance limiting the speed of cars to an average of 15 miles an hour. I'll favor an ordinance with such a provision in it."

After some further discussion the measure was referred to the law department.—Plain Dealer of Sept. 28.

Mrs. Flanagan—They tell me your lad, Jimmy, has made great advancement since I was here three years ago, Mrs. O'Hara.

Mrs. O'Hara—Faith, and I should say so, Mrs. Flanagan. The bye has just growed out of my sight. He is never in the house except at male toime or when he is aslape.

C. E. L.

"Eminent foreign scientists have found out that a grasshopper's ears are in its legs."

"How did they ascertain that?"

"They put the 'hopper' on a board and tapped the board gently."

"Well?"

"The creature hopped away. Then they cut off its legs, put it on a board again, and tapped the board as before, and it didn't hop away. It couldn't hear the tap, you see."

"What a wonderful thing science is." —Chicago Tribune.

**THE NATION'S LIFE.**

Look not in the senate halls for the life of the nation; Their talk is the talk of dreamers; They reel as drunken men. They grope like the blind in the dark. The form of life is there but the spirit hath long since fled.

Look not chiefly in the church, or the press; There indeed are dim glimmerings; Faint hints of a possible revival; Half-stifled cries that tell of discontent and pain.

And where there is pain, there is life; But, alas, these signs are so few!

Look rather among the discredited and outcast.

Feed with them in dingy upper rooms. Mind under all their extravagance and error the sound-ringing ore of hope.

The stone which the builders reject will again become the head of the corner, For this is the universal law of life.

Wherever two or three are gathered in love and self-forgetfulness to make the world better,

Wherever men think and feel profoundly and then go forth to act accordingly, Look there for the nation's life.

—"Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," by Ernest H. Crosby (Small, Maynard & Co.).

A bright American youngster's description of the Dachshund: "One of those dogs that is a dog and a half long, and only half a dog high."—Life.

**BOOK NOTICES.**

Dr. David F. Lincoln, in "Sanity and Mind" (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons), makes a sensible contribution to the reaction from heredity as a sort of fetishism which is now in progress. In every respect this book is an excellent bit of scientific work adapted to the common apprehension. One observation which its author makes is so strikingly apposite to recent public emotions, though obviously not intended, that we quote it: "As a rule the natural reflex act of shedding tears is

**Assassination and Anarchism.**

Under the above title a pamphlet has been published containing

**THE EDITORIALS IN THE PUBLIC**

of September 14, 1901, commenting on the

**ASSASSINATION OF**

**PRESIDENT MCKINLEY**

together with the editorial in the same number of THE PUBLIC on "Anarchism." This pamphlet is in form suitable for mailing in open envelopes at the one-cent rate of postage. For prices see advertisement on next page under title of

**"THE PUBLIC LEAFLETS."**

N. B.—Upon receipt of orders sufficient to warrant it the article "Landmarks of Liberty," from THE PUBLIC of September 28, will be put in similar leaflet form at the same prices.