

tory, it was always ennobled by the fact that we fought at odds. So we thought of war as an awful but purifying tragedy—as much removed from sordidness as an earthquake or a cyclone.

But now, when our rulers tell us that war is war, they mean nothing like this. They mean that war is the surrounding of 4,000 men by 40,000. They mean that war is the appearance of a company of imperial yeomanry before a farmhouse, and the voice of an officer calling out: "Ten minutes for the women to get out of the house, before I set fire to it!" It is "war" for the soldiers to run their bayonets through the portraits on the wall, war to break up the piano, war to tear up the books of the library. It is war to carry away captive women and children. It is war to starve them, that their men folk may hear of their sufferings, and cease to fight. It is war to trample crops into the ground. It is war to take the evidence of Kaffir servants against their masters. It is war to send Kaffirs out to loot the houses of a white enemy. In fact, war is everything which in ordinary life is held to be most vile, most cruel, most cowardly, most shameful and degrading to the doer, most certain to beget eternal hate in the sufferer. What Trooper Victor Swift did was "war."—*The New Age*, of London, for Sept. 19.

THE SPIRIT OF ANARCHISM.

Editorial in Toronto Daily Star of September 21, written by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of Toronto.

The spirit of anarchism is more to be feared than its fiercest and ugliest form. We are all ready to cry out against the mad and vulgar deed of the dastard assassin. We denounce it because it is both mad and vulgar. In its madness it frustrates its own ends, and in its vulgarity offends gentle and refined tastes. So indignant are we that we stand up and demand that anarchism be suppressed and all anarchists expelled. Having done so much as that, and having seen a few degenerate and deformed creatures put out of the way, we shall settle down to life as it was, conscious of having cherished proper sentiments at the right time.

But anarchism is not to be suppressed by loud denunciations from press and pulpit, or by new legislation placed upon the statute book. Congress may indeed make an attack upon the life of the president a

capital offense, and state governors may pronounce condemnation upon anarchism in their messages, but all that will avail nothing, for anarchism is not flesh and bones to be ended by the electric chair, or a thing of bulk and weight to be deported across the seas. The misguided assassin and his abandoned confederates are not all there is of anarchism; and, even were they all given over to the vengeance of the mob of indignant citizens, the evil which they incarnate would still remain, for their own bad spirit had already gone into the blood of their executioners and made them anarchists in turn.

We are altogether shallow in our thinking and self-righteous in our conduct if we suppose that we can play the part of anarchists and escape their condemnation. Talmage talked the rankest anarchism, as recklessly as ever Emma Goldman raved, and much more hurtfully, when he wished that the president's assassin had been instantly murdered with his own smoking pistol. Scores of American newspapers have been rioting in anarchism all the while they have been breathing out vengeance against the anarchists. The whole American nation have been guilty of anarchism in that they have allowed lynching of defenseless negroes by infuriated mobs without even the semblance of trial or justice; and the negro delegate uttered a warning word when he told the great Methodist conference in London last week that "the country which will not protect its humblest citizen need not be surprised when the life of its president is threatened."

Nor need we in Canada rest content, for we, too, live in a house of glass. The coarse and brutal type of anarchism which speaks against the king or seeks the murder of the civil magistrate is not to be found among us, but the spirit of anarchism is abroad and is working evil in the life of our country. For what is anarchism? It is not the shooting of kings or the assassination of presidents, or the wild and foolish speech of misshapen souls. Whatever defeats the ends of justice or subverts the progress of social order, or destroys the dignity and authority of civil government, is of the essence of anarchism.

What shall we say, then, of the attempts, successful or unsuccessful, of great corporations to control legis-

lation for their own ends, but to the people's hurt? It is anarchism. What shall we call the manipulating of conditions by which enormous wealth lifts a few men above the reach of the law so that the powers that be are created, not to the ordinance of God, but by the will of the capitalists? It is anarchism. Who are they that form rings and cliques and by organization within the body politic gain their own ends through holding the balance of power, the "imperium in imperio," the men of the "corporate vote," be they ecclesiastical, industrial, commercial or what not? They are anarchists. Who are they that go through the land corrupting the electors, buying individuals with money, buying whole districts with promises, and nullifying the judgment of the people by stuffing the ballot boxes with bogus votes? They are anarchists. What shall we call the men who besiege the government and demand concessions and favors, not because they are just, but because they would serve the selfish ends of those who seek them? They are anarchists. All this is anarchism, and none the less to be feared that it pretends to be respectable and does its work without the clumsy aid of pistol or bomb.

It is of the first importance that we all understand clearly and believe firmly that civil government is not a mere social convenience, an impromptu affair, a chance outgrowth of civilization, but that in a very true and real sense "the powers that be are ordained of God" and that "by Him kings rule and princes decree justice." If we forget the divine right or the divine purpose in civil government, we are in the way to regard all authority in the spirit of anarchism; and our rulers, if they forget their high calling, not only provoke the spirit, but are guilty of the crimes of the anarchists themselves.

MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

A delegation of angry women from Iona street, which runs from Clark avenue to Denison street, swooped down on the board of control yesterday. They wanted their street sewer'd and paved and "all dose geese and ducks cleared away." All the women talked at once, and as the mayor, Police Director Dunn and Councilmen Kohl and Weisheimer tried to talk at the same time the clatter was something terrific.

It finally developed that legislation is under discussion looking towards sewerage and paving, so the discussion came down to the geese. The women declared that a dozen or more people on the street, owning 40 or more geese each, opened their gates each morning and turned the geese and ducks into the street.

"Und some mornings," said one of the women, "dere is so many as more dan von hundret geeses und ducks as vell as five cows und von horse on de street yet. Vy, ve haf to wear boots all the vyle, und ve can't dress oop on Sundays if ve vish to walk on de street."

Law Director Beacom said Director Dunn had authority to establish a pound and lock up the offenders.

"If Director Dunn doesn't clean up the geese and cows right away," said the mayor, "you come here and complain and we'll impound the director." —Cleveland Plain Dealer of Oct. 5.

The pardon board did not meet at the workhouse Thursday afternoon because Mayor Johnson was out of the city. Director of Charities Cooley was just a bit fearful that Acting Mayor Beacom would look at the prisoners through a lawyer's glasses.

Soon after reaching the city hall Director Cooley climbed the stairs to Director Beacom's office. He seemed to feel that his mission was rather a delicate one and he was visibly embarrassed.

"This is the day for the pardon board to meet," he began, hesitatingly. "I suppose you will be too busy to go out to the workhouse this afternoon?"

"Not at all, not at all," laughed Beacom, who had a pretty good idea what was coming. "I have been looking forward to this session with a great deal of pleasure. In fact I have been wishing all week that this opportunity would be offered to me."

"Of course, of course," murmured Director Cooley, feebly; "it will be a great pleasure I am sure, but—but—I was wondering whether the mayor would—would—"

"Oh, that will be all right," responded Beacom, cheerfully, "the mayor will be delighted, I am sure. He can attend the sessions any month, you know."

"Yes—yes—I guess he could, but—as a matter of fact," he finally blurted out, desperately, "I am afraid you would not look at things in the same light that the mayor and I do. These men need help and sympathy and—and—"

"Oh, oh," roared Beacom, "that is the way the wind blows, is it? Well, since you put the matter in that light, I will be busy this afternoon and, if it is just the same to you, suppose we postpone the meeting until next Tuesday, when the mayor will be in the city."

"I think that would be the best way," said Mr. Cooley. "Next Tuesday will just suit me." —Plain Dealer of Oct. 11.

The Hon. Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, is in New York. He is at the Waldorf, which is his home when here, and where he is as well known by everybody as in the Cleveland city hall.

Mr. Johnson is looking fine. He came down for only a couple of days, but the rest is doing him so much good, and he is so enjoying himself—sleeping nine solid hours each night—that the two days may extend to several. He is accompanied by Mrs. Johnson and their daughter.

I asked Mr. Johnson: "How does the work of the mayor's office agree with you?"

"Well, I have lost 20 pounds since I went in," he answered, "but I guess I can stand that much without serious detriment to my health. I try to do my work in working hours, and then go home and rest. I don't believe in carrying any work home."

"Is there much to do?"

"That depends altogether on how a man looks at it," Mr. Johnson responded. "A mayor who is willing to sit at his desk and perform those routine municipal duties that come to him can take life in comparative ease, and get through the labor of each day without discomfort. In my case I do not feel that I am doing my full duty to the public in doing that. It is safe to say that 75 per cent. of my work has consisted of labor on the outside—of things that a mayor does not have to take up, but in which he can perform great good to the public."

One needs to know but little of Tom L. Johnson to see how this might be so.

He could no more sit in an easy chair and sign appointments for bridgetender, or spend all his time in presiding over sleepy board sessions than he could fly. There is too much vitality in his make-up—too much electricity in his system. He looks like a man who could rush things himself, and at the same time inspire other men to rush them. I

wouldn't care to be one of his subordinates, and have him asking about my department, unless I had all the details of its business at my finger ends.

The training that a man receives in such great works of a business character as Mr. Johnson carried on for years, is a splendid discipline for an office like the mayor of Cleveland—a place that calls for executive ability, business capacity, insight, a knowledge of men, and the knack of handling them, and a way of getting at the meat of a thing on sight. A mere theorist has no more business in a place of that kind than would John L. Sullivan in a kindergarten.

You cannot talk with Mayor Johnson five minutes without seeing that he knows what is being done in all the departments under him.—New York Letter to Plain Dealer of October 12.

"PROGRESS" IN PARIS.

From the Echo de Paris.

The lively little two-horse busses, which added to the picturesqueness of our streets for so long, instead of detracting from their beauty, have gone forever.

First one horse was added to the omnibuses, and they became a third larger. Then a horror—a shrieking steam monster ruined the Seine bank from the Louvre—the Louvre, you understand—to St. Cloud. Then came the electric citadel, moving slowly about the once safe and happy thoroughfares, crushing the innocent beneath its wheels and precipitating free-born Frenchmen into the gutters. The Paris of Francis I., of Marie Antoinette, of the revolution and Napoleon—was undermined, and electricity and nervous disorder sown in its vitals. In the sacred groves of the Champs-Elysees, under the midnight moon, the ground trembles beneath the stroller's feet. It is the commotion of those who shun the air and fly through the earth in the dark, in the name of "Progress." It is the ruin of Paris, the Paris that made men glad.

"What we want is a new political party," said the man with gold spectacles.

"Can't you find your principles properly represented in the old ones?"

"Oh, yes. But, you see, I am a musician. The more political parties the more processions, and the more processions the more business for the band." —Washington Star.