

**MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.**

The city tax commission met in the office of City Clerk Toland yesterday afternoon and approved the appointments of assessors made by County Auditor Wright. These assessors will have in charge the important duty of fixing the valuation of all the property of the city. While the county auditor has, according to law, the appointing power, his appointees must all be confirmed by the tax commission.

In past years this confirmation has been a mere perfunctory formality, the auditor sending his list of names to the tax commission and the commission ratifying without ever seeing one of the appointees. Last year Mayor Johnson inaugurated an innovation. He assembled the tax commission and ordered the entire batch of assessors appointed by Auditor Craig to come personally for inspection before the commission. This year it was deemed proper that Auditor Wright's appointees should be examined just as Auditor Craig's were last year.

The tax commission, consisting of Mayor Johnson, Auditor Madigan, Clerk Toland, C. B. Lockwood, A. P. Winslow and Moses Waterson, conducted the examination in about one hour yesterday. The meeting was held in Mr. Toland's private office, and the assessors were mustered through in assortments of twos and threes. Not one of Auditor Wright's 78 appointees failed of confirmation.

Of these men half are Democrats and half Republicans. A large number of them are men who were appointed by Auditor Craig and reappointed by Auditor Wright. Former Deputy Auditor Sarstedt furnished Auditor Wright with a list of men who had given good satisfaction and another list of those who had not done their work well. Of the former list the majority were named by Mr. Wright. Mr. Sarstedt's father is one of the holdovers.

Mayor Johnson holds that the work of the assessors is very important. Before the appointments were made he held several conferences with Auditor Wright and consulted with him in regard to the appointees.—Cleveland Plain Dealer of April 12.

**WE DRIFT TOWARD FREEDOM.**

An extract from a letter written by C. E. S. Wood, of Oregon.

The whole drift of human progress, slow as it has been, has been toward freedom; and this lends me the hope that nothing will finally bar the future progress of the race toward greater freedom. If there were no laws protecting certain industries at

the expense of the people, no laws giving exclusive private ownership in land which is not being used, no laws regulating the circulating medium so that only one thing is a legal tender and men and banks are absolutely prohibited from using local notes and securities as money, I think there would be no need to restrict corporations within the boundaries of the parent state. Moreover, I have an abiding faith that just as a dam across a great river only serves to lift the water to the height of the dam when the river resumes its way over the top, so restrictive laws and obstructive laws, aimed at corporations, only serve as dams to be avoided and overrun by the unconquerable ingenuity of human self-interest, so long as that self-interest is fed by living springs of special privilege. As an attorney, I have never known a case of a law aimed against human nature and human interest which has been successful in doing more than closing the front door and opening a back door. I know of no law which has ever stopped gambling, drinking, prostitution, or the gains and operations of corporations. The interstate commerce act is a laughing stock among railroad men. Perhaps the commissioners think they are doing something; perhaps some farmer thinks they are doing something, but if anyone thinks that, so far as railroad methods are concerned, the interstate commerce commission has done more than to cut off passes from those people the railroad would willingly deny, he is mistaken.

To conclude, I have no faith whatever in the efficacy of laws which attempt to control or regulate economic laws and the laws of human nature.

**UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.**

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John: I am glad to see your boy Chamberlain stands firm for African Slavery and the "hut tax." Imperialism is not so lonesome when you back me up strong. Your boys, like mine, have the courage of their stock interests every time. I overthrew slavery in America once, and one time you had a saying that a slave "could not exist on British soil," but we have got well over all such weakness, John. To-day you and I are on the backs of more people than any other two nations in the world. We are world powers, John, and niggers and poor folks had better take to the woods. You bet! Even that won't save 'em. They have

got to work for the glory of God and the par value of shares.

Do you remember, John, my General Funston? Well, he has a successor. You wouldn't believe Funston could have a successor; but he has—a lineal successor. Baldwin, his name is. He is a new apple just bobbed up, and he says—he is in command of my department of Colorado—Gen. Baldwin says: He "likes a Negro or Filipino soldier" because "in a fight it don't make any difference whether he is killed or not." He "is not worried about his safety." He is a "cur dog." The general had just arrived, and tied his horse, and delivered this declaration of love from the warmth of his heart; but, John, I'm interested in what's in the bottom of my military kittle when apples like Baldwin and Funston boil to the top.

I am beginning to wonder who I'll have for President next time. Sometimes I think it will be Theodore again; and then again sometimes I don't see how Hearst can wait nohow till Theodore's term is out. Hearst's bee is the biggest I ever see. It's a bumble bee, and he is butting his head all to pieces tryin' to get into the national holly-hock.

Theodore is cute, too. His scheme of big families, all fighters and all voters, is good politics; but, Law Me! too subsequent—comes twenty-one years too late for the coming election. Still, he may scrape up a lot of colored folks and win. Theodore is a good advertiser.

Then there's Dave Hill and Cleveland. They take their dinner buckets and work all day, waiving the Bryan vote and offering the presidency to each other; and they play it so well that sometimes I begin to be worried which I'll have, till I count up and find there are only two of 'em, and two votes won't elect even a New York man.

There might be some chance for Tom Johnson, if his friends don't ripen him too soon, and his fool enemies keep on fighting him into the limelight—but I don't know; sometimes I doubt if I can find a President at all who will suit Henri Watterson.

Say, John, in a fight with a foreign nation of about our own size, what strength would there be to either of us in conquered territory like Ireland, the Transvaal and the Philippines? Did you ever think of that?

Yours to command.

UNCLE SAM.

Said the intoxicated cowslip: "Nothing to do but drink; nothing to drink but dew."—Yale Record.