

of the city over which he presides. Some of the German mayors have made great reputations.

In German cities the administrative body is called the magistrat. It numbers from one-fourth to two-fifths of the whole council, according to the size of the city. Its members are chosen by the council, the paid magistrates for a term of twelve years, and the unpaid for six years. The usual custom is that one-half shall retire triennially, but they are eligible for re-election, and under ordinary circumstances are re-elected. In the case of paid magistrates, confirmation of election must be obtained from the higher authorities. Unsalaries magistrates must be members of the municipality they serve; but paid magistrates are not under this restriction.

The paid magistrates are professional administrators, chosen for their special skill, who give their whole time and energies to the service of the city. They are well paid, as salaries go in Germany, and are entitled at the end of their service to pensions. Security in office, and pensions on retirement, make the post of paid magistrate attractive to men of administrative ability. Every member of the magistrat is selected because of special aptitude in some department of civic administration. One is the *Kammerer*, or head of financial affairs; another is the *Syndikus*, or head of the legal department; there are the *Schulrat*, or chief of primary education; the *Baurat*, or head of the department of works; the *Sanitätsrat*, manager of the city's sanitary system; and so on. The unpaid magistrates fill the minor posts, and assist their paid colleagues, and give much time and energy to the work of good government without reward.

The powers of the magistrat are considerable.

1. It is the agent of the national government, and is entrusted with the enforcement of all national laws within the city. This method does away with the appointment of commissions, our present Canadian makeshift.

2. It prepares the business which is to come before the city council, and carries the joint resolutions of council and magistrat into effect.

3. It supervises all municipal undertakings, and the different departments of the city's business, without consulting the council, except where there is a special grant of money required.

4. It has charge of municipal revenues, collection of taxes, monthly and yearly audit of the city's books, and the preparation of financial statements.

5. It has the care of all city property, including public franchises, and control of public-service corporations. When new franchises are to be granted the magistrat and council act together. There is no such thing as a vote of the property-

owners required for the ratification of by-laws of this kind.

6. The magistrat appoints all the paid employees of the corporation. This doing away with ward patronage and consequent corruption of municipal politics, is one of the chief causes of the economical and efficient government of German cities.

There are other minor functions of the magistrat, such as the distribution of work among civic authorities and officials. In the city of Munich the work of the magistrat is divided into twelve main departments. Some of these are the sections dealing with finance; primary education; public works; city property, including questions of taking in new lands; commerce and trade; provision for the poor; fire, water and building; police; gas, electricity and power-houses; hospitals, public baths, coal and wood yards; and so on.

THE outstanding feature of the government of German cities is permanence. The guiding spirit and the inspiration of civic activity is the mayor, who is practically appointed for life, and who looks upon his position as a life-work, with a pension at its close. The real managers of the corporation are a body of men, that he has much to do with selecting, who are to be his colleagues for life, each one a specialist in his own line. Along with the mayor and magistrat is the city council, the body from which they receive their appointments, whose chief function is to deliberate with them upon matters affecting the welfare and progress of the city, and generally to act in an advisory capacity. The council derives its authority from the civic electorate. Its members are not elected by voters hungry for the spoils of office, because there are none. Take away the opportunity for personal gain; remove the necessity that the average Canadian councillor is under to do something for his constituency, and to find soft jobs for ardent supporters, on pain of defeat at the next election; make the position unattractive to the "boss" and the "grafter"; and you at once encourage a better type of man to come forward to the service of his city. If our city councillors could be sure of a reasonably long tenure of office, and not be obliged to canvass the electors every year; if they could be free to exercise their best judgment on all questions, without fear of interference from the ward-boss, the best business men would willingly make sacrifice of time to serve the municipality, out of civic pride. The wonder is that under present conditions our city councils are not worse than they are. To make them better we must give them permanence and freedom from a sinister environment.

because they were not fit to govern themselves, you will find Censors of Public Morals. It is the oldest device known to tyranny for keeping the "lower classes" in harness and under the dog-whip—and at the same time convinced that it is good for them to be there. That is the trick. No despot, no matter how powerful, can long keep human beings under the lash if they think that they ought to be free. No slavery was ever a very secure investment which did not imply mental slavery on the part of the enslaved. The poor devils under the Car of Juggernaut have to be made believe that they ought to be there. So that is where the "moral" Censor comes in. He bosses us for our moral welfare. And so over-awed are we by the word "moral" that we don't dare to whimper.

THEY have a Censor in England; and every lover of liberty in that land is fighting against it. And yet we reach out gleefully and lay hold of this hoary old joke, and fasten it upon our young shoulders. We are providing now for "censoring" almost every thing in the way of entertainment; and the idea is bound to spread, for it provides padded nests for those who like them. Any idea which proposes to add to the already enormous number of public offices will never lack for "boom-ing." Presently, we shall be told that it is necessary to "censor" the books which we can read. The police do it now in some cities. Next, we shall have a Censorship of the Press; and, when that comes about, I am going to apply for the job—salary no object. All I want to do is to be able to prevent the publication of articles with which I do not agree personally. I know some fellows who might as well stop writing on the day of my appointment. I will just put in a permanent order that none of their contributions are to be printed. Any paper, disobeying the order, will be automatically suspended. I tell you, Russia will have nothing on us, when I get to be Censor.

THAT'S no joke. That is exactly what every Censor must do. He has to take his own judgment. What appears to him to be immoral, is immoral, so far as he is concerned. And he is there to prevent the spreading of immorality. The consequence is that we find the Censor in London prohibiting the playing of Brieux's "Damaged Goods," and a minister of the gospel in Geneva inviting the author to read it from his pulpit. Of all "fool" ways of arriving at a right public standard of morals, the naming of a poor, little, prejudiced human being—though no poorer or more prejudiced than the rest of us, but about the same—to judge for a whole nation, is about the most foolish. What we have got to do, is to trust to liberty. Of course, some things will happen that are injurious. That is the price of liberty. But liberty is abundantly worth it. The suppression of liberty works immensely more mischief than its wildest abuse.

BUT the Young Person—you say. Quite so. The Young Person must be sheltered until he or she has grown to years of discretion. And the people to do the sheltering are the parents of the Young Person. Just because we on this Young Continent have chosen to give the Young Person his liberty at the ripe age of ten, and to present him with "the freedom of the city" with a thoroughness which his father would blush to accept, that is no reason why it is good for the adult to turn the whole world into a Nursery. The cure is not to appoint a "governess" for the Universe; but to put the Young Person back once more into the Home. This is an Adult World; and, if we are to have a manly and womanly race, it must be treated as such.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Ottawa's Racing Debut

OTTAWA will pass into the Montreal and Toronto class as a racing centre on June 14th. The Connaught Park Racing Club has been building a complete racing plant for more than a year, and has appointed Mr. A. R. Loudon, secretary of the Hamilton Jockey Club, as racing manager. Of the \$200,000 capital only \$30,000 has been supplied outside of Canada. As the New York Bankers' Association will meet in Ottawa on the 13th and 14th, there will be some prominent men present on the opening day. These will include most of the Dominion Cabinet Ministers and other prominent Canadians, Mr. August Belmont, of New York; Mr. John W. Schorr, of Minneapolis, and Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, of polo fame.

Racing men will welcome this new institution, and the man in the street will not be behind-hand with his appreciation. If racing is the sport of kings it is the delight of every true sportsman. It is given to the few to provide the sport. It is the part of the many to support it.



THE "CENSOR" IDEA

HAS the Censor passed this week's issue, Mr. Editor?

Did you submit that hot editorial of yours to him?

Did he see Madame Squeezem's corset ad? And that awful stuff of the Monocle Man?

Oh! I see. There isn't a weekly-paper Censor appointed yet. Well, don't cry. There will be. We have got the Censor habit as a people. Every few days I pick up my paper and read that a new Board of Censors has been named to look after some section of the people's morals. And they get paid good money for the job, too. They are our official "tasters"—they get their "wine" free and a salary for drinking it. But they save the rest of us from the awful fate of seeing or reading or hearing it—whatever may be the method of imbibing the particular form of "wine" they are hired to sample. What puzzles me is how the Censors themselves ever survive? If it would be so deadly for the rest of us to semi-occasionally get a spattering of this "poison," well diluted with lots of other interests, what must be the effect upon these noble martyrs who are deluged with it constantly, and have no other business to distract their attention? If the semi-hemi-occasional sprinkling which we would otherwise receive would fatally corrupt our morals, what must be the condition of the morals of the Censors?

I HATE to suggest it—for it would take most of the bloom off the peach of this Censor job—and it is a peach of a job—but still the thought will occur to me that the Censors should be frequently changed. They must become saturated in time. Their nice sense of the moral must be blunted. They must soon fall into the condition of professional "readers" for publishing houses, not knowing a good thing or a bad thing when they see it. That is only human nature. Consequently it seems to me that the public safety requires that they be relieved of their perilous posts frequently, and new "sponges"—no *double entente* is intended—placed where they will take up all the corrupt matter. I think, of course, that it would be only just and humane to pension the soaked sponges. They have been crippled in the public service. They have saturated their systems with poison that we might escape. So we should, at least, establish a Home for Chronically Corrupted Censors. It would have to be isolated and quarantined and fumigated, and no scraps of paper allowed to escape from it—and the Young Person kept at least a mile away.

THIS Censor idea—while new to Canada and other free countries—is as old as the pharisaic and suffocating Fraud of a "benevolent despotism." Peer into the sand-covered ruins of the dead, dessicated and embalmed Past; and, wherever you find a set of men who imagined themselves placed above their fellows, and commissioned to govern them