

sporadic outbreaks of reform. But where the so-called kid-glove reformers in other cities despaired, became discouraged, and quit, in Cincinnati a very small group of men, proud and glad to call themselves "fighting idealists," rose up and kept tenaciously to their faith.

It is worth while dwelling on these men for a moment, because the upheaval which set Cincinnati by the ears, and put Henry T. Hunt into the mayor's chair, was the concrete result of the revolution for which these few strenuous dreamers laid the powder-train years ago.

Chief among these men was Elliot Pendleton, a Harvard man who represented the quality of unselfish and disinterested citizenship too rarely found in American cities. When, year after year, the forces working for good government went down before the Cox steam-roller, he remained undaunted and undismayed. Nor was he alone in his ideal of regeneration. Associated with him were Henry T. Hunt, then newly graduated from Yale, and engaged in studying law; Graham P. Hunt—not a relative of Henry T.—a Harvard man and lawyer; J. Chandler Harper, lawyer and counsel for the Cincinnati *Post*; John Weld Peck, Harvard man and lawyer, Democratic leader in the present city council; Lewis Cass Black, lawyer and former partner of Senator Foraker; Charles H. Stephens, lawyer; Morrison R. Waite, Yale man and lawyer, grandson and namesake of Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court; Telford Groesbeck, lawyer, graduate of the Harvard Law School, and son of William S. Groesbeck, of counsel for President Andrew Johnson in his impeachment trial in 1868.

These men, in 1903, constituted the nine members of the executive committee of the Citizens' Municipal Party, of which Mr. Pendleton was chairman. Of the nine, five were Republicans in national politics, three were Democrats, and one was an independent. All were hearty believers in the application of the principle of non-partizanship in the conduct of municipal affairs.

In various campaigns this party, and the various civic parties which grew out of it, went down in defeat after defeat. In order to give the movement an organ, Mr. Pendleton began to publish a weekly paper called the *Citizen's Bulletin*, largely at his own expense. At the masthead he nailed this quotation from Seneca:

Oh, Neptune, you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will; but whatever happens, I will hold my rudder true!

You may be sure that Mr. Pendleton, his colleagues, and his organ met ample ridicule and all the harvest of hardship which seems to be the penalty attached to the lone righteous hand in the political game.

Meanwhile there developed an economic situation of the utmost significance, which should not pass unobserved. It was one of the many costly by-products that machine domination invariably creates.

In its desire to divert every possible dollar into the guilty channels of graft, the machine neglected those public agencies which alone give a city prosperity and prestige. Take the public schools, for example. At the Centennial Exposition, in 1876, the Cincinnati institutions were regarded as the best in the world. Twenty-five years later they were the jest of the country, and a disgrace to the community. Wretchedly inadequate appropriations had cut down efficiency and made wrecks of the buildings. So, too, with the streets and the parks.

Neighboring cities, with a similar population and a less strategic commercial situation, were leaving Cincinnati far behind. The one-time imperial city of the State had to give way to Cleveland, which became the metropolis of Ohio. During the decade from 1900 to 1910, Cleveland increased in population 46.9 per cent; Columbus, 44.6 per cent; Detroit, 63 per cent; Kansas City, 51.7 per cent; while Cincinnati's increase for that period was only 11.5 per cent.

Since the growth and prosperity of a city depend largely upon its reputation, you do not have to look far for the cause of Cincinnati's standstill. In the eyes of the outside world, the Cox organization and its unholy domination seemed to be Cincinnati's most conspicuous institution. The other cities that have prospered so much more had overthrown their corrupt bosses.

Aside from the odium which attaches to the graft-encumbered community, there is also a heavy financial reckoning. In 1907 Cleveland, with a population of 560,000, had a yearly budget of \$4,924,000, while Cincinnati, with only 377,000 people, had an annual expense of \$4,400,000.

Now you see the price that the people paid for their shame. Now you see why the city stood still, and why those fighting idealists realized that despite ridicule and