

Instead of trusting a grand jury selected out of the Cox list, Judge Gorman chose his own jurors. They were fifteen men literally "good and true," and they stuck to their task for three months.

One of the first witnesses summoned was John H. Gibson, a former county treasurer. He was asked the direct question if Cox had shared in the secret interest. When he refused to answer, Hunt took the case to the State supreme court, and forced his lips open. Then came the startling admission that Cox had received half of the money.

A transcript of the testimony which Hunt had found a year before was at once produced, and the dictator of Cincinnati was indicted for perjury. It was a profound and startling sensation. The young David had indeed assailed Goliath and dragged him from his lair. Cincinnati was stirred from end to end, and Hunt was the man of the hour.

Of course, indicting Cox on the charge of perjury and getting him behind the bars were two very different things, because the machinery of justice was still largely controlled by the boss. After months of litigation and judicial side-stepping, the imperiled boss found judges who quashed the indictment. Hunt had sought for a change of venue, and had tried every other expedient which might take the indicted man out of the control of his henchmen, but it was of no avail.

The big effect of the Cox indictment, however, was purely moral. It plainly showed that the former dictator was neither invulnerable nor invincible, and it marked the entrenchment in Hamilton County of some organized protest against the old, wretched order. Once more Cox "retired"—but this time apparently for keeps.

ELECTED TO THE MAYORALTY

All these stirring events happened last year. Fortunately for the reformers, it was the year of a mayoralty election. In the eyes of those people who had the best interests of the city at stake, there was but one man for that office, and that man was the boyish, smooth-faced collegian who had bearded the graft lion in his den and put, for the moment at least, a great political machine snarlingly on the defensive. Hunt was nominated on the Democratic ticket, which was really a non-partizan ticket, standing for the redemption of Cincinnati and for a more progressive community.

The campaign was one of the most exciting in many years, and it was marked by many sensational features. Not the least extraordinary was the lamentable part played by President Taft. You will recall that in that remarkable year of 1905, when the forces for good government won out, one of their chief allies had been the then Secretary of War.

But many things had happened since 1905. Taft was now President of the United States. His eye looked yearningly toward a second term; he and his family in Cincinnati had traded back and forth with the Cox machine, and now, when his native city, no longer corrupt and contented, was seeking to free itself from the grip of a devastating machine, President Taft, on the Saturday before the election, when it was too late to combat the effect of his pronouncement, wrote a letter to a former mayor of the city, in which he said:

I expect to be in Cincinnati on election day, and, unless my registration is defective, to cast my vote for the Republican municipal ticket, because I believe the candidates thereon to be competent and worthy.

I shall vote the Republican ticket because I think the conditions under which I made my Akron speech have substantially changed.

It is generally believed in Cincinnati that the Taft message, coming at this psychological moment, cost the reform ticket at least eight thousand votes. But despite that handicap, Hunt received a majority of four thousand votes, and with him there went into office a complete city and county ticket. On January 1 of the present year, this remarkable young man, at the age of thirty-three, took his seat in the old, weather-beaten city hall down at Seventh and Plum Streets, perhaps the youngest chief executive that any American community of importance has ever had.

A MAYOR OF ALL THE PEOPLE

When Mr. Hunt took up the reins of his authority, you may be sure that there was a rattling of dry bones. In the first flush of victory he made this declaration, which has become the letter and the spirit of his administration:

"This is a victory, not for Democracy, but for Cincinnati—not for partizanship, but for civic patriotism."

One morning, shortly after his inauguration, a well-known Democratic worker ap-