

peared at the office with a friend, whom he introduced to the mayor.

"I want you to meet this man, Mr. Mayor," said the worker. "He is one of the best supporters you have had."

"Very glad indeed to know him," said Mr. Hunt.

"Now," continued the caller, "I hope you can do something for our friend. I would like to have him appointed street-inspector."

The mayor rubbed his chin, and dryly asked:

"What experience has your friend had in street-inspection or street-cleaning?"

"Why, none in the world," answered the go-between; "but, Mr. Mayor, he is a sterling Democrat and a loyal worker."

"What is his occupation?" asked the mayor.

The caller hemmed and hawed, and finally said:

"He is a shoemaker."

"Oh!" said the mayor swiftly, and with a signal that the interview was over. "When the administration wants shoemakers, I will send for your friend. Good day!"

He did various kinds of cleaning out. The mayor's office and reception-room, for example, had for years been a loafing-place for leaders of the gang. It was cluttered up with big, leather divans and comfortable lounging-chairs. The first day the new mayor was in office, he sent for the janitor and said:

"Clean out all these big leather chairs. This place looks too much like the annex of a harem. I want it to look like a business office!"

Now it is stripped down to working equipment. There is no place for hangers-on to sit and cool their heels.

Former mayors of Cincinnati never had a stenographer in their office. They had little dictating to do. As a matter of fact, they were too much accustomed to being dictated to. Mayor Hunt put a woman stenographer in his office, and she sits there throughout his office hours. He has no conferences or callers that a third party cannot hear or see.

The door to the mayor's office is always open, and you can always find out when his honor is "in." He sits in his shirt-sleeves at a big desk in the middle of the room; but he is not always sitting there, for he gets about everywhere.

This strenuous activity has made him a sort of Harun-al-Rashid. He was not in office for very long before the various public departments realized that the mayor was "on the job." On one of his first afternoons he took a walk down to the police gymnasium, stripped off his coat, and sparred with three of the best boxers in the department. The other policemen who stood around began to have a pretty wholesome respect, in more ways than one, for the beardless young man at the head of the city government.

He wanted to see how the fire department did its job, so one night, early in January, he dropped in casually at one of the biggest fire-houses, told the man on watch who he was, went up-stairs, and went to bed with the firemen. Early in the cold, snowy morning an alarm came in, and he was one of the first to slide down the pole and join the men in their work. These and many similar incidents show the character of the man and the sort of leadership he has maintained.

But no episode of his brief but interesting experience is more typical than his dismissal of the local chief of police. It is characteristic of the man and his methods.

When Mr. Hunt assumed the office, being a firm believer in the principles of civil service reform, he sent for the chief and told him that he might expect to remain in office so long as he conscientiously fulfilled his duty to the people. Shortly afterward, a crusade against the gamblers was undertaken, and most of them were driven out of business. But there was one very powerful personage, an old friend of Boss Cox, and long protected by him, who was known as the Handbook King. He was one of the most notorious gamblers in Cincinnati, and, despite the mayor's orders, he still seemed to be able to ply his pernicious trade.

The mayor sent for the chief of police, and ordered him to arrest the man.

"But," said the chief, "I cannot arrest him without a warrant."

"I will swear out the warrant," said the mayor.

He did so; the gambler was taken into custody and brought to trial. The first witness against him was the chief of police, who testified on the stand that he had no knowledge that the prisoner was a gambler.

When Mayor Hunt heard of this, his eyes blazed with anger. He rang a bell and ordered the chief to his presence.