



HENRY T. HUNT, MAYOR OF CINCINNATI

From a photograph by Bellsmith, Cincinnati

Mayor Hunt, who is a Democrat, but who is administering his office on a non-partizan basis, became chief magistrate of Cincinnati on January 1, 1912, at the age of thirty-three, as the result of an uprising against the machine long dominant in local politics. His career, though brief, has already been brilliant and spectacular. At thirty he was prosecuting attorney of Cincinnati, and while occupying that office he secured an indictment for perjury against the Republican boss of the city. This indictment marked the beginning of the final downfall of one of the most corrupt political machines with which any American municipality has been afflicted.

HUNT OF CINCINNATI

THE MILITANT YOUNG REFORMER WHO TRIUMPHED OVER THE
COX MACHINE AND INAUGURATED A NEW ERA OF
NON-PARTIZAN CITY GOVERNMENT

BY HUGH THOMPSON

IF you should wander around in the long, dark corridors of the Cincinnati city hall, the chances are that you will encounter a compact, athletic young man of medium height, with black, curly hair and keen, piercing, brown eyes, walking with strenuous, determined step, and probably in his shirt-sleeves, if the weather is warm. At first glance, you would doubtless size him up for a rather energetic subordinate in one of the municipal departments. But if you scrutinize him carefully, you will see that from the pugnacious set of his jaw and the grim, firm quality of his mouth, he is no meek, self-sacrificing individual.

As a matter of fact, this compact, strong-jawed young man happens to be the mayor of Cincinnati, who, at thirty-three, stepped to the chief magistracy of one of our great American communities under circumstances so spectacular and unusual as to make him a figure of national interest. Such is the distinction of Henry T. Hunt, a latter-day David who helped to slay—or to suppress, at least—one of the last of the Goliaths of graft.

At an age when most politicians are beginning to graduate from ward limitations, Mr. Hunt finds himself the central figure of an important city government, the symbol and instrument of a municipal regeneration which has a profound significance for every American municipality.

Clearly to understand Mayor Hunt's present eminence, and fully to appreciate his somewhat unusual performance, it is necessary to turn back a few pages of Cincinnati history. It is a rustling of foul leaves, on which is written a story of shame

—the familiar, sordid, seared record of a city debauched.

Scarcely anybody need be told the shocking fact that for nearly twenty years this Queen City of the middle West, hemmed in by verdant hills and washed by the rapid Ohio, was in the grip of George B. Cox, the one-time saloon-keeper who became a mayor-maker, and who, as a political Warwick, wielded a dictatorship not even surpassed by Boss Tweed, Abe Ruef, Israel Durham, or Richard Croker, in the most flourishing days of their authority.

Nearly every office-holder in Cincinnati, from judge to janitor, paid tribute to this silent, gray-eyed czar who sat in a saloon on a side street and ladled out patronage as his neighbor behind the free-lunch counter served soup. His word was law; his rule was absolute; his power for years undisputed. He built up an immense, closely riveted machine, which he kept galvanized into constant submission through favors and through fear. Corrupt government means inefficient government, and whenever the muck-raker went forth on his travels, he had but to go to Cincinnati to find his "horrible example."

New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and various other cities have been boss-ridden; but the case of Cincinnati was peculiarly distinct. In none of the other communities mentioned did one man absolutely dominate the situation; but Cox was Cincinnati, and Cincinnati was his, so much so that the rank and file of the citizenship shrugged its shoulders from year to year and said:

"What's the use?"

In Cincinnati, as elsewhere, there were

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

persistent defeat there was a goal worth attaining. And, though they did not know it as yet, they were at the very daybreak of a new and reconstructive era.

THE MACHINE'S FIRST DEFEAT

Through those sordid decades of Coxism, we now come to 1905, a year destined to stand out in living numerals in the chronology of Cincinnati. Undeterred by the overthrows of previous elections, and encouraged by some progress made in the Legislature, which had raised the school appropriation, the fighting idealists again came to the fore with an independent ticket, which this time bore the Democratic stamp.

A campaign of unremitting aggressiveness was waged. Even the "Old Boy," as they called Cox in those days, was startled by the fierceness of the movement against him. But he had only drawn what he deserved. Not satisfied with his years of complete mastery in Cincinnati, he was reaching out for a grip on the State. John M. Patterson was the candidate on the Democratic ticket for Governor against Myron T. Herrick. In Cincinnati, Edward J. Dempsey was Patterson's party colleague for the mayoralty against Harry Gordon.

The whole State was ablaze with excitement, but in Cincinnati it flamed the fiercest. Under the direction of the late John Vandercook, a really great journalist with something of the vision of a seer, the Cincinnati *Post* made a memorable fight against boss rule. Cox bent all his energies to stem the tide which seemed to be rising all about him.

It remained for one man to swing the day. Theodore Roosevelt sat in the White House at Washington. Always the uncompromising foe of the boss, his sympathy went out to the struggling people of Cincinnati. And as a result, at the behest of his chief, William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, made what came to be known as the Akron speech, in which he said, referring to Cox:

The whole government of both city and county are absolutely under his control, and every Republican convention nominates the men whom he dictates. . . . The government under the machine is constantly described as a very corrupt one.

If I were able—as I fear I shall not be, because public duty calls me elsewhere—to cast my vote in Cincinnati in the coming election, I should vote against the municipal ticket

nominated by the Republican organization, and for the State ticket.

It was a great stroke at the psychological moment. The entire Cox ticket, State and local, was swept into defeat. Cox received his first smashing blow. He "retired," but his retirement was like a Patti farewell tour.

There were many deluded people who immediately said:

"This is the end of Coxism!"

They did not realize that while the reformer works spasmodically, the politician labors unceasingly at the game, for it is his vocation. But for the moment Cox seemed down and out, and Cincinnati drew a breath of relief.

A NEW POLITICAL STAR RISES

That election of 1905 had a significance far greater to the people of Hamilton County, and, through them, to the whole State, than the temporary downfall of an arrogant and corrupt political machine, because it sent to the State Legislature, on the high tide of a great victory, a man destined for a conspicuous part in the subsequent civic rebirth of Cincinnati. That man was Henry T. Hunt, then little more than a boy, although he was already a militant member of the reform party.

Hunt was born in Cincinnati, the son of a distinguished railroad official who was one of the first foes of the rebate. His father had spent some years as a division superintendent of the Missouri Pacific, in Kansas. There the boy grew up, and possibly out of that soil of protest and unrest he gathered some of the inspiration which in later years led him to a great task. Be that as it may, Hunt, on the family's return to Cincinnati, grew up to a stalwart young manhood, graduated from Yale in 1900, and in 1903 emerged from the Cincinnati Law School a full-fledged barrister.

At college he had been a good boxer. He had an instinct for a "scrap," and, as he looked about him in Cincinnati, he realized that about the biggest game he could take on was that octopus which for years had laid its tentacles of graft and oppression upon his native city.

He had a part in the fight for the raising of the school-tax levy; now at Columbus he found a big opportunity. With a few other idealists, he helped to introduce a bill for a legislative investigation of Hamilton County, which was the sore spot in the State.

Of course, Cox fought this measure by every device known to political cunning, but the resolution went through, and a sort of Lexow work was begun in Cincinnati. The result of this investigation showed conclusively that some county treasurers of Hamilton County had been accepting payment from Cincinnati banks for the deposits of public money. The revelation, however, availed but little, because Cox controlled the judiciary, and the reformers could get no legal action.

In 1908 Hunt, who was still in the Legislature, helped to force the passage of a resolution for another investigation in Hamilton County. Again the Cox crowd used all its influence to divert the probe. Among other things, they secured an injunction restraining the legislative committee on the ground that it had no jurisdiction. The courts upheld this contention, maintaining that the grand jury was the proper body to investigate the charges against the bosses. Cox secured a temporary respite, but quite unconsciously his hirelings had laid bare the spot whereon he was to receive his death-blow.

A few weeks after the second legislative committee had foundered on the rocks of the Cox opposition, Graham Hunt, who, you will recall, was one of the original fighting idealists, met Henry T. Hunt on the steps of the Capitol at Columbus.

"By the way, Harry," he said, "I have a new job for you."

"What's that?" said the young legislator.

"You ought to be our candidate for prosecuting attorney," the other replied.

"Great Scott!" replied the lawyer. "I don't know much about criminal law."

"Never mind," responded his friend. "You can easily master that. You are the man for the job."

Out of this informal conversation started the real regeneration of Cincinnati.

THE BOY PROSECUTOR

Hunt was nominated for prosecuting attorney. He was barely thirty years of age, and looked like a college boy. The Cox crowd referred to him as "the kid," but before he got through with them they realized that this youngster was a terror. There was no mayoralty election that year, and the Cox machine centered its energies in the fight against Hunt. They stopped at nothing to hinder his work. On one oc-

casion, while making a speech in Lytle Park, he was arrested on the charge of disorderly conduct and locked up in a cell for several hours. It was one of the many foolish blunders made by the opposition, for Hunt emerged from his prison a hero in the minds of many people. He was elected by a good majority.

But the possession of that particular office, with the Cox organization hostile, meant that the function of the office was a farce. The moment that the boy prosecutor turned to his task, he found his hands tied at every turn. With one exception, Cox judges sat on the bench. Without exception Cox jury commissioners selected the grand jurors. Everywhere the shadow of Cox darkened and hindered the path of justice.

How was he to indict any member of the machine when it was impossible to get a grand jury that was not chosen by the gangsters? He was even ruled out of the jury-room—a violation of all ethics—while the grand jury was balloting.

Worst of all, he was unable to command any authority in what was known as Room No. 6, the criminal division of the Cincinnati court. There was one independent judge in the court of common pleas, and it was to him that Hunt looked for action. But, by some peculiar combination of circumstances, this independent judge, by the vote of his colleagues, never got an opportunity to sit for a term in Room No. 6.

Meanwhile, young Hunt went about his task as much as the limitations permitted. He closed up the bucket-shops, raided the pool-rooms, and carried on a successful crusade against disorderly dance-halls.

But one day destiny, or whatever you may choose to call it, led the young prosecutor to a wondrous find. In going over the records of previous grand juries, he found a transcript of some testimony given by Boss Cox, in which Cox declared, under oath, that he had received none of the secret interest, and that it had all gone to the county treasurers. Hunt kept the knowledge of this find to himself, and bided his time.

By some slip, Judge Gorman, the independent judge to whom I have referred, was permitted to sit for one term in Room No. 6. Fate was now playing entirely into the hands of Hunt, who meanwhile had been reelected prosecuting attorney.

"Now or never is the chance to get Cox!" he said.

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-

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.

"I understand," he said, addressing the bluecoat, "that you testified this morning that you had no knowledge that the man I sent you to arrest was a gambler!"

"Yes, sir, that is true," said the chief.

"Do you mean to say that you do not know what every newsboy in Cincinnati knows?" continued the mayor.

"I could not testify what I did not know," answered the policeman.

"Well," snapped the mayor, "you are either a fool or something else. In any event, you are not fit to be chief of police in Cincinnati. You are suspended!"

It is needless to say that the civil service board of the city sustained the mayor, and the chief was removed from office.

SOME OF MAYOR HUNT'S REFORMS

The mention of civil service recalls the fact that Mayor Hunt has revived what was for many years a dead letter in Cincinnati. Under Boss Cox, the civil service commission was more or less of a joke. In a year and a half exactly seven people had taken the examination. During the first seven months of Mayor Hunt's administration more than three hundred took the examination, and many of them are efficiently holding down city posts.

Impulsive as this young mayor seems to be, he has a long head and a sober judgment. He plans carefully before he acts.

For instance, the people of Cincinnati have clamored for years for better street-car service. Instead of ordering a drastic revolution, he engaged R. W. Harris, one of the great traction experts of the country, to make a careful investigation of conditions and actual needs.

The same thing is true of his action in the matter of interurban service. The merchants of Cincinnati have long complained that owing to lack of coordination in the interurban lines they have been unable to tap the rich commercial territory adjacent to Hamilton County. Other cities with a better-organized service have stepped in and taken the cream of the trade. Mayor Hunt engaged Bion J. Arnold, one of the great transportation experts of the world, to make an investigation similar to that being conducted by Mr. Harris. Everywhere he is seeking expert advice and expert service.

Now let us see how this mayor gets down to the financial end of his administration, because one of the great functions of any

conscientious chief executive is to save money. He began at what is a chronic source of waste and extravagance in most municipalities, the purchasing department.

Purchasing for a city is naturally a much more serious proposition than buying for a private firm or corporation. The private buyer is allowed to recognize the personal equation. He may permit himself to be convinced. Not so with the city buyer. He is merely the impartial judge whose decision must stand the destructive criticism of a host of disappointed venders.

Under former administrations, city buying in Cincinnati was a haphazard performance. The heads of the various institutions did their own purchasing. They bought by name of article, and not by quality. There was no specification and no standard.

Mayor Hunt organized a buying department, and instructed its head to buy in bulk and to standardize his purchases.

"Let the city set the standard for each article," he said, "and make the venders meet that standard."

To-day all the buying for Cincinnati is done through one bureau, and by standards scientifically established. For example, all oil purchased must have a certain lubricating power. If the article bought happens to be a bucket, there is a specification. It must be of a certain kind of galvanizing, of a certain size, shape, and construction—in short, it must be the very best bucket that can be bought, and it is the standard bucket for all city work that requires such a utensil.

This buying system means a corps of trained business men instead of the usual hodgepodge of office-seekers; comparative records so filed as to be instantly available; and a system of checking and counter-checking, which makes mistakes, misunderstanding, and abuse of privilege almost impossible. It removes every element of temptation on the one hand or suspicion on the other. Incidentally, it means also a saving of from one to two hundred thousand dollars a year.

This centralization extends to every other city department. Take charities and corrections. This was operated in very much the same disorganized way as the city buying. The head of each institution ran it his own way. Mayor Hunt named a distinguished sanitary expert, who had devoted years of study to municipal health

and economic problems, to be superintendent of charities and corrections, and gave him the control of all the city's activities that affected the orphan, the pauper, the defective, or the invalid.

Before the new superintendent entered upon his work, he called a meeting of all the old heads of city departments, and, in the presence of the new heads, asked them to go over their various budgets and explain the reasons for expenditures. You may well imagine that these retiring heads had an unpleasant half-hour, because it was very difficult to explain a great many expenditures. Likewise, it was a wholesome object-lesson for the incoming chiefs.

No detail of city government has escaped this eternally vigilant executive. Instead of having fire inspections by inspectors who have had no experience in the service, he has them made by firemen during their leisure hours. He has had a city oil-reduction plant built. He has revolutionized street-cleaning. He even dipped into the diet of the fire horses, and found out that they were being fed with too much oats. He has not only cut down the feed bills, but improved the health and efficiency of the horses.

And so it has been all up and down the city firing-line. Vigilance has succeeded sloth, business science has taken the place of antiquated, haphazard methods. Everywhere the man holding down a city position is on his job all the time.

"HARRY" HUNT, THE MAN

By this time you doubtless wonder what sort of man this is who, at thirty-three, has been able to conquer one of the last of the great bosses, and who has brought economic order, system, and rehabilitation into the affairs of a large American city. You may well believe that he is no ordinary man. Yet, to meet him at close range, he is as simple, ingenuous, and unaffected as the boy he looks to be.

In his office you will find, in a conspicuous place, a reproduction of the great trial scene in "The Heart of Midlothian," and you need no further evidence of his liking for Walter Scott. You will also see portraits of Lord Coleridge, Henry Clay, and William M. Evarts, for he is still loyal to his profession. You will not find his desk cluttered up with a surplus of unnecessary papers. He uses a flat-top desk; first, because he finds it more comfortable,

and second, because it does not permit the accumulation of dead matter.

That he has been a student of city affairs, his brief experience in authority will show. I asked him to sum up his idea of the mayor's task, and he said:

"I consider it an expert job, pure and simple. My own theory about city government is very much like the German theory, which makes city government a definite profession. There is no reason why a great city should not be run as a great railroad or corporation is run. Such undertakings must have experts in their various departments, and particularly at their head. Why not the city?"

"As a matter of fact, I think that a modified form of commission government is about the most practical kind of administration that a city can get. The commission can hire experts for various departments, very much as a railroad employs its own heads. This system would, of course, do away with a city council. The net result, however, would be a businesslike and efficient conduct of affairs."

In the light of Mayor Hunt's present achievement, and barring the disappointments which often crowd thick and fast about political prodigies, there is no preference that this strenuous young Cincinnati might not attain. An open road to the Governorship lies before him, and beyond that—as this nation of vast opportunity has well attested—perhaps even greater rewards.

But the big fact which stands out to-day in connection with Mayor Hunt is not so much his spectacular elevation to an important mayoralty under dramatic conditions. It is not even his defeat of Cox, and his jolting of a graft-fattened machine, for though Cox may be dead politically, there will always be the menace of the system that he represents.

Behind his rise is the compelling significance of the fact that he represents to-day the fruition of years of non-partizan effort to redeem a community—years of struggle for the setting-up of a standard of merit, and merit alone, in the achievement of an adequate municipal administration.

Herein lies the real declaration of the Hunt principle, and there are many who believe that in this theory of non-partizan local rule, divorced absolutely from national political entanglements, lies the real hope of city government in the United States.