

growing wiser. We, the people of the United States, know more than we did. We have got to that point where we can see through a stone-wall, if there is a hole big enough; whereas formerly, and not so long ago, the stone-wall was the limit of our vision, no matter how big the hole was. Once we used to think, when cleaning up our cities, that the political boss was the head and front of graft and civic iniquity. If we caught him, as occasionally we did, and threw him out of power at an election, we patted ourselves upon the back and congratulated each other upon the downfall of corruption and the triumphal entry of virtue. In our innocent ignorance, we thought we had accomplished something big. We know now that what we accomplished was really something small. In other words, we are wiser than we were, and for that reason we are bound to get better. San Francisco once would have been satisfied with the capture of Boss Ruef. Now, it is going higher up, much higher, than Ruef in the process of purification. Likewise, Pittsburg. Some of Pittsburg's officials are accused of accepting bribes, but Pittsburg is not stopping at the old time level; it is seeking the givers of the bribes. The political boss no longer is recognized as the kingpin of graft. In every city, he has shrunk to his true proportions—a mere middleman, an employee of gentlemen who would scorn to pick a pocket, but who do not mind robbing a city in a safe, genteel way. Now that these gentlemen are appraised at their proper value, and the respectable seekers of special privilege at the public cost are recognized as far worse grafters than the vulgar officials who get "rake-offs" on city contracts, or who wax rich protecting vice, the post of boss in a great city will not be as lucrative as heretofore. The reason is plain. The tendency of cities everywhere to look for the men higher-up, and their growing ability to spot a rascal even though his environment consist of good clothes, church membership, business standing and exemplary home life, make the game of franchise grabbing through bribery a much more hazardous pastime than it was, say, ten years ago. The pickings in it for the boss will consequently not be so easy. Formerly, when purifying politics, the public never looked beyond the boss, and it was safe to do business with bosses and their underlings; but now that the public vision is improved and a boss is but the half-way mark in the search for respectable larceny, it is by no means so safe. It is a great step, when you come to think of it, to have learned that our political bosses are not expert cracksmen on their own hook, but simply burglars' helpers, holding the dark-lantern and delivering the tools as they are wanted to the master thieves.

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What are success and worldly wealth to me
 Who am a butt for the cheap, bloodless wit
 Of merchants? Is wealth aught but poverty.
 When guile and cunning are the price of it?
 Better it is to hold dear Friendship's hand,
 To read the silver sonnets in Love's eyes,
 Than in the seething market-place to stand,
 Whilst Love grows green and Friendship droops
 and dies.
 —Langdon Everard.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

TO LINCOLN.

1809—1909.

For The Public:

- O Lincoln, great-heart Lincoln,
 Our memory is true;
 Time hastes away,
 But here today
 Allegiance we renew.
- O Lincoln, brave-heart Lincoln,
 Thy dauntless will we hail;
 Through long dark years
 Of foes and fears,
 Thy courage did not fail.
- O Lincoln, strong-heart Lincoln,
 Steadfast as granite rock;
 Thou stoodst for right
 Throughout that night
 Of awful storm and shock.
- O Lincoln, true-heart Lincoln,
 God's man of destiny;
 It was thy hand
 Gave just command
 To set the Negro free.
- O Lincoln, sad-heart Lincoln,
 No selfish thought was thine;
 For others' woe
 Thy tears did flow
 In sympathy divine.
- O Lincoln, martyr Lincoln,
 We thank thee with this psalm,
 For country free
 From sea to sea,
 And one from pine to palm.

TOWNSEND ALLEN.

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BOUNTY OF COMFORT

For The Public.

The elegantly designed pieces of silverware and the gay trinkets for women's necks and hands glistened in the plate glass window of the corner jewelry store. Well dressed men and women on their way to dinner or the theater, threw casual glances at the treasures in these Aladdin caves which open to the sesame of bulging pocketbooks, perhaps resolving to return upon the next day and make some bit of finery their own.

One passerby, however, brushed almost against the sparkling show window with entire indifference to the rich display. On looking at him closely you discovered that he had apparently been forced to regard the clothier's establishment with equal carelessness for many months. The holes

in his coat gaped boldly, without the pretense of a patch; his worn shoes eagerly absorbed the moisture of the puddles in the street, through which he stepped as though they were no more than bits of dark brown paper scattered on the walk. His eyes looked down steadily in front of him; his shoulders were very bent; the thinness of his face hinted that he might have examined the window of the baker with more eagerness than that of the fashionable jeweler. He was a down-and-outer, certainly; and I remembered the words of a certain clergyman, whose sermons, delivered in a large and fashionable church, were accustomed to be reported in full each Monday in the columns of a conservative newspaper, to the approval of the ultra-orthodox.

"People who are decent, sober, and wholesome and chaste, and have right intentions toward men and right activities with men, will in reason keep bread on the table and the bounty of comfort for the house and for garmenting," said the afore-said preacher to the rich; and surely the sentiment must be worthy of consideration, for has not the reverend gentleman met with much promotion since these and sundry other comments like them first appeared in print, so that he is now a bishop and a man of note? Yet lawless thoughts will come into the head; and I confess I can not hold my thoughts from wandering after the history of that tattered man, although, good sir, I have your respectable assurance for it that he is a scalawag.

For there's my own self, you know, whose shoes, while scarcely the extreme of elegance, have at least no signs of holes in them. But you will consider that when I was in school and college, becoming in a measure fit to earn my daily bread, someone cheerfully settled the small consideration of my bills for me: all my life, if I have wished it, I have had the benefit of that other person's energy and "right activities" to help me in the battle with the world. I have not seen dear ones die for want of any care or luxury to keep them with us in this world; why should I drink, who have no such bitter memories? If I fell ill today, no charity hospital would be waiting for me, whence I might be discharged half cured, to walk along these windy streets all day for work. I do not know what a sharp pang of hunger means. Had I that knowledge, do you not believe that I should learn to "steal," so that the great doors of the jail might close on me, to my disgrace—or is it to the everlasting shame of those who take away the liberty of men only for the lack of bread? No, reassuring purveyor of the staff of some other life, I can not yet convince myself that I am necessarily more entitled to the "bounty of comfort" than our discouraged friend who made such a curious picture back yonder as his ragged elbow almost brushed against those gold and silver toys.

Among these well-fed people all about, it would,

I think, be no impossible task to find here and there a man with a more greedy face than that of the comfort-lacking vagabond; indeed, that mouth of his was not so ungenerous. Was the one talent peradventure taken from him for that he would not put it out at usury? Did he stop to lend a dollar when he might have profitably invested it, to make for him a hundred other indicators of "right intentions toward men"? Did he hesitate to buy too cheaply the toil of little workers and their hungry mothers for his shop? Were night hours "wasted" over an invention which lacked something of that perfection which should have made it fill his pocketbook? Had his untrained hand aspired to perpetuate fair ladies with the artist's brush, rather than serve them with calicoes over the bargain counter of the department store? Or in the iron days, did he perchance turn his foolish pen to epic poems, when he might have used it for the bounty-of-comfort-bringing "ad" for Porkem's soap?

Whether any of these things were in that poor man's life, I do not know: some hint of them came to me when I saw his face. I do not know his history; but well I know that many great and active men have almost starved before they found success. Yes, Keats and Mozart had garmenting too thin and worn; and ah, their tables lacked the bread, and their abodes the comfort, mentioned by our friend, the preacher for the wealthy folk whose activities and whose intentions toward their fellow men are always right!

GEORGIA HOGARTH.

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SOME OF DOBBS'S THINKS.

Remembered by Jackson Biggles.

Sometime in the not very distant past I happened to be at a certain point on Washington street. It was probably before the present moon began to get old and wrinkled and out of shape. The sun was shining every where but in the loop district, according to the weather reports, and the smoke ordinance was flirting with the Sunday closing law, so that we breathed the customary amount of carbon right along without any great effort. All of the chimneys were not smoking all the time, but enough of them were working so forcefully that the rest were not missed. The object of this smoky introduction is not to cast any odious reflections on present or past administrations, but merely to give such an air of verity to this narrative that it may be believed without criminal credulity. A short experience of Washington street atmosphere was so satisfactory that I determined to leave it for the use of the rest of the people, and go over to Clark street for a sample (of atmosphere). As I turned the corner I met my genial young friend, Tom Harder. Tom is not related to Old Tom Harder of Democratic