

he got several *bona fide* votes for the presidential nomination. He made a good Governor, wiping out a State debt that has since returned many-fold. In the same year, 1924, he lost in his bid for re-election, but whereas Coolidge carried the State by 45,000, Brown was beaten by only 12,000. His opponent was John G. Winant, now Governor for the third time and the most powerful Republican in New Hampshire, having slowly wrested away the power of the phrase-making Moses.

Winant, sizing up the formidable qualities of Fred Brown, made a move to get him off the firing-line by placing him on the Public Service Commission. This was Brown's meat and he pitched in and devoured it. If there is a *bête noir* in his life, it is the Power Trust. He framed a law restricting the export of power, thus avoiding for New Hampshire the troubles of Maine. But he was choked in the case of the State vs. the Associated Gas and Electric System and its subsidiaries. The case went to the Supreme Court and he learned that a State has no jurisdiction over a power company outside its bounds. So he decided that he would get at them by going to Washington and whooping it up for stringent Federal regulation.

Power, unemployment and Prohibition were his campaign topics. He has always been a wet, though personally he shies from guzzling. The paramount question for him is the power question.

On the eve of election George Moses, recalling more stalwart days, cried, "Death may beat me, but the Democrats never will!" He believed it and was flabbergasted at the result. With some just indignation he shouted "Treachery!" while leaving Judas unnamed, declaring that he had been defeated by turncoats within his own party. But the Devil should be given his just due, and Fred Brown won a

whopping good scrap against money odds. At Washington his confrères will find him a laconic guy who needs no schooling in practical politics. He may not cost the Government Printing Office much money, but nobody will push him around, either.



A CITY THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

BY GEORGE SEIBEL

Pittsburgh

FRAMED by three epic rivers and perched upon a score of dramatic hills, the city that might have been as beautiful as Edinburgh or Budapest is as dubious as—Pittsburgh. From River Hill to Homestead, from the cliffs of Bellevue to the tomato farms of Aspinwall, height after height rises up like hunchbacks in a nudist colony, here and there proclaiming the virtues of some chewing-gum or the edibility of a certain cake. At the Point, where Allegheny and Monongahela mingle as the Ohio, some one thought of green grass and a toy park—perhaps \$100 has been wasted in this way. Those Germans who thought of the Deutsches Eck at Koblenz would have made a terrace here with a monument to Washington or Boies Penrose. Pittsburgh may rejoice that the spot has not been dedicated to pickles and desecrated with a huge ketchup bottle.

The magnificent hills about Pittsburgh are bare but for Grandview Park, where Richard Mansfield years ago delighted to sit and gaze down upon the panorama. Across the stream, on the Bluff, is where James Parton stood before he wrote his piece in the *Atlantic* on Hell With the Lid Off. Without green plumes by day or pennons of flame at night, the City of Steel and Smoke looks as desolate as Glasgow.

Half a dozen inclines, by which the city worker is carried to the eyrie of his home, offered possibilities like the Fløfjell at Bergen, the Molkenkur at Heidelberg, the Vomero above Naples. Châlets and gardens along the hillsides should offer shade and far horizons and draughts of blushful Hippocrene. But as the reluctant Joseph said to Mrs. Potiphar, Nothing doing!

Pittsburgh needs a million trees and a hundred monuments.

There are monuments, of course, but they are not monumental. Out in Schenley Park is the Bigelow statue, pathetic commentary on the text that God created man in His image. Tiny statuettes are scattered in various spots, dedicated to Stephen C. Foster of the "Swanee Ribber" or Westinghouse of the Air-Brake. Over in Allegheny is a monument to Alexander Humboldt, painted yellow and interned during the war, because Humboldt was a Prussian and called his chief work "Kosmos," thus betraying a lust for universal dominion. Allegheny has another little monument which is really pleasing—a bust of Colonel Anderson erected by Andrew Carnegie to a gentleman whose library was open to poor boys like young Andy.

Perhaps the politicians of Pittsburgh would have put up more statues if they could have used them as they did Anderson's. The Anderson statue voted for many years, until a reformer purged the polling list and disfranchised the colonel.

But there is in Pittsburgh proper no monument worthy of the name. Nothing like that Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial at Indianapolis which makes one square (or is it a circle?) look like an epitome of Paris. Nothing like the beautiful little Don Quixote in the park of 'Frisco. Nothing like the Goethe and Schiller replicas in Syracuse, Milwaukee and Cleveland.

It might have been worse. A few years ago the suggestion was made to put up a monument to Harry Greb, prize-fighter. The suggestion was knocked out when some one protested that there was no statue of Honus Wagner, shortstop and home run swatter.

There's a neat little triangle in the heart of the city, facing the huge William Penn Hotel. Since neither John A. Brashear, who rose from a work-bench to be a telescope-builder, nor Philander C. Knox, a diminutive statesman who showed wide vision as Secretary of State, has any sort of memorial, it might have occurred to somebody to plant a Brashear or Knox statue in this triangle. Instead there was long a wooden shaft which recorded the homicidal statistics of the automobile traffic. Perhaps this triangle is being reserved for the erection of a guillotine when the long-suffering public decides to dispense with some of its undesirable overlords and their gangsters.

The architecture of the city would satisfy almost any lack of taste. In the older quarters the houses belong to the Paleo-Teutonic Period or the Hiberno-Caledonian Renaissance. Homes that were cottages when surrounded by trees became shanties when the trees were chopped down. The most hideous of all barracks, malodorous Yellow Row, disappeared a generation ago, and districts like Squirrel Hill or Mt. Lebanon have bloomed with attractive residences, but in other spots a few big fires would do no harm. The two fairest outcroppings of American architectural art—the filling-station and the skyscraper—diversify the monotony with discordant shrieks. There's even a skyscraping university—the Cathedral of Learning—which would be more inspiring if less aspiring. The new Mellon Institute has a dignity of beauty almost classic, and a few of the

newer skyscrapers, huge boxes where white-collared ants are chained to comptometers, have brought some flashes of glory into murky sameness. The upper stories of the Koppers Building, bathed in white radiance at night, resemble the fairy palace of the Snow Queen imagined by Andersen.

Towering above the town is the crag on which Duquesne University, once named after the Holy Ghost, basks in modest brick respectability. On various other summits are Catholic churches, convents and refuges: the Protestant denominations are dwellers in the valley. There's a Cathedral, but it's a block-house compared to the one at St. Louis. The Sacred Heart basilica will some day be a rich shrine of ecclesiastic art, but most of the Protestant churches, except a Baptist fane by Cram, are grimly Calvinistic or exuberantly Wesleyan. The newer ones are well equipped with kitchens and refectories, as a compromise with spirituality. The new Presbyterian church being built in East Liberty with aluminum dollars will be a noble structure, though an irreverent younger member of the financial dynasty has called it the Mellon Fire-Escape.

Fits of structural ambition come occasionally when the electorate has been wheedled into passing a nice bond issue. The Town Hall is an example. Scandal over the purchase of a site resulted in a delay which demonstrates by popular apathy that nobody really needs a Town Hall. It was a convenient pretext for levying taxes and fattening bank depositories. If the building was to be set on Monument Hill, on the Allegheny side, it would provide as gorgeous a prospect as Calton Hill in Edinburgh: but Allegheny is the Cinderella sister of Father Pitt.

Schenley Park and Highland Park are beautiful survivals of sylvan ages. A park

in the grimy West End harbors enough varieties of birds to delight any adolescent Audubon. But there are ravines that, at trifling cost, could have been made as enchanting as the chines on the Isle of Wight. Mostly they are dumps, kitchen-middens where the sardine can awaits the spade of some Schliemann in 2932. There are eyots in the Allegheny that might have been turned into labyrinths of Eden like the Island at Inverness. But stockyards cover them with odoriferous abattoirs.

Coming down Center avenue, one prospects a panorama that would be starred in the Baedeker of any European town. But most Pittsburghers don't see it any more than they see the cloudy splendor of a sunset behind Mt. Washington. A zoning commission does not prevent outrages which in London would be interdicted as blasphemy against the sacred right of ancient lights, by which the Cockney has kept out the abomination of skyscrapers.

For one purpose funds have been abundantly forthcoming. Fine bridges have been built across hollows, so the dwellers on one hill could go to church on the opposite hill every Sunday and also to the polls on election day to vote for the pious bridge-builder. Bridges have even been built at large cost and then the hollow beneath filled up entirely. That was in days when a contractor's dynasty still ruled the municipal budget under the Hog Combine. The older of Pittsburgh's bridges were merely utilitarian; some of the new are purely futitarian.

There has been widening of constricted streets and building of needed boulevards. The Boulevard of the Allies, known to taxi-drivers without historical perspective as the Boulevard of the Alleys, is like a carcanet of glistering light at night, but like a gash of gray grime by day. If they called it after Knox or Brashear, planted

it with trees and built a few pavilions, it could be another Riverside drive.

Visitors admire the fine court-house by Richardson and its jail annex that looks like a medieval stronghold. A few years ago a clamor arose to raze this picturesque building on the ground that it was an eyesore. The old City Hall in Smithfield street is indeed an eyesore, with apple-vendors on the steps trod by the archons, but it must remain an eyesore until rival political factions can decide which pet realtor shall pocket a fat commission for its sale. The property would be very desirable if the dead hand of buried millionaires had not frozen values in the Golden Triangle, while the itching palm of tax-hungry politicians screwed up tax assessments and levies.

Anyone who has seen the banks of the Rhine at Düsseldorf or Cologne, even the quais of Paris or the Thames Embankment, will realize what might have been done with Pittsburgh's fine river fronts. But here are railroad tracks and sheds, wharves densely parked with motor-cars, mills that vomit hot slag into the stream when times are good, boat-houses that are speakeasies or arks of derelict and non-descript humanity. Venice is gay with gondolas: here all is black with coal-barges—when times are good. Nobody uses the rivers—if you had a gondola, there is nowhere to go.

Nothing much can be accomplished in beautifying Pittsburgh until the political parasites have been cleaned out of city and county. After the extermination of these lice, it should be possible to reduce assessments and taxes to a point where it will again be possible to own property with profit.

Benefits would be shown first in paint and landscape gardening, ultimately in new building and public improvements. Industries driven out of the city by taxes and graft will slowly return. Housing plans may develop—there is one section between Forbes street and the Bluff, now almost a slum, extending as far as Brady street, which could become an area of comfortable and beautiful homes. Downtown housing is sadly needed because Pittsburgh transportation service is very nearly the worst in the world.

Pittsburgh is a place, like Leadville, where many people have made much money and moved away. They have left it to their epigoni to realize its possibilities and atone for their sins of dereliction. Some day this city will be as beautiful as Stuttgart or even Budapest, which it resembles in topography. And then the flag-staff on Herron Hill may come down. Banners and drums are not needed to inspire patriotism in a City Beautiful. No Union Jack or Old Glory waved over the Acropolis.

THE CLOWN AS LAWMAKER

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

IT is time to revise the common conception of the American State Legislatures. Scientifically regarded, they have become simply so many auxiliary grand lodges of the tin-pot fraternal orders. Fraternalism, as everyone knows, has swollen to gigantic proportions in the Republic of late, and what is happening is that the legislators, who are lodge members almost to a man, are carrying over into their chambers the amazing habits, antics and *mores* of their fraternities. The lodges, created to satisfy the cravings of minor Babbitts for the shows and pomps of this world, are absorbing the American law-making machine. The Solons behave in their halls like so many Mystic Shriners, Knights of Pythias, Elks, Eagles, Moose, Freemasons, and Redmen.

Those learned men who study the Legislatures from books little realize that in most of the States their function is now far more social than legislative, and that the commencement of a session means mainly the inauguration of a season of festivity. From the very first day the legislators are entertained lavishly. The Kiwanis and Rotary clubs of the State capital do their bits, bands play, and visiting celebrities are pressed into service, including opera singers, movie stars, and comic-strip cartoonists. And while they are thus entertained, it is expected that the legislators will themselves do some entertaining. The session of the Legislature is looked forward to as a boisterous event, superior even to the

movies or a travelling road show. Often the crowds drawn to the galleries become so large that NO STANDING ROOM signs have to be hung out. Afternoon sessions are spoken of as *matinée* performances. The worst reputation that a State Legislature can get is to become known as the Earnest 59th.

From the first day, when, as the pleasant custom is, the desks of the members are banked with gifts and flowers, to the final love feast at adjournment, when they march about singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," and "It Ain't a-Gonna Rain No More," the interior of the typical State legislative chamber resembles a mixture of the circus, the New York Stock Exchange, a lunatic asylum and a fish-market. The sheer noise which prevails is often so deafening that it becomes almost impossible to transact business. The legislators are always extending the privilege of the floor to an army of friends, relatives, lobbyists and visitors, and the walls often echo with loud cries of "Bunk!" "Hokum!" "Apple-sauce!" and "Banana Oil!" as the chambers are invaded by boisterous hordes who have marched upon the State capital to protest against this or that.

It is no accident that the personnel of an American Legislature often includes some man or other of a notable talent for ribald entertainment. It may be only a sweet whistler or songster; it may be a real prodigy. The Texas Legislature has got a