

gather in the Stadium they think of him again. They credit him with the electrification of the Illinois Central and the whole Lake Shore development, with two boulevards and three street widenings. He moved the Water Street Market out of the Loop and built a double-deck drive along the River edge, thereby boosting property values tenfold. Not since Carter Harrison, the World's Fair mayor, has Chicago had such a building boom or such a boom in public improvements. They say that he built like the Cæsars of Rome and he promises to do so again. He would have difficulty at this stage to get out of it. He could hold his friends by no other means. They expect him to spend money, to let contracts and they know him well enough to feel that he is not going to forget them. There will probably be graft; there always is when a city lets contracts. If Dever's record is clear it is because he sat tight and held the purse strings. Thompson

throws everything wide open. His personal record, his accusers notwithstanding, is probably clear. Winning the election feeds his ego. He takes a boyish delight in playing with crowds and getting his picture taken. But more fundamental than that, he has a mania for building lasting monuments to William Hale Thompson. He likes to do big spectacular things. Note how he stepped in with a program for flood relief.

Whether his third term will be a menace or an asset to Chicago, remains to be seen. With him in charge and his lieutenants in the key positions, it could be either. Herein lies the great weakness of town hall democracy. It cannot protect itself against popular stampedes during election or gang control after. Is this a safe arrangement where there is so much at stake? Of course we wouldn't run a business on so insecure a basis; but what is the answer, more or less democracy?

SEVEN WORDS

CATHERINE PARMENTER

On this prosaic page—almost concealed
 Among a myriad advertisements—
 To-night I found them. In their eloquence
 And wistful tragedy they stand revealed:
 Just seven words. And yet they bring to me
 The emptiness of young dreams unfulfilled—
 Of twilit songs and whispers that were stilled
 Before their birth—of eyes that could not see
 For tears—of hands that till this star-lost night
 Had clung to something tangible and near. . . .
 For I have found in this dull column here
 Just seven words that burn with a strange light—
 Oh, love . . . and tragedy . . . and vision fused!—
 “For sale: a baby-carriage. Never used.”

LUCK

KARL W. DETZER

OLD Samuel Potter buckled his oilskins gravely and stepped with impassive face into the cold vehement night. It was eight o'clock, the twenty-ninth of March. He was starting his last patrol. At midnight he would complete thirty years of honorable service in the coast-guard. Under the humanitarian dogmatism of Government rules, at midnight he must become a pensioner.

He latched the door firmly, walked erect as long as the crew could see, but once out of sight, he stumbled; his breath, that outwardly he had managed to keep tranquil, caught against the first push of wind. His last patrol!

Back in the snug warmth of the squad-room, the recruit laughed.

"The old man's near done," he said.

There was contempt, more than pity, in his voice. Sam's mates recognized its note, and at once protested.

"He was good in his time," one cried. "Held a dozen records . . . swimming, signaling, first aid, don't know what all. Nothin' he couldn't do better'n anybody else. Only. . ."

"It wasn't his fault he was always lucky," Nels Bergson, the keeper, said soberly. "Just happened no call ever came in with Sam Potter on duty. Four year he's served here,

and we ain't launched a boat since he come, except in practice. Was the same way at Herring Head, where he was stationed afore this. Three disasters they had there in one season, and Sam was away all three times, on liberty. Never knowed about 'em till they was over. Wasn't his fault."

Carlsen, number one man, nodded his big round head.

"We was over on Elephant Back together, me and Sam, five year. Two disasters the same week, and Sam laid up both time. Broke his leg fallin' off'n the drill-mast. Next season the *Red Apple*, that three stick schooner out o' Buffalo, washed ashore not heavin' stick distance off'n our runways. Sam was to town over night, keeper'd sent him after a can o' copper paint. Crew . . . nine of them there was . . . was all saved and dry when he got back next morning. Pretty mad, he acted. Said somebody else could run errands a spell. Yeh, he's been luckier'n most!"

Out on the rough, spitting wash, Surfman Sam Potter pushed his tough old body stubbornly against the icy onslaughts of the northeast wind. His eyes, which had squinted defiance at thirty years of weather, blinked nervously. They missed nothing. If a ship out there on that pitching water needed help, Sam would see her. His eyes were all