

orator, the greatest battle of the Civil War. He had won it, also, as a general, by discerning and seizing the "key of the situation." His brief speech many months afterwards at the consecration of the Gettysburg Cemetery offers another striking example.

It was not many days before there was another speaker standing upon the same spot before a throng almost as large, discussing the swift changes which had already taken place since the inaugural, and predicting prophetically those which must surely follow. The Hon. Leonard Swett, of Illinois, had a very high reputation as an orator. He bore a marked personal resemblance to the President, his old friend and law associate, but he was only six feet high, or four inches shorter than Mr. Lincoln. He was somewhat less otherwise, but he made a remarkable address to his multitude of excited hearers. It was said to be "the greatest effort of his life," and so it may have been, for he could hardly ever have had a greater opportunity. In this speech there was first brought into politics the quotation from Revelation: "There will be 'blood to the horses' bridles.'" It was thrilling, indeed, but it was nevertheless disappointing, for the occasion proved to be greater than the orator, and got away from him, so that its escape was noticeable. One could half discern an idea that his voice was smothered in the roar of guns from the battles of which he was speaking, and which seemed so very near. The thoughts of men turned away to listen, and ceased to hear anything uttered upon the stand. Very likely no possible oratorical power could have held them.

One of the most touchingly eloquent speeches I ever heard was made at about that time by a man of whom it had been said: "General Scott is a great soldier, but he does not know how to make a speech." He had long been at the head of the army, but age had at last unfitted him for active duty, and the Civil War had come. On the occasion of his turning over the command to General McClellan and retiring, many hundreds of us, with a band, went and serenaded him at his boarding-house on Seventh Street, and he spoke to us from the steps. What he said was admirable, and it read well afterwards. It was like a last will and testament, trying to make us the heirs of his unfaltering patriotism. Every man felt it deeply, but a great deal of its effect would have been lost but for what some would call the "theatrical properties" which surrounded the bent form of the old hero that starlit evening, with the camps he spoke about so close at hand. There were field-batteries posted only two squares away, and there were volunteers marching down the nearest avenue to cross the Potomac into Virginia. He had seen, he said, his last field of battle—he had seen many. God only knew what we were to see. His work was done. Ours was before us. Not many who heard him failed to enter the ranks pretty promptly in one way or another.

Must a man, then, wait in hope for the coming of some occasion which will transform him into an orator, and enable him to carry his excited hearers along with him by virtue of some force of circumstances altogether outside of himself, but subject to his management?

No; I think that is not the correct deduction, referring to Daniel Webster's rescue of Jerry, the fugitive slave, and to the tremendous lift given to Lincoln and the anti-slavery movement by the use made of his opportunities in debate by Stephen A. Douglas. Both Webster and Douglas so managed the occasions given them, or sought by them, as to produce effects opposite to what they intended.

Moreover, is there any audience, anywhere, which does not contain an opportunity, if the man who is to address it is himself a part of that opportunity, as Lincoln so often was? Do not some of our living preachers succeed, or fail, with direct reference to their faculty for discovering what the occasion before them really is? Is not such a discovery closely akin to the actual creation of an opportunity, and can it not be accomplished with a near approach to certainty?



Great men are rarely isolated mountain peaks; they are the summits of ranges.—*T. W. Higginson.*

## Cleveland's Reformed Police Force

By Arthur Reed Kimball

It is noteworthy that, on the eve of the recent fiercely contested mayoralty election in Chicago, the "Herald" of that city, its leading Democratic newspaper, should have come out with a long account of the model, non-political police system of Cleveland, and with an editorial commending the Cleveland system to the careful attention of its Chicago readers. This commendatory editorial starts with the statement: "The absolute elimination of politics from police in our cities has been the hope of all good citizens everywhere." This is a significant admission from a strong party paper of a truth that must have been forced upon it by local experience. The party strength that lies in a politically debauched police force is attested by the fact that, as soon as Dr. Parkhurst's campaign began to bear practical fruit in the indictment of a police captain and in a spasm of police virtue called "a shake-up," the sensitiveness of Tammany, touched in its tenderest spot, responded in a long defense from the silent man who is Tammany's czar. The general interest recently aroused in the question of municipal reform may well be directed to this question of police control as a crucial one in achieving success.

The story of Cleveland's experiment in divorcing its police management from politics antedates by five years the departure of that city in adopting "the federal plan" of city government. According to the Chicago "Herald" article above referred to—from which the facts here given are condensed—it was when George W. Gardner was elected Mayor of Cleveland in 1885 that the first practical test was made of a non-partisan police force. Mr. Gardner had previously served in the City Council for twelve years, and was thoroughly familiar with city affairs and needs. He inaugurated a new set of rules to govern the selection of applicants for places on the police force—rules intended to insure the choice of men by merit and not by political "pull." He also made it one of the first rules he put in force that a policeman should be removed only on conviction upon specified charges, after an open trial. Mayor Gardner thus struck two blows at political domination of the Cleveland police force: one hampered politicians in securing a place for a "henchman," the other prevented politicians from securing removals on merely political grounds.

The way was thus opened for the perfection of the system when Cleveland adopted "the federal plan" of city government. By this plan, it will be remembered, the twenty-odd boards and commissions before existing were replaced by a single board composed of six heads (or "directors") of departments, which single board must review and pass any appropriation voted by the Common Council before such appropriation went to the Mayor for his assent or veto. One of these six "directors" is the head of the police department, and, as the statute reads, this "director" "shall appoint the superintendent of the police force, and, within the limit prescribed by the Council, such other officers and patrolmen as in his opinion the public interests require," "under and in pursuance of rules and regulations providing for the ascertaining of the comparative fitness of all applicants for appointment or promotion by a systematic, open, and competitive examination of such applicants."

These rules provide for a physical examination of applicants by a non-partisan board, a test of intelligence in the "three R's," and of knowledge of the ordinary statutes and of the streets of Cleveland by another board, and a guarantee of good character and habits from citizens who are personal acquaintances. A new man must serve on probation for six months before the place becomes permanently his, practically for life or during good behavior. He is pensioned when disabled or superannuated, and his family is cared for. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Pinkertons are practically barred from securing places on the force. Promotion to all grades except that of superintendent is made on similar regulations to those of the

United States Army. No police officer can be removed or reduced in rank "except for cause, to be assigned in writing after due notice, and on a public hearing, if demanded by the accused." The charges for which a police officer may be disciplined—not necessarily removed—include all kinds of offenses, from indecent or profane language to a neglect in paying his just debts for necessities while on the force. The political "pull" is made powerless by this rule:

"Any applicant for promotion causing any person to interfere or make solicitation in his behalf to the director of police, or to any examining officer, personally or by letter or petition, shall be reported to the director of police, and his application denied."

The verdict on the success of the system can best be given in the words of the Chicago "Herald's" editorial: "This police reform has now been in successful operation in Cleveland for three years [dating from the time "the federal plan" was adopted], and has consequently passed the experimental stage. If there is any defect in the system, it has not yet been discovered. There may possibly be a question about the applicability of that system to a metropolitan city like Chicago, but it would seem that the theory is correct, and that only such modifications would be necessary anywhere as changed conditions should dictate."



## The Greater Glory<sup>1</sup>

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.  
(Begun in *The Outlook* for July 1.)

### CHAPTER XLIX.

#### THE LADY'S DOLE

"I'll do it," said Count Rexelaer aloud. "I ought to have done it before. But I was always too good-natured."

A couple of hours later Notary Strum, at work in his office, received a telegraphic message summoning him to My Lord of Deynum's presence by eleven on the morrow morning.

He rose from his desk with a growl and lumbered across the little entrance-hall to the room where his mother sat knitting, as ever.

"Here's a telegram," said Nicholas. "Order from Pacha to come up to town to-morrow. Never mind rain, hail, wind, or snow. Pacha says: 'Come. I whistled.'"

"Oh, Nicholas, with your chill!" said the old woman, and laid down her work.

"Yes, *with* my chill!" retorted Nicholas. "I couldn't well go without."

"I suppose you must," said the widow, thoughtfully. "You see, his Excellency doesn't know you are indisposed. And it is a great privilege for you to act as the confidential adviser of so magnificent a patron, Nicky."

"'Magnificent' is the word," replied Nicky, and went back to his office, banging the door.

All these years mother and son had jogged on side by side, or rather son a-top. "A wife and children would cost me a second servant," reasoned the notary. "Mother looks after me and the maid." But her company was not only convenience and complacency; for she had a maddening way of ignoring—from incompetency to comprehend them—all the dear fellow's favorite fads of thought and expression, and, having lived her whole life in submission to God, the priest, and the gentlefolks, she could not remember that Nicholas believed, or said he believed, in the Almighty but vaguely, in her other divinities not at all. She would gladly have sacrificed her life for her son—in fact, she did so, in a long-drawn daily sacrifice—but she was incapable of sparing him her old-fashioned utterances, from which he vainly fled. If he grew ironical, she took him in earnest. If he flew out at her, she would meekly cite his father. Nicholas quoted his father at the clients, not to himself.

When Nicholas started next morning at daybreak, he was safely wrapped up and galoshed and comfortered, and

his mother came running after him, in the cold, with pocket-handkerchiefs and lozenges, of which he had already procured a supply. He sent her back with a growl.

He had the pleasure of traveling all the way to the Hague with a man who lamented "the decrease of deference in social relations." He bore this with the fierce silence on which he had long nourished his spites and discontents. "No use quarreling," he would tell himself, "with one's bread and butter because the butter's bad."

His "magnificent patron" received him with unusual friendliness, even thanking him for coming. "I wonder what he wants," thought Strum.

Count Rexelaer immediately proceeded to enlighten him. "Strum, I am going to do it," said his Excellency, in his hasty way. "I mean, about 'the Lady's Dole.' You were quite right. I ought never to have allowed them to settle again in Deynum."

The Notary's heart leapt within him. He forgot all about the cold or the discomfort of coming. For years he had vainly been endeavoring to convince Count Rexelaer, and now that fine gentleman, just like a fine gentleman, sent for him, in the middle of winter, to say: "I am convinced!" No matter; he would be avenged on his enemy at last.

"I am greatly relieved," he said, blinking cheerfully behind his glasses. "Your Excellency knows with what increasing compunction I have paid the annual installments where they were no longer due." In his heart he wondered: What has happened to set his Excellency still more against the Baron?

"Of course I knew that your view was the only correct one," replied Count Rexelaer, coldly. "But from charity—pure charity—I declined to enforce it. Had the Baron seen fit to show that reserve which I had a right to expect from a gentleman, instead of assuming from the first an attitude which I may well call aggressive—" He paused and looked at Strum.

"Just so," said the Notary, in sullen obedience, cracking his huge finger-joints.

"Just so," repeated his Excellency. "He has developed among the villagers the spirit of faction; he has openly opposed me on every occasion. I have borne it all in a magnanimous spirit, for I cannot bear striking a man when he's down. But at last our position has become quite untenable. One of us must go. Write him a letter to say that the money will no longer be paid."

Strum drew himself up eagerly, with one of his uncouth jerks; his speckled face was bright with exultation. "I could write it here," he said, "and let your Excellency see it."

"There is no such hurry. But you will find pen and ink on yonder table."

The Notary availed himself of the permission. "I wonder what has done it," he repeated. "Surely not that mass on the anniversary of the death of the Baron's mother which they say he was so angry about."

It was but a straw which had caused Count Rexelaer's long-gathering resentment to brim over. True, the Baron's majority at a re-election had been over a hundred; Father Bulbius, embittered by Veronica's increasing perversity, had taken to preaching distinctly polemical sermons, and such of the country gentry as remained still untouched by the corruption of the Hague had increased, since his Excellency's appointment, in invidious cordiality to his rival. For all these things Count Rexelaer hated—secretly, nervously, deeply, according to his character—Deynum, its Baron, and its surroundings. Now that he had, not one foot in the stirrup, but both hands on the bridle, he resolved to hit back. Oh, the delightful feeling! Not even life-long cringing can teach the worm not to turn.

Still, he waited for the last little something. It took the shape of a letter from the Baroness Borck of Rollingen to her cousin Elizabeth, containing the information that a widespread conviction was obtaining in the neighborhood that all difficulties would be ultimately set right by a marriage between Wendela and Reinout. Ridiculous as the idea might be, it had commended itself to the country people as a definite "restitution." "No need to inquire who

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1893, D. Appleton & Co., New York.