

Chicago's next to Parce in the minds o' some kinds o' fun hunters. So the chum went to the city to investigate them redlight precincts that makes policemen so sleepy they can't see anything wrong goin' on. He had a hundred dollars saved up, an' he remarks to Tomkins that them Chicago fellers would find him wide awake an' comin' all the time. He expected to bring back more money than he started with. The fun he had won't all bear tellin', but it seems he went to one o' them big hotel rooms that's copied after ole Babylon or Pompay, where people knew how to be wicked in more ways than our 'ristocrats have invented yet. There he met a nice man that used to go to school with his gran'pa. Gran'pa's friend asked him to have a little wine, an' then introduced him to some 'ristocratic ladies, that was awful sociable but didn't spare the wine when it went round. Gran'pa's friend borrowed what money the chum had with him, an' the party went to see the redlights. The police picked the chum from the sidewalk where he was sleepin', the next mornin' about sunrise, an' he telegraphed Tomkins for carfare.

I couldn't see anything 'specially ludicrous in a man losin' all his money an' senses an' goin' to sleep on the sidewalk. The fact that bad men an' women got the better of the feller that wanted to be bad because he thought there was joy in bein' bad, didn't seem so awful funny to me, but Tomkins laughed about it so much he gained ten pounds in a week.

Well, I suppose we was made to laugh as well as to cry. It's likely we was intended to have a little joy as we go 'long; but the puzzle of it to me is why we should laugh at the misfortunes of others, an' how it comes that so many folks think there is joy in doin' the things that the experience of the ages shows to be wrong. Yes, sir! Some things is too deep an' wide for my feeble understandin'.

GEORGE V. WELLS.

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A MODEL OBITUARY WITH A MORAL.

Tribute of the St. Louis Mirror of September 14,
by William Marion Reedy, to the One-
time Boss of St. Louis.*

Much solemn passing of editorial judgment has there been upon the death of Edward Butler, once this city's undisputed Democratic boss. But why judge him? Edward Butler was a good man, according to his lights; a better man than most who

*We are sure that neither the spirit in which the brilliant and thoughtful editor of the St. Louis Mirror wrote this unique obituary, nor ours in reproducing it in The Public, will be misunderstood by any reader of good feeling and good sense. It is not one of those hollow tributes to a departed enemy of society with many surviving friends, which are in the spirit of the maxim that only good may be said of the dead. Its spirit is that of

laud him, with careful reservation. He was, as I knew him, truer to his ideals than most of those who fought him. He never was a hypocrite, condoning sins he had a mind to, while damning those he was not inclined to. He "played the game" as he learned it from the "best" people. He was a man of strength and acumen and he believed in taking all that those qualities might get him. He had a powerful mind and a strong will and he allied himself with like men to accomplish their purposes, which they deemed good for the community because they were good for themselves. Edward Butler laid claim to a large share of the credit for developing this city. By his political power he aided in the development of great properties. He used his political power in the only way that political power could be used for such ends. He employed force or strategy as either seemed better fitted to achieve results. And upon the results of his work were erected great fortunes, some of the beneficiaries of which today hold Butler to have been a bad man. But while they held Butler to have been a bad man, it is not noticeable that any of them are giving up their fortunes.

Butler was as good as the best of us who "play the game," better than most of us, for he had not our light. He was a real Super-man in the materialistic sense; he was "beyond good and evil" because he did not see them. Be sure he never thought he corrupted anyone. Most men were corrupt to begin with and through that they could be "got," so he "got" them. If he used human tools, he did not despise them. They were simply "human, all too human."

Butler was a personality of much attractiveness. He had a head and face like Aesop, the philosopher fabulist. Its granitic ruggedness was shot through with great comedic lines and his eyes went twinkling through you as he spoke. He was a humorist and a wit and those gifts carried him through many an ugly fight. He could "size up" a situation or a man in a sentence. He could prevaricate like a Bengali, but when he took to truth-telling, other folks "took to the woods." He had an adorable cynicism as to proclaimed motives and a titanic scorn for reformers, especially as most reformers had, at various times, profited by those labors of his which they affected to condemn. In a caucus he would prick a pretentious bubble reputation with a word and strip a hypocrite to his very bones. He went after an enemy, in his earlier years, like an Indian and nothing was too desperate to be done to accomplish that ene-

simple justice to a man of the type of Boss Tweed. In no respect minimizing his deadly faults, it nevertheless marshals forth his primitive virtues in due proportion; and it gives him merited credit, moreover, for his public service in ultimating the social canker that festers at the heart of society. Mr. Reedy is to be congratulated for an obituary which is in substance as frank, yet fair, as it is novel and tender in conception and brilliant in form.

my's ruin. On the other hand, he was a Providence to an army of people and forgot nor friends or favors. Often he kept his word to his financial hurt, and often he did his best in politics for men he knew would lose, or, worse, for men he knew would not reward his services. There was a large vein of geniality in him and he was a curt conversationalist whose talk would put one of our modern epigrammatists to the blush. He bore denunciation, especially when it came from those he thought had no right to denounce him, with a comico-philosophic resignation. He would "let 'em rave" for a while and then he would go and get himself interviewed and the interview would make the town rock with ironic laughter against his enemies. But when his parish priest denounced him from the altar for countenancing evils that made for political power, he said nothing, except that politics and religion were two different things. His Standard theater shows were denounced, but he said no one was compelled to see them, and there were fashionable shows that were worse. If he bought a franchise, how else was he to get it? And there's no answer, so long as franchises are given. He was no sociologer or political economist. If men were to give, to men who would pay for it, what belonged to everybody, he didn't see that the givers had not as good a right to a profit as the receivers. And his way of carrying an election was different from the other fellow's only in that it was more often successful.

"Col. Ed." was typical of his extremely pragmatic day and generation. He had all the picturesque virtues, as a politician; courage, loyalty, and fortitude in trouble. In private he was a most devotedly affectionate husband and father, and a friend who bore an Atlas weight of his friends' infirmities. He commanded a vast devotion and was much beloved by men of power like himself and by people of no power, but their helplessness. It was his character that compelled people. Whatever he may have been, he was himself, without trappings or disguise, without, as Stevenson said, capitulation. His gentler qualities will be longer and more deservedly remembered than his qualities of power, so often misdirected. Those latter qualities were misdirected by the forces of the time into which he was born. He made himself, from a journeyman blacksmith, a big man in politics and finance, and he did it in the ways followed by other men. In doing it, he taught us gradually how and why it was wrong, though he could not be brought to see it. So, in his big, finely baronial way, he too served, and at the end not a few of his antagonists of old could say, with heart in their words, the world had better spared a better man.

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The greatest danger of the man who has a command of language is, that ere he is aware, language will have command of him.—Puck.

BOOKS

CONGESTION IN NEW YORK.

Industrial Causes of Congestion of Population in New York City. By Edward Ewing Pratt, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Economics and Statistics, New York School of Philanthropy. Published for Columbia University, by Longmans, Green & Co. New York City, and P. S. King & Son, London. 1911.

Professor Pratt's thesis in the Political Science studies (Vol. x, No. 1) of Columbia University, concentrates attention upon the industrial causes of congestion of population, using the term "industrial" in a rather narrow sense and applying it to New York City alone. But so extensive is his work, even within that restricted sphere, that this thesis occupies 250 pages of printed matter.

The author distinguishes "concentration of population" from "congestion of population." *Concentration* "describes the movement of population from the thinly populated districts to certain large centers." He accounts for this fundamentally by (1) improvements in agriculture necessitating less labor relatively for food production, (2) growth of commercial centers with development and improvement of transportation, and (3) growth of industrial centers with improvement in productive processes. But *congestion* is caused by (1) concentration of industries, (2) dependence upon proximity of means of support, (3) poverty, (4) faulty systems of taxation and assessment, (5) speculation in land values, (6) gregarious habits of nationalities, races and classes, (7) the "perverse individualism" or "pseudodemocratic sentiment" which lets men use their property so as to yield themselves the greatest benefit and to live as they see fit regardless of overcrowding, (8) physical peculiarities of location, (9) converging of transportation routes, (10) lack of proper city-planning, (11) ignorance, (12) lack of adequate rapid transit. Evidently the author's strong suit is not generalization, although he makes a halting essay at it with a classification of the foregoing causes of congestion into *positive and negative* and *economic and social*. But generalization seldom is and possibly ought never to be the strong suit of fact-gatherers—except, of course, such rudimentary forms of generalization as will prevent the fact-gatherer from mixing up his facts. Professor Pratt's thesis is naturally enough valuable especially for its collection of facts.

When he comes to remedies, the influence upon him of habits of thought as a professional philanthropist is strong. He thinks there must be "a general, broad, inclusive program," wherein the remedies most to be emphasized are "city planning in its full significance, the establishment of sub-