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THE STORY OF A REFORMER'S WIFE

AN ACCOUNT OF THE KIDNAPPING OF FREMONT OLDER,
THE SHOOTING OF FRANCIS J. HENEY, AND
THE SAN FRANCISCO DYNAMITE PLOTS

BY MRS. FREMONT OLDER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHAT was the motive of the San Francisco Graft Prosecution? has been repeatedly asked. Why was it started? Was it a business revenge of Rudolph Spreckels? For the reason that I have been in the closest possible association with the investigation from its beginning, and have lived through the fever and throb of its successes and failures, I have been asked to write what I know of its history.

When, in 1901, Eugene Schmitz was elected Mayor on the Union-Labor ticket, little was known of him save that he was the well-looking leader of an orchestra. Fremont Older, the managing editor of the *Bulletin*, however, shared in the common belief that the new Mayor's political manager, Abraham Ruef, for years had walked the tight rope of anti-social crime, and had approached close to the gates of San Quentin. Even at that time Ruef's fellow-conspirator in substituting an heir was serving a term in prison. Although during the campaign the *Bulletin* did not support Schmitz, Mr. Older thought kindly of him and desired to see him make himself a national figure as a Union-Labor Mayor. The editor, having a slight acquaintance with Schmitz, sent word to him by a friend that he could not afford an alliance with a corrupt force like Ruef, and warned the new Mayor that Ruef would bring about his ultimate political ruin. Schmitz's answer was to write a letter to the newspapers, publicly proclaiming Ruef his agent. To announce this was to hoist the black flag of the buccaneer.

At first it was little, squalid graft — black-mailing gamblers and the nether world; one could feel graft, breathe it, do all but see and prove it. The town knew everything was for

sale; the town cynically smiled; Ruef, they said was a smart fellow. The public prints were silent. Mr. Older, however, was not silent, and San Francisco smelt the first smoke of the Graft Prosecution when the *Bulletin* attacked Schmitz and Ruef.

With the Mayor's reelection, in 1903, by an increased majority, he obtained control of all the commissions; hitherto these had been held by ex-Mayor Phelan's appointees. Now the large graft began; the saloons sold "municipal" whisky; Chinatown paid heavy tribute to the police; the administration profited from the earnings of the women of the dives. Mr. Older, believing these to be the facts, not only daily criticized Schmitz and Ruef, but as early as this he had the idea of bringing about a Grand Jury investigation. He was not long, however, in discovering that this body, as drawn in 1904, consisted of Schmitzes and Ruefs. The boss was master of the many ways in which the slips of paper on which the names were written could be juggled. Nevertheless, Mr. Older determined that for once the Grand Jury should consist of good citizens. Mr. Symmes, the president of the Merchants' Association, was asked by the editor to accompany him to the court-room where the drawing was to take place. The two men stood over the box containing the written names and took care that they were not gummed together. The result of the morning's work was the Andrews Grand Jury. It was a group of men ready to do their duty; but the District Attorney was spineless and complaisant.

Frequently the *Bulletin* charged that the Chinese gamblers were bribing the police to secure immunity from arrest; the police commissioners back-fired the attack by summoning Mr. Older before them for the purpose of

investigating his source of information. Although the editor induced Sergeant Ellis of the Chinatown squad to confess and to lay thirteen hundred dollars blackmail money upon the desk in the Grand Jury room, no indictments could be obtained.

The *Bulletin* was becoming too active for the mental tranquillity of Ruef and Schmitz. Mr. Crothers, the proprietor, and Mr. Older received letters threatening their lives. One evening, as Mr. Crothers was passing through an alley on his way to the *Bulletin* office, he was waylaid, felled to the ground, and left for dead; this was the first casualty in the battle for good government.

Intimidation and violence, however, could not alter the policy of the *Bulletin*. The following day both Mr. Crothers and Mr. Older engaged body-guards; in an editorial they announced that the fight would go on until an honest government was installed in the city. Once or twice Mr. Older met Rudolph Spreckels, with whom he was slightly acquainted; they were bright moments; outside of the *Bulletin* office Mr. Spreckels was the first thoroughly fighting-mad citizen Mr. Older had met.

The editor watched every move of the administration. Early in 1905 the police commissioners withdrew the licenses from the French restaurants. At the end of a week, for an esoteric reason, the licenses were regranted. Mr. Older called on the proprietor of Marchand's. "Pierre, tell me," the editor began, "why the police commissioners turned a somersault?"

Pierre's smile was one of revelation. "I was very seeck, monsieur. I send for ze docteur. Ruef is a very good docteur. I am well."

Mr. Older in the *Bulletin* interpreted the esoteric reason accurately; it was ten thousand dollars. Ruef afterward confessed it. Schmitz was tried and condemned to prison for it. Notwithstanding the abundance of proof of this clear case of official extortion, at that time no other newspaper published a word concerning the occurrence.

Early in 1905 Arthur McEwen, who was widely known and admired on the Pacific Coast, returned from New York to utter in the columns of the *Bulletin* his protest against corruption.

II

An election was approaching. Ruef and Schmitz hoped to capture the city for the third time. Now Ruef saw big goals; it should be Governor Schmitz; it should be United States Senator Ruef. That editor, yelping of his crimes, disturbed the boss's dream. Ruef determined that the *Bulletin* should not be sold

or distributed; it should not exist. To this end he organized a band of thugs who called themselves newsboys. Carriers were assaulted; they afterward voted for Schmitz. Merchants were struck with stones and bricks for buying the paper; they afterward voted for Schmitz. Windows were broken in the *Bulletin* office. Horses were unhitched from the delivery-wagons. Men were maimed for life. The police looked the other way. Mr. Older was followed to the very door of the Palace Hotel by a howling mob which threw sticks and stones at him. The deputy sheriffs who were called in looked the other way. Some old women at length ventured to hold the paper up in the streets. They alone were able to dispose of a few copies, but even purchasers were assaulted. When the *Bulletin* organized a body of men of its own, there was daily fighting in the streets; but only in this way, after a loss of many thousands of dollars, was the paper allowed to continue in circulation.

One day in the summer of 1905 Mr. Spreckels indicated to Mr. Older that he had a remedy to suggest, and the two men came together. "My idea," said the capitalist, "is to organize fifteen representative men, taken from all walks of life, into what might be called an unarmed vigilance committee. Their ostensible duties shall be to see that public moneys are honestly expended. In pursuing the investigations necessary, all this graft that you are writing about will be uncovered."

For four years, unaided, Mr. Older had been fighting for decent government. When Rudolph Spreckels made this suggestion, it was like a helping hand held out to one sinking at sea. "Good," the editor answered; "let's start now to select the men."

Later these enthusiasts were to know their San Francisco better than they did in the summer of 1905; but they set to work and compiled an array of imposing stuffed respectabilities. At that time, both artlessly believed that large property-holders in a community would have a deeper interest in the administration of affairs than men not on the assessment roll. Rudolph Spreckels was then but thirty-three. He had the beautiful self-confidence of a young emperor. "I'll see these men myself," he said. He did.

Mr. Older broke the silence that followed by asking a fortnight later over the telephone, "What has become of our committee?"

"Not one man would serve," Spreckels answered. "They said they couldn't afford to mix up with anything that would hurt business."

Even at this early time, what San Francisco has since denominated the "higher-up" de-

defined itself, but neither the editor nor the millionaire classified the genus.

It had been a pleasant two weeks of vain hope; Mr. Older went back to the old fight. After all, there seemed no way of bringing about a new order of things except at the polls. The editor had no doubt that the fire in his brain would become a general intellectual conflagration. He saw a city of indignant citizens who were only awaiting an opportunity to cleanse the municipal government. In order that no minds should be led by party loyalty into diminishing the vote against Schmitz, Mr. Older now took up the task of effecting coalition between the Republican and Democratic tickets. Because Mr. Older was not a spoilsman, his request had weight. He urged the Democratic leaders to accept the Republican candidate for Mayor. When they yielded, he felt that the election was carried. Now, at last, he would see the end of the reign of graft. Ruef himself evidently believed his organization to be in great danger. Several times he hired halls and theaters, packed them with his hangers-on, and for hours heaped vile abuse upon Mr. Older, Mr. Crothers, and every decent citizen who was opposing him. A small subsidized paper published his harangue in full; Ruef paid to have a copy of the issue laid on every door-step in San Francisco.

The bitterly contested campaign of 1905 closed one Saturday night with a large political meeting held in Mechanics' Pavilion; twelve thousand men and women were present. I recall only one speech of the evening; it was made by a man who was a stranger to most of those present — a spectacled man with a boyish grin and a peculiar nasal draw now familiar to Californians. "When you are ready," the speaker closed, "send for me. I'll come back here and put Abe Ruef in San Quentin."

"Who is he?" was asked. "Who is he?"

"It's Frank Heney," came the answer. "He's been prosecuting the Oregon land thieves."

As yet Mr. Heney was acquainted with none of the forces that were to bring him to San Francisco.

On election day victory or defeat is felt in the air. In the streets and in the big shops, which I intentionally visited the following Tuesday, I heard nothing but "Schmitz." My confidence was shaken by the frequent utterance of the name. About half-past five I went to the *Bulletin* editorial rooms. There I encountered none of the currents of contest, the heat of struggle that are usually sensed in a newspaper office when election returns are coming in. There were two or three shadowy figures of reporters in the dark local room. Arthur McEwen was with Mr. Older in his office.

"Have you heard anything?" I asked.

Mr. Older is six feet two. His chair was leaning against the wall. His head was sunken, and he seemed short and crumpled.

"It's the worst defeat we ever had."

"Don't you give up too soon?" was my question.

He pointed to the papers on his desk. "Look at those returns from the Western Addition!"

This portion of the town was the residence section of the arch-respectable, the wealthy; it had gone overwhelmingly for the boss's candidate. Schmitz was no longer the Mayor of the poor. He belonged to the rich; they could buy him.

A man who can work alone four years for a hopeless cause is one to know to the bitterest what the defeat of the right, the triumph of the wrong, means. I recall that as we sat there in the twilight Mr. Older would not speak. Arthur McEwen said: "Fremont looks as if he had received a mortal wound. I wouldn't waste my time in this mud-hole of a San Francisco. California has been a railroad plantation too long." Soon afterward Mr. McEwen did leave the paper and return to New York.

Some one came to say that Ruef supervisors had been elected.

"That's good," said Mr. Older bitterly; "they'll loot the town. Now the people will get the kind of government they deserve: the worst the city has ever known."

The reporters drifted away and did not hear or see when the victors, shouting, drunk, carried Ruef on their shoulders before the editorial rooms. A few hours later, about midnight, we and all those living at the Palace Hotel were awakened and warned out of the building. A Schmitz rocket of victory had set fire to a structure on the opposite side of the street. We packed some bags, and as we stood shivering, watching the firemen struggling to subdue the flames, it seemed a fit conclusion to the day.

During the fortnight of sick despair that followed, nothing concerning the administration was published in the *Bulletin*. The latest returns showed that the vote for Schmitz had fallen off in the laboring districts, but increased largely among the well-to-do.

"What is there I can say or do?" Mr. Older used to repeat. "It has all been gone over again and again in type of every size. San Francisco wants a corrupt government. Let her have it. I can't make a new people."

III

But Mr. Older gained second breath. It was impossible for him to cease fighting. Now

he began in a new way; what was afterward termed the Graft Prosecution began. "I've decided, after all, that I've misjudged the people," he said one day. "They really do want a good government. They simply haven't believed me. I haven't convinced them of the truth of what I have stated, but I'll prove it to them in a court of law. Then the city will be a unit."

"How will you set about it?"

"I'm going to Washington to ask Frank Heney to come here. He's the only man who can save the situation. I'll try to interest the President. Maybe he'll allow Heney to drop his government work and help us out."

His hope seemed improbable of fulfilment, but Mr. Crothers and I agreed that after such a long struggle Mr. Older needed a vacation. It was necessary that the greatest secrecy should be maintained concerning his mission; only Mr. Crothers and I knew where he had gone. In Washington the editor met Mr. Heney for the first time.

"You said in your speech last fall," he explained to the prosecutor, "that if ever we wanted you in San Francisco to go after Ruef and Schmitz, you'd come. Although no one knows I've taken this trip to see you, I believe from a conversation I had last summer with Rudolph Spreckels that he's as much interested in cleaning out San Francisco as I am. I think he and James D. Phelan will give money for a big investigation, if you'll come out and conduct it."

"I'll be ready," said Heney, "just as soon as I get these Oregon land-fraud cases off my hands, but I want William J. Burns to go with me. I am only a lawyer; Burns has marvelous capacity for digging up evidence. Besides, he's absolutely honest."

"How much money do you think an investigation like the one necessary would cost?" asked Mr. Older.

"We should need to be able to count on a hundred thousand dollars," Mr. Heney estimated.

Mr. Older made the acquaintance of Mr. Burns in the afternoon; now three of the forces of the Graft Prosecution had come together. In response to the editor's statement of the purpose of his visit to Washington, Mr. Burns said, "I'll go with Mr. Heney to San Francisco if it means that the bribe-givers as well as the bribe-takers are to be prosecuted. It's very difficult to catch the big fellows, but extremely necessary for a thorough cleaning up."

Mr. Older gave the assurance, "We're going after rich and poor — every one."

"Then it's agreed," was Mr. Burns' decision.

"I'll come when I can get a release from the government."

It was part of Theodore Roosevelt's greatness as President that he looked through all the eclipsing pomp of his position straight out into the nation. Fremont Older had no need to tell the President that the respectable people, the church people, the wealthy people of San Francisco had reelected to office the Mayor who was notoriously living on the underworld; whose agents of corruption skulked in dark places; whose reception day at home was a pretext for the receipt of bribes. The President knew the full shame of it. "Yes," he said, "Ruef and Schmitz are both scoundrels and should be in State's prison. Heney and Burns are just the men to put them there."

IV

When Mr. Older returned to San Francisco, the first person he went to see was ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, whose sense of civic duty never fails to respond to a call. Mr. Phelan, upon hearing what Mr. Older had done in Washington, said without hesitation, "We'll raise the money."

Rudolph Spreckels was the second man Mr. Older visited. When he related his interview with Mr. Heney,—Mr. Spreckels had then never met the attorney with whom he was to be so intimately associated,—the millionaire rose from his chair.

"I'll go into that. I'll put my money into it."

Mr. Spreckels had gone to the window and was looking out. Now he turned round.

"But I won't put up a five-cent piece unless we reach for Herrin. It will all be money wasted unless we get that man who for years has been debauching the State."

Mr. Herrin is the lieutenant of Mr. E. H. Harriman in California; some of his duties are occult.

"That's a bargain," promised Mr. Older. "We'll go after Herrin, too."

Rudolph Spreckels has been accused of guaranteeing the fund for the Graft Prosecution because of business rivalry with Patrick Calhoun, the indicted president of the United Railways. Mr. Spreckels gave this pledge of the money to Mr. Older four months before Patrick Calhoun bribed the supervisors. The crime was not committed until April, after the fire. This conversation occurred in the preceding December. Patrick Calhoun was merely an unexpected big fish caught in the net of the investigators.

Fearing lest a long time would pass before Mr. Burns would be permitted to come to San Francisco, Mr. Older now set about hastening

the arrival of the Secret Service man; he went on a hunt for Federal graft. The editor knew of violations of the restriction law; Chinese women were being illegally landed. If the President could be rendered reasonably sure of this, Mr. Older felt that Mr. Burns would be ordered to San Francisco to investigate. Once in the city, the Secret Service man would be in a position to observe municipal conditions. The *Bulletin* engaged some detectives, who, with a talented reporter, Mr. Scott, were sent into Chinatown. After working several weeks they obtained sufficient evidence to warrant a Federal inquiry. Mr. Older went again to the White House.

"This is very important," said Mr. Roosevelt, on looking over the evidence; "I'll write Heney to-day."

On the editor's return to San Francisco he found that the President had inclosed the report of the *Bulletin* detectives in a letter to Mr. Heney in which the prosecutor was requested to ask Mr. Burns to investigate Federal corruption. Shortly afterward two Burns men arrived. This was a big step toward the Graft Prosecution; in searching for the men who were landing Chinese women, the detectives found that Federal graft was intergrown with municipal rottenness.

Francis Heney came in January, and for the first time met Rudolph Spreckels, at a luncheon given by ex-Mayor James D. Phelan. The famous prosecutor formally promised Mr. Spreckels to return to San Francisco as soon as he should have completed his work in Oregon.

At this time knowledge of the embryotic investigation was closely guarded; not more than eight men in the United States were cognizant of it. In those days the characterizing of the citizens of San Francisco had not begun. Too often the worthiness of associates had been insufficiently tested. So it happened that one of the little band of reformers confided to a close friend the purpose of the men thus in secrecy allied. Within twenty-four hours the information came straight to Mr. Older that Ruef knew of the intended inquiry; the railroad knew of it. The little boss, enmeshed in crime, was terror-stricken. Who the confidant was that turned informer is an interesting question. The answer is even more interesting: a justice of the Supreme Court of California. With this knowledge tucked away in the back of their heads, the members of the Graft Prosecution were not so astonished as was the country when the Supreme Court, on deciding that judicial notice could not be taken of the fact that Schmitz was Mayor of San

Francisco or that Ruef was its boss, turned them free.

The earthquake and the fire came. Sins were sponged out; brotherly love prevailed; every one was poor. It was the best day in the history of San Francisco. Schmitz was a good Mayor for a week. Ruef vanished from the public eye; but at the end of seven days he returned from his sham disappearance. While San Francisco was still burning, he trafficked in its ruins. Ashes and bricks were his auction-place. When the boss was appointed by Schmitz a member of the Committee of Forty, Rudolph Spreckels alone of that body of men resigned; Mr. Spreckels read in the act that the penitent Mayor had become a looter. That very day, in Fillmore Street, Fremont Older met Francis Heney for the first time since the 18th of April. The editor was publishing the *Bulletin* in Oakland; the prosecutor was without an office; but the resolution of these men had not gone into the flames. They went into a grocery store and, seated on cracker-boxes, they began to plan.

"We'd better go after those crooks," said Mr. Heney. "How does Spreckels feel?"

"I haven't talked to him about it," answered Mr. Older, "but I'm ready for business."

"I wish you would see him," said Mr. Heney, "and write me at Portland. I'm going up there to-morrow."

When Fremont Older called on Rudolph Spreckels the following day, the capitalist seemed oblivious to the fact that he had lost millions in the fire; he was possessed with indignation that the Mayor, at this crisis, had dared give Ruef a place of honor. "I've just resigned from the Committee of Forty," exclaimed Mr. Spreckels; "I won't serve with Ruef. Schmitz's appointment of him shows that both he and the Mayor are going on with graft. Our investigation is the only thing. Last summer I tried to get fifteen men, then ten, eight, six, three. Even that was impossible. Now I've decided to go it alone. I'll raise the money myself. Where's Heney?"

"He wants me to write him your decision in Portland."

"Well, tell him to come down here as soon as possible," Mr. Spreckels said.

Among some telegrams I find this one:

PORTLAND, OREGON,
July 30, 1906.

FREMONT OLDER,
The Bulletin, San Francisco.

Expect to be able to leave next Saturday night and reach city Monday morning. Will be sure to go at end of present trial. Have written.

FRANCIS J. HENEY.

Mr. Heney came. In the presence of Mr. Older, Rudolph Spreckels asked the prosecutor, "What will your fee be?"

Mr. Heney is not a rich man; he perhaps had not more than thirty thousand dollars at that time. His services were in demand by the Department of Justice. Had he continued in that work, to-day he would be worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. Yet his answer was:

"I'll put my time against your money. I passed all my boyhood in San Francisco. I like the place, and I owe that much to the old town."

"That's very fine," answered Mr. Spreckels.

They parted. Mr. Heney returned to Portland; Mr. Spreckels went about raising the funds. William J. Burns arrived in September. There was pandemonium in the Ruef camp. When a criminal realizes that he is being watched by a Secret Service man,—one who never fails, who can be bought with nothing coined by the mint,—it is time for him to be afraid. Already the Union-Labor District Attorney was a disappointment to Ruef. Mr. Langdon believed he was elected to his office to serve the people; the boss believed Mr. Langdon was elected to serve him.

One day, when Fremont Older called on the District Attorney to ask what he would do toward punishing the municipal grafters if they were discovered, Mr. Langdon held up a volume of the Penal Code.

"This book," said the District Attorney, "contains laws which I didn't make, but they're there; I'm going to enforce them. I shall punish crime wherever I find it."

There were many nightly conferences of which Ruef was aware; an army of detectives dogged the steps of the investigators. The boss knew the worst when District Attorney Langdon appointed Francis J. Heney his assistant, when Rudolph Spreckels publicly announced that he guaranteed a fund of one hundred thousand dollars for the uncovering of grafters. These statements gave surprise; Ruef's counter-charge produced amazement.

On the evening before Francis J. Heney was to appear in Judge Graham's court for the drawing of the new Grand Jury, Fremont Older, who was living in the suburb San Rafael, was called to the telephone by Rudolph Spreckels. When Mr. Older returned to the group with whom he had been sitting, he announced:

"The Mayor has removed Langdon and appointed Ruef District Attorney."

Our faces were as blank as his. No one spoke. We could easily imagine the sensations of people in medieval times when a blood-stained usurper seized the throne. Finally one

man said quietly, "That means the rope tomorrow." There was no need of another word.

I went to town with Mr. Older the next day. It was a pleasure to see strangers in the train and on the boat as indignant as we were. White-haired old vigilantes shook their heads, their fists, and recalled the days of Fort Gunnybags and '56. They'd see that scoundrel hanged, they declared, before he should defeat an investigation. Langdon should be returned to office. For the first time, San Francisco was thoroughly aroused to the fact that there was something to investigate. The city was in fine fighting trim.

V

We felt that we were living once more in a law-abiding community when we read that during the night Judge Seawell had issued a writ prohibiting Ruef from taking possession of the office of District Attorney. Now it was for Judge Graham to determine whether Ruef or Langdon should be recognized at the jury drawing. But Judge Graham, after all, did not decide it. Mr. Older hurried to his office. From there he issued twenty-five thousand papers which were distributed free in the streets, on the ferry-boats, wherever men were assembled. For the first time in San Francisco, a daily paper was given away.

There was nothing startling on the first page; only, in type of medium size, the request that all good citizens assemble in front of Judge Graham's court to see that District Attorney Langdon be not deposed from office. Many of the police and all of the deputy sheriffs in the city were at the synagogue where Judge Graham was holding court; they were needed to keep in order five thousand of the most prominent men in San Francisco who responded to the call. Armed, ropes in pockets, the citizens glared at Judge Graham when he entered his court-room. They peered at him through the windows. They decided it. It was Ruef's first Black Friday.

When the police shunted Rudolph Spreckels out of the crowded entrance to the synagogue, and he squared his shoulders, thrust out his elbows, looked at the officers, I have never seen any one so white with fury as he was, except, perhaps, the excited boy of about eighteen who rushed up to the capitalist and said, "Mr. Spreckels, you've only to give the word. I'll go anywhere you lead, do anything you say."

Mr. Spreckels' lips were trembling with anger, but he answered, "Keep calm."

By a curiously dramatic fate, Ruef appeared in the house of worship of his fathers to be judged. I was crowded out of the crushing

stifling mob in the synagogue. Standing on the seat of an automobile, I watched the throng. Here I had an excellent view of the resolute faces of the silent men among whom the police rode back and forth.

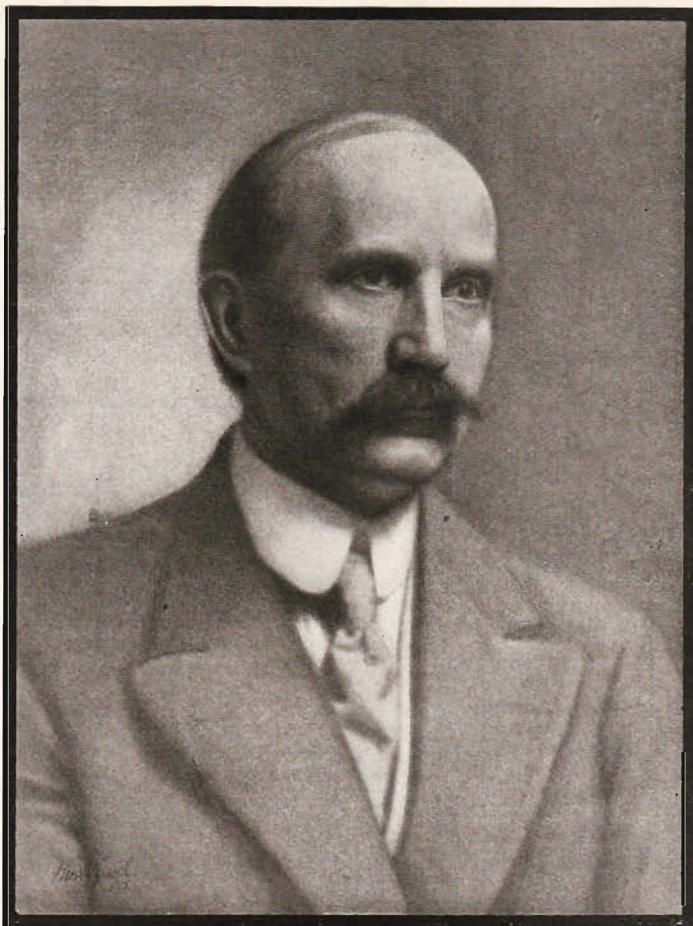
Finally it was announced that the judge had recognized Langdon; the Mayor was powerless to remove a county officer. There was a big cheer of triumph. When District Attorney

Langdon emerged from the building, when Francis J. Heney appeared in the doorway, when Rudolph Spreckels, when William J. Burns, when Fremont Older came, it was like an introduction of the Graft Prosecution to the men of San Francisco. Ruef, guarded by the police, showed himself last.

A physician struck at the boss—a young man who afterward was to remain day and night with Francis J. Heney when he was thought to be dying. The blow of the zealot acted as a suggestion. The throng surged forward like a wave. There was the voice one needs of, but rarely hears; when you have heard it you try to forget it: the voice of human beings so filled with hatred that they growl for blood.

"They've killed Ruef," said the chauffeur standing near me.

We ran onward with the others, but I turned back, sick at the thought of the boss mangled



FREMONT OLDER
MANAGING EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO "BULLETIN"

by a mob. After all, what was he but a mean little man?

Ruef was saved by the police. His troubles were not ended; they were only begun.

At this stage of the investigation the laboring men were disgruntled; they believed that the Graft Prosecution was organized for the purpose of convicting Union-Labor officials. It was useless for Francis J. Heney to say that no one, rich or poor, was to be spared.

The workmen had been deceived too often; they doubted every one. The wealthy believed with the poor that the Graft Prosecution was to rid the city of some undesirable Union-Labor supervisors and stop there. All clamored for the investigation to proceed. Some millionaires contributed handsomely to the fund; they afterward closed their purses and opened their mouths. The newspapers were of one voice in favor of the prosecution. The only blemish on the inquiry, in the minds of the editors, was the report that it had been instigated by Fremont Older, although he himself had claimed no credit for it in the *Bulletin*. Many journalists did not like to think of themselves as carrying another man's grist to the mill.

The evidence in the French restaurant extortion case which Mr. Older had begun to gather two years before was turned over to Mr. Burns. The Secret Service man pieced it together and verified the statements. Mr.



FELIX PAODEAUVERIS

THE GREEK WHO PAID THE CLAUDIANOS BROTHERS TO DYNAMITE
THE HOUSE OF JAMES GALLAGHER

Heny declared he had a perfect case. He took it before the Grand Jury and obtained indictments against Ruef and Schmitz. William J. Burns' son, who trailed Mayor Schmitz in

Europe,—in fact, sailed with him on the steamer when he left New York,—tells how Schmitz looked in the London hotel when, gray and shaking, he opened the telegram giving information of his indictment for extortion. On the other hand, Abraham Ruef, whose life had for many years been made up of deceptions, surprises, and effronteries, went whistling through the town. His admirers said, "That Ruef is too smart; they'll never catch him."

He said it, too; but always there was a buzzing in the head from which he could not escape. Eighteen supervisors—he was in their hands; eighteen greedy, blind little pigs who would feed at any trough. He was at their mercy. He felt Burns reaching out for them. In the darkness a soundless battle was going on for them; they were the strategic point. Every Sunday evening Ruef was their pastor. He preached to them to avoid the devil, Burns; to take money from none but their savior, Ruef. It was the only way to escape prison. The supervisors followed the word of their leader; vainly the prosecution laid traps for the eighteen wary little pigs.

Finally Fremont Older persuaded G. M. Roy, who had been associated with Schmitz and by him ungratefully treated, in secret to join forces with the prosecution. Mr. Roy knew all the supervisors; they had confidence in him. He pretended that he wanted a skating-rink ordinance killed; in return he offered to pay them for their votes. It was arranged that the

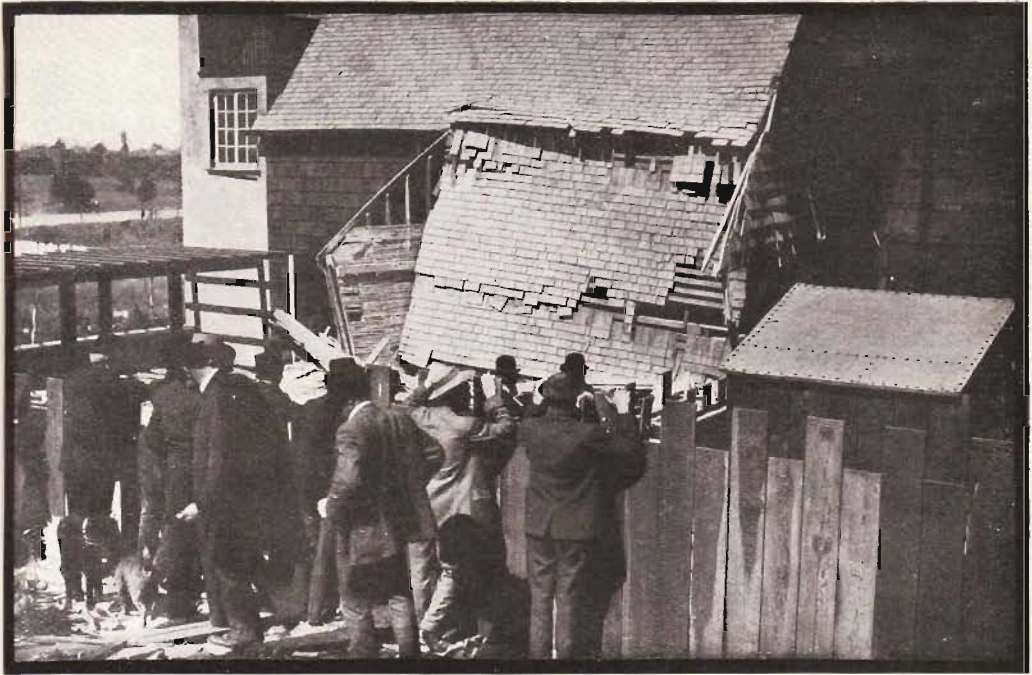
MISTER OLDER,
YOU BETTER QUIT WITHIN
IN THEM REWARD SINES IN
YOU'RE BUM PAPPER, ORE
BY THE ETERNAL YOU LE
NEVER LIVE ANNUOTHER
DAY. YOU KANT KETCH
ME SO DANT YOU TRY
I AM DESPERIT WE DIDNT
GET JIM GALAFER BUT
WEL GET HIM YET I
MEAN BIZZNES, DAM
YOU'RE HIDE

Q — you no take out that 1000
you 4-10 paper will be blown to
hell. Use the Red-Hand swine to do the
alone. If by badmidea night it is not out you
will have a prize on you head. notice our
sign.

F —

Keep this quite on your life.

TWO OF THE THREATENING LETTERS RECEIVED BY FREMONT OLDER AFTER THE "BULLETIN"
OFFERED A \$1,000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE GALLAGHER DYNAMITING



SIDE VIEW OF THE GALLAGHER HOUSE, IN OAKLAND, AFTER THE DYNAMITING

supervisors should receive their bribes in Mr. Roy's own rink.

William J. Burns was the stage director, and G. M. Roy proved to be a great actor. After

Mr. Older witnessed the first repetition of the performance which has since been so often recounted in the public prints, he said, "It will never happen, Roy. Nothing like that ever



FRONT VIEW OF THE GALLAGHER HOUSE, SHOWING WRECK CAUSED BY DYNAMITE

came off outside the melodrama." Nevertheless the rehearsals for the play went on while Ruef was on trial in Judge Dunne's court.

Suddenly the boss went into hiding. After three days Mr. Burns found him at a road-house near the city. Ruef had forfeited his bail; he came back one night a prisoner.

Just as the Burns automobile appeared before the little red "Prosecution House" in Franklin Street, by accident Mr. Older's motor-car drove up. The machines stood eyes to eyes. Ruef, sitting on the front seat, recognized Older over the chauffeur's head.

"My God!" he said to Mr. Burns, as if he had encountered an ill omen, "there's Older; that's the last straw." It was.

Ruef was no longer able to preach to the supervisors. Stage director Burns and actor Roy went on with their drama; all depended on it. One misstep would so alarm the supervisors that they could never again be tempted by the Burns trough.

I was made aware that all had gone well, that the first and only performance had met with success, when one day I was summoned to town from San Rafael, where we lived after the fire. Mr. Older met me at the ferry. I was with a party of friends. Before greeting me he said under his breath, "Lornegan." Then he went on talking with the others. However, the whisper told me that Lornegan, the supervisor, was caught; that the first pillar of the big graft structure had fallen; that it would pile upon its builders like a tomb. During the following three days all the supervisors confessed, and the whole flimsy structure of municipal graft toppled over.

At this time the Graft Prosecution knew its

greatest local favor. One thousand banqueting merchants stood on their chairs as they cheered Francis J. Heney, William J. Burns, and Rudolph Spreckels. Mr. Spreckels was a hero worthy of a monument. People forgot that Mr. Older for years had bored them with his talk of corruption. Now he was a farsighted journalist. Mere acquaintances called to congratulate him. Every one connected with the Graft Prosecution was endowed with all the godlike attributes of the successful.



R. A. CROTHERS, THE FEARLESS OWNER OF THE "BULLETIN"

VI

Mr. Burns continued his work. Ruef confessed before the Grand Jury. Indictment followed indictment; millionaires, social leaders bearing great names, were arrested for giving bribes; the fame of house after house was besmirched. Patrick Calhoun, descendant of John C. Calhoun and Patrick Henry, was weighed on the same scales with Lornegan, the baker.

It was a new justice in San Francisco: a justice that punished the tempter as well as the

tempted. Applause ceased. Now Francis J. Heney had a different look. Men no longer crossed the street to shake Rudolph Spreckels' hand; he was a suspicious character on trial. Fremont Older's popularity faded. It required more moral courage than the average person possessed to walk in public with any member of the Graft Prosecution. To ask whether one believed in looting the city became a delicate personal question.

Members of the prosecution were not bidden to entertainments where people of fashion gathered; old friends fell away. Men in the clubs and judges of the higher courts fraternized with the corruptors of the city's government; women reserved their sweetest smiles for the candidates for State's prison.



FRANCIS J. HENEY, MRS. HENEY, AND MR. AND MRS. FREMONT OLDER, IN MR. OLDER'S AUTOMOBILE; MR. OLDER AT THE WHEEL

THE SNAP-SHOT WAS TAKEN ON MR. HENEY'S FIRST OUTING AFTER THE SHOOTING. THE SAME AUTOMOBILE BROUGHT MRS. HENEY TO THE BEDSIDE OF HER HUSBAND WHEN HE WAS THOUGHT TO BE DYING, AND TOOK HIM FROM THE HOSPITAL WHEN HE WAS CONVALESCING

Even some of the courageous ministers suffered. The pastor of a wealthy congregation, on daring to urge men to dare to do right, was deserted by a third of his parishioners. One multi-millionairess found herself without a church where she could worship. In town her clergyman actually thought the rich could commit crimes; in the country her rector was equally benighted. If men of the cloth thus interpreted the Word of God she could see no salvation for her soul save in remaining at home.

A grocer who voted to convict a bribe-giver lost fifteen hundred dollars a month as a result of his act. Mr. Oliver, the foreman of the Grand Jury which indicted the millionaires, one morning woke without a real estate business; he had been boycotted by the "higher-ups." Unshaken by the great pressure brought to bear upon him during the deliberation of the inquisitorial body, he told Mr. Older that when he listened to the recountal of what men would do for gain he became ashamed of money-making. Not long ago Mr. Oliver was

asked by the editor concerning his business property. "I have no business," he answered. "I'm straightening up my affairs to leave town. Perhaps my partner can do better with me away; he has nothing to live down."

The moral health of a community is dependent in a great measure upon the honesty of its newspapers. Unfortunately, many California publications are openly venal; others salve their consciences with the advertising contracts of the big corporations. Three quarters of the press come under one head or another; such papers quickly found their place. No money was to be had from the Graft Prosecution; the reformers were fighting six hundred millions. The great body of publications began poisoning the public mind for the "higher-ups."

As the trials of the bribe-givers progressed, every possible means was employed by the indicted men to prove that the law cannot worst money. Rudolph Spreckels was erecting buildings; they were avoided by tenants as though plague-infested. Rich people withdrew their accounts from his bank. The *Bulletin*, as the



SNAP-SHOT OF WILLIAM H. LANGDON AND RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

most aggressive newspaper in California, the journalistic backbone of the prosecution, was boycotted by advertisers. Patrick Calhoun himself solicited merchants to withdraw their patronage from the paper. Bankers, holding embarrassed business men in their power, warned debtors against giving support to the *Bulletin*. One by one, advertisers dropped off, but the paper lived. Then a new journal, one backed by the indicted and blasted, was thrown into the field. The *Bulletin* was obliged to spend seven thousand dollars a month to hold its subscribers together. Affairs would have looked black to ordinary men. Rudolph Spreckels and Fremont Older met one day to talk the situation over.

"I won't back down, if it takes every dollar I have," said Mr. Spreckels.

"And the *Bulletin* will not change its policy, if it means that we print a nine by nine paper, and I have to live in a car on the Ocean Boulevard and spend fifty dollars a month. We are fighting the battle of the

people; they've got to come to us."

The men shook hands on their promise. Mr. Crothers, the proprietor, undaunted, smiled acquiescence in the compact.

One day a washerwoman sent to the *Bulletin* a dollar for the Graft Prosecution fund. She had a boy, she said, and she knew the prosecutors were trying to better conditions for him. The washerwoman forced the contrast between herself and the millionairess who took her sons from church because the man of God would not proclaim one commandment for the poor and another for the rich. This and other incidents brought to the reformers the knowledge that they must rely for their support on the toilers.



SNAP-SHOT OF WILLIAM J. BURNS AND J. J. DWYER

VII

Tirey L. Ford, an attorney for the United Railways, was on trial for complicity in the trolley franchise bribery. While leaving the courtroom one day, Earl Rogers, who was Ford's counsel, was overheard by a Burns detective to say, "I'll get that — — — Older in a few days." The editor's life had frequently been threatened in the fight for good government, but he made no change in his habit of going about unarmed and unaccompanied.

One evening we had invited some friends to dine in a restaurant opened by G. M. Roy. Because of Mr. Roy's services in entrapping the supervisors, sympathizers with the prosecution planned to give dinners at his café. As Mr. Older did not return in time, I, believing that he had been detained and would appear later, went to keep the appointment with our guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Heney had a table next to ours. When Mr. Heney informed me that my husband had gone to see a friend, his manner lacked its usual frankness; but still I believed that Mr. Older was taking part in a political conference. My guests, having sharp ears, made out from the conversation between Mr. Heney and ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, who sat at the next table, that Mr. Older had disappeared and could not be found. I scarcely heard what was being said by my friends; my thought was of the remark of Calhoun's attorney, and I sat with my eyes fixed on the entrance to the restaurant.

About midnight, after my guests accompanied me home, I was told over the telephone by the editorial writer of the *Bulletin* that Mr.

Older was with him and some others, engaged in an important secret discussion, but that he would soon return. At four in the morning, when I was awakened by my telephone bell, the editorial writer expressed a desire to have a talk with me. Then I knew it was not an ordinary political conference at which Mr. Older had assisted; on the contrary, it was most extraordinary. My visitor permitted me to read the proofs of what the *Call* already had on the press; these told me that Mr. Older had been kidnapped by Calhoun's ruffians and attorneys.

At half after five on the preceding day, while the editor was in Mr. Heney's office, some one called him to the telephone. The stranger, introducing himself as Mr. Stapleton, said he desired to see Mr. Older on a matter of business important to the *Bulletin*. He wished to meet him at the Hotel Savoy. Information often comes in strange ways to newspapers; so Mr. Older started for the hotel designated, hoping that the result of the interview would be of some service to the cause. However, in leaving, he said to Mr. Cobb, the partner of Mr. Heney, "This may be a trap. If I'm not back in fifteen minutes you'll know it is."

In Van Ness Avenue the editor observed an automobile filled with evil-looking men. The motor-car drew up to him; one of its occupants stepped out. The stranger said he had a warrant for Mr. Older's arrest on the charge of criminal libel in Los Angeles. Calhoun's attorney had trumped up a charge; an obliging judge issued the warrant in secret.

"I demand bail," said Mr. Older.

"All right," replied the stranger; "I'll take you to Judge Cook."



FRANCIS J. HENEY

FROM A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE COURT-HOUSE ON THE FIRST DAY OF HIS REAPPEARANCE AFTER BEING SHOT — THE DAY OF RUEF'S CONVICTION

Before he entered the automobile the editor was searched for concealed weapons by a Calhoun gun-fighter. Soon the machine started rapidly down Van Ness Avenue. Already Mr. Older was suspicious.

"Judge Cook's court isn't in this direction. Where are you going?"

"We'll take you to the Judge's house," was the assurance.

Mr. Older was seated between two men, one of whom held a pistol against his side. When Mr. Older realized that the machine was approaching the park, he knew he was not going to the Judge's residence; he was being carried away by force in defiance of the law. The automobile was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when he started to rise.

"If you make any effort to escape I'll have to shoot you," the man with the pistol warned.

When the editor heard these words, and felt the mouth of the weapon against his side, he knew he had been brought away by his captors in the hope that he would make an outcry. Mr. Older could obtain no information as to his destination. The motor-car followed round-about roads unfamiliar to the editor, who sat for sixty minutes, with the pistol thrust against his ribs, and smoked.

At Redwood City, where the machine finally drew up to await the Los Angeles train, he discovered that two of Calhoun's attorneys had followed the automobile in another car. Then the remark of Earl Rogers came back to him: "I'll get that — — — Older in a few days."

The editor was placed in a state-room, under guard. He wrote telegraph messages to Rudolph Spreckels and me. Although he paid for these, they were never sent. Mr. Burns afterward discovered that

one of the attorneys took them from the guard.

Calhoun's agents overdined, and boasted of having Mr. Older as prisoner in the state-room. A stranger to my husband, on overhearing the comments of the captors, feared that Mr. Older might become a victim of foul play. The passenger left the train at Salinas and spent an hour telephoning the morning *Call* the whereabouts of the missing man. The editor of that newspaper very kindly communicated with Mr. Spreckels. The news arrived at midnight; at that very minute one of the Burns detectives entered the "Prosecution House" with corroborating information; this he had obtained from employees of the United Railways. Immediately Mr. Burns and Mr. Spreckels called long-distance telephones into service. At two in the morning a judge in Santa Barbara held court and issued a writ of *habeas corpus* to be served when the train should arrive there.

Mr. Older the while was in ignorance of what had happened. On looking out of the window of his state-room, he did not realize that the big crowd of people had assembled to see him released from the Calhoun hirelings. The kidnappers were afterward indicted for their act. Still San Francisco did not awake to a realization of the crimes which were being committed to bury crimes. The sympathizers with the bribe-givers would have told you that Mr. Older a b d u c t e d himself.

VIII

The pivotal witness against Ruef, Schmitz, Calhoun, and the "higher-ups" was James Gallagher, ex-supervisor, and the boss' former paymaster. Without his testimony no one could be convicted. Mr. Older had long been warned that a Mexican sharpshooter was



MRS. FREMONT OLDER

to put him and Gallagher out of the way. So many were the alarms, however, that they ceased to alarm. Gallagher showed great courage; nevertheless, in the interest of his own safety, he decided until the trials were finished to live in Oakland. When, one evening, our telephone bell sounded and the District Attorney's office told us that the Gallagher home in Oakland, with its eight occupants, had been dynamited, one knew to the full what it meant to fight six hundred millions. Miraculously, none of the family was killed. Although the following month some of Gallagher's houses were destroyed by dynamite, the ex-supervisor did not waver in his testimony.

Perhaps you think San Francisco was indignant at this crime. A small percentage of its people were; others laughed at caricatures of the dynamiting published by the subsidized papers; still others doubted that the "higher-ups" were accomplices in the act. They thought, in all probability, that Gallagher at heart was an iconoclastic but practical socialist who didn't believe in property.

Mr. Older induced the *Bulletin* to offer a reward of a thousand dollars for information concerning the dynamiters. Even the editor was surprised at the results. We have a collection of letters, some of them written in red ink, threatening to blow up the *Bulletin* building, to kill Mr. Older, to murder his family, to assassinate each member of the prosecution and those dear to them, if the offer of a reward was not withdrawn within twenty-four hours. As a result, all the residences of those endangered were guarded by the police to such an extent that one felt as if one were living in Russia or Turkey.

The offer of reward remained in the *Bulletin* day after day. It bore fruit. Two young Greek bravos, the Claudianos brothers, crawled up out of the gutter to confess that for hire they had dynamited Gallagher's house. One of them is now in jail; the other, who did the deed, is in State's prison for life. The jury decided his fate in a few minutes.

But where are those who instigated the crime? The poor, ignorant wretches said they had been paid by a very intelligent Greek, Paodeauveris. This man, who was immediately identified as an old henchman of Ruef, fled the city the day the confession of Claudianos was made public. In his haste, however, Paodeauveris left behind him in his room a significant photograph — a picture of himself in the uniform of a conductor of the United Railways, standing on the platform of a car. Among the man's papers William J. Burns

found reports which showed that Paodeauveris was a secret agent of the United Railways.

One midnight Mr. Older returned from the conference with William J. Burns and District Attorney Langdon at which young Claudianos told his story. It was not a narrative to conduce sleep. Gallagher's house was but the first step in the program, the Greek said. Mr. Heney they plotted to put out of the way by slung-shot. One plan of the assassins was to gain entrance to the Spreckels residence by making the acquaintance of the gardener; the house was to have been blown up while the occupants slept.

Toward our destruction the Greeks had made more definite progress. We have a shack on the Ocean Boulevard where Mr. Older likes to dine. The bravos admitted — William J. Burns afterward verified every statement — that Paodeauveris and they for months had been our near neighbors. Already the murderers had purchased and hidden dynamite in the cottage near ours rented by them. They had entered our place, as was shown, to find the lay of the rooms. For thirty days they had lain in wait for us. At that time, fortunately, Mr. Older had been enigmatically warned by one for whom he had done a favor.

"I won't say a thing, except don't dine at the beach; don't dine at the beach. I can't tell you what I know, but keep away from there."

This man who gave the saving word knew well the underground life of the city, and he spoke with authority.

"Tell those people you know that I shall dine at the beach as usual," was the editor's answer.

We did; but Mr. Older profited sufficiently by the warning to take with us an officer of the law. While we ate, the policeman in the automobile kept watch. His presence alone prevented the Greeks from dynamiting our dining-room.

These incredible happenings at times gave us the sense of not being real people living in a real world; one seemed to be passing through an impossible melodrama. Yet San Francisco slept on through such startling events. The minds of the well-to-do and wealthy seemed narcotized by the statement, "The Graft Prosecution hurts business." One millionaire recently voiced the opinions of the so-called upper classes: "If the prosecution had stopped after punishing Ruef and Schmitz, it would have been the greatest investigation ever conducted in America; but when they went after the bribe-givers it became persecution." It was, indeed, persecution of noble, high-minded, well-dressed gentlemen who made anarchy of laws in their inspired vocation of money-grubbing.

Caricatures of the leaders of the prosecution — men who were working day and night for the city, living ten years in one in their struggle to see if equality before the law were only a dream of those who wrote the Constitution — these caricatures were the delight of thousands of men and women.

"Don't talk to me about the prosecution; it bores me; it is dead," said an eminent educator. "Mr. Herrin is a gentleman."

Mr. Heney had given the money he might have earned, his fame, his great vitality, the best years of his life, to the work. Mr. Spreckels had contributed his splendid purpose, two hundred thousand dollars directly, and much more indirectly. Mr. Burns, to be sure, was paid for his services; but one can't remunerate integrity, genius, and the heart and soul of men. The *Bulletin* is the only large paper in San Francisco not owned by a man who has millions aside from his journal. R. A. Crothers, its proprietor, had sustained a loss of a quarter of a million dollars in the battle for good government. Fremont Older had contributed his inspiring enthusiasm, his marvelous energy, his money, and six years to the cause. These men and a dozen more, in addition to their substance, had bestowed a devotion and a zeal never equaled except by others engaged in working for mankind. Yet the prosecution was dead, was the public verdict. Mr. Older wondered if the people really did want good government. When friends, society, newspapers, courts fell away, the dearer grew the struggle to those who had given themselves to it.

Then came a bullet. Mr. Older was in Mr. Heney's office when the telephone girl rushed in with a message:

"Mr. Heney has been shot; he is dying in the court-room."

That, again, was what it was to fight six hundred millions. When the editor hastened to his motor-car, drove it through the crowded streets to the side of his friend, he recalled the day in Washington when they met; he himself seemed to have been an agent bringing Mr. Heney to this end. His recollection also was of one night when the prosecutor's voice rang out in a speech:

"I'll send all these indicted men to jail, if I have to pay for it with my life."

He was paying. Mr. Older realized it when he fetched the grief-burdened wife to her husband; when he saw the big, vital, fighting man carried to the ambulance; when the afflicted, white-faced throng followed the conveyance; when, in order that the sufferer might not be distressed by the jolting of the vehicle, men

unhitched the horses and drew the ambulance up the hill to the hospital.

But at last all the good in San Francisco was awake. It called out in loud tones its penitence for indifference to the men who had walked on dynamite, who had offered themselves as targets for assassins of body and reputation, that the city might have a decent government. Trimming, misguided, cowardly, well-meaning men and women came into the open with expressions of remorse for their conduct. One hundred thousand of them overran halls, blackened squares where speeches were made — speeches in which the hearers loudly concurred. The listeners promised in the future to give their support to the Graft Prosecution.

IX

Fashionable San Francisco alone set its face against ashes of regret. Its countenance hardened in anger. From this class there was no word of sympathy for Francis J. Heney. They were even more bitter than usual; public opinion had altered in an hour. "It's a pity the bullet didn't do better work," was whispered in the clubs.

A student of sociology will wonder whether San Francisco is to a greater degree lacking in moral sense than other cities of the Union. This will be for later investigations to determine. Governor Folk once told me that while he was performing his great service for St. Louis he was an unpopular man in his city. Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns relate that when they were working in Portland, by a large section of the community the prosecutors, rather than the land thieves, were placed on trial.

Perhaps the hostility among San Franciscans to impartial enforcement of the laws arises from its large foreign population, amazed Eastern people have often remarked. We Americans like to blame foreigners for our crimes. While San Francisco has an unusually high percentage of residents whose parents were born in Europe, sympathizers with good government have reason to be grateful for them. Those who in this crisis did the best work for the city were the Irish- and German-Americans. Among a dozen leading spirits of the Graft Prosecution, Charles Cobb, law partner of Mr. Heney, Hiram Johnson, who after the prosecutor was shot made the great speech in the Ruef case, and Fremont Older alone have centuries of American ancestors behind them. On the other hand, the mental accomplices of the bribe-givers, those who have cast the weight of their unanimity, their fortunes, toward the escape of the rich criminals, are of

New England or Southern ancestry. The members of the Supreme Court which released Schmitz and Ruef, the judges of the Appellate Court who so uniquely decided that extortion was not a crime, are for the most part Americans.

Undoubtedly, to a certain extent, the immoral public opinion in San Francisco lies in the origin of the city. San Francisco has neither religious nor wholesome village traditions. Little more than half a century ago it was a great, sprawling, uneducated mining town. Like all mining camps, it looked lightly on the Ten Commandments; what did anything matter so long as one had struck it rich? Men did not discriminate in their friendships; did not ask what or who their associates were. The one touchstone to acceptability was, "How much has he?" The history of many of the great fortunes in the State is the history of crime.

Unfortunately, vicious qualities of nature persist, are transmitted, while virtues are effaced. The sons of rugged, if unscrupulous, sires took on the qualities of the world's idle. It is not strange that many wealthy San Franciscans should have been directly or indirectly connected with bribery; pirates don't beget Emersons. Parasites on society, like parasites on animals, weaken first in the brain centers. Their wills, their morals go. Dollars become their art, their literature, their character.

The capitalist class in San Francisco, as elsewhere, being barren of ideas, has a fine disdain for every form of knowledge except the multiplication-table. Persons accustomed to using their minds find themselves cudgeling their brains for conversation; one encounters similar difficulty in a nursery. If one of these men heard Pym or Hampden mentioned, he would think you were talking of a racing-horse or a cocktail. Early Bright's disease or apoplexy seems to be nature's normal corrective for this class of idlers. Meanwhile it is they who think for San Francisco, just as they think for every community where the cash-register is the god.

Indiscriminate admiration for the rich, Herbert Spencer says, renders true reform impossible. An inordinate degree of this has been the hindrance to reform in San Francisco. Six hundred millions send out waves of thought that sweep away individual entities. One with a million may produce a ripple, but only ten or fifteen millions can really ruffle the surface of the meditations of society. Men in the immediately lower and dependent tiers no more venture on independent opinions than a pack-mule overleaps a precipice; their sole intellectual endeavor is to think like an illiterate, multi-millionaire.

It would not be worth one's while to write concerning a small number of frivolous, selfish, ignorant men and women, but for their far-reaching influence. Our encouraging realization is that below them are the great masses whose point of view has not been vitiated by idleness and opulence; they still believe in dull old goodness. In the finality of things they will become masters. Even if the courts refuse to send to prison any but the poor, the people of California have been sent to school by the Graft Prosecution. They have been given a glimpse of a political operating-table; they have seen their courts responding to corporation buttons. Now they know that their State officials are the Southern Pacific Railway. Already the people's representatives show fear of the voters; even a "machine" Legislature passed an anti-race-track and a direct primary bill during its last session.

One may well wonder why, in the face of so many despairs and so few hopes, the men of the Graft Prosecution continue the struggle; why Francis J. Heney, impoverished, scarred, deaf, went back to the court-room where he was shot down. I can best illustrate by recounting a story of Mr. Heney.

A month after his narrow escape from death, one day he was walking with Mr. Burns and Mr. Older about William Kent's place at Kentfield. They met a bull in an open field. Mr. Heney at the time was so weak that he could scarcely stand; and yet the old spirit of contest rose in him. Leaping forward to the bull, he began taunting him.

"Don't do that," remonstrated Mr. Older; "he'll gore you."

"I can drop him at three feet," drawled Mr. Heney.

This is how he feels toward the six hundred millions he is fighting.

Rudolph Spreckels used to say: "Of course, people misunderstand me. I am willing to wait ten years for them to know that my only motive is to do something for California, to make of her what she should be." Not long since, stretched on a sick-bed, in speaking of the vilification received by him, he said to Mr. Older, "It doesn't matter if they never understand."

The battle started by Fremont Older has given San Francisco an excellent city government, but his local reward for seven years of effort is to find himself the most hated editor in California. Still, this does not deter him; he has gone beyond that. He says the work does him good; it is excellent moral calisthenics. He began fighting alone. If his associates dropped by his side he would go on calling out, "Stop thief!" until even the deaf should hear.