Calhoun Supports McGowan in the Hope of Escaping Prison, Says Heney

Francis J. Heney (left), District Attorney William H. Langdon (center) and Hiram W. Johnson, whose eloquent speeches last night woke the enthusiastic interest of thousands at Mission in the work of the graft prosecution. It was the most stirring welcome ever accorded a candidate and the demonstration was remarkable for the evidence it gave of the determination of the voters to continue the work of cleaning the city and punishing the big boodlers.

Heney Makes a Plea for the Firemen's Amendment

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as he faced the throng, received an ovation that was tremendous.

Johnson opened the meeting with a fervent, logical appeal that first held the crowd spellbound and then brought men and women to their feet to pledge themselves to the cause of clean government. Langdon followed with a short address that again stirred the crowd to a mighty pitch and Heney stood for an hour and a half on the same platform, telling over from its beginning the story of graft prosecution, while the crowd clamored for him to continue whenever he sought to leave the stand.

But the climax of the night came at the close of the meeting. Hundreds fought their way to the front of the crowded auditorium, seeking to clasp Heney by the hand, and when the hall was at last emptied the crowd gathered in the street and cheered again and again for Langdon, Heney, Rudolph Spreckels and William J. Burns.

The Mission rink is big, but it wasn't a third big enough to hold the crowd that attempted to gain admission to hear the speakers brought together by the Langdon central club. Long before 8 o'clock the great hall was packed to suffocation with the mass of people, who, in the dim light of the auditorium, seemed to be packed through the haze to an unbounded distance. In the broad entrance to the building and clear to the sidewalks, far beyond the reach of the speakers' voices, the press continued. Back in the rear of the speakers' stand, hidden from view but still within sound of voice, the audience packed the corners and aisles of the main hall and every available bit of standing room in the balconies. For over two hours the crowd sweltered and jammed in the close atmosphere, but there was no diminution in its size.

There was a tenseness and a meaning to it all which bound the throng immovable.

CROWD FOR HONESTY

There was but one subject for discussion at the meeting. That was the question of the continuance or the end of the graft prosecution—Langdon, who has and who will, or McGowan, who hasn't and who won't—that was the one thing the three speakers of the evening asked the voters of San Francisco to decide.

The answer of the crowd placed the seal on San Francisco's certificate of future decency, cleanliness in civic life and prosperity. There was no division of sentiment, and the promise came from representative thousands. With laboringmen probably in the majority, the crowd nevertheless consisted of citizens from every walk of life. There were many women in the hall, but fewer than have been seen at almost any political meeting of the campaign, the great majority of the listeners being serious, thinking voters.

While the meeting strictly was a Langdon meeting, the temper of the mayoralty campaign was evinced by the overwhelming prevalence of the blue Taylor buttons. They were here, there and everywhere, while scarcely a white McCarthy button or Ryan button could be seen on a coat lapel. At times a single cheer went up from some quarter of the hall for a favorite candidate for some minor office, but never for an instant did the crowd lose sight of the main purpose of the meeting.

The storms of cheers that echoed and re-echoed through the hall told of the tremendous support that Langdon has won through the Mission district, but the evidence of this was made even stronger when the crowd, forgetting its wilder enthusiasm, interrupted the speakers to applaud with clapping hands the telling points of the arguments which were put forth in concise, positive form. It meant that the listeners were not carried away by any storm in a thoughtless response, but that the words of the speakers had sunk deep and that the answer came from a crowd that had thought earnestly and had found its mind.

JUDGE DE HAVEN LISTENS

On the platform of the speakers' stand with Johnson, Langdon, Heney and Burns were several others allied with the graft prosecution. Ben Heney of Prescott, Ariz., brother of Francis J. Heney, occupied a seat next to Special Agent Burns, and in the front row of listeners, giving careful attention to the arguments of the speakers, was Judge de Haven of the United States circuit court.

Hiram W. Johnson opened the meeting himself without the formality of an introduction by any temporary chairman. He wasted not a minute on platitudes, but struck the keynote of the whole meeting in his very first utterance. He pictured with a single stroke of the brush the alliance of the boodlers to bring about the election of Frank McGowan and the dethronement of Langdon. He turned a scornful lash on the merchants of the city who give their support to corrupt government in preference to clean government in order to advance their own selfish interests. He denounced McGowan in unmeasured terms as the tool of corruptionists, and then he cried:

"They're going to buy him into office if they can. Are you going to permit it?"

"No," answered the crowd in a single voice.

When Johnson closed with an impassioned call for a vote that will sweep Langdon back into office with 20,000 majority, the crowd rose to its feet, hats flew into the air, and the pandemonium of enthusiasm abated not a whit until Langdon himself had arisen and received the greeting. His speech was a short one, for, as he declared, there were others to speak for him there, and other meetings for him to attend in his own behalf elsewhere. He pledged himself again to the task of completing the work which he had begun, and then withdrew.

"Goodby, Billy, and God be with you," came a voice from a dim corner of the auditorium, and the crowd sent him on his way with their shouts still ringing in his ears.

There was a number by the band, a couple of well executed dialect songs by Charlie Oliver, a member of Burns' staff, and then it was Heney.

Johnson introduced Heney as "the fighting man of California," and the crowd gave him the tribute of an ovation such as is seldom heard. It was long in subsiding, but when it did Heney plunged to his work. Five minutes later he had again given San Francisco a promise similar to the one he made two years ago when he said he would return and put Abe Ruef in jail.

SURE OF LANGDON VICTORY

"Langdon will be elected beyond the slightest possibility of any doubt," he shouted, "but suppose by some chance Frank McGowan should defeat him. That means that I will be removed, but does it mean that Pat Calhoun will not be prosecuted? No! Even if defeated, Langdon will hold office until January and between next Tuesday and January first, even should McGowan be elected, I hereby pledge myself to prosecute Pat Calhoun to the best of my ability, so help me God."

Heney made a glowing appeal for the passage of the proposed eighth amendment to the charter, providing for better hours, vacations and better pay for the members of the fire department, and then he turned to the history of the graft prosecution, taking it up from its inception and telling in detail of the battle that the prosecutors have made. He told how results had been accomplished, how the entering wedge was first driven in the boodlers' bulwark of safety, how the supervisors were forced into the trap and into confession after months of labor, and how the first fruits of success were finally reaped.

Hisses greeted the names of Ruef and Schmitz; cheers greeted Heney's declaration that he would end the work he has begun. Never has the bulldog fighting spirit which dominates Heney been more manifest than it was in his denunciation of the corruptionists and his reiteration of the intention of the prosecution to make them pay the penalty. Several times during his long recital of the graft story Heney paused.

"Go on," shouted the crowd. "Don't stop. Tell us the truth. Give it them as they deserve."

When at last, tired out and exhausted, Heney paid his last respects to Frank McGowan and called for the last time for an unbroken support for Langdon, the hoarse voices again broke into wild cheering. Heney stepped from the stand to a chair, where he shook hands with the hundreds who crowded about him. Policemen cleared the hall and the crowd waited outside. The throng besieged Heney again when he appeared, and for 10 minutes he was the center of a densely packed, cheering mass about the doors of the rink before he finally made his way to the waiting automobile and drove away.

Political Meetings Today

TAYLOR-LANGDON

Noon—Third and Berry streets; William H. Langdon at Ralston iron works.

Night—Bay Shore hall, 37 Leland avenue; South San Francisco opera house.

TAYLOR—INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN

Night—New Washington hall, 2011 Fillmore street; Hamilton hall, Geary and Steiner streets; Duveneck's hall, Twenty-fourth and Church streets; Maennerbund hall, Twenty-fourth street and Potrero avenue.

RYAN

Noon—First and Mission streets.

Night—Walton's pavilion, Golden Gate avenue and Buchanan street; Porter's hall, Howard street near Third; Columbia hall, Sixth and Harrison streets.

McCARTHY

Noon—Fulton iron works, Broderick and Tonquin streets, Harbor View.

Night — Eagles' hall, Market street opposite Gough; Oakwood hall, 1805 Devisadero street; Mission rink, Mission street near Nineteenth; open air, Fremont and Harrison streets.

Johnston Rouses Anger of Throng Against Grafters

Langdon is Only Clean Man of the Former City Government

To the braying of a brass band and the thunderous plaudits of the thronged hall Hiram W. Johnson, chairman of the meeting, came forward to speak. But for a while the people would not hear him. They wanted to cheer, and cheer they did until their voices gave out, drowning the band with sheer volume of sound. Three times Johnson essayed to begin and three times the shouts and cheers broke out afresh as the speaker began his "Mr. Chairman."

When quiet was restored—partial, that is, for several brazen lunged persons in the crowd persisted in the shouting even after the chairman started—Johnson said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I won't say that I am glad to be here tonight. Such a thing goes without saying, but there are quite a few things that I have to tell you and ask you before I retire for a better man to take my place. We are gathered for the purpose of deciding upon one of the most momentous, if not the most momentous, questions that ever faced this city of ours.

"It is in this attitude that I face you people here tonight. I speak to you not as to laboring men nor republicans nor democrats, nor even as good government men, but only as men—San Franciscans who for two years have watched the city of their birth or their adoption wallow in the mire of political corruption. While I am speaking to no party or class of men, I do want the labor union party man who hears me tonight, the man who belonged to the party which brought upon this city all the filth and muck from which she is attempting to clear herself, to pay strict atention to what I am to say.

LANGDON ONLY CLEAN MAN

"Out of that party what man stands today clean before the public? Not one, save only that man for whom you are asked to vote on the 5th of the coming month—William H. Langdon."

Once more the crowd broke out in volleys of cheers. Again and again they shouted until, hoarse, they could continue no longer.

"Yes, cheer for him," said Johnson. "He's well worth it."

Langdon was sitting on the platform, having come into the hall just as Johnson began talking, and he bowed and bowed again.

"There are certain public service corporations," the speaker went on, "that make and have made vast fortunes out of the pockets of the people of this and other cities throughout the country, utilizing public utilities for their own selfish and private ends. We have given the gas company of this city its franchise. What has it done? We have given the permission to tear up our streets, and it has done that; also it has made millions. At whose expense?"

Once more the throng yelled in answer to the speaker and the shout went reverberating among the flag draped rafters of the rink.

The answer was "Ours!" and when he heard it the chairman bowed his head and said:

"You are right indeed. We gave the telegraph companies the same rights and what have they done? The street railways corporation, run by that arch briber, Patrick Calhoun, also got your permission to run its cars through your streets, and what has it done? I'll tell you. It and the other corporations have debauched your citizenship, rendering it a mockery among the cities of this country. They purchased your public officials "for a song," so cheap did the masters of graft consider their poor tools.

BRIBERS FIGHTING LANGDON

"And because one man, and one man only, in all the administration of this city stood up in his place as a man should and gave them the lie in their face; because this same man refused to be bought, refused to sell his honor and name for money, the railroad company and those back of it have been striving with might and main to drive him out of office. There has been no limit to the dirty trickery the enemies of William H. Langdon have not resorted to, only to fail of their purpose, for he is still there, firm in the intention to do his duty.

"Seeing this, the bribers did what? They put another man up to run for the same office—a man whose record speaks for itself, and a man who, say what he may, never will be the servant of the people of San Francisco but the servant of the people who will, if he is elected, have placed him in office. Even as there have been no limits to what the dirty politicians hired by the corporations of this city have done to force Langdon out of office, so there is no length to which they will not go to place their tool, the opponent of William H. Langdon, in office if you, the people of this city, let them. They will buy him in if no other way presents itself as surely as the sun rises unless you, the people, wake to the danger and prevent it. Will you permit it? Is that the message you are going to send out to the waiting country—that you allowed the office of district attorney of this city to be bought by a gang of bribe givers? Is it?

Again came the deep shout of "No!" from the people. It was but a single voice that spoke, not a chattering fire of small arms, but one deep explosion of determination.

BUSINESS UNHURT

"In this city," Johnson went on, "there is a class of men, God help them, who call themselves businessmen. They will tell you that we must not go on with the work we have undertaken because, they say, 'it is bad for business.' 'You'll hurt trade and kill business if you prosecute these men who have been debauching the city,' is what you'll hear. But I ask you one thing only: 'Did you ever hear of a business that was hurt by the conviction of a thief?' " And the crowd shouted "never," with the same ominous growl it used when the previous question was asked.

"This class," continued Johnson, "sought to stop the battle for the liberty which waged in 1776 by the forefathers of this republic. If the men of that day had listened to them, and they were 'safe, sane and conservative,' just as the present day gentlemen are, where would we be today? Under the rule of the British crown. There would be no flag, no country to be proud of, only good business. That's all.

"Again in 1856, when the war clouds came down close to the ground and people could not see clearly for the mist of them, this same class of 'good citizens,' these 'businessmen' prophesied all manner of dire things if the republican party forced the fighting. Where are those same 'good citizens' today? Right here in San Francisco. Here and in all the other places in this country where clean citizenship is striving to assert itself it comes into conflict with the organized forces of graft. Yes, and I tell you that if you let them these same businessmen, who fear the loss of their business, will prevent you and William H. Langdon from cleaning out the pig sty of moral filth which has defiled San Francisco so long. They'll save if they can the bribers who have undermined our government, who went out and purchased our public servants like cattle.

WANT BRIBERS SAVED

"Why should these people be amenable to the law, which punishes only the poor man who steals a loaf of bread? That is the question that will be asked you in substance. Few if any of them will have the manhood to come out in the open and say just those words, but that is what they mean. Why, indeed, have not the bribe givers and the bribe takers been immune for years? Yet it is just those men, the bribers and the bribe takers, whom 'Bill' Langdon intends to punish, with your help."

Then some Langdon enthusiast in the gallery sang out at the top of a clear tenor voice that carried like a bell, "Hurrah for Bill!" and again the throng went wild. They stamped and yelled, all semblance at order being ignored while they vented their feelings for the man who is trying to clean San Francisco of her shame.

Johnson smiled and wiped his forehead before beginning anew.

"It is from the people that these corporations I have been speaking about draw their wealth. Surely in common decency it is the people they should serve—but do they? You know they don't. Their very financial existence is due to the gift of the streets made them by the citizens of this city. Yet the corporation sharks go out into the city to debauch and destroy their fountain of wealth. The very least one could expect from a private individual upon whom you had conferred such a favor would be kindly treatment, but do you get it from the streetcar companies of San Francisco? You know you don't."

And again the people voiced their approval in one huge shout.

SEND DEBAUCHERS TO JAIL

"All we here ask of any public corporation is that it serve us honestly and faithfully. That is not much when one considers what has been done for them by us. If they fail in that then there remains but one thing to do. Send the men responsible for the moral corruption or ill service to jail."

Johnson then touched on the McGowan end of the campaign. "When McGowan tells you that he will send the little bribe takers to the penitentiary he promises the impossible. How is he going to do it? Has he some charm whereby he can wile out of men's hearts confessions that will send the men who utter them to jail?

"Let us go down the line and see who on this coming election day will cast their votes for McGowan? There will be Frank Drum of the gas company."

Amid the jeers and cat calls that followed the mention of the name the speaker counted "one."

"Then," he went on while the merriment increased with each name mentioned "there will be Louis Glass, that is, always provided he can vote on election day, and Patrick Calhoun. A great trio, surely. Can a candidate ask for a better?"

"Only a year ago, when this city was in the deep waters of tribulation," the speaker resumed, "a man then in absolute control of the city's affairs tried to oust Billy Langdon from office because he feared him. Have you, the citizens of the city, gone forward, or have you gone back? Are you better or worse than you were at that time? Better, far better, I for one believe, and I think that all the millions of peoples in this country must concede that to us. We are better, but if it were not for Billy Langdon, Abe Ruef would still be boss of this city, the same gang of venial, boodling supervisors would be running things right here now. You know it, and I do."

ST. LOUIS' EXAMPLE

"Imagine Joe Folk of St. Louis prosecuting this fight. Do you suppose that when he was half way through his work there the men of St. Louis would have gone back on him? Can you suppose such a thing, and if you can, can you picture the howl that would have arisen all over the country? Can't you hear what the other cities would have said about it?

"'Shame on St. Louis' would have been the cry from ocean to ocean. 'She wallows in her own filth,' people would say, and they'll say the same about San Francisco if you don't clean it. You must lend a helping hand here, just as one week from tomorrow you will lend a helping hand to Bill Langdon. You'll put him where he can run the boodlers into the jail that has been waiting for them for so long. Won't you?"

Once more came the answer, spoken as by one man, "We will."

"He was your man two years ago, when you put him, untried, into the office he now holds; yes, and will hold after election day. How much more is he to be your man, now that you have tried him and found him worthy? You never did any better act than when you cast your ballot for him; you can do nothing better than to cast that ballot for him the next time you vote. Nothing has arisen in the two years that I can think of that would make a man pause before voting for Langdon—nothing that would change a man's mind. He is your man today as he was two years ago. It is up to you to say whether he shall go on with his work. It is up to you to send a message to the rest of these United States. What shall it be? Are you going to say, 'We are satisfied with our moral squalor and we want no change—we don't want to be honest?' Or are you going to send the message that will be ever remembered to the glory of this city and her people, 'We want William H. Langdon to finish where he has begun, for he is a worthy servant'?"

ROAR FOR LANGDON

As the speaker drew toward the close of his speech the audience could hardly wait for the end before breaking again in volleys of cheers. When the tumult had subsided Johnson, who had taken his seat for a moment at the completion of his address, arose, and, taking Langdon by the hand, led him forward to the reading desk standing at the edge of the platform.

What had gone before seemed insignificant to the roar of greeting that went up. It was heard for blocks.

At first it was promiscuous, every one yelling for himself only, but then some system came creeping in and the cheering turned into volleys fired at the smiling, curly haired man standing waiting for the chance to speak. They were glad to see him there, those people, for they kept him standing till human lungs could do no more and compulsory quiet fell.

Tumultuous Welcome for Langdon Upon the Rostrum

Issue Simple, Says the District Attorney: Honesty or Graft

A tumultuous shout greeted Langdon's first words. He was forced to stop until the cheering subsided. Again he began and again the thousands shouting forced him to change words to smiles of acknowledgment. It was minutes before he could get past "Ladies and gentlemen."

"Mr. Chairman and my friends," he said, "I see plainly that there is no place for me here."

He smiled as he said it, and it was just as well that he made no attempt to continue, for the people rose in their seats to yell denial, till they saw that he was joking and had something further to add:

"I mean that after listening to the eloquence of my friend, Johnson, and knowing of the eloquence of my other friend, Mr. Heney, who is to follow right after me, I feel truly that I am out of place. I have four other meetings to go to tonight, where I shall have no such champions."

"You've got 'em all over town, Bill, if you only knew it," yelled a man with a brazen voice some rows back in the crowd, and the shout was taken up and passed round the big hall.

"Thank you, I believe I have," said the district attorney, as he began his talk.

"Let me say just a few words as to the issues of this campaign in as far as they concern the office of the district attorney. Those issues are merely a question of the continuance or the stopping of the prosecution. That in turn resolves itself into a question of whether the people want a government of the grafters and graft givers. Do we want a city administration of thieves, rogues and their kind? Are you willing to go before the people of the country at large with the statement in effect that you are afraid of the big criminal, the rich criminal, but are willing, oh, so willing, to prosecute the poor brute who steals a loaf of bread?

"If you do not want that, then say so by your vote on the coming 5th of November. If, on the contrary, you do want that sort of a city government, then we who have stood the fight of the past year, and I may say that we have stood much, will quietly submit to your dictum and go back to private life, filled with sorrow for San Francisco.

FIGHT FOR HONESTY

"Will you by your votes send a message that we of the city of San Francisco, which was stricken by the hand of nature and again stricken by the hand of her servants in high office, having had an opportunity to give voice to our feelings and opinions at the polls, did so with no uncertain voice? Then shall all lovers of this city be glad.

"In this campaign we are fighting for the right of government to protect itself against the contamination of social disease. We are fighting the social leper and the social parasite, one corrupting weak men when he claims that government is a thing he can buy, the other leeching the life blood from democracy when he thinks he can sell out his office of high trust.

"It is the battle of ideas that we are fighting in this campaign, and the idea of a fair and square government against the thousand ideas set up by human selfishness.

"In spite of the many ideas of the foe, the issue is simple. It is the good of all against the good of the few. When they tell you it is good for labor to ignore the moral issue of this campaign and to follow the leaders who have betrayed it, and who in human likelihood would do it again, it is the idea of human selfishness trying to numb the idea of common welfare. Has a leader a right to betray a party to his own interests? Has a party a right to betray its city to its own class interests? There is the issue, the moral law against interest.

"When they tell you it is good for business to ignore the fact that proven crime has been committed and to follow the persuasions of once respectable men of wealth, so that the prosecution can be stopped, so that the business of the community may go on undisturbed by slander, it is again the old idea of class and personal selfishness put against the common good.

"What are more dry goods in the market places against less freedom and equality before the law? There is the moral issue, the public law against the private gain.

SYMPATHY AGAINST RIGHT

"When they tell you it is too bad to prosecute this man because he was once a decent sort of a fellow, they are lauding personal sympathy against impersonal right. It is too bad that men must go to jail. It would be worse for government to go to ruin. It is the sorrow of public duty that men must suffer for their misdeeds; it is the obligation of the public prosecutor to see that the guilty few suffer, that the hundred thousands of men and women shall not be shorn of their will in government.

"Every idea, every sentiment that can be raised in this campaign to persuade you away from the support of the prosecution, has been urged. In the midst of the confusion you can weigh them all. By the simple imposition of a question the spuriousness of the plea will be known. Is it for government? Is it for the rights of all? Is it the rule of the ancient game of fair play? Or is it for this man's gain? Or that business' greed? Or this criminal's escape?

"I have four other meetings to address tonight. There I have not so many friends, certainly none so eloquent as those who will follow me here, and I crave your indulgence if I leave you in their care."

Heney Pledges Himself to Prosecute Patrick Calhoun

If Defeated, Langdon and He Will Rush Before January 1

At the conclusion of Langdon's speech Charlie Oliver, a popular campaign entertainer, was introduced by Johnson. Oliver sang two nonsense songs which tickled the crowd.

Already the people had been clamoring for Heney and when Johnson arose again and Heney moved slightly in his chair the people in the throng knew what was coming and broke into uproarious cheering.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Johnson, and Heney left his chair, "it affords me, I will not say pleasure, but pride and enthusiasm, that I may present to you the fighting man of California, Francis J. Heney."

Hats and handkerchiefs waved in the air which was filled with the spontaneous cheers and calls of the throng. Heney stepped to the speakers' table

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