The San Francisco Call

JOHN D. SPRECKELS ..... Proprietor
CHARLES W. HORNICK ..... General Manager
ERNEST S. SIMPSON ..... Managing Editor

Address All Communications to THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

Telephone "KEARNY 86"—Ask for The Call. The Operator Will Connect You With the Department You Wish

BUSINESS OFFICE ..... Market and Third Streets, San Francisco. Open Until 11 o'clock Every Night in the Year
EDITORIAL ROOMS ..... Market and Third Streets
MAIN CITY BRANCH ..... 1651 Fillmore Street Near Post
OAKLAND OFFICE—468 11th St. (Bacon Block) .. Tel. Sunset—Oakland 1032; Telephone Home—A 2375
ALAMEDA OFFICE—1435 Park Street ..... Telephone Alameda 559
BERKELEY OFFICE—SW. Cor. Center and Oxford .... Telephone Berkeley 77
CHICAGO OFFICE—1634 Marquette Bldg. . C. Geo. Krogness, Advertising Agt
NEW YORK OFFICE—805 Brunswick Bldg. . J. C. Wilberding, Advertising Agt
WASHINGTON NEWS BUREAU—Post Bldg ... Ira E. Bennett, Correspondent
NEW YORK NEWS BUREAU—31[illegible] Tribune Bldg. . C. C. Carlton, Correspondent

Foreign Offices Where The Call Is on File
LONDON, England ... Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Ave
PARIS, France ... 53 Rue Cambon
BERLIN, Germany ... Unter den Linden 3

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Delivered by Carrier, 20 Cents Per Week, 75 Cents Per Month, Daily and Sunday
Single Copies, 5 Cents
Terms by Mail, for UNITED STATES, Including Postage (Cash With Order):

DAILY CALL (Including Sunday), 1 Year	$8.00
DAILY CALL (Including Sunday), 6 Months	$4.00
DAILY CALL—By Single Month	75c
SUNDAY CALL, 1 Year	$2.50
WEEKLY CALL, 1 Year	$1.00
FOREIGN POSTAGE Daily	$8.00 Per Year Extra
FOREIGN POSTAGE Sunday	$4.15 Per Year Extra
FOREIGN POSTAGE Weekly	$1.00 Per Year Extra

Entered at the United States Postoffice as Second Class Matter
ALL POSTMASTERS ARE AUTHORIZED TO RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS
Sample Copies Will Be Forwarded When Requested
Mail subscribers in ordering change of address should be particular to give both NEW and OLD ADDRESS in order to insure a prompt and correct compliance with their request.

Why Power Grabbers Are In a Hurry

THE recent appropriation of the whole flow of Pitt river for power purposes by the simple act of filing a claim at the Shasta county seat has directed attention to the defective condition of the California state law in this relation and it supplies an instructive commentary on the proposition of Representative Smith to turn over to the states the control of water powers which still remain a part of the national domain. The condition of the state law in this regard is such that within a month after the transfer was made every hitherto unappropriated water power in California would be taken up without regard for public rights. The Riverside Press, published in Mr. Smith's district, writes on this subject:

California has a "conservation commission," but it has never held a meeting or made a single move toward helping in the conservation of the resources of the state.

That sort of a record on the part of California is not a good one, as compared with the progressive policy of other states on the conservation matter. And until this state wakes up on this question and shows a capacity to deal with the conservation problem in such a manner as will guard the privileges which now belong to the people against the unregulated interests of the corporations, we are quite willing to see some check remain in the hands of the federal authorities, who are much more up to speed on the matter of conservation than are the state authorities.

Public sentiment on the subject of conservation is the growth of the last five years. It was given its first impetus by the work of Roosevelt and Pinchot, but, while it has been firmly established as a national policy, the state legislatures have not as yet had time to give it the force of statutory law. That will be done by degrees, and in the meantime some of the water powers are safe in the hands of the national administration. That fact helps to explain the haste with which the power grabbers are working to get these valuable rights turned over to the states before restrictive legislation is enacted.

San Francisco The Ideal Summer Resort

WE need not put it down altogether to a certain well recognized amiability of disposition or a mere desire to say the pleasant thing when we hear Traffic Director McCormick of the Southern Pacific remark that San Francisco is the ideal summer resort. Mr. McCormick is a truthful man, and he knows. He is familiar with the blistering rigors of a Chicago summer and with the soapy humidity of New York in the dog days. He knows mankind from Podunk to San Diego and understands where he must go to be comfortable when the dog star rages. Says Mr. McCormick:

People are just beginning to realize that California is a greater summer resort than a winter resort. There are plenty of winter resorts, but California is the only summer resort in the United States. There is nothing in America that compares with it. San Francisco is the greatest summer resort in the world.

We know that the winter travel will take care of itself. Of course we want to get it, but what we are trying most to impress upon the minds of the folks in the east is that this is the one place where an enjoyable summer can be spent.

That is very nice of Mr. McCormick, and as he speaks with a hundred tongues the whole American people must stand still and listen.

Of course, San Francisco is the place to spend a summer. The immediate coast region of California is the only part of the United States where the temperature, whether in summer or in winter, is never uncomfortable. If we add to the climate the attractions of a metropolitan city it becomes clear that Mr. McCormick's enthusiasm is amply justified.

Laments the Decay of Politics

MARSE HENRY WATTERSON, writing from London to the Louisville Courier-Journal, laments the decay of politics on both sides of the Atlantic. No longer are there any booming issues that might inflame the imagination or set the world on fire. Marse Henry has made the discovery that Edmund Burke made more than a hundred years ago, and for him the age of chivalry is gone and that of book keepers, if not economists, has arrived. It is thus:

Truth to say, there is no politics now, either in England or in the United States, which rises much above the dignity of book keeping. The trail of the trade mark is over it all. With us the tariff, over here the budget, engage the popular attention. While the cost of government is a most important matter it can hardly be said to be an exhilarating topic of discussion, or to excite enthusiasm, except among the pot wallopers who are out after office. That is why party warfare has grown so coarse and party discipline hangs so loose in both countries. As to conviction laid in principle and consistency laid in conviction, we see them nowhere. It matters very little who wins or loses, the tax payers in the end will be put in for the freight. Over here it is mainly at present an affair of dukes and their landed estates. With you it seems only an affair of boodle and bosses. Well, the voters "pays their money and can take their choice," the devil rubbing his hands and licking his chops with the thought of being tolerably sure to get the hindmost.

It is not easy to make a burning issue of the tariff. It is no longer a party question in any sense, and is now, as it always has been, a local issue. We may, and do, hold up to scorn the greed of "the hog combine," but, in fine, the whole business does not rise above the dignity of book keeping, or the process of selling a shoat or a mule. These are piping times of peace, and the consumer pays the piper with what grace he may.

The Blazed Trail

A Hint to Los Angeles Secessionists

FOR the instruction of our excited friends in Los Angeles who want to cut loose from the state of California it may be worth while to call their attention to the constitutional provision which describes the boundaries of the state as they now are. Article XXI section 1 of the state constitution declares:

The boundary of the state of California shall be as follows: Commencing at the point of intersection of the forty-second degree of north latitude with the one hundred and twentieth degree of longitude west from Greenwich, and running south on the line of said one hundred and twentieth degree of west longitude until it intersects the thirty-ninth degree of north latitude, thence running in a straight line in a southeasterly direction to the river Colorado at a point where it intersects the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude; thence down the middle of the channel of the said river to the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, as established by the treaty of May 30, 1848; thence running west and along said boundary line to the Pacific ocean, and extending therein three English miles; thence running in a northwesterly direction and following the direction of the Pacific coast to the forty-second degree of north latitude; thence on the line of said forty-second degree of north latitude to the place of beginning. Also including all the islands, harbors and bays along and adjacent to the coast.

To divide the state it would be necessary first to amend this constitutional provision, and such amendment would have to be approved first by a two-thirds vote of the legislature and afterward ratified by the popular vote at a general election. Having obtained the consent of the state electorate and the legislature the divisionists might next address themselves to congress.

These are some of the legal obstacles that lie in the way that will not be overcome by making speeches and adopting sets of resolutions. As a matter of fact, the present movement is worked up by a gang of Los Angeles politicians and real estate sharks. It has no support of any sort outside of Los Angeles city, and on submission to the popular vote the proposition would not carry a single county south of the Tehachapi pass, with the possible exception of Los Angeles, which hopes to dominate the proposed commonwealth.

The Insolence of New York

(F. Hopkinson Smith in Ladies' Home Journal)

Listen to this for a moment—that is, if you can without having your collar choke you:

"I leave tonight by the late train to see my sick daughter and I must have a warm dress; I thought you might have one ready made." It was a dear, sweet old lady who spoke, with a rose in each cheek, her gray hair smooth to her forehead, her kindly eyes peering through gold rimmed spectacles. Having lived all her restful life with her own and her children's children in her arms, she had grown stout—a comfortable stoutness. Your own mother might have been like that—you can remember even now every curve and hollow, and the way the apron strings tape measured the waist.

She was addressing an upholstered "gent" (don't miss the abbreviation) in charge of the ready made department—sixth floor. He had seen her approaching, had sized her up and had attempted to appear busy, when the lord high eunuch in charge of the floor overhauled him with "She wants a tailor made." The "gent" shot out his cuffs, readjusted the glass pin in his gray satin necktie, gave a glance at his sterilized hands and said languidly: "This way."

Then began the hauling out and putting back, a young woman with her hair in an African Mombasa twist and her teeth in a wad of pepsin, assisting. In one costume the shoulders were all right and so was the length, but it wouldn't meet in front. In another everything would do but the waistline—that blessed old waistline you have had your arms around a thousand times. Then the fright of not getting anything at all began to take possession of her. She was tired, too—tired of the elevator and the long walk to the far end of the several floors to which various idiots had misdirected her, they being reserved for shoes, or crockery, or "lan-jeer-y," instead of bodies and skirts for dear old ladies.

"You must try to get something I can wear," she pleaded at last. "It is so important. All my warm clothes are home and there isn't time—I must leave tonight."

The "gent" was already closing the cases. He was through—no more of that in his.

"What's the use of lookin'?" he snapped—short like the shutting of a rat trap. "Any woman who's got hips like yours has got to have something built 'round 'em."

I don't blame you, dear reader. If it had been my own blessed mother I'd have dropped him through the elevator with the car on the top floor.

Answers to Queries

LANDMARKS—Subscriber, Alameda, Cal. What was the object of the California historic landmarks league?

The objects of the league as set forth in the constitution of that body are:

To restore and preserve, maintain and care for, buildings, monuments and sites throughout the state of California, commemorative of the early history of the state, including the missions of California and any building, site or road which is of historic interest, either from its associations with the early Spanish settlers or the American occupation of this state, or with the California pioneers; as well also to erect and maintain monuments and put in appropriate places memorial tablets commemorative of historic places and events to the end that said buildings may be preserved as emblems of the style of architecture in vogue during the early periods of California life, and with said monuments, sites and roads, serve as object lessons to the students of California history, and for that purpose to buy and sell, acquire and hold, receive in trust, lease and receive leases of land with their appurtenances, water, water rights, or stock in water companies, to receive and hold personal property of all kinds and collect money due from members of said corporation or by lectures and entertainments or otherwise, for the furtherance of said objects; to collect, receive and hold, either by purchase or donation, relics and documents of historical value and store and exhibit them in appropriate places; to encourage historical research and the study of California history, and to use all proper means to establish a chair of California history in the University of California and incorporate the study of California history in the curriculum of schools of the state as a regular study, and to any and all other things necessary and convenient to accomplish such objects or any of them.

* * *

SNAILS—B. S. W., City. What is the best way to get rid of snails that destroy plants?

One way is to place cabbage leaves, edge on the ground, in the garden and in the morning there will be found snails and slugs sticking to the inner side of the leaves, which can be taken up and the pest destroyed. It is said that if the beds containing the plants are surrounded by a slate or board edging, made to stand five inches above the ground and this is occasionally coated with a paste made of train oil and soot; it will form a barrier over which snails or slugs will not pass.

* * *

ROSES—J. H. K., City. Please state whether rose slips planted in pots and raised on a back porch inclosed with glass, very sunny, will grow better than outdoors?

Such can be kept in pots in such a place as you describe, but they give better results when set in the open.

* * *

LOHMAN—A. I. R., Oak, Cal. Is Pete Lohman, who used to catch for the Oakland baseball team, dead?

He is not. He is on the sick list and now in a sanatorium near Los Angeles.

* * *

WAR CLAIMS—O. S., City. Your question relating to Indian war claims will have to be more definite before it can be answered.

Clubwomen and Their Work

By MARY ASHE MILLER

WOMANKIND is ever versatile, and to prove that women's organizations do not lead entirely to the pursuit of the rat, the nickelodeon and the dissection of mental and moral attributes, the social graces are being brought to the fore this fall among the club women. Luncheons—or if half an hour earlier breakfasts—are bringing together in their best gowns the members of most of the clubs, a number of these having taken place within the last month and several more being scheduled for the coming weeks of the autumn season.

* * *

The Pacific Coast Women's Press association will meet this afternoon for a long session, as an executive board meeting is to take place at 1:30 o'clock. A business meeting will follow at 2 o'clock, and the literary program will be opened by a paper by Mrs. Laura Y. Pinney on "Work of Members." Mrs. Fred Stowell will talk on "Short Story Classics," contrasting the works of Guy de Maupassant and the modern short story writers. A discussion of this will ensue, to be participated in by Mrs. E. G. Lightner, Mrs. E. M. North-Whitcomb, Mrs. Augusta Cahill, Miss Lenore Croudace, Mrs. Elizabeth Vora and Mrs. Helen Van Anderson-Gordon.

* * *

The members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will meet this afternoon at the home of Dr. Emma Sutro Merritt, 2323 Washington street, to hear an address by Dr. Francis Greene of the University of California on "Sincerity With Young People."

* * *

California club members will gather in unusual numbers tomorrow at the Portola luncheon, which is to be the event of their first social day program, and promises to be one of the notable features of the club year. In fact, unless all signs fail, this is to be one of the days marked with a red letter and a white stone in the annals of the California club. As the name would indicate, it is to be a Spanish affair, and such a menu of Spanish dishes as is to be prepared by a specially imported cook will delight the guests, who are to have nothing to eat which is not Spanish, save, we are told, American rolls, black olives and a salad.

Mrs. James C. Crawford is chairman of the day and toastmistress, and she has secured Mrs. Annie Little Barry, Mrs. Lovell White, Dr. Amy Bowen and others to respond to the various toasts. The subjects of these are kept secret, but from the rehearsals come such peals of laughter that the curiosity of the uninitiated has reached fever height.

Bessie Barriscale, who won such a success in "The Rose of the Rancho" at the Alcazar, will appear in costume and sing her love song of the play; R. B. Thomas will sing a barytone solo; Miss Vida Woods will give a Spanish dance in costume; Miss Helen Gray will give a number and, last of all, Mrs. E. L. Baldwin's poem "Portola," set to music, will have a comic opera setting, and half a dozen members of the club, dressed as chorus girls in gorgeous Portola colors, will act as a background for Mrs. R. E. Revalk, who will sing the song.

Mrs. Crawford has been assisted by Mrs. Sadler, Mrs. A. R. Cotton and Miss Josephine Crowley as the heads of subcommittees.

* * *

The Caedmon club, of which Mrs. J. M. Driscoll is the president, will meet Tuesday afternoon at the Century club to hear a lecture by Henry P. Bowie on "The Picturesque Side of Chinese Written Characters," illustrated by drawings by Shimada Sekko.

* * *

The Year Book for 1909-1910 of the California federation of women's clubs has been sent out within the week and much useful and interesting information for clubwomen, regarding the organization is given in the neat little volume.

A list of the state officers and the various committees is given with complete reports of the annual reports given at Del Monte.

A resume of the work done at that convention and the resolutions passed, giving an idea of the versatility of the federation's interests, is also embodied.

Hints as to the duties of the state officers and of the heads of the various districts of the state are cleverly conveyed in a few lines. A copy of the bylaws and constitution is included, and the names, locations, memberships and aims of each club in the state belonging to the federation.

Denver's Foe of Graft Urges Heney's Election

JUDGE B. B. LINDSEY WRITES TO HENEY

Judge's Chambers,
Juvenile Court,
Denver, Colo.
Ben B. Lindsey, Judge.

September 18, 1909.

Hon. Francis J. Heney, San Francisco, Cal.

My Dear Heney: I am tremendously interested in your campaign. I only wish it were possible to get away from here and come and help you. Your fight is our fight, and after all it is not help for you, but help for us, whether in San Francisco or Denver. Won't the people wake up to see the assault upon democracy going on all over this country? There could be no severer rebuke to the traitors threatening this republic than your election and no greater disaster to our country than your defeat. If you are defeated in San Francisco I shall feel that we are defeated here in Denver, for in a small way we are making the same fight. If the people in San Francisco could only rise above the personal, petty, insignificant issues that are used by the "powers" to blind them to the significance of the greater issue there would be no question of your triumphant election, since no patriotic citizen, unless he be blinded by these old tricks of the "higher ups," can afford to vote against you.

I wish you would let me know if there is anything you can suggest whereby I might be of any service. I very much regret that it is not possible for me to come to San Francisco, as I had hoped to do. As a matter of fact, I am having quite a scrap here at home because of the serial publication of my story and experiences, which begins in Everybody's Magazine for the month of October, and the first number will no doubt be out by the time you receive this.

If you have the time to drop me a line as to the situation there and the prospects I should be so glad to hear from you.

With kindest regards and best wishes I am, sincerely yours,

BEN B. LINDSEY.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey Says That the Prosecutor's Defeat Would Be a Disaster to the Country

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY of the juvenile court of Denver, Colo., who, during all his professional life has been a vigorous foe to corruption, has been invited to be one of the speakers at the Francis J. Heney campaign mass meeting to be held October 29 in this city, but it has just been learned from the foregoing letter to Mr. Heney that Judge Lindsey can not come to San Francisco at this time.

Judge Lindsey, whose popular sobriquet is "the kid's jedge," has had a fight on with graft and the influences of corruption ever since the beginning of his professional career. The experiences of that conflict the Denver judge is now publishing in a loose form of autobiography in Everybody's magazine under the title of "The Beast and the Jungle." The Beast, of course, is graft, and the Jungle in which he ranges, devouringly, is the society and political system of the present day. The articles comprising the judge's biography have been rewritten and worked over by Harvey J. O'Higgins, the novelist and story writer, and the penmarks of the latter stick out rather conspicuously at places; but amid the polished, balanced handiwork of the New York "literary man" sticks out daringly the natural narrative of the judge, who has filled his story with sidelights on the political system of Denver, which must make many of the politicians of that place wish to rush for the deep gorges of the Rocky mountains.

It is with frank audacity that Lindsey has attacked corporation tools in Denver—picking them out boldly by name and unhesitatingly relating incidents of his early associations with the men. There are thinly veiled imputations of jury bribing related; there is a flat charge made of legislative corruption committed and the names of the alleged offenders are published in the magazine. He has related how the public service corporations of Denver controlled the courts through "hung juries."

It is lively reading, and the publication of this life story of Judge Lindsey would make his appearance here as a speaker in the cause of Heney doubly interesting and exciting.

Lindsey tells naively how he came to Denver in the spring of 1880 and of the desperate battle with poverty which he and his widowed mother and brother and two other children had. He tells of working at various occupations, but ever held to his desire to study law. He nominates as his preceptor in integrity, R. D. Thompson, who, he says, "still practices in Denver; and his example as an incorruptibly honest lawyer has been one of the best and strongest influences of my life."

He tells vividly of his first experience with political corruption and of his amazement at the apathy of the public toward the grafter. He says:

"I had read in the newspapers of how the Denver republicans won the elections by fraud—by ballot box stuffing and what not—and I had followed one 'Soapy' Smith on the streets from precinct to precinct, with his gang of election thieves, and had seen them vote not once, but five times openly. * * * What puzzled me still more than this—although the ministers in the churches and 'prominent citizens' in all walks of life denounced the 'election crooks' with the most laudable fervor—the election returns showed that the best people in the churches joined the worst people in the dives to vote the same ticket and vote it straight. And I was most of all puzzled to find that when the elections were over the opposition newspaper ceased its scolding, the voice of ministerial denunciation died away, and the crimes of the election thieves were condoned and forgotten. * * *

"And then I came upon some more of the brute's anatomy. Members of the legislature in Denver were accused of fraud in the purchase of state supplies, and—some months later—members of the city government were accused of committing similar frauds with the aid of civic officials and prominent businessmen." The officials were accused of ordinary grafting—raising bills from $3 to $300, paying outrageous sums for supplies, etc. An official of the police department was found guilty of conniving with a gambler to rob an express train. The narrative continues:

"I watched the cases in court. I applauded at the meetings of the leading citizens who denounced the grafters and passed resolutions in support of the candidates of the opposition party. I waited to see the criminals punished. And they were not punished. Their crimes were not denied. They were publicly denounced by the courts and by the investigating committees, but somehow, for reasons not clear, they all went scot free on appeals. Some mysterious power protected them."

In his first lawsuit young Lindsey had his eyes opened to the corruption of the jury system. He was attorney for a young man whom Lindsey considered to have been the victim of the malpractice of a well connected physician. At that time Lindsey was in partnership with a lawyer to whom he gives the avowedly fictitious name of "Charles Gardner," but whom the Denver Post identifies to its own satisfaction as Fred W. Parks, a Denver attorney. "We were opposed in the suit," says Lindsey, "by Charles J. Hughes Jr., the ablest corporation lawyer in the state; and I was puzzled to find the officers of the gas company and a crowd of prominent businessmen in court when the case was argued on a motion to dismiss it. The judge refused the motion, and for so doing—as he afterward told me himself—he was 'cut' in his club by the men whose presence in the court had puzzled me. After a three weeks' trial * * * the jury stood 11 to 1 in our favor, and the case had to be begun all over again."

There was another trial with the same result. Then, according to Lindsey, "One evening, when he were sitting in our office * * * A. M. Stevenson—'Big Steve'—politician and attorney for the Denver city tramway company, came shouldering in to see us." He talked of the case. "'Ain't you getting about tired of it?' he said.

"'We got 11 to 1 each time,' I said," the narrative continues. "'We'll win yet.'

"'Uh-huh. You will, eh?' He laughed amusedly. 'One man stood out against you each time, wasn't there? Well, there always will be. You ain't going to get a verdict in this case. You can't. Now I am a friend of you boys, ain't I? Well, my advice to you is you better settle that case. Get something for your work. Don't be a pair of fools. Settle it.'

"'Why can't we get a verdict?' we asked.

"He winked a fat eye. 'Jury'll hang. Every time. I'm here to tell you so. Better settle it.'"

Then Lindsey and his partner saw what they were facing. They decided that to circumvent the corruption of juries there should be a law in Colorado so that a three-fourths verdict could be returned. It was decided that "Gardner," the partner, should run for state senator, and introduce reform bills which they considered needed to make the Colorado law fairer to poor litigants.

"Gardner" secured a nomination from the "silver republican" boss of that day, George Graham. He was elected, having, in the meantime, said nothing about his proposed reform measures. When Boss Graham heard of them he was seriously alarmed. The "three-fourths verdict" bill, Graham said, was distasteful to the Denver city tramway company and the boss promised $4,000 worth of litigation a year for the firm to handle if the bill was withdrawn or not pressed. The young men could not be moved. The vicissitudes of the bill on its passages of the senate and its almost fatal experiences in the lower house are interesting and exciting reading. Another bill was introduced by "Gardner" to tax large foreign insurance companies. "We were indirectly offered a bribe of $2,500 to drop it," says Lindsey. Lindsey was offered $1,000 to speak against the measure. Later the man who offered the $1,000 said, "I got the whole thing fitted up for $250. Watch Cannon." Wilbur F. Cannon, according to Lindsey, made some motion concerning the bill and it was killed. Cannon is now pure food commissioner in Colorado.

"Tramway Bill" Smith was speaker of the house, and he is accused by Lindsey of having used chicanery to try to kill the "three-fourths verdict" bill. Lindsey heard him over the telephone lamenting the chances of the bill to pass to William G. Evans of the tramway company, and roughly planning a means of defeating the measure. A clerk of the house—D. H. Dickason—is accused of having tried to steal the bill, but it was finally passed, only later to be declared unconstitutional by the supreme court, which previously had passed on the same bill, while it was in the legislature, and had declared that it was founded on good law and on two earlier decisions of the same court.

Then the republican machine "reasoned with 'Gardner,'" Lindsey's partner. "Boss" Graham went to him. "Elections," Lindsey reiterates, "cost money; the money had to come from those who were able to subscribe it, and the republican machine could not afford to offend such liberal subscribers as Mr. Evans of the tramway company, Mr. Cheeseman of the water company, Mr. Field of the telephone company, the insurance magnates and the rest of the 'powers.' I do not know that the ultimatum was expressed even so delicately as this, but it was an ultimatum, and the more Gardner thought of it and talked to me about it the more disheartened he became. He had one more term to serve in the senate—and then what? Why, then, simply extinction—the end of his political career. It was as useless to appeal from the boss to the convention as to turn from a man to ask aid of his shadow.

The latter part of the article tells how the machine and the corporation influences, by argument and by throwing bits of legal business, which were paid for with sinister generosity, won "Gardner" from his ideals. The partnership was dissolved.

Judge Lindsey will continue with his articles from month to month, exposing the corruption of Denver politics and corporations. Should he speak in this city during the Heney campaign his address would add tremendously to the interest of the election contest.