

The San Francisco Call

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THE deep waterways movement takes its chief impetus from the middle west, with the south helping. Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and the Mississippi valley generally want a deep channel from the lakes to the gulf. It is an ambitious program, that has been mooted for thirty years, but never before with such important backing. The extensive character of the undertaking is thus outlined in the Chicago Tribune:

Reclamation And Navigation

The Chicago river improvements are fundamental to the deep waterway project. Its needs are many and pressing. Breakwaters must be provided at the outer gateway. Obstructions to navigation in the form of bridges and piers must be removed. A turning basin must be made where the two branches of the stream unite. The river must be widened in places. Docks must be built and ready access to them secured. Conflicting interests must be harmonized. The United States government must be persuaded to make generous appropriations which have been long delayed.

These and other needed advances must be made in accordance with a broad minded and liberal policy consonant with the magnitude of the larger enterprise of which the Chicago river and harbor are dominant features.

In fact, when the absolute necessities of the Chicago river alone are taken into consideration, the greatness of the project of a deep waterway from Lake Michigan to the gulf is clearly recognized.

It is not certain how the country as a whole will regard the proposition to issue bonds for such purposes. It should have hearty support in California, where we are troubled with river problems of great and pressing magnitude.

Senator Newlands, who is a leader in the movement, contemplates a co-ordination of the improvement of navigation with reclamation. Obviously this is the logical plan because the drainage of swamp lands, whether in the Mississippi valley or in the Sacramento delta, can not be profitably separated from the work of deepening the rivers for navigation.

To remove the surplus water from overflowed lands is quite as important in the way of reclamation as bringing water on the arid regions.

M. R. TAFT, like others who have gone before him in the chief executive's chair, nurses an ambition to break up the "solid south" in a political sense. They are nice people in the south and friendly. Roosevelt used to say that he had more friends and got fewer votes in Texas than in any other state of the union.

We would not discourage Mr. Taft in his missionary labor, but we fear that the solidity of the south will not be dissolved by a smile. Yet, by way of helping on a worthy cause, it seems worth while to direct the president's attention to certain invidious remarks by Deacon Hemphill of the Charleston News and Courier, who brashly slaps Texas in the face like this:

President Taft will reach Houston, Texas, next Saturday, and fortunately for him he will be there for only about three hours. Of course, the Houston people will give him a luncheon, or something that they will call a luncheon, and they will make an ado over him.

It is hoped that the South Carolinians who are now living in that place will assume charge of the president's entertainment in order that it may be done decently, and that they will instruct the Texans about how they should behave at the table, unless they intend to have a basket picnic, or a pound party, or a "social," or something of the sort.

The gentlemen should leave their pistols and bowie knives at home for this occasion, and if the luncheon is really served at table they ought to wear their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, keep their waistcoats buttoned up while they are at the table and eat with their forks and not with their knives. There ought to be a napkin at each plate and a finger bowl for each of the persons present at the luncheon. If there should be any ladies present the gentlemen should take off their hats and abstain from chewing tobacco, at least while they are at the table.

If anything could break up the political entente among the southern states it should be flippant talk like this. Texas is naturally proud of its "table manners" and does not relish being lectured by a superior person, whether deacon or colonel. In South Carolina every man is born a colonel, and when other honors of an ecclesiastical character are heaped upon him he sometimes gets too big for his boots. It is just as well that these boots are out of Texas pistol range or else the South Carolinian might be made to dance.

STOCKTON is the prettiest town in America. Those splendid avenues of overarching elms that line the streets can not be matched anywhere for urban beauty. The broad water courses that thread the town and bring it commerce give the place a certain Venetian effect and in full view stand up the solemn summits of the Sierra crowned with everlasting snow. No better site for fiesta or celebration could be found in California.

The town is easy of access and worth seeing when you get there. It is a stirring American community, full of enterprise and busy with the hum of manufactures and a bustling trade. Its prosperity has been earned by hard work. The center of the richest body of agricultural land to be found out of doors, it is only at the threshold of its growth.

Stockton is in a sense the child of the mother lode. Situated at the head of navigation, the town was in early days the starting point for what the old time Californians used to call "the southern mines," and there is therefore full propriety in its reproduction of "the rush of '49," that meant so much for the early history of the place.

It was there that the forty-niners outfitted and the bull teams gathered to supply the men of the days of gold. The rush of '49 was a real thing in Stockton and a great fact.

The townspeople have done well to revive the memories of those romantic days that meant so much for the future of California. The thing has been thoroughly well done and San Francisco unites in congratulation of a thriving and friendly neighbor.

The Kind of Advertising That Pays

THE Portola fiesta created a wide ripple of public attention not only on the Pacific coast, but likewise beyond the mountains, where its significance as an event of national importance is beginning to be understood.

The New York Tribune, for instance, expounds the meaning of the celebration thus:

The celebration appeals distinctly to the historical imagination. But even more, in so far as it recalls the recovery of San Francisco from the ravages of earthquake and fire, it will evoke a general appreciation of the courage, energy and civic pride which made recovery possible. The disaster of 1906 razed 28,000 buildings, both residences and business structures; swept clear an area of more than four miles square and destroyed property valued at \$500,000,000. In three years San Francisco has risen from its ruins, enlarged and improved. Its commerce has been re-established and its position as the chief port and metropolis of the Pacific slope has been rescued. That splendid example of fortitude and self-reliance appeals to every American, since it shows the American spirit working at its best, inviting trials and overcoming obstacles. The same spirit made the east, and then the west, reclaiming them from the wilderness, and easterners and westerners can fitly join in honoring it as their common heritage.

A symposium of such comment would fill columns of space with kindly appreciation and sympathy for the difficulties which this city has overcome, like this from the Chicago Record-Herald:

Chicago, too, has suffered terribly by fire, and nowhere should there be a more heartfelt appreciation of the splendid record that has been made by San Francisco during the last three years. That record is one that deserves even wider recognition than it has received. Though the great disaster caused irreparable losses, the new city completely outclasses the old, and the spirit that has been shown, the unwavering confidence and resolution, are worthy of respect and admiration. More than ever San Francisco impresses the visitor as pre-eminently the city of the Pacific coast, though it was never before so hard pushed by its rivals. Whatever the figures may show as to the population within the city limits and the rate of growth, it is truly metropolitan in its appearance and has no reason to fear comparisons that do it full justice. Nor has it any reason to fear the future. The pledges of great financial interests that are seen in its upbuilding already make the future secure. It will remain the financial center of the far west, and though new trade may be developed at other ports, trade can never desert such a harbor, the market and clearing house for one of the richest districts in the United States.

In addition to this it may be said that the city has manifold attractions and a distinction all its own. With its site no city could be commonplace, and a romantic interest has always attached to San Francisco.

The New York World, the Springfield Republican and other great papers join in the chorus of congratulation that establishes the fame of this unique celebration. San Francisco is given a boost all along the line. It is the sort of advertising that pays.

UNCLE JOE CANNON is out of sympathy with the president's plans for the improvement of waterways. The speaker appears to be out of sympathy, indeed, with all the important movements that stir men's minds in these days. He is a sort of perpetual grouch in boots.

In the language of the street, he "sees his finish," or, to put it in the words of the Chicago Daily News, "When a man of the Cannon type begins to scold and fume it is a pretty good sign that he realizes that his political downfall is near."

The other day at Elgin, Ill., the speaker undertook to read the "insurgents" out of the republican party and he talked like this:

Every one of the insurgent senators and the complaints in newspapers remind me of the fox that got its tail cut off in a trap and wanted all other foxes to have their tails cut off. Seven republican senators and twenty members of the house rebelled, but the bill was passed by the majority.

I was in Iowa last week. It is an open secret there that Senator Cummins practically proposes to join hands with Bryan. I will not say that he is going to join Bryan's party. He says he will not stop until the tariff is revised according to his notion.

It is an open secret that Senator Cummins is out in a campaign to defeat every congressman in his state who voted for that bill.

It is easy calling names, but they break no bones. Cannon, like most others of his kidney, resorts to the infantile device of calling the insurgents democrats, but it will not avail. The only mandate that can read Cummins and Dolliver, Nelson and Clapp, Bristow and La Follette out of the republican party must come from their constituents, and by all reports they are more solid than ever in that quarter. The testimony on this point is thus summed up by the Indianapolis News:

When we think of insurgents, we ought to think, not simply of the twenty representatives and the seven senators who voted against the Payne bill, but of the millions of people whom they so faithfully represented. For the movement against the influences that are now controlling at Washington is a great popular movement.

The president's well wishers, and he has many of them, including the News, ought to tell him the truth, and tell it plainly. It is perfectly clear that, whatever may be the fate of Cannon and Aldrich, the system for which they stand is rapidly passing away in this country. These men belong to another civilization. They do not represent the people, but only themselves and the interests. No man who has any of the spirit of progress in him can fail to see that this is so. Cannon and Aldrich may survive for a time as public men, but their ideas and methods are even now passing away.

This is the day of the people. And that public man will exert the greatest influence who puts himself in touch with the new movement toward better things.

The insurgents can afford to disregard the silly abuse of an ill tempered old man, whose political days are numbered. The country has had enough and too much of him.

"Through Protestant Eyes"

From The Monitor

Rufus Steele, viewing "through Protestant eyes" the imposing religious ceremonies which opened the Portola carnival in St. Mary's cathedral, caught the true spirit of the event. He tells his impressions in The Call:

"By what right," queried a man at my elbow, 'by what right does Catholicism seize upon the Portola festival as a proper occasion for jubilation in the church?'"

"That man knew not the history of his country, of his state, nor of the very event which the city is engaged in commemorating. His contemptuous ignorance so outruded itself into my thoughts all day that I would lend a bow to its shattering. Of a truth the Catholic church had the best right of all to celebrate yesterday the splendid achievement of Don Gaspar de Portola, a right that any enlightened Protestant must swiftly accord."

"The discovery of San Francisco bay came in the name of his Catholic majesty the king of Spain. Every scrap of writing which he left shows that first of all he was a soldier of his faith. On his right throughout that perilous expedition ever rode Father Juan Crespi; upon his left, Father Francisco Gomez—friars these of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi and precursors, too, of that long line of heroic Franciscans who were to found the missions and tutor the soul and mind of the heathen natives."

We have enjoyed reading Mr. Steele's article, which we can give only in part. It is a worthy tribute to that zealous Catholic spirit which breathes through all our American history.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

INGERSOLL—P. E. W., City. Did Bob Ingersoll change his views as to religion before he died? What were his last words?

None of the published biographies make any mention that he changed his ideas on that subject. His last words were, "Oh better," in reply to a question by his wife as to how he felt.

NEAR AND OFF—A. C. D., Please explain the terms "near side" and "off side," as applied to horses.

The left side of a horse is called his "near side" and the right side his "off side." The terms are derived from the

TWO FAIRS—F., Oakland, Cal. Please give the dates of the closing of the Columbian world's fair and the Midwinter fair. Also the first named closed October 30, 1893, and the latter July 7, 1894.

times when the drivers of the horses attached to a vehicle walked by their side. In order that his right hand might be instantly available in case of need he always walked on the left of his horses. The near side of a horse was therefore that nearest his driver, and the off side that farthest off.

ENTRY OF EVIL BY CHOIR DOOR

Du Moulin Divorce Case Is Cause of Much Sorrow To Many Persons

By MARY ASHE MILLER

WHEN his satanic majesty wishes to gain admission to the church nowadays he undoubtedly abandons the serpentine movement of his original entry and comes in decorously through the choir. The musical temperament is apt to have that peculiar sensitiveness which engenders "hurt feelings," jealousy and other things conducive to "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" and when the choir is composed of both men and women there is also sometimes an unfortunate susceptibility to be reckoned with.

Choir matches, when tenor and contralto or bass and soprano mate, or the organist weds a singer, have been known to be sources of unlimited domestic bliss. But there have been less fortunate marriages and a direct result of this choir propinquity seems manifested in the distressing charges made by Mrs. Jennie Gay du Moulin in her divorce suit filed against Rev. Walter du Moulin.

Incompatibility, social, temperamental, and of every other type, is written large on every phase of their married life which is given to the public and which may serve apparently as an index to the rest. He was a curate, young and good looking; she a choir singer, likewise young and good looking.

To a curate, if he be at all personable, is apt to attach a certain romantic interest for the young women of his parish and particularly those with the musical temperament. His necessary absorption at times in his religious and spiritual duties and occasionally, one may venture to add, the becomingness of his vestments, give him a certain detached atmosphere which serves to set him apart from the ordinary young man of commerce.

This is considered especially dangerous for those who are very young or who are passing from middle age into the dread beyond.

Likewise the good looking choir singer may be a menace to the curate. Mer companionship—one may say partnership—in the services establishes a little more of a fellowship, generally subconscious, than exists with others of the worshiping throng; occasions of meeting are more frequent and thus propinquity aids in the purchase of white satin.

This seems to have been practically the course of the Du Moulin romance and the disastrous ending after seven years of married life comes in the divorce court.

It is a more than ordinary pitiable state of affairs because in the fall of the house of Du Moulin are involved so deeply the happiness of others. The mother of the young wife, whose home is in this city, has expressed her grief and bitter regret at the necessity of the separation. The state of mind of the young clergyman's father, a man high among the dignitaries of the church, may be imagined. Then, too, all those who care for the church for whose faith the young man stands will grieve at the scandal brought upon one of the priesthood—doubly grieved, in fact, as it would appear that he has been far from blameless.

Making due allowance for the proverbial jealousy of clergymen's wives, the specific charges can hardly be manufactured. The deeper one goes into the case the more glaring becomes the utter incompatibility and there was not sufficient self-control evidently in the husband's makeup to enable him to bear patiently with his uncongenial wife.

To me the most remarkable feature of the specific charges and the one that arouses unlimited curiosity and speculation refers to the early morning strolls with feminine companions. Mrs. du Moulin declares that her husband arose in the gray hours of the dawning day to take these walks—so early, in fact, that he had to have an alarm clock to arouse him. One can hardly believe that the reverend gentleman made a practice of such excursions unless his mind were affected. One walk of this kind might be the result of a joke, or a mild and innocuous wager, or to view some particular scene by sunrise, but to make it a custom would be verging on madness. Even should his trend of mind lead to that sort of thing where would he find women sufficiently devoted to join with him in this up with the lark attitude?

Mr. du Moulin is in Seattle, where a fortnight since he entered a divorce suit himself on the simple ground of abandonment, and Mrs. du Moulin is here and brings the more sensational matter to light in her charge, so in two cities the family woe is declared. All of which goes to show that my original statement as to the entrance of the power of darkness through the choir was not a mere rhetorical effect.

Glasgow's Old Guard

A meeting of Glasgow's Old Guard, the gradually diminishing company of city volunteer veterans who formed a guard of honor to Queen Victoria when she inaugurated Glasgow's water supply at Loch Katrine, 50 years ago, has just been held in the Religious Institution Rooms, to consider the design of a tablet to be placed in Glasgow Cathedral in memory of those of their number who have passed away, says the London Globe. The tablet, which is from designs by Mr. A. B. McDonald, the city engineer, is to bear an inscription:

"On 14th October, 1859, Her Majesty Queen Victoria inaugurated Glasgow corporation water works at Loch Katrine. One of the guards of honor upon that occasion was composed of about 400 men from the newly enrolled volunteer companies of Glasgow. On the 50th anniversary this tablet has been erected by the surviving members of the Old Guard in memory of comrades gone together as a sort of compensation for the shadows flee away." At the close of the business it was suggested that the meetings of the veterans be discontinued, as their number was now small. It was decided to keep up the organization.

Mrs. Jennie Crocker Mrs. George Pope Mrs. Augustus Taylor Mrs. James A. Folger Mrs. Horace Pillsbury Mrs. Frederick McNear Mrs. Joseph Grant Mrs. Walter A. Newhall Mrs. George Hamilton Mrs. Latham McMillin Mrs. Edward Pringle Mrs. Herbert Moffitt

Miss Lucille Levy entertained half a hundred guests yesterday afternoon at an elaborate bridge party given at her home in Octavia street. The affair was one of the notable of the early season. The decorations were red and yellow chrysanthemums as a sort of reminiscence of Portola week, but the prizes were of a different time and suggestion, since they were dainty Dresden trays

GRAPHIC OUTLINE OF GREAT REFORM FIGHT

Judge Lindsey, in Second Powerful Article, Spares None Of the Exponents of Corruption

JUDGE Ben B. Lindsey of Denver is beyond doubt a political insurgent of the most valuable type, a man who has helped by practice to show younger men how independently they may carry on their political campaign without having to rely on the dangerous influence of partisan campaign managers. But Judge Lindsey's most signal benefit to this country is his work in establishing the juvenile court, in proving to America that the youthful delinquent is not a criminal, and should be kept from the contamination of the hardened criminals.

In the second installment of Judge Lindsey's autobiographical article, "The Beast and the Jungle," which is presented in the November number of Everybody's Magazine, just issued, the county judge of Denver tells vividly the causes which prompted him to institute the juvenile court, and relates the strong play he made to create a sentiment which forced the legislature of Colorado to pass the laws necessary for the equipment of the court.

In one respect Judge Lindsey's article will arouse the sympathetic attention of newspapers and newspapermen. The judge mentions repeatedly the part which the newspapers took in aiding his fight, and tells how he secured the aid of the press to put his cause before the people. The majority of the reformers devote their attention to the imperfect side of the newspapers, and give little if any credit to the journalism which has supported them or made it possible for them to bring their work before the public.

In this installment stands out the memorable fact that of all the reformers in America today Judge Lindsey is the most valuable, as he is the constructive reformer. He has done something new. Grand juries and indictments have existed for hundreds of years; but a juvenile court is modern, the system of balancing "bad boys" on the apparently thin thread of honor left in them goes back to Denver, and not to Rummeyed.

Lindsey, rather early in his political career, reaffiliated himself with the democratic party organization in Denver, believing vainly that it was cleaner than the republican. He discovered that there was little difference. However, he worked hard with the party, and after losing the party nomination for district attorney, for which he had made no great fight and could produce no financial backing, he was appointed judge of the county court, a bench similar in many details of its jurisdiction to the superior courts of California. There he saw "the beast" of the jungle awaiting him.

Politicians went to Lindsey for the reward of their support of him when he was appointed. Lindsey gives names in his article in a manner which must make the people—some people—of Denver squirm, when the flaming red cover of Everybody's is flaunted on the newstands. One supporter—Fred P. Watts, a county commissioner, wanted to be appointed administrator of whatever estates might be involved before the court. The incident which aroused the judge to an appreciation of the need of a court for young offenders is related graphically. A boy was convicted of stealing coal from the railroad. His mother, who was in the courtroom, screamed in anguish when she heard the words of the commitment.

"I did not know what to do," writes Judge Lindsey. "I thought I had no power, under the law, to do anything but what I had to do."

Lindsey says that he had been called "crazy" for creating his agitation in the cause of improved conditions for juvenile offenders. He quotes another exclamation of Governor Peabody: "If Judge Lindsey is 'crazy,' I want my name written under his among the crazy people."

That concludes the installment, which is a vigorous presentation of evil political conditions, of the combination between politics and vice, and of the ray of hope which Lindsey's work finally shed on the dark "jungle" of Denver.

THE -- SMART -- SET

THIS is to be decidedly a season of dancing, for apparently there are enough entertainments of this variety scheduled to make the winter in town extremely gay. The dances that will precede the real season of frivolity are delightful enough for the debutante and her older sister, but the later dances are affairs of magnitude and promise to be brilliant enough to please the more sophisticated.

There was a hop at the Presidio last evening that was an informal but delightful affair, as it was impromptu, and the popular Officers' club will be the scene of another and larger dancing party next Friday evening that will really be a farewell reunion for the visiting officers who are departing group by group, for foreign shores.

There was also a dinner and dance on board the St. Louis last evening that was attended by the buds and belles from town and it would seem as if the army and navy set had the monopoly of dances this week, remembering the elaborate dancing party at the Army and Navy club last Tuesday evening that turned out to be a brilliant party instead of the usual informal hop of fortnightly fame.

The dances of the later season have a different aspect, however, and besides the Greenways and the Colonials there are to be two dances of extreme interest to the social set, for 24 members of the Burlingame club have bonded together as a sort of committee, each contributing toward the expense of the exclusive parties. Each member of the Burlingame group will be privileged to invite 10 guests. The aggregate will be less than 300 and the dates for these assemblies are announced as December 10 and January 14, and the place will be the ballroom at the St. Francis. Those who are to be hostesses at the parties, among others are:

Mrs. Joseph Crocker Mrs. George Pope Mrs. Augustus Taylor Mrs. James A. Folger Mrs. Horace Pillsbury Mrs. Frederick McNear Mrs. Joseph Grant Mrs. Walter A. Newhall Mrs. George Hamilton Mrs. Latham McMillin Mrs. Edward Pringle Mrs. Herbert Moffitt

There have been many informal dinner parties and luncheons on board the various ships in the bay at this season, but among the most enjoyable of recent affairs was that given by Lieutenant Church, U. S. N. Among the guests who attended the delightful party were Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Shorb, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Anna Weller, Lieutenant Mayfield, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Commander Evans, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary with an interesting family reunion November 2. The event is one of unusual importance not only to the immediate family but to their friends, who are anxious to extend their felicitations to the McNeers on this happy occasion. Mr. and Mrs. McNear have lived here for many years and occupy a prominent place in the social history of the city while their many connections have a host of friends who are adding their congratulations to the approaching anniversary. Among those who will participate in the festivities of the day with Mr. and Mrs. McNear are Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Miss Elizabeth McNear, Mrs. Ernestine McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Bowles and Miss Amy Bowles.

Mrs. Arthur Alexander, who has been the guest of Mrs. James Robinson for the last fortnight at the home of the hostess in Scott street, left yesterday afternoon for her home in Santa Barbara after a delightful sojourn in this city. The attractive visitor from the southern city was the complimented guest at several impromptu affairs during her stay here and took an active part in the gayeties of Portola week.

but what I had done. The boy was guilty. The law required that I should sentence him. The mother might scream herself dumb, but I was unable to help her.

"She continued to scream. Two reporters, attracted by the uproar, came to ask me if I could do something for her. I telephoned the district attorney and asked him whether I could change my order against the boy—make it a suspended sentence—and let me look into the case myself. He was doubtful—as I was—about my right to do such a thing, but I accepted the responsibility of the act, and he consented to it. After what seemed an hour to me—during which I could still hear the miserable woman wailing—the boy was returned to her, and she was quieted.

"Then I took the first step toward the founding of the juvenile court of Denver."

Judge Lindsey relates how he went to the boy's house and found that the family was wretchedly poor, the father being an invalid from the effects of lead poisoning, acquired in the smelter where he had worked for 12 hours a day. In that home was the "trail of the beast."

Judge Lindsey views bluntly the investigations he made into the condition of the jails where the juvenile offenders were kept, how they were herded with bestial men, hardened criminals, adepts in innumerable vices, who passed on to the younger generation their evil knowledge. The situation was intolerable.

Another intolerable condition was discovered by Lindsey. He says:

"I went to the clerk of the court. 'This is all wrong,' I said. 'It is all nonsense—bringing these children in here on criminal charges—to be punished—sentenced to prison—degraded for life.'"

"Well, judge," he explained, "we sometimes get short on our fee accounts and it helps to increase the fees in this office to bring the kids here."

The hardest fight of the juvenile work was Judge Lindsey's attack on the wine rooms, which existed in violation to the law, and in which young girls were drugged and ruined.

The brewers and saloon ring fought desperately against Lindsey's efforts to enforce the law against the wine rooms.

Most dramatic of the "grandstand plays" which Judge Lindsey confesses he made was one in which he summoned Governor Peabody, Mayor Wright, 15 prominent ministers of the city, the police board and members of the city council to listen to the tales of degradation in the jails told by small boys who had suffered most terribly, physically and morally, from association with adult criminals in the prisons. The committee listened, horror-stricken, and Governor Peabody said hoarsely, "I never knew there was such immorality in the world."

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