

VARIED TYPES

EDWARD F. O'DAY



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VARIED TYPES

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Edward F. O'Day

VARIED TYPES

BY

EDWARD F. O'DAY



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FOREWORD

IT HAPPENS sometimes that the notes of a conversation supply the student of an epoch or condition with certain valuable material for which he might look in vain among more formal records. What is on the tip of a man's tongue may not infrequently be more interesting than his carefully considered utterances. There are times when the interviewer succeeds in interpreting a man's thoughts more accurately than that man, with pen in hand, could himself interpret them. All of the following articles were based on personal interviews. They are selected from a series of sketches which were contributed to the pages of Town Talk during the past four years and a half. Their preservation was suggested by the thought that they might possess a more than ephemeral interest.

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DR. ALBERT ABRAMS

DO YOU ever feel the thrill of life?" asked "Reflex" Abrams, taking the interview into his own hands.

DI was properly noncommittal. What right had he to interview me? Besides, I did not feel altogether comfortable. There are doctors who give one an uneasy feeling. They seem to be forever diagnosing your symptoms. Their eyes look through and through you like X-rays. Their fingers seem to be itching for your pulse. You feel that if they only half tried they could convict you of all the ills in the materia medica. You cease to be a man; you are merely a case while you stay in their company.

Dr. Albert Abrams, "Reflex" Abrams as his brothers of the profession call him, affects you like that at first. There is something mephistophelian about his countenance. You can well imagine him chortling over the weaknesses of mankind, even as Mephistopheles chortled over the foolishness of Faust. His keen blue eyes are a little glassy, perhaps from too much peering, but they penetrate like poniards to the vital places.

I had heard so much about Doctor Abrams that I was eager to meet him. Other physicians had spoken in terms of high admiration of his medical treatises. Patients had told me of his wonderful treatments, his almost miraculous cures. It had come to my ears that a visit to Abrams was as good as a visit to Nauheim for the heart-stricken and the nerve-shattered. Assuredly, I thought, if this man works the good that Nauheim does to American hearts and American nerves, the most erratic hearts and nerves in the world, he is worth knowing. I was high-keyed when I met him.

From the moment that I entered Dr. Abrams' office I realized that I was under inspection. His minute scrutiny covered me from heel to crown. When he held a light to my cigar it was as though he was lifting a lantern to my soul. And so, when Dr. Abrams took the interview into his own hands, I was careful not to commit myself. Let him discover my symptoms for himself; decidedly I should not confess them.

"It is rarely indeed that I feel the joy of living," said Dr. Abrams when I had sidestepped his question. "The thrill only comes when I have discovered something. I feel like the philosopher who shouted 'Eureka!'"

"Who was it, by the way, that shouted 'Eureka'?" he continued eyeing me steadily. "Ah yes, Archimedes of Syracuse. Of course. I remember now that I have seen his statue there, a modern statue of course. There he is in marble, a noble figure of a man, looking out to sea, with his burning glass and lever and his books about him. Near that statue, by the way, there is a morass where papyri grow. It is supposed that in ancient times paper was made from the papyri in that morass. By Jove, it strikes me that when I was in Syracuse I bought a papyrus there. Perhaps I can find it."

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Rising as tumultuously as he talked, Dr. Abrams darted into the adjoining room in quest of the papyrus. I looked about me. Certainly I had never seen such a doctor's office before. It looked more like the study of a dilettante. The furniture fashions of all ages seemed to be represented there in the desk, the bookcases, the tables, the chairs, the cabinets. Just a detail to suggest the bizarre treatment: the telephone was dressed in flowered silk, the push button was mother-of-pearl set in onyx. While I was invoicing the furniture Dr. Abrams darted back with the papyrus which we admired together.

The excursion to Syracuse had the effect of setting me more at my ease. I began not to fear, when suddenly all my trepidation returned, for the doctor was saying:

"Yes, I am happy only when I am discovering something new in the human body. Sometimes, in fact, I am almost afraid to examine a patient, for fear of finding something new."

I wonder if I shuddered? I really felt like a Pandora's box full of physiological ills that the doctor might unlock at the least provocation. What did I say? I have forgotten, but probably something about the heart (mine was beating fast) or about the spine (mine was a skating rink for cold shivers). At any rate the doctor went off on a tangent. He rushed into a discourse on spondylotherapy.

Never heard of spondylotherapy? Neither had I. Hadn't the remotest notion what it was, so I asked. I learned that it was the application of physical methods to the spinal region in the cure of disease. I found too that Dr. Abrams had written a book on the subject.

"It has been said," the doctor remarked, "that I have taken the most radical stand in the treatment of spinal diseases, and perhaps that's true. What the physiologist does in the laboratory I apply to the living subject. I was a pioneer in this part of the world with the X-ray, and sixteen years ago I gave out my heart reflex. I found that it was possible to contract and dilate the heart by physical means. That discovery is the basis of the modern treatment of heart diseases.

"I can make the heart stop beating. Would you like to see it done?"

He offered me his pulse. Much preferring that I should take his than that he should take mine, I placed my finger on it. Then with his left hand the doctor applied pressure to the back of his neck, pressing there till his face was livid. The pulse stopped beating. There could be no doubt about it. For a moment the doctor's heart had not been pumping. He released the pressure and smiled. When the pulse resumed its orderly beat I smiled too.

"The simplicity of my method marks its importance," the doctor resumed. "When you strike the cuticle in certain spots the spinal cord contracts. That's all there is to it.

"You know what aneurism is. It is a disease in which the patient chokes to death. It has always been regarded as incurable. But I have studied the contraction and dilation of the aorta with the result that I have discovered how to cure aneurism. In the *British Medical Journal* and *La Presse Medicale* I have reported forty cases cured.

DR. ALBERT ABRAMS



DR. ALBERT ABRAMS

"Tell the average physician that you can cure aneurism and he will laugh at you. Arterial sclerosis is amenable to the same treatment.

"I sent the report of some of my aneurism cases to a German medical journal, but the editor refused to publish them. He wrote me that tradition had established the fact that aneurism was incurable, hence he couldn't stultify himself by reporting my cures."

I thought of what Moliere had written: "The authorities exact an oath from medical candidates never to alter the practice of physic." Also of Joseph Skoda's pessimistic dictum: "We can diagnose disease, describe it, and get a grasp of it, but we dare not by any means expect to cure it."

Spondylotherapy began to assume, in my lay mind, its due importance.

"More than one in every hundred die from aneurism," the doctor continued. "It is a disease particularly common in California. It is found among those who are subjected to strains and excesses. One might say that it comes from excesses at the shrines of Bacchus, Vulcan and Venus."

So the ironworker and the roue are alike in need of spondylotherapy. Undoubtedly there are many ironworkers and many roues in California where aneurism is prevalent.

"It is the tendency of modern medicine," the doctor went on, "to do away as much as possible with the use of drugs. Physiological therapeutics is advancing. Physicians may laugh at osteopathy, but while the theory of osteopathy is wrong, the results are frequently good. The osteopathist works on the theory that disease is due to displaced vertebrae. In his treatment he unconsciously gets certain reflexes, and cures. Without knowing it he is practicing spondylotherapy.

"The heart reflex is obtained unconsciously in many ways, for instance by the irritation of the skin with a towel. The carbonic acid baths of Nauheim act by producing the heart reflex. Our Vichy baths near Ukiah do the same. They are in reality better than the baths at Nauheim. But the patient at Nauheim helps his own cure by mental suggestion. He is away from his business worries; he relaxes. Part of the benefit of Nauheim comes from the big playground of Europe which is in back of it."

The doctor told me other things about spondylotherapy, very interesting things, but I am afraid to attempt to quote them. He talks fast, and one who is not at home with medical terms can hardly keep up with him. In the midst of our conversation the nurse announced Dr. Soandso.

"Would you like to meet Dr. Soandso?" he asked me. "He came from El Paso to take my treatment for aneurism. He is about cured."

I followed Dr. Abrams into another room, a very different room. The walls were bare but for heavy pipes that elbowed this way and that. There was no furniture but surgical apparatus. It looked like a medieval torture chamber. It was the workshop of a beneficent healer.

The doctor from El Paso was past eighty, a venerable bearded man with kindly eyes. He told me that he couldn't articulate when he reached this city; that he was expected to die any day. He spoke distinctly, almost vigorously. He told the younger physician that he was cured, that he was going home. I'll bet he spreads the gospel of spondylotherapy.

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"What other books have you written besides that on spondylotherapy?" I asked Dr. Abrams when we were back in the room with the flowered silk telephone and the mother-of-pearl push button.

"There are a dozen or so," he answered. "There's one on splanchnic neurasthenia."


"On what?"

"What you would call the blues," he explained. "That book has been very popular with the profession. It has gone through four editions.

"But I hope I have finished writing. I am engaged on a third edition of 'Spondylotherapy.' When that is done I shall devote my life to the development of my method, but I don't think I shall write any more."

I expressed my doubt about the strength of that resolution. And the doctor smiled. It was a smile that would have cured my splanchnic neurasthenia if I had been so afflicted. I found that I was not nearly as much afraid of the doctor as when I first met him. I could almost have let him feel my pulse—provided he didn't find something novel the matter with me and thereby experience his rare thrill of life.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

O TALK with Gertrude Atherton at any time is to receive a powerful intellectual stimulation, but to talk with her when she is fresh from communion with her European friends is to share the newest impressions fixed in a lively brain by the men and women who are shaping the course of civilization. To chat with Mrs. Atherton on such an occasion is to open one's mind to sparkling streams of literature, art and politics which are flowing straight from the fountainhead.

It is to share for a time the achievements, the purposes, the thoughts and the intimate doings of the great. For Mrs. Atherton has a reserved seat in the grand theatre of European activities. She watches the play with its mixture of tragedy, comedy and farce at close range. The actors lean across the footlights to speak to her, some of them to explain obscurities in the action, others to impart their private opinions of the piece and of its author. And she is admitted behind the scenes, so that she knows fustian for its cotton value and can distinguish rouge and powder from the healthy bloom of nature.

This is particularly the case when Mrs. Atherton goes to London. In London's microcosm of fashion as in its various circles of art and music and politics and literature she has an assured position. She is insatiable of impressions, as every great novelist must be, and more readily than most of those who belong to the craft she is granted opportunities of studying facts in the making. Naturally, when she returns to this farthest flung outpost of civilization she carries with her a thousand items that would never reach us by post or cable.

It was in the summer of 1911 that Gertrude Atherton granted this interview. The tremendous suffrage agitation convulsed England and yet we heard of it only when a suffragette chained herself to a railing or slapped a police sergeant. We got some little glimmer of its significance when a Silvia Pankhurst stepped off the Overland Limited for a lecture or two. It remained for Mrs. Atherton to impress upon us the deadly seriousness of those English women. She could do this with facility because she was mightily impressed herself. She believed in them; more than that, she believed that they would accomplish their purpose. Later she was alienated from them by their growing ferocity.

"Their campaign," she said, "is as concentrated, persistent, intense and fanatical (using the term as it has been applied throughout history to the initiators of all great reforms), as the most epoch-making of the religious upheavals which sent their martyrs to the stake.

"These women will shoot and kill, if necessary. They burn with a sort of holy fire and if they were hanged they would die like martyrs.

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"They are a large concentrated body of women, brought up on politics, oppressed and humiliated by laws made by and for men, and driven to revolt, not through vanity, nor ennui, not only from a desire to raise the standard of health, comfort and happiness of their entire sex, but from a now full grown self-respect—that more poised and noble complement of the masculine Ego which, not unnaturally, has achieved the proportions of a malignant tumor.

"For, mark you, these women are the daughters of men, a fact which men curiously overlook. Ever since the wife ceased to spend her days with the women of her household, weaving, making tapestry, or whatever may have been her poor resource between feeding and reproduction, and has discussed the affairs of the world with her husband at breakfast and dinner, or even listened to him hold forth, the brains of her offspring, female as well as male, have become more and more mentalized. And, as in this era of small families, the days do not grow any shorter, and all women are not endowed with artistic genius, it would be surprising indeed if the strong-brained women of England had not turned their thoughts to the awakening and advancement of their sex. Surprising too if in the process they had not developed several of the most statesman-like brains in Great Britain today.

"The New York papers quoted me as saying that Mrs. Pankhurst had the greatest brain in the world. What I should have said, had I spoken about her, was that she possessed a statesman's brain. She has gotten rid of sex, for the time being of course—woman never loses that. She is impersonal; her body is toughened and hardened, capable of great resistance. If she were made prime minister she would fill the position as well as any man."

Mrs. Atherton has studied at first hand Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and their lieutenants, Mrs. Haverfield, Mrs. F. Cavendish-Bentinck, and Mrs. John Hall. She takes them very seriously indeed. This is the more impressive because she does not take all the suffragettes seriously. There is Lady Cicely Hamilton for instance. Mrs. Atherton went to hear her debate the great question with Gilbert Chesterton. It was a notable occasion. Everybody who was anybody was there, including the Bernard Shaws. Lady Cicely was nervous and her most ardent sympathizers were mortified by the spectacle she made of herself. She ranted about the necessity of woman rising superior to feminine charm, and Chesterton with much urbanity confessed that woman might rise above it but that man could not.

"Chesterton is a great thick man with a fat head covered with curls and he speaks in a squeaky voice," says Mrs. Atherton. "Cicely is a slab-sided sunken-in creature who screeches. For all the world they looked like a eunuch and a sterile nymphomaniac."

The mention of Chesterton carried us to the less troublous field of literature.

"There are no great writers among the new men," says Mrs. Atherton.

"Literature is going through a phase of splendid cleverness. There is so little of the old-fashioned quality of genius in England that when men of highly specialized cleverness come up they are deified. The biggest of these

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

is Arnold Bennett. There is also John Galsworthy. As to H. G. Wells, his latest book 'The New Machiavelli,' reads like a work of a confused mind. The hero is forty-two at the beginning of the story and twenty-nine at the end. When describing his wedding he refers to the 'fifteen years of my married life,' and in the next chapter gives the details of the election of 1906. Wells must write in a hurry and probably never corrects. He changes his mind and forgets that he has changed. Chesterton's cleverness is beginning to tire people. As for Shaw, people say that his latest plays are inferior to his earlier work. But what does it matter? Shaw never cared for anything but Socialism. He is the most humane, the sweetest, the loveliest, the most kindly of men. He is living for humanity and writes as he does to attract attention and so make his position more powerful for his great work, which is Socialism.

"And yet Shaw doesn't want too much Socialism. Some time ago his wife discharged her maid. She was determined to do her own work. But after a little Shaw made her take the maid back again. He said he was tired of buttoning her up the back.

"One book which is all the rage in London is the 'Winter Queen' of my friend Marie Hay, Baroness Hindenberg. It is read everywhere. It is one of the literary sensations. But then London is big enough to have five or six literary sensations. In America we can only cultivate one idea at a time.

"The older men like Kipling and George Moore seem to be doing nothing. Perhaps they have made too much money, eat too much and have become lazy. Otherwise how can one account for their inactivity? They are still comparatively young and if you keep yourself well by obeying the laws of nature why shouldn't you go on writing till you are eighty? But of course one can't work with a lot of undigested food on the stomach.

"Poetry? What with politics and suffrage, it seems to be a drug on the market. You never hear of anybody writing poetry except Hardy who is still working on 'The Dynasts' but I never heard of anybody reading it."

As to her own work? Mrs. Atherton's play "Julia France" was about to be put in rehearsal by Mrs. Fiske who was delighted with it. It deals with the woman's movement.

"In a fatal moment," says Mrs. Atherton, "I told my publisher that the theme was too big for a mere play, that it embraced the whole woman's movement and could only be treated properly in a novel. 'You must write it,' he said."

So Mrs. Atherton came here to write the novel. Having written the play here she felt that she could only do justice to the novel in the same environment. And she is not to be drawn from novel-writing by the lure of the theatre.

"The novel," she says, "is the aristocrat of fiction. It is yours alone. You may write at the North Pole if you please. When you have corrected your proofs there's an end of it. But with a play, it is different. You must accept suggestion after suggestion, you must write and rewrite. And yet, after all the suggested changes, your own idea remains. And with a play as with a short story there are so many things to think of—with a play, your

V A R I E D T Y P E S

manager and his public. And then, so many plays would be utterly worthless if they were not well acted. But even a poor novel must stand on its own feet. You can teach yourself to write a play or a short story. When I started on my play my publisher said, 'Another novelist lost,' but I shall always prefer novel writing. It's a bigger thing. I can't imagine my wanting to write another play."

Certainly there is every reason why Mrs. Atherton should feel that way. Her novels have brought her international renown. They have been translated into French, German, Italian and Norwegian. "A Daughter of the Vine" was just then the feuilleton of Figaro in Paris. "Tower of Ivory" is still selling steadily on both sides of the Atlantic. Her other books are being continually republished.

It is a proud eminence which this Californian has achieved. And she has achieved it despite the obstacles which lay in her path. "The West doesn't count," said Pierpont Morgan contemptuously and that was the prevalent feeling when Gertrude Atherton began writing. She had no friends in the literary cliques. The log-rolling and puffery of the editors and critics were not for her, but for the heralded women of fashion who turned to novel-writing and bought favor with dinners and lavish entertainments.

"But I've buried them all," says Mrs. Atherton with a gay and smiling triumph that would gall certain women who shall be nameless here.

I asked her why she hadn't stayed in London for the coronation of George V. She threw up her hands in horror of the crowds and the heat.

"And yet, in the abstract, it was worth seeing," she acknowledged. "It was a great pageant and it will revive loyalty for a time. All England is disaffected. It has been seething with discontent for years. The coronation will make people forget for a time. But of course it will be the last."

I looked my amazement.

"I don't suppose there will ever be another coronation," Mrs. Atherton explained. "You have no idea how strong Socialism is. See, I have brought the whole Fabian library home with me."

Mrs. Atherton indicated a formidable collection. I hope she will not take the tracts too seriously. If she does we may have to echo the words of her publisher, "Another novelist lost."

THEODORE BELL



POLITICIAN without a gift for picturesque expression would be at a sorry disadvantage. He'd be like a prize fighter with a broken arm and the lockjaw. He simply couldn't fight, for in politics fighting is largely talking about the other fellow.

In California the political art of talking about the other fellow has been brought to a high state of cultivation in the Democratic party by Gavin McNab. McNab talks in epigrams, which is the way every politician would talk if he could. A lot of McNab's epigrams have been barbed for the pricking of Theodore Bell. Being a handy fighter himself Bell has always retaliated. Not with epigrams, however. He is young yet, and hasn't mastered that form of wit. His words, just the same, have a picturesque quality that makes them worth quoting.

Bell is never long out of a fight. Most of his political career he has been fighting Gavin McNab within the party and the Republican machine without. A few years ago he took the control of the State Democratic organization away from McNab, but that didn't end their fight, of course; it merely intensified their political bitterness. Fighting right along from one battlefield to another Bell finally found himself at Baltimore fighting, and fighting well, for Champ Clark. It became necessary in the course of that remarkable battle that Bell should repudiate his old leader Bill Bryan, the Peter Pan of Democracy, and he did it with thoroughness and despatch.

When that fight was over and Woodrow Wilson had been nominated, Bell came home to find the ranks of his enemies swelled by a number of his old-time friends. 'Tis the way of politics, and Bell accepted the situation. Some men in the new alignment of the opposition said they couldn't stand for a Clark man pretending to run the Wilson campaign in California. Others wept crocodile tears over Bell's treatment of Bill Bryan. And from outside the Democratic party appeared a Woodrow Wilson man who asseverated that Bell was a tool of the wicked special interests.

What animated the Phelans, the Caminettis, the Davises, the Van Wycks, the Moosers and others in their opposition? I asked Bell about it.

Bell replied without hesitating. He laid it all to the machinations of that grand machinator, Gavin McNab.

"As soon as Governor Wilson was nominated," he told me, "a few men who had been prominent in the Wilson primary fight got together and resolved to take over the Democracy of California body, boots and breeches.

"This sudden stir among the Wilson men caught the keen eye of the McNab organization in San Francisco and they believed that it afforded them a good opportunity to renew their own efforts to obtain control of the party.

"So they very shrewdly encouraged the ambition of the Wilson men

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in their project, with the result that we find a coalition between forces that, on the surface, have seemed irreconcilable. The Wilson men who are so desperately attacking the State Central Committee are being very ingeniously used by the McNab faction."

"Will this project go through?"

"I think not. These Wilson men have forgotten how to think, besides entirely losing sight of Governor Wilson in their mad attempt to oust the Clark men from party management. Take the figures. In the May primaries Clark received 43,000 votes. Wilson got 17,000. Personally I received 52,000.

"So it's pretty hard to understand the mathematics of the present miniature insurrection or just how these insurrectos can eliminate those who prevailed at the primaries three to one."

"What do you intend to do?"

"To support the officers of the State Central Committee. No one can betray me into a loss of temper either. We are sustained by the vast majority of the Democrats of California. Those who are recklessly sowing the seeds of discord will only discredit themselves in the eyes of all good Democrats who are looking forward to party success."

"They say you're a reactionary. How about that?"

"It's amusing to listen to that cry. Behind the scenes the forces that have always opposed progressive Democracy in this State are cunningly directing the present skirmish.

"The chairman of the State Central Committee, R. H. Dewitt, has very impartially appointed the committees to conduct the campaign, placing it absolutely in the hands of zealous Wilson men. And I'm with Dewitt. Could we do that and be reactionaries?"

"What got your old friend 'Cam' into this fight against you?"

"Caminetti is the innocent victim of the wiles of McNab who wants to get back at Bell; of Phelan, our dilettante politician, always more ornamental than useful; and of J. O. Davis who nurtured the ambition to be chairman of the State Central Committee."

"Where does McNab stand?"

"McNab has never expressed a preference, but all his henchmen with few exceptions are Wilson men—mainly for the reason that our crowd was for Clark."

"Are they sincere in resenting your attack on Bryan?"

"I shouldn't call it an attack. My opposition to Bryan was not the substantial cause for the attacks on me. It was merely used to injure me among Bryan's supporters.

"The whole thing is this. Six or seven men got together in a room and worked one another up by violent talk. When they were surcharged with mixed emotions of ambition, envy, hatred and other bad feelings, they rushed out, they shouted from the house tops, they went pell-mell into print and gave their grievance to the world."

"To whom does that refer?"

"To such men as Phelan, Caminetti, Davis, Van Wyck and Mooser."

THEODORE BELL



THEODORE BELL

"To Rudolph Spreckels too?"

"I don't know why Spreckels attacked me. Perhaps I am merely the victim of his newly acquired habit of writing telegrams and letters. It was just one of his vagaries, the child of his peculiar mentality that has only in the last few years brought him to the place where he would register and vote. His response to my challenge to produce facts in support of his denunciatory telegram wouldn't do credit to a six-year-old kid. His plea was simply that I did it because I did it."

"Spreckels is for Wilson?"

"He has said so."

"Will he contribute to the Democratic campaign?"

"Frank Drew is chairman of the finance committee and will be very glad, I believe, to receive Rudolph's mite."

A queer game politics! The only game in the world that brings you more enemies the longer, the more successfully you play it. Bell has a very respectable assortment, and you will notice that he keeps them in a good condition of irreconcilability by prodding them. I actually think that Bell would droop and wither if McNab insisted on becoming his friend. Not that there's any danger!

JOHN A. BRITTON



AN YOU imagine a corporation man who won't talk about the merits of his strike? Can you accommodate to your sense of reality the picture of such a one sitting silent behind his fumed oak desk in his perfectly appointed inner office, sitting there with a seal upon the lips of him, the while leaders of the strikers split the unoffending empyrean with vaporous verbosity and deluge the newspapers with showers of statements, criminations, appeals, objurgations and threats? Can you see him? Do you think he exists? In the whole history of strikes has there been such a man? In all the annals of sabotage do we find his name?

I pause for a reply. We don't, you say? Wrong the first time! We do, most assuredly and right in our midst we do! And his name is John Britton.

Let us leave out the mister without awe, for he's a genial man who stands on ceremony as little as he stands on conventions. And that John Britton stands not at all upon conventions having to do with strikes we may infer from his conduct of the strike which Pacific Gas and Electric had upon its hands in June, 1913, when this was written.

San Francisco, it may be stated without fear of successful contradiction, is a connoisseur of strikes. San Francisco knows strikes backwards, forwards and by heart. Some people even think that San Francisco invented strikes. That is an exaggerated notion, but it remains true that San Francisco has listed strikes among its principal municipal products ever since there has been much of a San Francisco to speak of. Every trade and at least one of the professions has gone on strike in San Francisco at one time or another. There isn't a strike angle whose sine, cosine and tangent aren't known to the strike experts of San Francisco. And these strike experts are to be found not merely among the leaders of organized labor in San Francisco but also among corporation heads and other large employers of skilled and unskilled workingmen. These latter men learn by experience. They study strikes as some of us study box scores or scarabs or menu cards. They tabulate strikes, their causes, their results, their conduct and their incidental consequences. They read the literature of strikes and the characters of strikers and strike-breakers. The obvious corollary is that there is not one of them who doesn't think he could handle a strike better than any other man.

It is to be presumed that John Britton did a bit of strike studying in the years of his connection with Pacific Gas and Electric. For twenty-five years Pacific Gas and Electric got along without a strike. While other corporations were having it out with their men Pacific Gas and Electric pursued its equable course, extending its system, selling light and heat and juice and paying very comfortable dividends to its fortunate stockholders. And then along

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came a strike! What had happened to all the others happened in the appointed time to Pacific Gas and Electric. And John Britton was on the job to handle the strike the way he thought best, to put into practice the theories he had been outlining in his own mind during the years of peace.

What was the first rule John Britton put into execution? A very simple rule, applicable not only to strike situations but to nearly all the acute situations that arise in public or private business. "Keep your mouth shut," said John Britton to himself. And such is the discipline that John Britton enforces upon his subservient organs that the biddable Britton jaws snapped shut and nary a word issued from beneath the mustache that thatches the Britton upper lip. In all the long and bloody annals of San Francisco strikes I know of no such heroic restraint, such admirable reticence.

Particularly worthy of panegyric is this Britton taciturnity when you know what a good talker John Britton is. Ever hear John Britton at an Elks memorial service? Ever hearken to the blarney of his tongue what time the biscuit Tortoni and the demitasse come in and the wine-bearing waiter tiptoes so as not to disturb the toastmaster? Then you have sampled the quality of the Britton verbiage; you know that John is eloquent; you don't have to be told that John has a way of wedding word to word in a bower of talk till all the landscape is mellowed in the soft rich effulgence of a deipnosophistic honeymoon. In other words, you are cognizant that when it comes to stringing sentences like pearls John Britton is there with all the vocal chords, a regular Britton-on-the-spot!

Yet when it comes to talking strike the padlock is on the Britton lips. Not a whisper will he so much as susurrate. Not a monosyllable gets by. The embargo is completely effective. There isn't a chance for even the fragment of a sentence to steal past the pearly portals of his teeth, as Homer used to say, or was it Virgil?

Not on the points at issue, you understand. The scrap is to be scrapped out without jawbone, if John Britton has his way, and he usually does. He believes in the Maxim silencer for strike talk; or, what amounts to the same thing, he positively refuses to shoot off his mouth. Let the leaders of the strikers have their little say; John Britton is on a retreat. And how this has puzzled the leaders of the strikers! They don't know what to make of it. All of their previous foes were wonders in the rendition of bazoo solos. Perhaps that's why organized labor won so many strikes. The strikers will have to win this strike some other way, if they win at all. No thoughtless utterance of John Britton will help them win it, because there ain't a-goin' to be no utterance!

Nevertheless I managed to pry the Britton lips open on matters not having to do with the merits or conduct of the strike. John Britton turned the key and unsnapped the padlock to emit a few phrases of laudation.

"On the first day of this strike," said John Britton in a voice that was soft and smooth, not rusty from disuse as one might expect, "sixteen hundred men walked out of our stations. They walked out all over our territory, and that means from the De Sabla Power House in Butte on the north to Fresno on the south and from Grass Valley and Nevada City on the east to San

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Francisco. The electrical workers walked out everywhere. All the machinists walked out with some few exceptions. The firemen and the boilermakers walked out everywhere. So did the gasmakers with the exception of those in San Francisco, Vallejo, San Rafael, Napa, Woodland and Grass Valley.

"And yet on that first day of the strike there was no interruption of our service with the exception of the street car service in Oakland which was interrupted in certain sections for as much as an hour and a half on that first morning. No other industry of ours in the entire district suffered interruption even for a moment.

"This remarkable condition was made possible by the loyalty of our heads of departments and their immediate subordinates, men who had risen from the ranks, who had acquired the technical details of the business and so were able to take the positions vacated by the strikers and to attend to the operation of the plants of the company as well if not better than they were operated before.

"It has always been the policy of the company to give encouragement to subordinates, to give them the hope and promise of a betterment in position. There is scarcely a man in our employ who hasn't begun at the bottom rung of the ladder and worked his way up. The wisdom of that policy was shown when this strike was declared.

"At the beginning of the strike we had to employ very few men from the outside. Bookkeepers, cashiers, solicitors, the young men in the engineering department, the district managers and division superintendents all took the places where they were needed. Gradually we employed other men to relieve them. But in the meantime some of them worked as long as seventy-four hours at a stretch before they were given aid.

"This has never happened before. We occupy a unique position in the world of strikes. I don't believe there is another organization in the world with such diversified business and such extent of territory which could meet such an emergency as perfectly as the men in the Pacific Gas and Electric did. The spirit of Pacific Service saturated every man in the company. A strike like this would be positively disastrous to a company which was without splendid and dependable organization."

I also coaxed from John Britton the statement that the company's preparedness was a great surprise to the strikers who had not anticipated any such ability to handle the awkward situation; that the damage to property during the five weeks of the strike had been negligible; that the acts of violence had caused annoyance and little more; that the deprivation of street lighting had been the principal embarrassment; and that the police protection given the company was excellent.

When we got that far the padlock was reapplied, the key was turned, the Britton jaws shut with a click and I was floated out of the Britton presence on a comber of silence.

RICHARD BURKE

OF ALL comparisons, those instituted between cities are most likely to be odious. And yet there are many points in which Dublin and San Francisco may be compared and contrasted."

It was Richard Burke who said it, and he ought to know. For Richard Burke is a man of two cities, the same being Dublin and San Francisco. It would be difficult to say which city he knows better. For years he has been swinging from one side of the world to the other at measured intervals, a very active sort of human pendulum. Alike in Golden Gate Park and Stephens Green he is a familiar figure. As many friends hail him in the court of the Palace as grasp his hand in the Gresham on O'Connell street. In the very new Pacific-Union and the very old United Service his advent is not distinguished as that of a traveler but celebrated as that of an old friend.

It would be invidious to inquire which city Richard Burke likes better. Dublin he loves as only an Irishman can love his country's ancient capital. For San Francisco he has a deep and abiding affection. And why not? It was here that the romance of a happy marriage came into his life when he wooed and won a daughter of the prominent Donohoe family. It was here too that his son courted and married beautiful Genevieve Walker. And he has valuable holdings here. He was, until recently, one of the owners of the lot where the Occidental Hotel used to be. His latest trip to San Francisco was not unconnected with the plans for a new building on that site. While rather diffident about discussing the future of the property, he let it be known that he would like to see a grander Occidental rise where the famous old hostelry went down to ashes.

"Wherever I travel," he said, "the old Occidental is lovingly remembered. It was a landmark of the city. When I arrived here five weeks after the fire my judgment was that it should be rebuilt on lines which would restore its old character but of course with all up-to-date improvements."

The Occidental Hotel site has since passed to other hands. A splendid office building is to rise there. On sentimental grounds, however, San Franciscans are a bit sorry that the plans for a hotel were abandoned.

Speaking of hotels, Burke prefers the American to the English and Irish system.

"When you engage a room in an American hotel," he points out, "you pay a fixed price which covers everything, but in England and Ireland you receive a bill which carries itemized amounts for your rooms, for attendance, for your lights, for fires and so on. The bill is probably smaller than your bill would be in America, but the aggregation of small items is irritating. It is much more satisfactory to pay so much a day."

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Our restaurants, he admits, cannot be equalled by anything in Dublin.

"If you want a good luncheon or a good dinner in Dublin," he explains, "you must go to a hotel or a club. There are no places there like the fine establishments in San Francisco."

To our clubs also he pays high compliment.

"They are second to none in the world. And there are features of club life such as you find at the Bohemian and Olympic, that are not attempted in Dublin."

But he does not underrate the attractions of the United Service and the Stephens Green and other clubs which Irishmen have a right to compare with some of the best in London.

In the matter of theaters he throws up his hands.

"You are far more of a theatre-going people than we are in Dublin," he says. "There are only two good theatres in Dublin. The reason of course is that we are so near London that most people go there to see the big plays."

"London," he continues, "is really the capital of Ireland. That is why the glories of the Dublin that flourished before the Union may not be restored under Home Rule. Before the Union Dublin had the best of society. Everybody had a good time. Art and literature flourished. All things beautiful were sought. The city had beautiful houses, beautiful pictures and the finest wines in the world, especially claret which was the favorite drink. But these things will not revive with Home Rule. London was far away in those old days and few Dubliners went there. But steam has made a great difference. London is so easy to reach that it is the metropolis of Irishmen as well as of Englishmen."

Richard Burke believes, has always believed in Home Rule. His views on Irish politics are not those of the enthusiast but of the thinker and observer who has studied events by the light of experience and under the guidance of a quiet sense of humor. Thirty years ago, when he was a young barrister in Clonmel, he thought of trying for a seat in Parliament. It was at the time of Gladstone's great land act and he probably handled more cases under the rent-fixing provisions of that act than any other man in Ireland. But he was Master of the Tipperary Hunt, the best hunt in the kingdom, and on the advice of his friend T. P. O'Connor, he decided not to try to combine the two positions. He stayed with the sport for twenty-four years and now his thoughts are turning once more toward an active participation in politics.

"Under a Home Rule Parliament which is imminent," he says, "I shall probably renew my early ambition."

A Home Rule Parliament! To many expatriated Irishmen it sounds too good to be true and yet there has been a wonderful renaissance in every department of Irish life.

"Until recently," says Burke, "there were lots of people who had never heard of Daniel O'Connell and Robert Emmet. Many Irishmen were under the impression that Ireland had no history to boast of. They were told so and they believed it. It was the settled policy of England to wipe out the faith, the literature and the customs of the country. Why, the Duke of Wellington once expressed regret that he was an Irishman. If he were

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living today he'd wear a green hat. I can remember when people were prosecuted for playing 'The Wearin' of the Green,' but now it is given by the military bands all over the country.

"All things Irish are much sought after. In the public market Irish publications of earlier date fetch a great deal of money. The love of art has been stimulated by the opening of the Municipal Gallery which has a splendid collection of modern masters. The literary movement is growing stronger and stronger all the time. There is a great demand for old Irish silver and Irish glassware and no wonder, as the specimens extant are very beautiful. The best period for Irish silver was from the end of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. Glass factories too were numerous, the most famous being at Waterford. It is now nearly one hundred years since glass was made there and what remains is exceedingly valuable. No modern makers have succeeded in imitating it. And we had more than our share of the best engravers. Just to mention three names, there were Thomas Burke, John Jones and J. R. Smith, masters of the art whose prints used to sell in Grafton street, Dublin, or in Bond street, London, for two and six. Now they fetch several hundred pounds."

In this matter of Irish antiquity of course we cannot hope to rival things Irish for many generations. But in more modern things? Well, Richard Burke, good Dubliner that he is, is not prepared to admit that our street cars are as good as the trams of the older city. He points out too that Dublin has for a long time possessed a municipal water supply and that the city has a plant for electric-lighting the public buildings. Certainly we are behind there. And what have we, he asks, to rival the Dublin Museum, the Royal Irish Academy and the great library of Trinity College. And as for railway depots, there are six fine depots in Dublin, while San Francisco—but that is a sore subject with us.

Not that Burke is aggressive in these comparisons. He made them very unwillingly. I had to draw them out of him. He is entirely satisfied with San Francisco and does not come here as a critic but as one of us. And yet, if he had to make his choice between the two towns as a place of fixed abode, I think I know which one he would choose. Down deep in his heart, I think, the situation is formulated thus:

"Not that I love San Francisco less but Dublin more."

Can you blame him? I leave the answer to any Irishman.

VINCENT K. BUTLER

WHAT does a Rhodes scholarship do to an American? We all know what it does for him—it gives him three years' training at the greatest school in the world. But what does it do to him? Does it make an anglo-maniac of him? Does it alienate him from his native land? Does it deprive him of sympathy for his fellow Americans? Does the Rhodes scholar return to the United States a better or a worse American than he went away? Is he anglicized? Is the British accent upon his thoughts and actions as well as upon his tongue? In a word, is the Rhodes scholar so changed that when he comes back his friends wish that he had attended Harvard or Yale or Berkeley instead of Oxford?

When I talked with Vincent K. Butler I had these questions in my mind, and when he answered my queries of curiosity I searched behind the answers for a reply to these more important interrogations. I was desirous of finding out the effect that three years of Oxford had had upon young Butler rather than of discovering what he had learned there. What matters most in a university career is the frame of mind in which you leave. The end of the course is really the beginning of things; that, I suppose, is the reason we speak of "commencement" exercises. So I endeavored to make out Butler's mental attitude on leaving Oxford.

Young Butler has candor, so my task was not one of unusual difficulty. The first thing of which I satisfied myself was that his head hadn't been turned or swelled. This St. Ignatius lad went to Oxford with a fine record in scholarship and athletics. He was nineteen, below the age of most Rhodes scholars, when he left the Jesuit college in this city to enter Worcester College, Oxford. The distinction of winning a Rhodes scholarship in competitive examination with the best students of our large colleges did not spoil him; neither did the distinction he won during his three years at Oxford. He was modest three years ago; he is modest now.

But that is a comparatively small matter. Much larger is the attitude of the Rhodes scholar toward Englishmen, for his attitude toward Englishmen will affect his attitude toward Americans. Has he formed crass ideas about the superiority of Englishmen to Americans, or vice versa? Well, hero worship is one of the easiest cults for an impressionable young man to fall into. Another is the cult of iconoclasm. Let us test our Rhodes scholar by means of the heroes whom he met at Oxford.

"Chesterton," says Vincent Butler, "should be read, not heard; or if heard, not seen. His voice is too little, his body too big. He is impressive only in his writings. When he addressed us the effect was like that of champagne before breakfast.

VINCENT K. BUTLER



VINCENT K. BUTLER

"Shaw spoke to us on comedy. 'In ancient times there was Aristophanes,' he said; 'later there was Moliere; today there is of course myself.' One expects that egoism of Shaw, and he never disappoints an expectation, even when good taste seems to demand that he should.

"We saw Dr. Robert Bridges fairly frequently in Worcester. Our provost, Dr. Daniel, had privately published Dr. Bridges' first poems. Before he was made poet laureate he would read occasionally to one of our literary societies, the Lovelace Club. (Colonel Richard Lovelace was an old Worcester man.) Bridges delighted in reading his Virgilian translations to us. At times he would stop to muse; then he would murmur:

"Ah, how Virgil would have loved the hum and buzz of that line!"

"His readings were as scholarly as one would expect, but they did not provide our most spirited meetings! When he was made poet laureate, I wrote to ask if he would honor the club as our guest. He answered with a five-word rebuff on a halfpenny postcard. He was too busy. Later, when he was visiting the provost, he summoned me to say that he was quite willing to come to us if what he had to say would be of any benefit. He gave me a ten-minute talk on pronunciation, the length of a syllable and the quantity of a vowel. Then he asked if that sort of thing would interest the club. I was not quite sure, so we missed the poet laureate's visit. A week later he published a book on his hobby, 'The Present State of English Pronunciation.'

"Lloyd George's speech at the Union was the most compelling I ever heard. Indeed, when he spoke shortly afterwards near Oxford there were those who labeled him great. He is splendid, a splendid demagogue.

"I was converted to Home Rule by hearing Sir Edward Carson speak against it. I cannot think of him as Irish except in the brogue and a certain trick of the voice. But that may be the South of Ireland in me confessing a lack of sympathy with the North.

"The Prince of Wales is twenty-two and looks seventeen. He is not aloof, but his set was picked for him before he came. Hansell, his tutor, is much in evidence, hence the quip—'too much Hansel and not enough Gretel.'

"Ambassador Page was pleasing as a speaker, and pleasant to speak to. Like Sir William Osler he has charm. But in statesmanship he is not a Sir Edward Grey."

I submit that this Rhodes scholar has not been prejudiced for or against these great men by the fact of their greatness or the fact of their nationality. I do not dwell on the soundness of judgment apparent in these estimates, quite unlike the hit-or-miss appraisements of the enthusiastic undergraduate in American colleges. I am not seeking to praise Butler, but to use him as a means of testing the Rhodes scholarship idea. Am I wrong in thinking that when America is leavened with young men capable of appreciating at their worth the great men who stand for us as representatives of certain English classes, parties, ideals and so on, we shall be much better off than we are now?

Butler has seen other British things as clearly as he saw celebrities. He smiles at Oxford slang, but not superciliously. He laughs at the tea drinking, but not patronizingly.

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"There are really four t's," he says; "tea, toast, tobacco and talk. And they go together surprisingly well."

He neither condemns nor praises British reserve; he accepts it and understands it.

"When I left Oxford," he says, "some of the notes I received from fellows who had been like brothers to me were amazingly blunt and casual. But the feeling was there. These friendships had been slow in the making. You are let severely alone when you arrive, and you learn to go about quietly and not intrude. After a while you are accepted and take your place in the college life. Athletics is a great help in smoothing the way for the stranger. Rowing, tennis and rugger are open to you. Cricket is more difficult. The baseball training is little help for cricket. The batting is a matter of wrist and body movements which must be learned when one is very young. I think their batting is more scientific than ours. In baseball the good eye and the swing are nearly everything; not so in cricket.

"Take it all in all," said Butler, "you are playing the other man's game and it is his deal. But it is an altogether delightful game to play. It is a superb opportunity, this of learning the Oxford standards and of meeting on intimate terms the representatives not only of Great Britain but also of Germany and of France. And it doesn't hurt one's Americanism."

I think Butler is right. Oxford has developed him as no American college would in three years, but it has not changed him. He returns the same American who went away. It is true that he has an English accent, but he acquired it so unconsciously that he didn't believe he had it when people first joked him about it. It will go from him just as unconsciously, and that's a good thing, for it is not well for an American to have an English accent or any sort of accent. For the rest, Vincent Butler seems to prove that the will of Cecil Rhodes is not going to spoil promising young Americans.

GIUSEPPE CADENASSO

JUST to catch a glimpse of him, with his thick silver hair parted in the middle, his fine brown eyes, his strong nose and his sensitive lips that smile beneath a gray mustache, is to know him for an artist. He has a strong face, has Giuseppe Cadenasso of San Francisco, and a vigorous frame that tells of strength to the ends of his spatulate fingers; yet is there apparent in him, particularly when one converses with him, that feminine element which has nothing whatever to do with effeminacy, but is essential to the makeup of the artist.

Was it reserve or something of this attribute which caused him, for instance, to evade, very gracefully and with a smile, the question of his year of birth? He will tell you that he is going down hill, but it is a form of words; he knows that he carries a lighter burden of age than many younger men. But just the same he evaded that question of the exact year.

Genoa was Cadenasso's native place and he came to San Francisco when he was nine years old, poor but ambitious, ill-educated but aimful, a timid alien burning with a fire that some call the divine fire of genius but about which Cadenasso, shrugging his broad shoulders, professes to know naught except that it must be stoked with hard work.

Hard work was his portion for all those early years; not the hard work of the studio which is his life work and will only cease when his last picture is painted and his last tube twisted and dry, but the hard toil that buys bread and keeps out the cold. He did odd jobs in the city; he did chores in the country. And always in his leisure moments he was busy with a bit of chalk or a pencil.

Always full of energy he worked just as hard at his recreation as at his tasks, and at the proper moment that curious interposition of providence or destiny or luck—call it what you will, it is to be traced in nearly all our lives—placed him in the line of his vocation. With his crayons he had covered the blank walls of a room in his uncle's house with ships and figures and landscapes when a great artist of those early San Francisco days happened along to observe his work. It was Jules Tavernier. He recognized the boy's talent and in that indirect way which is the most potent means of communication between kindred souls, he encouraged him to persevere.

That the boy had a lot to learn may be inferred from the course he pursued immediately after making Tavernier's acquaintance. He went to work for a fresco painter. It was hardly the place to learn art, but there were brushes to be handled and colors to be dabbled and he liked it. Then he was fired. Perhaps we might trace here the incongruity of the artistic temperament and base commercial limitations, but the fine-spun fashionable theory would not appeal to Cadenasso. He would be the first to say that he

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was fired because his work was unsatisfactory, not because it was too good. For a time he was plunged into the depths of despondency, but the reaction came when he found work making crayon enlargements of photographs. There was a vogue of those enlargements in San Francisco, as any curious person may learn by inspecting old-fashioned parlors which survived the fire. Some of the enlargements in the heavy gilt frames that surmount the fireplace may be Cadenasso's work.

With the money thus earned Cadenasso paid for his tuition at the San Francisco Art Association which had its rooms in Pine street over the California Market. There he met Arthur Mathews, and the meeting was only second in importance to his meeting with Jules Tavernier. He admired Mathews and was afraid of him, for Mathews had the stern front and the cutting tongue of the teacher.

"When he said your work was rotten, you knew it was rotten," says Cadenasso with a smile.

It was the proper influence for an eager boy and Cadenasso realizes the value of that early discipline. When he speaks of Mathews he uses superlatives.

Painting assiduously Cadenasso was yet afraid to exhibit. He had to overcome that shyness about his own compositions which is a trait of the sensitive youth and makes him blush when his composition is read to the class by his teacher. Finally a mute student named Redmond insisted that Cadenasso put his work on view, and in great trepidation he submitted his best pictures to Secretary Martin. Martin showed the pictures to Yelland, the marine painter, and Yelland thought so much of them that he bade his pupils admire them which, after the fashion of pupils the world over, they dutifully did. So Cadenasso exhibited. It was a great impulse to renewed effort, but it was somewhat dampened on varnishing day when he needed a ladder of twenty steps to reach his canvases. That was heartbreaking, of course, but like all men with the stuff of success in their bosoms, Cadenasso has had his heart broken time and time again without succumbing.

Gradually he began to achieve. His paintings attracted attention. Slowly but surely, at the exhibitions, they came down from the ceiling until they reached prominent position on the line. There came the rapture of the first sale, the dignity of the first small studio all his own. Cadenasso had arrived. He sold pictures to the wealthy men and women of this and other cities of America; some of his works even went to Paris. Connoisseurs of great fame are proud to possess them.

Since he left Genoa a boy of nine years Cadenasso has not been abroad. For years he could not afford to make the expensive trip and today—who knows?—artists are rarely rich. There was a time when he was glad of the opportunity to go as far into the heart of nature as one may travel in Golden Gate Park. Our hills, our ocean beach, the flats and sloughs within an hour's journey have given him the inspiration which others have sought in France, in Italy, in the Netherlands. For there is nothing imitative in Cadenasso's work. There is no trace of Corot or Diaz, of Constable or Turner in his canvases. If he had gone abroad the influence of these and their

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schools would have been almost unavoidable. He would have ceased to be Cadenasso of San Francisco.

Originality is the keynote of Cadenasso's landscapes. He has never unlearned the priceless lesson, never surrendered the invaluable gift of looking at nature with his own eyes. What he sees is not what other painters see; most decidedly it is not the workaday spectacle which the inartistic see. It is nature transfigured by the Cadenasso personality, and that is the personality of a nature lover. He cares nothing for portrait painting. It is drudgery, he says; the word may be reminiscent of those old days when he enlarged photographs in crayon.

Of course Cadenasso has a theory of art—theory of work would express it better. You must study, he says; you must apply yourself; you must choose your path and keep everlastingly at it till you have followed it to the end—and you will reach the end of your chosen path only when you can work no more. Genius means hard work in his vocabulary, and sincerity spells success. He doesn't believe in Bohemianism or in cliques. There are no incense dreams, no solemn darknesses, no lazy wooings of inspiration in his studio days. No music of gongs summons his color vision to the inward eye. The stimulus of alcohol and nicotine has nothing to do with his art.

"Go to bed early and arise with a clear eye if you would see nature," says Giuseppe Cadenasso.

JAMES W. COFFROTH

DO YOU remember," asked Jimmy Coffroth, "Lord Macaulay's description of Viscount Halifax?"

DI let him infer from the slight motion of my head that I knew the passage intimately. As a matter of fact I didn't remember it at all.

"I see you are familiar with it," continued Coffroth, "so I need only remind you of the point which Macaulay brings out."

I blush now for my deceit, but I did not blush then. The truth is, I was too busy trying to follow the nimble movements of Jimmy Coffroth's mind. What Viscount Halifax had to do with the general subject of morals and moralists which we were discussing I could not guess offhand. But that is part of the charm of Jimmy Coffroth's conversation. He reaches out every once in a while and plucks a vivid illustration or an apt quotation from an unexpected hiding place. An omnivorous reader, especially of history, Coffroth keeps the past at his finger-ends and has a habit of using it in the interpretation of the present. What Napoleon said at Borodino or what King James forgot to do at Boyne Water become very important matters to Coffroth when they shed light on a current happening. The study of the Duke of Marlborough's picture in the National Portrait Gallery of London gave Coffroth the key to the character of a man in San Francisco. Such things happen only to those who have minds of inexhaustible energy. That's the kind of mind Coffroth has. Your mind has to be quick when it is in contact with his. And so, as I say, while I told a silent lie about Macaulay I wondered how he was going to bring Viscount Halifax in.

"You recall of course," Coffroth went on, "that Lord Macaulay in his history of England classes Halifax with those politicians whom both Whigs and Tories contemptuously dubbed 'Trimners.' Macaulay says, as you doubtless remember, that Halifax was a Trimmer by the constitution both of his head and of his heart; that such a man could not long be constant to any kind of political allies, and that his place was between the hostile divisions of the community.

"I always think of that little character sketch when I meet a politician. Every politician I know is a Viscount Halifax, a Trimmer. And this refers particularly to politicians of the reform variety."

Coffroth ought to know. At the age of seven he was a page in the legislature. When still a young boy he was made the secretary of the Superior Court in San Francisco. As a fight promoter he has mingled with reformers and performers at every session of the legislature for many years. So Coffroth has the experience. Add to the Coffroth experience the Coffroth brain, and you have a combination that makes his opinion worth while.

JAMES W. COFFROTH



JAMES W. COFFROTH

Just a word about the Coffroth brain. Jimmy inherited that from his father, one of the brainiest lawyers, one of the ablest legislators and one of the most eloquent orators in the annals of California. The name of the elder Coffroth is written indelibly in the chronicles of our State. His intellectual fortune passed to his son. Jimmy could have won a brilliant success in any profession or any business. He chose fight promoting because he had an instinctive love of the game. He says that long before he was associated with boxing and boxers the Coliseum appealed to him more than any other ruin in Rome. But the Coffroth brain does not confine itself to sporting matters. It ranges over a wide field of thought. Just now the Coffroth brain is concerning itself with morals and moral reformers. He was formulating some of his experiences in general statements on this subject when Viscount Halifax came into his conversation.

"Not one reformer in twenty is on the level," continued Coffroth. "The reformer follows the line of least resistance. He espouses the popular cause. And just now in California the popular cause is the cause which the feminine politician is interested in. So you find the Californian reformer falling in line behind the feminine lobbyist.

"Mind you, I don't meant to cast any reflection on our women. There are fewer women clamoring for so-called reform than men. But the clamor made by the few women who are eager for publicity is so great that it seems to come from the entire sex. The reformers are deeply impressed by it. They are frightened by a woman's lobby. Five women can exert a more potent influence on a legislature, a board of supervisors or a mayor than fifty men.

"When I was at the legislature in the interest of the boxing bill, many senators and assemblymen told me that they were in sympathy with my efforts, but begged to be excused from supporting me on account of the women. 'What will the women of my district say?' they asked me time and time again. And yet the majority of women approve of boxing and every form of manly exercise and sport. But these men were afraid of the women in politics. And as a matter of fact the woman in politics inspires fear. If I said to the Chief of Police what Mrs. Campbell said a policeman would throw me out of the room. The politician is afraid to turn a woman down. Besides, the good looks of a woman lobbyist will accomplish more than the persuasive tongue of a man. Is a man on the level when he surrenders his better judgment in fear of offending a woman and losing her vote?

"I had an excellent opportunity to study our reformers in their very sanctuary of reform, namely, the committee on public morals. Lieutenant-Governor Wallace was not on the level when he selected that committee. He deliberately packed it. Four members came from south of Tehachapi; one came from San Luis Obispo; two from this city, the city to whose morals the committee devoted such loving attention. Senator Owens was the author of the two o'clock closing bill which received the hall mark of that committee. I don't think he was on the level about that bill because I met him at three o'clock in the morning in a Sacramento saloon. I could name another reformer of the same kind, one of the most prominent members of that same

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committee, a furious reformer who was for two o'clock closing, redlight abatement, a dry World's Fair and so on down the list. Yet it was notorious in Sacramento that this sweet character used every means in his power to corrupt the virtue of a stenographer.

"One of our misfortunes is that many of our legislators are men who became fixed in the ways of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or Burlington, Iowa, before they came to this State. Instead of learning to accommodate themselves to our ways they insist that our ways are all wrong and must be made to conform to the ways back home. Southern Californians and country legislators passed the two o'clock closing bill which applies only to San Francisco and Sacramento. They can't forget that the saloons close early in Oshkosh and Burlington.

"That law will not reduce the consumption of liquor; it will increase it. After the fire when the local saloons were forbidden to sell liquor after midnight I know by my own experience that men ordered extra drinks just before midnight and sat around consuming them till three or four in the morning when otherwise they would have gone home at one. It is the influence of suggestion. Even good people want to do what is forbidden, when the forbidden thing is not evil in itself.

"The man who wants a drink after two will get it. But he will have to go to a room in some lax hotel for it, or to a blind pig, or to a French restaurant. And the copper who got five dollars a week from the French restaurant will soon be getting ten or twenty to make him wink at the violation of the law.

"Look at the result of early closing in Los Angeles. I believe there are twenty thousand 'bungalows' maintained in Los Angeles for improper purposes. The Los Angeles 'bungalow' corresponds to the London flat and the New York apartment. The rich Los Angeles man of loose morals keeps a 'bungalow' in addition to his home. At the 'bungalow' he does what the law forbids him to do elsewhere—he drinks, gambles, rags and entertains women.

"Isn't it manlier, healthier, better in every way to motor to the Cliff House for a dance and a drink than to sneak off to a Los Angeles bungalow? The bungalow is more dangerous to young girls than the Casino. Closed doors spell danger. What is clandestine is usually vicious. The man who sneaks behind a screen is an evil influence. In proportion to population there are more men keeping mistresses in New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles than in Chicago and San Francisco. Why? Because the lid is clamped tight in the three former cities. In Chicago and San Francisco men are not pointed out, talked about, ostracized for peccadilloes. It is for the same reason that morality is higher in a big city than in a small town. Dig out the principle that underlies these facts and you'll be able to explain what I regard as undeniable—that France, despite the depravity of Paris, is the most virtuous country in the world.

"The reformer who is most eager to make other people moral is usually the man who knows least about actual conditions of morality and immorality. We are to have a referendum on the redlight law. I think the redlight will

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be upheld four to one. Why? Well, for one reason, because the voter in Imperial Valley or Del Norte read the story of Alice Smith in the Bulletin and concluded that San Francisco was a loathsome sink of iniquity. He will vote to reform San Francisco of which he really knows nothing. If I am right the redlight law will remain on the statute books, for after an overwhelming expression of public opinion by means of a referendum vote, no legislature will dare to repeal it.

"A misfortune? I certainly think so. Fifteen years ago when I used to walk up Powell street to the Olympic Club I was accosted from ten to fifty times between Market and Post. For ten years I have not once been stopped by a streetwalker. You know the conditions which exist on the Strand in London and on the Frederickstrasse in Berlin where there is no segregation. Do we want prostitutes in the uptown restaurants? It's too bad we can't segregate the buncomen so they wouldn't meet the unwary. The prostitute preys like the buncoman.

"It's a curious thing, by the way, but every time I have entertained one of these legislative reformers from out of San Francisco—and it is sometimes to my interest to do so—I find them most attracted by one phase of our life. After a luncheon at Tait's, a motor ride through the Park to the Cliff House, a visit to the Mission Dolores, a view of the hills and of the bay and a dinner at the Palace, there is one invariable question. They have seen the ocean and a more glorious bay than the Bay of Naples, they have enjoyed the loveliness that is spread about in such profusion. I am thinking of home and bed. Presumably they are sated with sight-seeing. But then comes the invariable question: 'How about the Barbary Coast?'

"Politicians? Reformers? Guardians of San Francisco's virtue? Nonsense! Is it any wonder I say nine out of ten politicians are fakers? That not one reformer out of twenty is on the level?"

FRANK DAROUX



HE DOESN'T look a bit like John Oakhurst. He doesn't resemble any picture you've ever seen, any description you've ever read, any stage portrayal you've ever watched, of the professional gambler. He looks like, and is, a politician. He looks, and most assuredly he is, prosperous. But a gambler? If your ideas of gamblers have been formed from fiction, from lurid illustrations or from the work of the playwrights, Frank Daroux will disappoint you. Where is that interesting pallor we are wont to associate with the professional gambler? Where the delicate, tapering fingers? Where the deliberate flashiness or elaborate simplicity of costly attire? All missing in Frank Daroux. True, he likes good diamonds, but he never flaunts them. He never flaunts anything, not even his opinions.

While he doesn't look the part, Frank Daroux is our premier professional gambler. His career as a gambler runs back over thirty years. You can't name a gambling game of any importance that he hasn't run at one time or another. You can't mention any city or sizable town in California where he hasn't been interested in gambling at one time or another. You can't pick out any city or town in Northern California where he hasn't conducted a game personally some time within three decades. The gambling history of California couldn't be written without featuring Frank Daroux.

As to his standing with those who worship or have worshiped at the shrine of the Goodess of Chance—well, just ask them about Frank. They'll tell you, one and all, that Frank Daroux is and always has been a "square guy." I never knew any gambler to "knock" Frank Daroux. I never heard of any gambler complaining that he did not get a "square deal" in a game run by Frank Daroux. Frank has made a fortune out of gambling, and he's not ashamed of it.

This praise of Frank Daroux—if it be praise and not a mere statement of fact—will shock many people. The idea of exalting a professional gambler! Scandalous! Intolerable!

But is it scandalous? Is it intolerable? You and I may not fancy the career of a professional gambler. Perhaps we haven't the brains necessary for such a career. Perhaps we have the brains and to spare, but are too moral for such a life. Very well. But do we not gamble in some way or another? Do we not sometimes take the profits of chance? Do we scorn the dividends of a good hazard? Then let us not be too censorious in the case of Frank Daroux. Let us accept his point of view for a moment. Perhaps he may teach us something.

"Life is more or less of a gamble," says Frank Daroux. "The doctrine of chance doesn't apply to cards and dice alone. Everybody gambles. The

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only question is, Are you on the level? The only rule of conduct is, Don't be a welcher. Pay when you lose. Don't play when you can't afford to. Don't gamble with somebody else's money. And that includes the money that is only partly yours, the money you are bound in duty to share with your wife, your children, your folks whoever they may be."

A pretty good rule, is it not? All gamblers with a sense of honor follow it. Would not life be better if a lot of us who never touch a card, to whom dice are anathema, who don't know a roulette wheel from a faro bank, who can't even pronounce 'baccarat' and never heard of chemin de fer—would not life be better, more livable for ourselves, happier for those dependent upon us, if we followed that simple program?

"You can't get rid of gambling until you change human nature," continues Frank Daroux; "and I haven't noticed any change in human nature during the years I have had the pleasure of observing it. From what I have read it seems to be pretty much the same now as it was when the Romans used knuckle bones for dice. Gambling is an instinct of human nature. It is a natural appetite, like the appetite for liquor. Gambling will be abolished about the time the world accepts prohibition, and not a day before.

"The authorities ought to regulate gambling just as they regulate saloons. There is a gambling evil of course, but you cannot reach it by abolishing or trying to abolish games of chance, any more than you can reach the drink evil by abolishing the saloons. I say this because I believe it, not because I expect to convert anybody to my views. Most people will think I'm crazy for saying it.

"But why don't such people look around them and think of what they observe? It is an utter impossibility to stop gambling. If men can't gamble at roulette they'll gamble in stocks. Take a roulette wheel to a church fair and see how many people flock around it. Do they ever have any trouble selling the 'paddles' at a church bazaar? People love to take a chance. They are crazy to get something for nothing or next to nothing. People who throw up their hands in holy horror at the very thought of a dice game don't hesitate to play the lotteries. Isn't that gambling? Abolish cards and dice, and men and women will invent other ways of gambling. Look at the boys on the streets. If you doubled the police force you couldn't stop them from shooting craps or playing crusee.

"Don't think that I am arguing for a wide-open town. I don't believe in a wide-open town. A wide-open town is a very bad thing. But I don't believe in clamping the lid down tight. There ought to be in San Francisco places such as there are in every other large city of the United States and Canada, where men who want to and can afford to, may indulge in a game of chance.

"Of course there should be protection for the people who seem unable to take care of themselves. By all means make it as hard as possible, make it impossible if you can for the poor man, the workingman, the man with the tin lunch pail, the clerk with a salary of one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars to gamble. Gambling is demoralizing to him because he cannot afford

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to lose and when he loses he is tempted to go on gambling with other people's money.

"But why shouldn't the rich man gamble if he pleases? If gambling fascinates him, if he likes the excitement of it, if it is a diversion after his hard work, why shouldn't he play roulette? He doesn't play for gain and he doesn't care if he loses. He can stand his losses. Why should he be prevented from having his game? Why shouldn't there be gambling places in San Francisco he can go to? If he wants to play bridge or poker he can go to his club, for there is this sort of gambling in every club in San Francisco. If he has a desire for roulette or faro bank or craps, why shouldn't he be able to gratify it? High class gambling places, places which those who can't afford to play can't get into, should be tolerated. Let the police keep their eyes on these places, but let them alone as long as they are conducted properly. There wouldn't be any graft. It's the small 'piking' places that are a source of graft to the policeman on the beat.

"Ask the house detective in the Palace, the St. Francis, any big hotel, and you'll find that travelers inquire every day for a place where they may gamble. They gamble in New York, in Washington, in Chicago, in St. Louis, they gamble in Florida; so they don't see why they shouldn't gamble in San Francisco. If you want to consider that end of the thing, think of the amount of money they would leave behind them if there were two or three high-class places where they could play roulette or faro. Men like Schwab would play every time they came here if they got a chance. I guess I'm through with gambling, but if I had a place here I'd guarantee not to allow any San Franciscan to play in it. There are no such places here now, but our millionaires and rich men gamble every time they go to Florida or Ostende or Monte Carlo. Yes, and some of them are against gambling in San Francisco too! Foreigners will be very disappointed if they don't find the opportunity to gamble here during the Fair. I do not think there is any real sentiment here against having two or three high-class places of the sort I have described."

Perhaps you think Frank Daroux is making a special plea. And perhaps he is. But don't forget that the professional gambler loses money. Frank Daroux ran a gambling outfit one night in connection with a Foresters' Forty-Nine Mining Camp at Native Sons' Hall. There were two faro banks, three roulette wheels and three crap games. The police stopped the games on complaint of a man who had played and lost. If the games had made money the Foresters' Drill Corps would have profited. But the games lost and Daroux was out of pocket about \$6,000. He had agreed to take the losses or a small percentage of the winnings for his trouble. The loss doesn't bother him. He had \$6,000 worth of fun, but he says the games were run too openly, so the police were right in interfering. When the Hotel Mens' Association had its convention here a couple of years ago Frank ran gambling games for the visitors, and he says the men who came to the convention enjoyed the gambling so much that they are still talking about it. Incidentally, the wives and sisters of the hotel men from all over the country were very indignant that they were not allowed to play. So you see women like to gamble too.

FRANK DAROUX

I was so interested in getting the Frank Daroux viewpoint that I didn't prod Frank on the reminiscential side. Some day I'll get the story of the nineteen millionaires who were in one of his roulette games at the Golden Eagle in Sacramento. And the story of how he and Joe Harvey were cheated out of \$15,000 on The Fiddler, a "ringer," and paid it. Or going further back, the story of how Locomotive Engineer Frank Daroux gave up his run on the railroad between Wadsworth and Winnemucca to become Professional Gambler Frank Daroux. For the present let me conclude with a sentence which I commend to those who are shocked that a professional gambler should receive serious consideration.

"Most of the professional gamblers I have known," says Frank Daroux, "were good men and especially charitable men; they never refused anybody who was in want; and they were always good to their own."

† CHARLES DE YOUNG

HE IS just about as tall as Napoleon but not nearly as stout, this Bonaparte of the newspaper world who wages his battles with printer's ink and slays ambitions with a blue pencil. He is a twentieth century Bonaparte of course, not too fiercely militant, by no means enamored of slaughter and not so reckless that he forgets at any time to conserve the resources which it would be wasteful to throw away. In other words, he is a Chronicle Napoleon, is Charles de Young, and has learned the Chronicle tradition which teaches that diplomacy is the better part of war and that peace hath her certain victories while the god of battle is notoriously fickle.

Behind one of the half-curtained windows of the Chronicle Building, just off Market street, there is a cosy little office with an oaken roll-top desk and a brace of telephones. There he sits while the crowd surges hither and thither outside, stopping occasionally to read the latest bulletin about our progress in this Panama Exposition fight, the sort of fight he likes, a gentleman's fight with gentlemanly weapons and the stake so large that there is no reason why anyone should become personal and lose his temper about it. He spends a lot of time in that cosy little office, does Charles de Young, more time than most millionaire sons of millionaire papas spend in their offices, and he is free to confess that he enjoys every minute of it. He takes his work very seriously, but after a young man's fashion, not afraid to lower his dignity by smoking his favorite Turkish cigarette as he signs a dozen checks, confers with the foreman of his press room or gives his views on the handling of a big news story.

He is a young man, a very young man; but how many young men of his years shoulder his responsibilities? How many Napoleons at twenty-nine have controlled the fighting machine which he sends into action every day? At half past eight or nine o'clock every morning except Sunday, he is on the job and all day thereafter till six in the evening he stays with it, returning after dinner and sometimes not calling it a day till midnight has been dead for an hour. In five years he has had just two weeks' vacation, but he doesn't complain; he doesn't want a vacation. There is too much to do and he finds it so well worth the doing that he sees no reason to shunt the task onto somebody else. You see he is a real newspaperman; he stands the ultimate test—his Saturday which is a half-day to his millionaire friends is a day and a half for him.

I suppose Charles de Young is the most educated newspaperman in San Francisco. The educational process started in just as soon after his birth in the old family home in Powell street—the interesting occurrence was in June, 1881—just as soon after that as careful parents usually deem expedient.

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CHARLES DE YOUNG

He was sent to the old Redding Primary and thereafter to the Pacific Heights Grammar. He was fourteen years old when he left the grammar school and went with his family to Europe. In Paris he attended the College de Ste. Croix conducted by the Brothers of the Holy Cross who taught him, among many other things, how to speak French with the accent of the boulevards. Then for a year he studied at a day school in Berlin where he absorbed more knowledge and put the real Unter den Linden guttural twist on his German. The family returned home after that and he went to Belmont School to take his preliminary dip in the requirements for entrance to Harvard. There followed a year at the Exeter prep school in New Hampshire and being satisfactorily prepped by that time he matriculated at Harvard in 1901. In 1905 he bade farewell to President Eliot, both hands clasped lovingly about a neatly ribboned bachelor's degree and his brain cells stored with more intellectual honey than you could crowd into a five-foot shelf of India paper classics.

All through this long scholastic novitiate he had kept his eye on the horizon where the clock on the top of the tall red Chronicle Building—it had a clock on it in those days—seemed pointing to the hour when he was to become a journalistic Napoleon. He studied everything that might come in handy, specializing in English and history, but absorbing all sorts of useful knowledge. He even made a dab at geology which may or may not have something to do with the subsequent discovery of an artesian well under the Chronicle Building. But he had the good sense not to become a highbrow. He talks more shop than Shakespeare.

His career as a newspaper Napoleon began very modestly. Instead of training his guns on the Tuilleries he went behind the Chronicle counter and trained his attention on classified advertising, subscriptions and "stops" and complaints. He did a little soliciting, studied display advertising and at night hied him to the editorial and mechanical departments to watch the wheels go round. He was studying the newspaper game just as that other Harvard man, William Randolph Hearst, studied it in the old Examiner office in Sacramento street. The inference is that two men may study in the same way and learn two very different things.

Then the fire came and M. H. de Young was so busy attending to other interests that he decided to unload a lot of his journalistic burden on the young shoulders of his son. Charles was made business manager at the age of twenty-five which probably establishes a record for business managers of newspapers. But he is more than a mere business manager. You cannot limit a Napoleon to one part of the field; he must sweep it all. It would be more accurate to say that Charles de Young is the general manager of the Chronicle. He bosses the business and mechanical departments, but does not ignore the editorial end by any means. He is consulted by his staff of editors on all important stories and has a great deal to say about the proper method of handling them. So close is his touch with news that reporters even consult with him over the telephone when they are out pursuing it. And he reads all the papers through every day, rejoicing and commending when the Chronicle

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scores a beat, sorrowing and dodgasting when the *Chronicle* is scooped, as is the way with all newspapermen in authority.

There is one branch about which he is eloquent and that is advertising. He has decided ideas about getting personality into it, making it sincere, convincing. He preaches the doctrine, which may seem strange to the uninitiate but not to newspapermen, that a merchant can advertise too much and he can give you very strong reasons for agreeing with him. He would rather talk about advertising than about George Bernard Shaw, although, come to think of it, the two subjects have a great deal in common.

Of course, Charles de Young's life is not all work. He likes the theatre and does not eschew the Greenway dances, but the telephone operator always knows where to reach him and if a press breaks down or a big story is uncovered, he considers it no hardship to miss the fourth act or to cut the supper dance, with proper apologies, of course. So he is not really a society man. He is too busy and too interested in his business. He belongs to the San Mateo Polo Club, but has no time for polo; he belongs to the Marin Golf and Country Club, but can't spare time for the links; he belongs to the Union League, but is not a politician; he belongs to the Olympic Club, but seldom gets there. If he spends an occasional hour at the Bohemian Club or the Family, at the Press or the University, he considers that he has fulfilled his clubby obligations. But when the board of directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition meets he is pretty sure to be there; and if we get the Fair, just watch how active he will be on that important sub-committee in charge of publicity and exploitation.

Is he a successful man? Not having access to the balance sheets of *The Chronicle* I can not give you the figures, but I venture the assertion that during the last five years the paper has been doing very nicely, thank you. You see, he bears the name of one of the greatest newspapermen the West ever knew or ever will know, and he was not christened in vain. I don't think he is satisfied with *The Chronicle*—he has bigger plans for its future—but I know that his father is satisfied with him, proud of him, for M. H. de Young two years ago gave Charles an interest in the paper, an actual financial interest. Not yet thirty and nevertheless a conqueror of the sort of success which comes to most men later in life—what is the secret of it all? I think our young journalistic Napoleon tipped the secret when he told me: "Toil is no hardship when your heart is in it. You don't count the hours when you love your work."

M. H. DE YOUNG

N JANUARY, 1915, the San Francisco Chronicle was fifty years of age. Started in January, 1865, by Charles and M. H. De Young, it has never passed from its original proprietorship. M. H. De Young, therefore, has owned and run a metropolitan newspaper for half a century. I do not know where you will find such another record in the annals of journalism. To say that M. H. De Young is proud of this record is certainly not to err by overstatement. The Chronicle represents his lifework. If one may intrude for a moment on a poignant private tragedy, it may safely be said that the grief of his recent bereavement was intensified by the thought that The Chronicle was not to be also the lifework of his son.

Sitting in his luxurious office in the Chronicle Building M. H. De Young looked back over the Chronicle's past and described for me some of the pictures his memory drew.

"My brother Charles and I," he said, "started the Dramatic Chronicle in January, 1865. He was the editor while I set the type, distributed the papers and attended to business matters. The paper appeared on the streets at noon and was distributed free of charge. Many people wanted to subscribe for it so that it would be delivered at their homes, but we had made the rule of free distribution and we stuck to it inflexibly. It was a spicy paper, containing blunt criticisms of other papers and a great deal of dramatic news. It was successful from the start, and our circulation rose to eight thousand.

"From the profits of the Dramatic Chronicle my brother and I supported our mother, paying all the household expenses. In addition to this my brother took \$15 a week and I took \$10; but this money we put religiously into the bank. When the profits increased we still adhered to this practice. It mattered not if we made \$800 or \$1,000 a month; our weekly stipend went into the bank. That money was our nest egg and we never touched it.

"I was only seventeen, a year and a half younger than my brother, when we started, and I worked very hard. I shall never forget the pleasure it gave me after a hard day's and a hard night's grind to go to the Clipper Restaurant for a cup of coffee and a plate of doughnuts. That was a great old place, the Clipper. It extended from Washington to Jackson street above Sansome, and it was run by the father of Ernest Stock, the veteran member of the Call staff. Coffee and doughnuts cost ten cents at the Clipper, and never in my life since have I tasted anything so delicious.

"Men who afterwards became world-famous in literature contributed to the Dramatic Chronicle. Mark Twain made his headquarters in our office on Clay street below Sansome. I shall never forget his method of compos-

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ing, for as I set type I watched him many a time writing copy for the Dramatic Chronicle. He was a slow writer and paused for several minutes between ideas. Having finished a sentence he would slowly and solemnly straighten up in his chair, at the same time bringing the hand which held his pencil from the paper into the air until it pointed toward the ceiling, his eyes following the same direction. He would remain in this position until he had arranged his idea. Then the body would bend, the arm would descend, just as deliberately, and as soon as the pencil touched the paper he would resume writing. It was the funniest exhibition I ever saw.

"Bret Harte was at that time secretary to Superintendent of the Mint La Grange, but he contributed almost daily to the Dramatic Chronicle at the time when our office was on Montgomery street. He would appear between four and five in the afternoon, entering the office in a surreptitious, carpet-slipped sort of way and bringing articles containing sharp criticisms of editors and public men. There was a great deal of curiosity about these articles, but we kept the identity of the author carefully concealed.

"The Dramatic Chronicle continued for three years and a half, or until September, 1868. During that time many men came to my brother and myself and offered to advance money to turn it into a morning paper. I shall never forget the first to make this offer. It was Aleck Badlam. He entered our office one day and he said he would hand us \$50,000 if we would make a morning paper of the Dramatic Chronicle and give him a half interest. The offer was declined.

"The next was Loring Pickering, owner of the Bulletin. He thought it unwise to have all his money in an evening paper, and wanted to invest in a morning paper. He offered to capitalize us if we made a morning paper of the Dramatic Chronicle. Again we declined, telling him that if we started a morning paper we would do it with our own money and would retain the whole profit of our energy.

"At that time there were six owners of the Morning Call. One of them was George Barnes, the dramatic critic. Pickering, not being able to get an interest in our paper, bought Barnes out. And with the money he received Barnes came to my brother and myself, offering to invest it if we would start a morning paper. This offer also we declined.

"In September, 1868, we had saved enough money to proceed alone, so we turned the noon-day Dramatic Chronicle into the Morning Chronicle. At that time there were three other morning papers: the American Flag run by a southern gentleman named McCarthy who hammered everybody in town, the Alta California and the Call. The evening papers were the Bulletin and the Democratic Press which was run by Phil Roach and Penn Johnstone as a 'secesh' organ until a mob wrecked the office when Lincoln was assassinated, whereupon the Democratic Press was changed to the Morning Examiner.

"The Morning Chronicle was the first paper in the country to publish a Sunday edition of the sort so familiar nowadays. We made a Sunday feature of dramatic news, devoting two pages to this, and giving the entire

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first page to letters from our special European correspondents. These features made the Chronicle very popular.

"At that time the papers sold for ten cents on the streets and at the news stands in the hotels and stationery stores. We decided that it was ridiculous to deliver the paper at peoples' homes for two cents a day and at the same time charge ten cents for it on the streets. So we reduced the price to five cents. It was a hard fight. The newsboys and the stationery stores opposed us. We billed the town with posters announcing the reduction in price, but as fast as we put the posters up the newsboys tore them down. It took us months to win that fight, but ultimately all the other papers had to follow our example.

"There were a great many men on the Chronicle in those early days who afterwards rose to high distinction. Our first editorial writer was Henry George, the author of 'Progress and Poverty.' Other editorial writers were Frank Pixley and Sam Seabough, the great anti-railroad fighter who was fired from the Sacramento Union when the railroad bought that paper and immediately went on with the fight in the Chronicle.

"We sent Charles Warren Stoddard around the world and published his letters every Sunday. Our London letter was written by Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie, an American woman living in London. Our Paris correspondent was Henry Hayne, and our Berlin correspondent was an attache of the German court who wrote secretly for us under the name of Octave Hensel.

"My brother was the editor, and I never interfered with his department except when he was away and I had full charge. During a trip he made to Europe I started the 'apprentice reporter' system. The idea was to take beginners on trial, raising their salaries every three months. At the end of two years they were either full fledged reporters or they were fired. The first two apprentice reporters I put on were Harry Dam and Ned Townsend, afterwards the author of 'Chimmie Fadden.' They were just out of the University of California, and they made good. Dam was the Beau Brummel of the staff, and I had to suspend him once for a month because he neglected a detail to attend a crack masquerade at the California Theatre.

"The Bohemian Club was organized in the Chronicle office by Tommy Newcombe, Sutherland, Dan O'Connell, Harry Dam and others who were members of the staff. The boys wanted a place where they could get together after work, and they took a room on Sacramento street below Kearny. That was the start of the Bohemian Club, and it was not an un-mixed blessing for the Chronicle because the boys would go there sometimes when they should have reported at the office. Very often when Dan O'Connell sat down to a good dinner there he would forget that he had a pocketful of notes for an important story.

"Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane was a reporter on the Chronicle. We sent him to New York as our representative, but he was too interested in Single Tax to attend strictly to his duties. There were many complaints that he wasn't supplying us with news of San Franciscans in

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New York, but I didn't know what the trouble was until I went into the New York office one night and found a stranger in charge. I asked where Lane was and was told that he was over in Orange making a speech. Another man took Lane's place shortly after that.

"William Laffan, afterwards owner and editor of the New York Sun, was a reporter on the Chronicle. He made his reputation on the Chronicle by exposing the Davenport Brothers. They were fakers who gave seances, and one of their favorite tricks was to 'materialize' guitars which were seen floating in the air in the darkened theatre and filled the credulous with awe, the Davenport Brothers having first been tied up in their cabinets. When they appeared in San Francisco Laffan sent a number of men into the gallery with pie plates, platinum wire and a certain acid. When the guitars had been 'materialized' Laffan clapped his hands, the men poured the acid over the platinum in the pie plates and the theatre was brightly illuminated by the flashlights. The Davenport Brothers had slipped their bonds and were standing at the edge of the stage waving guitars which had been rubbed with phosphorus, at arm's length over their heads. It was a great story for the Chronicle."

At this point in his reminiscences Mr. De Young's telephone rang, and there was a short but lively conversation.

"I'm sorry," he said as he hung up the receiver, "but we'll have to bring this interview to an end. My granddaughter Patsy insists that I come home and have a romp with her, and I've got to go."

FRANK C. DREW

TO KNOW a man in his public relations is to see only one side of him. It may or may not be the better, the more important side; it is seldom the more interesting.

Take Frank Drew, for instance. It is very well to know Frank Drew as a member of a law firm and as a business man with great lumber interests. Those who find delight in such things may appraise his standing at the bar, his skill as a financier. But you might know Frank Drew as a public man for a long time, and still be ignorant of his ardor for Esperanto. When you learn that fact about his private life you sit up and take a notice of Frank Drew which you would not accord to his more prosaic activities. There are many good lawyers and able financiers; there are so few Esperantists.

In San Francisco, aside from Frank Drew, the only followers of Dr. Zamenhof whose names I can recall are former Judge Daingerfield and the late Judge Treadwell. But in the city of Athenian culture across the bay there is quite a group which includes prominent railroad men and civil engineers. You never know when you are going to run across somebody who speaks the ingeniously constructed and thoroughly practical international language. That must be part of the charm of mastering it. In this connection Frank Drew told me a story.

"Dr. Yemans, a student of Esperanto who is now with the army in Manila, was crossing the Atlantic to America at the same time that a delegation of Esperantists was journeying from this country to the Esperanto Congress at Antwerp. He sent them a pleasant message in Esperanto by wireless. Before the delegates on the other steamer had a chance to reply, the wireless operator who had received the message flashed an answer to Dr. Yemans in Esperanto, stating that the doctor's and his were the first wireless messages in Esperanto ever exchanged at sea. Now who would expect a wireless operator to know Esperanto?"

"In this connection," continued Drew, "it may be mentioned among the advantages of Esperanto that if it were adopted for the international wireless code there would be no such disastrous mistakes as occurred recently when the English, the Japanese and the Norwegian operators misunderstood the messages which they were exchanging.

"Esperanto supplies a common ground of intercourse on which all people can meet. In traveling it is invaluable. All over the world there are clubs or groups of Esperantists, and if the traveler wears in his buttonhole the little green star which is the Esperanto emblem, he will come in contact everywhere with interesting people whom otherwise he would be unable to converse with.

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"Once in Chalons-sur-Marne I met a French army officer named Dr. Jenny. He knew no English and at the time I knew no French, and yet we had a delightful conversation for half an hour in Esperanto. The first ten minutes of our talk were a bit unsatisfactory, but after that it was smooth sailing.

"There is absolutely no other common means of communication. During the past few years I have corresponded with people who spoke twenty-one different foreign languages, but no English. Using Esperanto I have been able to exchange letters with men whose native tongues were French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Danish, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Russian, Polish, Czech, Dalmatian, Magyar, Arabian, Syrian, Chinese, Slovak, Javanese, Hindustanee and Greek. Without Esperanto that would be impossible.

"Esperanto has come to stay. This is particularly evident in Europe. You will find Esperanto books and pamphlets at the railway stations, especially in Russia, Poland and Bohemia. In Belgium the government has encouraged the study ever since the Esperanto Congress was held in Antwerp. In that city the policemen speak it, and so do the conductors on the street cars. The cars contain signs and notices in Esperanto.

"More than that, Esperanto is the international means of communication used by the anarchists of Europe. When Francisco Ferrer was arrested by the Spanish authorities he had on his person a kodak and an Esperanto grammar. Now if the forces of evil use Esperanto to advance their cause, it will be necessary for the opposing forces of good to fight them with it. If anarchy is to be combatted by arguments, pamphlets and so forth, Esperanto must be used, for there is no other way of appealing at one and the same time to people of different nationalities. The use which the anarchists make of Esperanto shows that it has ceased to be a fad; it is an eminently practical means of communication.

"The world is alive to the need of a universal auxiliary language. Some think that the tendency is to use French for this purpose. But there are serious objections to French. It is impossible for the ordinary adult to learn to pronounce French correctly, or even to write it correctly, there are so many idioms. The same thing is true of English. Both are objectionable too on account of international jealousies. And the same thing applies to German. For instance, would the Germans be willing to use French? Would the English be willing to adopt German?

"Esperanto, on the other hand, is easy to learn. I am still studying it, but I obtained a working knowledge of it by devoting one hour a night to its study for six weeks. At the end of that time I could read and write it with a good deal of ease.

"You see, there are no idioms in Esperanto. And there will be none. There are no exceptions to its grammatical rules. It does away with irregular verbs which are such a terror to people attempting to learn French and other European languages. There is no such difficulty as the student has with the German pronouns either.

"Esperanto has a literature of its own. I recall a novel called 'The

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Pharaoh' in three volumes which describes the Egyptian life of ancient days with its religious doctrines, ceremonies and so on. Esperanto is capable of describing such scenes and incidents just as minutely as any of our mother tongues. It can convey the various shades of meaning; the delicate distinctions between our own synonyms can all be expressed.

"Esperanto also has a large translated literature. The Bible has been translated into Esperanto. So have a number of Shakespeare's plays, notably Hamlet, Julius Caesar and The Tempest. Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer is in Esperanto; so are Schiller's dramas and many Polish novels. In addition there are many medical journals, mathematical and other scientific treatises. The advantage of Esperanto for scientific works is obvious. How many great treatises invaluable to physicians and others are beyond the reach of students because they are in a foreign tongue! Sometimes these works are not translated for years; sometimes the great expense prevents them from being translated at all. If they were written in Esperanto, as the scholars of old wrote their books in Latin, they would be immediately available for all nations.

"But one of the greatest goods which would come out of the use of Esperanto was that which Dr. Zamenhof had in mind when he invented it. He was a college student at Warsaw, and was painfully aware of the racial, political and religious misunderstanding which kept the students in a constant state of warfare. He came to the conclusion that if they had a common means of communication much of this misunderstanding would cease. Esperanto was the result. Dr. Zamenhof is a great oculist, but he has lost thousands of dollars because his heart is in Esperanto and he answers the call of the cause whenever it comes, forgetting his professional work.

"It is very important to remember that Esperanto is not to be used as a substitute for any language. It is an auxiliary language. When Esperanto is universally used, every man will have two languages, his own and Esperanto."

"Do you think it will be universally used?" I asked.

"I do," answered Drew. "Esperanto has a great future. The most serious obstacle to its immediate adoption by the intellectual world consists in the many innovations attempted by cranks, faddists and egotists who either want to improve on Zamenhof's invention or to substitute one of their own. Esperanto undoubtedly can be improved in some respects, but this is not the time to make any changes. Until it is adopted as a universal auxiliary language there should be no changes. Afterwards a World's Congress could be called together for the purpose of making needed reforms."

"Are Americans putting it to any practical use?" I asked.

For answer Frank Drew handed me an illustrated pamphlet written in Esperanto. It was a pamphlet issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles and was devoted to glowing accounts of the many advantages of life in Southern California.

"That pamphlet will be read by people in every corner of the world," said Drew. "That's practical enough, isn't it?"

Why doesn't the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce take the hint?

DENNIS M. DUFFY



HOLD," says Dennis M. Duffy, president of the State Prison Commission, "I hold that the offender should be saved rather than reformed. The best time to deal with the law-breaker is before the gate of the penitentiary closes behind him."

Colonel Duffy is a working penologist. He is an expert on prisons and their inmates because he devoted himself heart and soul to the subject during his career of distinction on the Prison Board. He is full of his specialty. He thinks about prison work, talks about it all the time. Meet him in Market street and engage him in conversation on the topic most remote from prison work—he'll have the conversation around to his chief interest before you know it. A good part of every day he devotes to prison affairs. The mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sons, daughters, wives and sweethearts of convicts elbow clients in his law office. And none goes away without a hearing. Such a man is bound to have valuable ideas about penology which is a science for practical men, not theorists. All Colonel Duffy's ideas are the fruit of experience. I don't believe he has ever sat down to formulate a prison theory. He observes the ways of prisoners, he studies the viewpoint of prisoners, he extracts their histories, he tries to fathom their thoughts. And because he is deeply sympathetic with prisoners, he succeeds with them where others blunder and fail. So when Colonel Duffy says that prison work should begin outside prison walls he is talking what he knows, not uttering glittering paradox.

"It is easier," continues Colonel Duffy, "to reform a free man than it is to reform a prisoner. But it is more important still to reform society. When we succeed in reforming the attitude of society toward the law-breaker, there will not be so many men in prison as there are today.

"Society must be taught to give the law-breaker a chance. It must learn to change its attitude toward him whether he goes to prison or not. What we need most of all is a wise and liberal administration of the probation law. In the hands of a judge who knows how to be generous and at the same time firm in its application, the probation law is a great instrument of good.

"Every wise measure should be used to save a man from prison when there is a chance to reclaim him without incarceration. There are many men serving sentences at present who were convicted of crimes that were not crimes at all a few years ago. In this class of convicts, imprisoned for offenses which are not crimes at Common Law, the wise mercy of the judge should be brought to bear. Take for instance the young man who passes a bad check. Most bad checks are passed in saloons by men under the influence of liquor, and the money raised on them is almost invariably spent for more

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liquor. Such cases are never prosecuted unless the bad check passer fails to make good. Now it is not a felony to embezzle a sum under fifty dollars, but a man may be convicted of felony and sent to State's prison for passing a bad check for one dollar. In fact the men serving terms for this offense have usually passed a check for fifteen or twenty dollars—that is the average amount. Does it not seem too bad that a man should be branded a convict for this offense? Why could he not be released on probation and be allowed to earn money to make restitution for his offense and at the same time contribute to the support of those dependent on him instead of being sent to prison? It would be better for the offender and better for society. And in this connection, why should there not be some regulation, say by the police commission, of this check cashing in saloons? Many saloon keepers make it a rule not to cash checks. When men they know ask to have a check cashed the saloon keepers lend them the money instead. If saloon keepers were prohibited from cashing checks under penalty of a revocation of their license, many young men would be saved from the penitentiary.

"In this connection one of the greatest judicial wrongs of today should be mentioned. I refer to the short sentence which so many judges impose in lieu of probation. The short sentence imposed on men who could be given probation too often makes those men confirmed convicts. It takes from them that something, call it nerve, courage, manhood, what you will, which can never be returned. Too often the short sentence is imposed because the judge hesitates to grant probation for fear of alienating public opinion. The short sentence is a compromise between the judge's conscience and expediency.

"Next to saving men from going to prison the most helpful feature of prison work today consists in restoring the convict to society after his debt to justice has been paid. The greatest instrument for good in this work is our parole law. Our parole law is good, but it is not and cannot be properly administered under present conditions. The Prison Commissioners, serving without salary, give one day a week to prison work, and in hearing applications for parole they must depend on the reports of wardens and other prison officials who are quite likely to make honest mistakes. The men who administer the parole law should live in the prisons where they can study the convicts at first hand and talk to them in the yard as man to man. The prisoner is not at himself, he is embarrassed and nervous when called before a body of men who judge him by the impression of a single interview.

"But when a man has been paroled the real test begins, not only for the man but for society. And here there is much to be desired in the attitude of society. The men who are most eager to make good and to regain the position they have lost are, unfortunately, the men whom society is least willing to take back. I refer to the men who have been convicted of murder and other crimes of violence, men who had led good lives until they were betrayed into violence by the heat of passion. It is very difficult for such men to get a real start after they have been paroled.

"They are not helped at all by the professional philanthropist. It is not the professional philanthropist, the man or woman who engages in prison work for the money or the glory in it, who helps such ex-convicts, but the

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unostentatious, unpretentious citizen who holds out a helping hand without a brass band accompaniment. The professional philanthropist is insistent that prison be made more attractive. He overlooks the fact that it is more important to give men work on their release from prison than to make prison attractive for them while they are in. The professional philanthropist is forever insisting that this or that convict be paroled, but when you apply the acid test by asking, 'What employment will you give him when he goes out?' you are met with a shrug or a frown or an 'I'm sorry' or a 'How can you expect me to employ a man like that?' As a matter of fact, despite all you hear about the slowness of the Prison Board to grant paroles, there are every month eight or ten or twelve men entitled to parole but detained in prison because nobody has come forward to promise them suitable employment. I am putting the number as low as possible. Some months there are fifteen or twenty. The Prison Board is more generous to parole than society is to receive the paroled men.

"The parole system has had an excellent effect on prison discipline. It helps the prison to run itself. It has aroused a spirit of co-operation between the prisoner and the prison official. It has a greater influence than religion which, I regret to say, is not the large factor in prison which one would like it to be. The prisoners show the utmost respect for clergymen who visit the prison, but they are usually indifferent to religious influence. Religion suffers in prison from religious pretenders among the prisoners, hypocrites who are serving terms for horrible offenses and who pretend to be devout—men who perhaps used religion to aid them in their horrible crimes and continue to use it in prison in the hope of expediting their release. A large percentage of those in prison for rape and offenses against children are religious pretenders. Unfortunately the other prisoners are apt to judge religion by these hypocritical devotees.

"But the parole system is a real influence for good. It is perhaps due to this system that so many convicts are well behaved. Ninety-five per cent of the prisoners are trying all the time to observe the rules of prison discipline. Most of them do this because they are impelled by their better natures so to do; the rest are actuated by the hope of parole. Under the parole law a prisoner starts to work his way out as soon as he lands in prison.

"Has my faith in human nature suffered by my prison work? Certainly not! It has been increased. It has increased my inclination to give men a chance. There are failures, there are bitter disappointments, but when you consider that eighty per cent of the paroled men make good and that only two and six-tenths per cent of them return to prison for new offenses, you will see that an abounding faith in human nature is justified.

"When you contrast some prison officials with some prisoners, there is no reason to lack faith in the prisoners. I have known a minister at the prison who sold pardons. I have known a superintendent of construction who robbed the State. I have known a lieutenant of the yard, a man who held steadfastly to the theory that no convict could be reformed and who took an unholy joy in the discovery of a recidivist, I have known such a man to rob prisoners. When keepers are crooked, why not give convicts a chance?"

MILTON H. ESBERG

THE PEOPLE don't elect a man Mayor of San Francisco that he may play politics. They elect him because they think he will prove a strong executive. If the man cherishes hidden political aspirations or develops them after he gets into office, the people lose confidence in him. Those officials who are least ardent for political advancement are the most successful in the end. In other words, glory comes to him who seeks it least."

Milton H. Esberg, vice-president and general manager of the M. A. Gunst Cigar Company, was a member of the Municipal Conference which dominated politics in the last mayoralty campaign. He was on the nominating and indorsing board which put Rolph into the fight. He was active on the campaign committee. In a very special sense therefore he is one of the men responsible for the present municipal administration insofar as it has been shaped by Mayor Rolph. And yet Milton Esberg speaks of Mayor Rolph in the language I have just set down in quotation marks.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Mayor Rolph has alienated a large percentage of the men who were active in his campaign. Out in his own part of the city a number of these formed a hostile organization known as "The Missionites." Downtown there is no hostile organization, but feeling is none the less pronounced. Rolph has disappointed his sponsors.

A great many of those sponsors are members of the Chamber of Commerce. Rolph was much to the fore in that body before he became Mayor. He was president of the Merchants Exchange which has been absorbed by the larger body. His activities were in harmony with the activities of the Chamber of Commerce. Yet he calls its members "obstructionists" and threatens, in the vivid language beloved of politicians, to "knock their blocks off." Obviously, a change has come over the relations between the Mayor and his former associates. What is the reason? I went to Milton Esberg and asked him about it. He ought to know if anybody does, for he is chairman of the executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

"Mayor Rolph," says Esberg, "seems to feel that any criticism of public work or any suggestion for public improvement, whether made by a civic organization or by an individual in high repute, is an act of hostility toward himself. He seems to lose sight of the fact that people may be honestly interested in the improvement of current methods or in the cure of inefficiency. He seems not to recognize that a citizen or a civic body, knowing that in the end the taxpayer always pays for incompetence, has a perfect right to show how money may be saved and serious inconvenience prevented.

"And so it happens that when an organization like the Chamber of Commerce, after its student committee has gone into the matter and has presented absolute facts gathered by unpaid men who have taken time from their

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own business, successful men who are disposed to do something for the community, who have civic pride, who want efficiency and who dream of a model city—when an organization like the Chamber of Commerce reports that money is being wasted and points out means to check the waste, our Mayor declares that they are officious and have a political ax to grind.

“Why cannot our Mayor, why cannot all government officials welcome suggestions from the outside? Why cannot they realize that they are only holding office as the managers of a big business while the citizens and taxpayers are the stockholders of the business? Somehow or other they don't understand that. From being democratic their viewpoint becomes oligarchic.

“What we want in municipal as in every business is efficiency. Are we getting it? It is my opinion that the affairs of this municipality are not thirty-five per cent efficient. Year by year our officials should increase efficiency and decrease taxation. They are not doing it in San Francisco.

“The present administration is not doing it. Why? Because, although there are some splendid men serving on the various commissions, they think that they must respect the personal desires of the Mayor. Mayor Rolph has an idea that he should be actively at work in every department of the city government. He takes away from the various departments that independence which the Charter by its spirit and letter confers on them. He takes the stand that criticism of any department is a criticism of himself, a stand at variance with the notions of the commercial bodies whose leaders seek no political preferment and are interested solely in promoting efficiency. But taking that wrong stand, he feels compelled to disregard any suggestion that would tend in a progressive way toward the development of efficiency. What is the advantage of having good commissioners if the Mayor discourages them from exercising independence of thought? To refer specifically to the controversy between Mayor Rolph and the Chamber of Commerce, let us suppose that the streets of San Francisco are cleaner than the streets of any other city in the United States or in the world. Yet if there is an annual over-expenditure of \$100,000 or any other sum, the problem before the Board of Public Works remains exactly the same. There is inefficiency which ought to be corrected.

“Mayor Rolph was elected because we wanted as our chief executive a business man of the best business principles who would do things in a businesslike way. We wanted a man to be mayor of all the people all the time. We wanted the interests of the city not merely conserved but developed. We wanted a man who would not try to lean either toward capital or labor. In the measure in which we failed to get that sort of man we have failed, and the man selected has failed too.

“If Mayor Rolph were running today the men who were active in his campaign would not be active again. He has misinterpreted the desires of some of the biggest and most disinterested men of San Francisco—or else he has disregarded their desires. His action in the matter of the Municipal Opera House was a heavy blow. So was his denunciation of the work of the Chamber of Commerce. It might have been expected that the Chamber of Commerce and other big bodies would be credited with honesty of purpose, especially as Mayor Rolph was closely identified with them himself and must

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have known the sincerity of their aims. Why should the citizenship be thus misunderstood? Why cannot all have a fair, square break? The government should not be run for the enhancement of political ambitions. What we want is a business concern in which the head and all the department managers are thinking of the stockholders, not of politics.

"How are we to improve conditions? By sitting down and taking careful stock of ourselves, by calculating our assets and discovering what improvements we need. The trouble is that there is absolutely no homogeneity among our people. Other big cities have co-ordination and the co-operative spirit. They have a definite purpose. They know that their strong point is manufacturing or retail business or amusement, and they have capitalized their assets accordingly. San Franciscans have never done that.

"Perhaps one reason for this lack of homogeneity is that we pay so little attention to those who are trying to do something. We must have a storehouse to supply facts about what we are and what we are not, what we may hope to be and what we may not hope to be, and we must get into the habit of going to that storehouse for material. A lack of understanding in civic affairs leads to duplication of work. That means inefficiency, waste of money and in the end a divergence of aim which prevents accomplishment.

"Politically and civically the people of San Francisco are in the habit of asking what they can get out of a thing. That is the wrong idea. If our city government and our big institutions are to amount to anything, all must first contribute to the common gain. Then there will be dividends for all.

"The politicians running municipal affairs are opposed to the introduction of progressive machinery, the devices invented by good minds for economic work. They think this is against labor. They try to retard it because the machines have no votes, because you cannot register these machines. This comes from a lack of understanding of industrial conditions, and from the tendency to prevent an understanding between the employer and the employe. In no place in this country does machinery hurt the employe. Where you find the best machinery you find the best workmanship.

"I met a certain man lately who has been attorney for labor in many big cases, and we spoke of the efficiency of labor. He said he didn't think labor would ever become perfectly efficient, because greater efficiency means only a few more cents for labor and bigger dividends for capital. To answer this I pointed out that B. Altman of New York had left his fortune to his employes. That was not a reward of efficiency, said the champion of labor. I argued that it was, because the inefficient had been weeded out of Altman's employ and only the efficient remained to share his fortune, and he finally agreed with me. Politicians have been busy expounding the doctrine voiced by this champion of labor. Isn't it time that people realized that employers try to do the right thing for efficiency, but will not stand for laggards? There will be no breach between labor and capital if this is understood."

Milton Esberg, you see, is not merely a destructive critic; he is also constructive. He knows what is wrong and has a definite idea of what should be done to right it. He is representative of the distinterested men who have lost their sympathy for the present municipal administration. Let the reader decide whether he is an obstructionist.

LA LOIE FULLER

THE FINEST group of Rodin masterpieces ever assembled is to be presented to the city of San Francisco. The collection includes "The Thinker" and "The Age of Brass," regarded by authorities on art as the greatest works ever executed by the world's greatest living sculptor. These two famous masterpieces, together with the master's "Prodigal Son," "The Siren" and his bust of Henri Rochefort have been bought by Mrs. Adolph B. Sprecke's who announces her intention of giving them to her native city. They are at the World's Fair and will be exhibited in the Palace of Fine Arts. With them is another of Rodin's masterpieces, "St. John the Baptist," which Mrs. Spreckels may buy and add to the collection. The munificence of a San Francisco matron is to make this city a Rodin shrine to which the art lovers of the whole world will come on pilgrimage through all future ages.

Aside from Paris the cities of the world which boast more than one Rodin either publicly or privately owned may be counted on the fingers. San Francisco's collection will remain unapproachable because it contains both "The Thinker" and "The Age of Brass." "The Thinker" Rodin did in bronze twice only. One statue is in front of the Pantheon in Paris; the other which is to be San Francisco's, was executed for the Swiss Government. "The Thinker" in the Metropolitan Museum of New York is a plaster exemplar. "The Age of Brass" is the work of Rodin best known to the man in the street because there is an interesting story connected with it. When the young Rodin sent it to the Salon the jury decided that a work so perfect must have been cast from the living male figure. It was rejected and Rodin was ostracized. Only his genius and the passing of years vindicated his artistic integrity and freed him from the worst charge which can be made against a sculptor. These and the other works belong to the best period of Rodin's career. All of them are as well known to connoisseurs as the Venus of Milo or Michelangelo's Moses.

How were they secured for San Francisco? The answer may be stated simply. San Francisco owes the most splendid gift of art it may ever receive to the bounty of Mrs. Spreckels, to the irresistible enthusiasm of La Loie Fuller and to the European situation created by the war. Miss Fuller told me the story, one of the most absorbing I have ever listened to.

I would that I could tell it as the world-famous dancer poured it out to me. This friend of Rodin's has the gift of picturesque narrative, and whether she is rhapsodizing on the genius of "the master"—so she calls the great sculptor—or denouncing President Wilson's course since the beginning of the world war, she proves herself mistress of a thrilling eloquence that communicates her enthusiasm to her listener.

LA LOIE FULLER



LA LOIE FULLER

The story of the acquisition of the Rodins begins with Mrs. Adolph Spreckels' visit in Paris just before the war. There she renewed her friendship with Miss Fuller. La Loie is of the inner circle of Parisian art: Rodin's home is open to her, Anatole France wrote the preface to her Memoirs. It was inevitable that Mrs. Spreckels' sincere admiration for Rodin should warm to passion at the flame of Miss Fuller's adoration.

The World's Fair brought Miss Fuller to San Francisco last August. She was the house guest of Mrs. Spreckels. Rodin was the theme of many conversations, and out of these came Mrs. Spreckels' determination to do a great thing for her city.

The war took Miss Fuller back to Europe. Her own affairs demanded her attention, but there was a larger purpose weighting the trip with responsibility. Mrs. Spreckels had given her the money to buy a collection of Rodins for San Francisco.

Ensued three months of effort, three months of heartbreaking devotion to what seemed the forlornest of forlorn hopes.

"Three times in my despair," says Miss Fuller, "I went to the bank for the purpose of returning Mrs. Spreckels' money. I was all but convinced that further effort was useless. But each time something deterred me, perhaps the disinclination to acknowledge defeat."

Despite her intimate friendship with Rodin Miss Fuller found the aged sculptor well nigh unapproachable on the subject of her quest. He was in Rome, the pet of the King, the lion of the nobility. Time after time Miss Fuller sought to broach the matter closest to her heart, only to be silenced.

"I was motoring with him one day," she said, "and the motor had stopped so that the master might inspect a ruin. He studied it alone, for nobody may go with him on these occasions, and while I waited an American gentleman approached. I learned that he had ordered a work of Rodin's—or rather, to use the words customary in such dealings with the master, that Rodin had consented to execute a work for him—ten years before, but he had never been able to get it. When Rodin returned from his solitary study of the ruin the American introduced the subject in a manner which, I thought, was far from offensive. And in quite a polite way he drew out a check for ten thousand dollars and offered it to Rodin. Rodin abruptly dismissed him. 'I am not selling a yard of ribbon,' he said to me afterwards. You may be sure my heart sank at the hopelessness of my own efforts."

By dint of diplomatic obstinacy Miss Fuller discovered that "The Thinker," ordered by the Swiss Government several years before had not yet been delivered. She discovered too that the drain of the war on Swiss finances would make it impossible for the government to complete the purchase until peace returned to Europe. Then all her feminine resources of influence, finesse and tact were brought into play. There were trips from Rome to Paris, interviews with the Minister of Fine Arts and other delicate negotiations. At last the way seemed clear for the acquisition of "The Thinker."

And then:

"I shall not think of parting with 'Le Penseur' until the marble base is placed beneath my statue of 'L'Homme Qui Marche'," said Rodin.

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Miss Fuller's heart sank. "The Walking Man" stood in a court of the French Embassy in Rome. It stood, not in the court for which the French Ambassador intended it but in the court preferred by Rodin. And so, to spite the imperious sculptor, the French Ambassador let it stand on a wooden box although Rodin had executed a marble pedestal at his own expense. Every time the Minister of Fine Arts at Paris instructed the French Ambassador at Rome to replace that box with the marble pedestal the latter found some way to evade the demand. Miss Fuller went to Paris. Again she interviewed the Minister of Fine Arts. Again she manipulated the wires of influence which she knew how to reach. There came a peremptory order. "The Walking Man" now rests on the marble pedestal.

The siege was not over by any means. Days, weeks passed in repeated interviews abruptly terminated, in motor rides to view interminable ruins on whose inspection no word of business might intrude. There were subtle flatteries, because the master likes praise; there were appeals based on the necessity of a cordial entente between France and the United States, because the master is a patriot; there were hints that if Rodin's works went to San Francisco a virgin field for the sale of works by other French sculptors would be opened, because Rodin loves his fellow craftsmen; and there were warnings (not addressed to Rodin but to those who would repeat them to him) that in the unsettled condition of European finance it was the part of a wise man to replenish his exchequer. And there was Madame Rodin.

"Madame Rodin does not interfere with her husband's affairs," says Miss Fuller, "but I knew that she could exert a silent influence upon him, so I was careful to make her my friend. We shopped together, and whenever I found her admiring some pretty thing, I bought it as a surprise."

At last the day came when Miss Fuller, in fear and trembling, dared the presence of Rodin with a purse full of crisp bank bills. She emptied them before him, and they remained uncounted.


"It is all I have," she told him, "and, master, in comparison with your work it is nothing. Give me what you can." Rodin gave her a king's ransom.

He gave her "The Thinker," "The Age of Brass," "The Prodigal Son," "The Siren," the bust of Henri Rochefort and "Old Age and Youth." "St. John the Baptist" was not included. This wonderful statue was executed for the German Government and but for the war would have gone to the Cologne Museum. It is in San Francisco with the other works and may yet become the property of Mrs. Spreckels. All these seven pieces are in bronze, except "The Siren" which is a small marble of entrancing loveliness. Of the six which are the property of Mrs. Spreckels, only "Old Age and Youth" will be reserved for the Spreckels private collection.

"When I left the master," says Miss Fuller, "I pinched myself to see if I was awake. I was afraid I might be dreaming. Even now I cannot fully realize what has happened."

The appreciative reader does not require that I repeat for him the words of praise which Miss Fuller gives to Mrs. Spreckels. He will phrase his own admiration and gratitude. Speaking for myself, it seems to me that San Francisco has discovered a Lady Bountiful.

A. P. GIANNINI

HE COLLEGE professor is one of the delights of American life. None adds more to our natural gaiety than he. He is that most irresistible of humorists, the side-splitter who takes himself seriously. Follow his antics, and you are never at a loss for merriment. Read what he says, and you will never have the blues.

Occasionally, however, the college professor says something which it would be wrong not to take seriously. Thus it became necessary to take David Starr Jordan seriously when he reflected on the French nation. Thus again, a certain Professor M. V. O'Shea, head of the educational department of the University of Wisconsin, must be taken seriously when he reflects on the Italians. There are liberties which the funniest of unconscious mirth-provokers cannot be allowed to take.

Professor O'Shea—by the way, he is the man who recently advocated the teaching of slang in the public schools—addressed the California Teachers' Association in session at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland. In the course of his address he said this:

"The essential reason for the decay of the Italian race is that it has not known how to keep the rising generation plastic, docile, simple and teachable. It is allowed to ripen too soon. This is the type of civilization this country should deny itself."

Here are some pretty broad statements. In the first place Professor O'Shea sets it down as an established fact, not open to question, that the Italian race is decadent. In the second place the professor makes the statement that the United States should deny itself Italian civilization; in other words, that Italians should be excluded. The reason he gives for the decay of the Italian race, the "essential reason" as he calls it with true pedagogical dogmatism, may be disregarded. That or any other reason is idle if the Italian race is not decadent.

Castling about for an Italian to interview about Professor O'Shea's curious statements, I thought of A. P. Giannini, the banker. Giannini is a native of California, born of Italian parents. His position in this community is such that none can question his right to speak with authority on the subject. When I showed him Professor O'Shea's statement he laughed.

"For a decadent race," he said, "the Italians seem to have done a good deal for California. They reclaimed four thousand odd acres of waste land in San Bernardino County, transforming them into the largest vineyard in the United States. I refer to the Italian Vineyard Company of which Secondo Guasti is president and in which over a million dollars is invested. Three Italians, Sbarboro, Fontana and Rossi, started the Italian-Swiss Colony, reclaiming waste lands in Sonoma and Madera Counties. One of

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the largest estates in California, consisting of grain, bean and orchard lands, the Schiappapietra Estate of Ventura, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles Counties, is handled by an Italian, Giovanni Ferro. John Lagomarsino, the banker, is one of the largest land owners in Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties. N. Bonfilio, the president of a bank in Los Angeles, is on the directorate of some of the biggest business enterprises in Southern California. These are names taken at random. All over the State you will find Italians prominent in business. In the older towns of the State especially you will find that the best holdings and the best business property belong to Italians. Does this look like decadence? Does this indicate the necessity of California denying herself 'Italian civilization?'

"Look at the situation here in San Francisco. This city has the best Italian Colony in the United States. The reason is, perhaps, that at the time this Italian Colony was founded it required initiative, thought, foresight to come so far. The Italian pioneers, like the pioneers of other races, were sturdy, strong of will, big of brain, men of capacity and endurance. There are about forty thousand Italians here. Are they decadent? Are they undesirable citizens? Are they incapable of keeping the rising generation 'plastic, docile, simple and teachable?' They support four Italian banks with aggregate resources of thirty millions. They are among our biggest and most successful merchants. An Italian, M. J. Fontana, founded the canning business out of which grew the California Fruit Cannery Association. The L. Scatena Company is the largest commission house on the Pacific Coast. The Agenzia Fugazi conducted by two native sons of California is one of the oldest and biggest steamship agencies in the country. Another Italian, J. Di Giorgio, controls the marketing in New York of sixty-three per cent of our deciduous and citrus fruits. He's a national figure. And so it goes in many other lines of endeavor.

"Take our bank, the Bank of Italy. It is nine years old. Not so long ago most of its directors belonged to the 'rising generation' of Italians which worries Professor O'Shea. There are nine native born Californians among the Italians on the board of directors. There are the two Fugazis, James and Samuel; there is Dr. Bacigalupi; there is Dr. Cagliari; there is Charles Grondona; there is N. A. Pellerano; there are my two brothers and myself. I sincerely trust that Professor O'Shea will not brand any of us with the stigma of decadence.

"Go into the schools and inquire how the young Italian or the Italian-American stands in his studies. Whether it be in the public schools, in the universities or colleges, he has a way of standing at the head or near the head of the class, this youngster that Professor O'Shea says is not 'docile' and 'teachable.' I don't have to give you the names of the young Italian doctors, dentists and lawyers who are rising to the top of their professions here. Are they decadent? And in the arts, how about our Italian musicians and painters? Is there any sign of decadence there?

"There is, I believe, a relation between decadence and race suicide. You don't find race suicide among our Italians. According to Statistician Leslie of the State Bureau of Vital Statistics, the most rapidly growing nationality

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in California is the Italian. Between the last two federal censuses the Italian-born inhabitants increased 179 per cent. How often do you find an Italian family in which there are less than four or five children? Is that a sign of decadence?

"But perhaps Professor O'Shea finds decadence in Italy. I am unable to find it there, however. If California is progressive, it is only following the example of Italy where they have had workingmen's compensation for quite a while. And as for unionism, even the farm laborers in Italy have their unions. They have government ownership of railroads, municipal ownership of street car lines, and all life insurance is controlled by the government. In the last ten years Italy has seen a wonderful advance in education and in the wages of labor. The war in Tripoli did not indicate national decadence. No greater achievements in sanitation, transport and commissary were ever recorded than the achievements of Italy during that war. The American Consul at Tripoli told me when I was there that no commissariat in the world had ever been handled so well. Automobiles were used for the distribution of food and the transportation of the wounded. Aeroplanes were used with success in engagement after engagement. Moving pictures of the families of the soldiers were taken in all parts of Italy and shown to the various regiments for a Christmas treat. Do these things point to decadence?

"Do the achievements of Marconi point that way? Or of the great composers, literary men and poets of the present day? Or of surgeons and physicians like Durante, Murri, Bacelli, Marchiafava, Mazzoni and Bastianelli, the late Pierpont Morgan's physician? Is that race decadent which produces a Leo XIII, a Pius X, a Rampolla?

"Speaking very plainly, I am of the opinion that this Professor O'Shea doesn't know what he is talking about. He has slandered one of the greatest races without the slightest basis of fact. He belongs to that dangerous class of men whose position assures them a ready hearing and who do not hesitate to speak of things about which they know less than nothing. Such men do a great deal of harm, and they deserve to be eliminated from public life. Men like Professor O'Shea are a greater menace to American civilization than the Italians ever will be. Such men as this professor are not 'plastic,' 'docile' or 'teachable' because they assume to know it all; but in a certain uncomplimentary sense they may be described as 'simple.'"

JACOB J. GOTTLOB

ONE OF MY brightest employes was J. J. Gottlob, who was born in 1860 and entered my employ in 1882, remaining twelve years. He traveled as treasurer with several of my road attractions for two seasons, and in 1885 I made him treasurer of my Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco, of which he ultimately became manager. . . . During the time Gottlob managed my California interests I gave him carte blanche, and to show what I thought of him, I may mention that he handled my exchequer and I never needed to look at the accounts he handed me, such was the implicit faith I had in his judgment and loyalty to my interests. He assuredly is the most popular and respected manager in California."

These lines, gentle reader, are taken from that storehouse of information, that mine of theatrical riches, M. B. Leavitt's "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management." If you are interested in the theatre of America and do not know the book, lose no time in making its acquaintance. It will tell you about the past of the playhouses, about the parents and grandparents of the players you are interested in today; it will give you theatrical orientation and so increase your theatrical enjoyment.

With Leavitt's words in my mind I went to Mr. Gottlob—Jake Gottlob he is called by his familiars—and accused him of being an oldtimer in the theatrical business. He is a quiet, soft-spoken gentleman, and like many others who are quiet and soft-spoken, not to be intimidated. My accusation failed to daunt him. He acknowledged the corn.

"If Leavitt has it in his book," said Gottlob, "I suppose it must be true. If thirty-two years in the game make one an oldtimer I suppose I must admit that I am not exactly a debutante. Thirty-two years! Almost a lifetime, isn't it? But it doesn't seem so awfully long. Perhaps that is because thirty of those years, come April, were spent in San Francisco.

"How did I get into the business? Just drifted naturally into it. I was born in Boston, and while I was still at school there I managed a big church fair. Walking matches were the fad of the moment, and I introduced them at the church fair. And I got Henry Ward Beecher and other noted men to lecture. The result was that this church fair which everybody expected to be a failure, proved quite a success. Emboldened by this I went to New York and dabbled in walking matches there. We had six-day walking matches at Madison Square Gardens; the walkers walked all day and all night too. Theatrical people used to drop into the Gardens to see them walk after the shows were over. Naturally I met a lot of actors and managers. It was there I first met Nat Goodwin. And it was there I made the acquaintance of M. B. Leavitt.

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"I went to work for Leavitt. He had a number of road companies that started from New York, and he sent me out with some of them. In 1885 he sent me out to San Francisco to be the treasurer of the Bush Street Theatre. At that time Leavitt had companies which played all the territory from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Charles Frohman was his advance agent. Al Hayman, afterwards the founder of the Theatrical Syndicate, was manager of the Bush Street Theatre just before I arrived in San Francisco. When I arrived Jay Rial was manager. He was succeeded by Charles P. Hall. I succeeded Hall as manager.

"When I came to the Bush Street Theatre, Kate Castleton and Harry Phillips were playing there. The city was crazy over Kate Castleton. She was the toast of all the men about town.

"Dave Warfield was an usher at the Bush Street Theatre, and he was not an awfully bad usher either. But he was a better mimic. There was a great character on the gallery door known as 'Big Jim.' When boys that Charlie Hall knew would come to the theatre without the price of tickets, Hall would holler upstairs, 'All right, Jim! Two!' and 'Big Jim' would let them in. Many a time Warfield mimicked Hall's voice to get his friends into the gallery free of charge, and 'Big Jim' never knew the difference.

"Great old days those were! Hoyt and Thomas were here then, and all of Hoyt's plays were given at the Bush Street Theatre. What a hit they made! Then there were Alice Atherton and Billy Edwin, M. B. Curtis in 'Sam'l of Posen,' Harry Dixie in 'Evangeline,' John T. Raymond, Willie Collier and Charlie Reed in 'The City Directory,' Nat Goodwin, Crane in 'The Senator' and Georgie Drew, Ethel Barrymore's mother.

"The Standard, the home of Billy Emerson's Minstrels, was right across the street from the Bush Street Theatre. Bush street from Montgomery to Kearny and Kearny from Bush to Market constituted the Rialto at that time. That was the beginning of the Cocktail Route which afterwards extended to Powell and Market when the Baldwin was built. Everybody used to promenade along the Rialto of a Saturday afternoon, and Dolly Adams and Kitty Reed and other beautiful women who wore beautiful gowns used to set the fashions. Chenoweth's Reception and Gobey's were the favorite saloons. There was also a place in a basement at Sutter and Kearny where the Hotel Sutter stands, known as Harry Grimm's, which was much frequented by actors. Gunst's cigar store was across the street, and they used to be around there a great deal too.

"The favorite hotels for actors were the Occidental and Lick; the Brooklyn was for those who couldn't afford the best. But remember, there was no 'room and bath' in those days. Another favorite place for actors was the original Hammam Bath, and when I say 'original,' I mean exactly what I say: it was the first Hammam in the United States. That was the place on Dupont street, and it was built back from the sidewalk line, as if the owners of the property knew that Dupont was going to be widened and become Grant avenue. All the sports like Muldoon and the swell actors used to go to the Hammam, and they were proud to tell you so.

"And all the swell actors used to hire buggies on Sunday and drive out

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to the Cliff House. The swagger stable was Fagan's on Bush between Montgomery and Kearny. Lots of world-famous stars must remember that drive to the Cliff House and the toll gate on Point Lobos Road where they paid their twenty-five cents.

"I was at the Bush Street Theatre for eight years and then I went to the California with Al Hayman, George Broadhurst coming out from Dakota to succeed me as manager at the Bush. That was in '92. I stayed at the California for three years, and then Friedlander, Mel Marx and myself took over the Columbia on Powell street. The Columbia was a success from the first night. We opened on Friday, May 13, 1895, and our first attraction, the Frawley company, played for thirteen weeks. We had the Frawley company for five seasons running, and having overturned a theatrical superstition, we always tried to open their engagement on the thirteenth of the month.

"The Frawleys opened in 'Sweet Lavender.' It was a great company. In addition to T. Daniel there were Jane Kennark, leading woman, Blanche Bates, Macklyn Arbuckle, Harry Corson Clarke, Hope Ross, Phosa McAllister, H. S. Duffield, Harry Blakemore and Fred Perry. A lot of these have been stars since. For the second Frawley season Blanche Bates became our leading woman, and we had in addition to the others named Gladys Wallace for ingenue, Tyrone Power, Frank Worthing, Maxine Elliott and Madge Carr Cooke.

"The mention of Madge Carr Cooke reminds me of something. After their first season at the Columbia we had taken the Frawleys to Honolulu for a very successful engagement. We planned another trip after the end of their second season. But we had had trouble with Gladys Wallace, our ingenue, and we made up our minds it would be inadvisable to take her to Honolulu. Frawley told us that Madge Cooke had a daughter of sixteen, a pretty, sweet, bright little girl who was at school in Brooklyn. He thought she would be a good ingenue. So we wired for her, and she came west, a nice girl with short dresses, long curls and big goggles. She watched Gladys Wallace in her various parts and when we got on the steamer for Honolulu Frank Worthing and Blanche Bates coached her. We opened in Honolulu in 'Shenandoah' and she made a great hit, an immediate hit. That was the beginning of Eleanor Robson's stage career.

"It's a strange thing that the three ingenues of the Frawley company married millionaires. Hope Ross married a millionaire of Boston; Gladys Wallace married a tinsplate magnate of Chicago; and Eleanor Robson married August Belmont. All three left the stage for good after marrying.

"When we first ran the Columbia the Baldwin was the leading theatre here. It was the 'combination house' which got all the big attractions. We had no set plans when we opened the Columbia, but the Frawley season of thirteen weeks was a great success, and we followed it with the Bostonians, another big success. We were really formidable opponents of Hayman at the Baldwin; so one day he sent for us, and we all got together. Soon afterwards we bought out Hayman's interest in the California and Baldwin, and Al went East, not with a great deal of money. He's many times a millionaire now. After the Baldwin burned in '98, the Columbia became the city's first

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class theatre. We extended our interests until in time we had the Columbia, the California, the Macdonough in Oakland, and were interested with Morosco and Meyerfeld in the Grand Opera House."


All of which brings Gottlob's career within easy hailing distance of the present time, and forms, I trust, a not uninteresting gloss on the words which I have quoted from Leavitt's book. The subsequent career of Gottlob and Marx is pretty familiar to all. Even post-fire newcomers need not be instructed in regard to the Van Ness Theatre and the New Columbia.

Gottlob is a theatrical optimist who has never learned how to be eloquent on the subject of hard times.

"When you have a good attraction," he says, "nothing can hurt you, not even in that most sensitive spot, your gallery. There are good seasons and bad, as in every other business; but he is a poor merchant who wastes his time bemoaning hard times—he might be much better employed preparing to get the full benefit of prosperity. If some shows prove to be bad let us remember that no manager knowingly sends a failure on the long and expensive journey across the continent. The railroads, you know, charge just as much fare for a bad as for a good actor. Let us bear in mind that the producing managers are doing the best they can, and encourage them as much as possible, at least to the extent of appreciating the good things they send us."

Certainly that isn't asking too much of the most blase and exacting first-nighter, is it?

EDWARD M. GREENWAY

ENTLE READER, do you remember Kohler and Frohling's liquor store? Whether you do or whether you do not, you will probably see no reason to dispute the statement that it was once a place of very especial resort. If you had happened to be in Kohler and Frohling's about four o'clock one sunny afternoon just twenty-five years ago, you would have noticed the entrance of a very dapper young man with a round face, small keen brown eyes and a slight mustache. You would have noticed that he approached the bartender, nodded a salute, arrayed one graceful foot upon the rail and said in a quick but pleasing voice:

"John, a little of that port."

If you had happened to maintain an interest in this by no means extraordinary proceeding, you would have noticed that the bartender took down a bottle and enriched a small wine glass with its ruddy contents, that the dapper young man held it before the light for the gratification of his eye, swept it slowly before his face for the titillation of his sense of smell and then tilted it over his tongue for the propitiation of his palate. Then you would have watched the young man bring the glass sharply down upon the polished mahogany and you would have heard him exclaim:

"John, you've switched the bottle on me."

And then in a corner you would have seen a head emerge from behind a rustling newspaper, the while a voice exclaimed in an accent of surprise:

"What's that? What's that?"

* * * * *

Let us now turn, gentle reader, from Kohler and Frohling's liquor store in Montgomery street to the stately old home of the Gwins in South Park, still imagining ourselves younger by twenty-five years. It is the night of a grand ball and all the beauty and chivalry of San Francisco are in attendance. We find the same dapper young man in the brilliant ball room and as it is his introduction to San Francisco society, he is very carefully dressed. Let us suppose that he stands for a moment surveying the charming scene before him and that his thoughts are interrupted by a hand upon his shoulder. He finds himself confronted by a tall, handsome, soldierly man of middle age who regards him with a keen but kindly eye.

"Young man," demanded the elderly stranger, "did your grandfather ever mention to you the names of his three best friends?"

"Yes, sir," answered our dapper youth; "he mentioned them many times. They were General Scott, General Albert Sydney Johnstone and General Keyes."

"I am General Keyes."

* * * * *

EDWARD M. GREENWAY



EDWARD M. GREENWAY

"That first incident," explains Edward M. Greenway—for our dapper youth was none other—"proved that I had a taste for wine; it was my introduction to the wine business. The second incident proved that I had a grandfather; it was the beginning of my social career."

Edward Macdonald Greenway was born in New York in 1851. His ancestry is interesting and significant. In the dark backward and abysm of time the Greenways were Vikings and ravaged the coast of Britain and drained the mead cup to their war god Thor. In much later years the Macdonalds were Scottish cavaliers who fought for Bonny Prince Charlie by day and finished their four bottles every night. And at the beginning of American history the forbears of our hero settled in Virginia and began to multiply and spread to Maryland and New York and Tennessee. So you see Ned is not alone in having a grandfather; his grandfather had one too. At the age of four Greenway was taken to Baltimore and lived there until 1875, just two dozen years. Very interesting years they were, as Ned is very frank in confessing. For a good part of the time he was tutored by a Scotch minister who endeavored to ferule some of the joy of living out of his charge, but failed most dismally. Then he went to St. John's College at Annapolis. He stayed there for three and a half years, spending three years in the freshman class and half a year as a sophomore. "What did I take?" says Ned. "I took football and rowing. My chum and I made a vow that we would not open a book until we rowed our first race with the Naval Academy, so they fired us." Not a whit discouraged Ned returned to Baltimore and joined a rowing club. It was a pleasant life, especially in spring; for in that sweet season he spent every other night at the boat club, arising at four in the morning to pursue the soft shell crab. It was a life gladdened with Maryland fried chicken and corn cakes, with broiled oysters—"You can't broil the California oysters," says Ned)—and sweetbread croquets and last but not least, with "pins and pain" as they used to call it, terrapin and champagne. Ned, you see, was taking his post-collegiate course as a bibeur and a gourmet. His eyes flash when he speaks of that joyous period and words can scarcely express his contempt for the Philadelphia recipe for preparing terrapin.

Ned was a Democrat and he cast his first three votes for Horace Greeley. I said his first three votes, for on his initiation into citizenship he voted three times—just to get the hang of the thing, no doubt—once for his uncle, once for his grandfather and once for himself. And being a great admirer of Horace the time came when he resolved to follow the celebrated Horatian advice, to turn his back on soft shell crabs and terrapin and head for the alluring West. He had friends out here, among them Louis McLane and General Stoneman, and having inherited some money, he resolved in a curious groping after a destiny that was not yet ripe, to become a grape-grower. Greenway's family tree may be a grapevine, but there is no pruning-knife on his coat of arms. So after a short stay at the Stoneman place in San Gabriel he came to San Francisco in 1875 looking for employment. He asked his friend McLane to place him in the Nevada Bank, but it was just after the failure of the Bank of California and the Big Four—Flood, Mackay, Fair and O'Brien—had berthed all their friends in the Nevada Bank and there

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was only the job of messenger left. Greenway took it and after a month of legging was made receiving teller and later collection clerk. He stayed in the Nevada for five years and was let out with Edward H. Sheldon and seven others when the Brander-Angus combination was made. Then for five years he was clearing house clerk for the Anglo, but was fired when the papers announced that Edward M. Greenway, the popular society amateur, was receiving instructions from George Osborne and would appear at the California Theatre as a professional actor in "Hoodman Blind." Perhaps Ned might be an ornament of the stage today if he had not happened to meet James C. Flood ("the best friend I ever had in my life," says Greenway). Flood persuaded Greenway to take a position in the office of the Ophir Mining Company, a position he held for about seven years.

It was shortly after his arrival that the incident at the Gwin ball opened to Greenway the most exclusive drawing rooms of the city. He became the friend of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, of the Mills', the Coltons and the Crockers and when Edward Sheldon started the Bachelors' Cotillon, he joined it. After two years Sheldon turned the club over to Ned and he has been running it ever since. It was not long afterwards that Charles Kohler discovered through the other incident I have narrated that Ned had an accurate taste for wines and he used to call him in to decide nice questions concerning the comparative excellence of different vintages. By the time the Midwinter Fair came along Ned had the reputation of a connoisseur and he was made one of the judges of wines. Soon afterwards he met the New York representative of the Mumm people and was made Pacific Coast representative.

Times have changed since Ned started to manage the Bachelors' Cotillon Club. He gave his first german in old B'nai B'rith Hall which, according to Ned, had the best dancing floor in the city. It was a very scrumptious affair. The subscription for the season was ten dollars and the first supper cost one dollar a cover—and that included champagne, for the first time in dancing history in the city. It was an elaborate supper too, Mrs. Fair contributing the shrimp salad. Ned led the german with Miss Tessie Fair, afterwards Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, who was making her bow to society, and he confesses that he was so nervous that he forgot the first figure and had to be coached. Ned says that the most successful period of the club was when the dances were given in Odd Fellows' Hall. That was when the Hopkins girls, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss McNutt, Miss Mary Belle Gwin and Miss Mollie Thomas—all matrons now—were blushing debutantes with their hearts in their heels. There came a time of opposition, and for two years the Greenway club suspended while Mrs. Monroe Salisbury lorded it over society; but it was revived and continued for years a very lively institution.

Dancing and wining are very serious matters to Greenway. He has tipped glasses with three generations of bibeurs and has presided over the debuts of two generations of buds; so why shouldn't he take them seriously? He has learned not to be too self-confident in social matters. In the earlier days he referred all his doubts to a charming lady whose tact and judgment

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were flawless and in following her advice he never erred. When she died he made it a rule, on the rare occasions when consultation was necessary, to consult two or three women with daughters growing up.

As to the wining, Ned needs no advice. Years ago one of the Mumms advised him never to retire without first drinking a glass of beer. He has been doing that ever since. And he never tries to mix whiskey or cocktails with champagne.

How much wine can he drink? I don't think he has ever exhausted his capacity.

"On the day that I received my appointment from the Mumm people," he says, "I drank twenty-three pints and remained perfectly sober."

And about that widely heralded book of social reminiscences? I have asked him about that book.

"I shall not begin it," he says, "until I stop drinking wine."

In the name of chalk-stones, I wonder when that will be!

JAMES K. HACKETT



HIS MIGHT have been a real interview had we not run into Andy McCarthy. Hackett and I were beginning to take the drama very seriously. We were plunging head first into principles and tendencies; were immersing ourselves in methods of interpretation, rules of criticism and all that sort of thing. We were standing on a high place and regarding the stage from a pretty toplofty viewpoint. We were inclined to be tolerant of nothing but the best, to vent our scorn on mediocrity, even to be severely appraisive of the mightiest. Had not Hackett impressed on me that neither Coquelin nor Mansfield played all of Cyrano? Had there not been words, none too effusive, about a certain Edwin Booth? Not to put too fine an edge upon it, we were in a most highbrow mood.

And then, along came Andy McCarthy, he of the music shop. Privileged by a close acquaintance, he called Hackett "Jim." Even the "Jim" did not take James K. all the way out of his serious preoccupation. The easy intimacy of the "Jim" only alleviated, it did not cure the malady of thought that sicklied o'er the broad brow of the actor-turned-thinker. But as a mild concession to the "Jim," Hackett descended a bit from the empyrean where his mind had been doing spiral dips and showed Andy a letter. It expressed, in the formal language which Professor "Billy" Armes knows how to use at the proper time, the eagerness of the University people to have Hackett play Othello in the Greek Theatre.

That letter had been partly responsible for the severely intellectual trend of our conversation when Andy McCarthy interrupted. Hackett regarded it reverently, as it were a magical formula to call into being the dream of a lifetime. To do him justice Andy McCarthy received it in the proper spirit. He "came through" with the appropriate congratulations. He did all that a man should do in such circumstances. And Hackett couldn't have been more tickled if he had been a kid in the nursery with a stranger taking a lively interest in his latest toy.

But McCarthy did more. He too produced a letter. And the letter he produced wrecked our bark of thought on a reef of triviality. Triviality, do I say? I'm not so sure about that.

Is it trivial for a perfect dear to write for an actor's photograph? Is it trivial for a cute young thing to write that she has just acquired a prize pup and has named it "Grain of Dust"—"Dusty" for short?

If these things are trivial, the letter was a trifle light as air, for these things were in the letter which the sweet girl had written to Andy McCarthy. But in a case like this the party most interested must be allowed to judge the degree of importance to be assigned. Frankly, Hackett did not regard

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that letter as a trifle. Or if he did, it was to him a tremendous trifle. His eyes shone, his face expanded in rident satisfaction; he was as one for whom the higher criticism did not exist. Here was appreciation! Here was manna dropped from the heaven of a maiden's boudoir upon a fainting soul! Here was, not the higher but the better criticism!

Hackett has had a cigar named after him. He confessed it to me. That signal, though hardly unique honor came to him many years ago. It was properly appreciated, though strict accuracy compels the statement that appreciation was tempered to the quality of the weed. It was a nickel cigar. And Hackett says it was a rotten cigar, even for a nickel. However, Hackett's name and Hackett's phiz were done onto the lid of a cigar box in garish lithograph. That fact remains. It is chronicled here to show that Art receives many recompenses outside the theatre. But how many artists have had prize pups named for them? Did Edwin Booth, of whom we had been speaking not too effusively? Did Mansfield or Coquelin, neither of whom rose to the full height of Cyrano? It is not of record.

Intent upon the sweet thing who wanted his picture and who would think of him whenever she gathered her prize pup "Dusty" into her soft white arms, Hackett lost the thread of his conversation. Our interview went all to smash. It was flouted by feminine adoration, routed by a prize pup. However, there were attempts to resume. The subject of San Francisco insofar as it interested or failed to interest itself in the Hackett productions seemed promising.

"San Francisco," said Hackett, sternly banishing the prize pup for the nonce, "will patronize a second rate company in a tried-out play, but it fights shy of a first rate company in an untried drama. For years you've been handed tried-out things, and apparently you will not accommodate yourself to anything else. When you are given a tried-out play you flock to it on the first night, and if it doesn't please you flock somewhere else during its engagement. There can be no quarrel with the people who don't go to a bad play. But what of the people who won't go to a good play because it's new? They are very discouraging.

I came to San Francisco with several new productions and with an exceptional company. If people had come the first night and stayed away thereafter, there would be no room for complaint. But they even refused to come the first night. It is true that the attendance crawled steadily upward, but it remained a crawl. The pace was too slow.

Dramatically considered, San Franciscans are not from California; they're from Missouri. They must be shown. And they're very slow about giving you the opportunity to show them. I intended to show them some other new plays, but lacking encouragement in what I did, I couldn't see my way clear to do more.

"Why, even Oakland seemed to feel badly about the way I was treated. The night I played there the people applauded me out of all reason. They were trying to give me a pat on the back.

"The plays I gave were good plays. 'The Grain of Dust' is a good sound entertainment. 'The Melody of Youth' will be a success. 'A Man on Horse-

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back' is all there. It is not quite crystallized of course. There are still things to be done to it. It lacks the punch as yet, but it is interesting in spite of its defects. Too bad 'Tark' couldn't have been here to attend to its case. But he'll get around to it later. I suppose the author should be on the job when a new play is launched. And yet there are two sides to that. Brandon Tynan was on the job—with a megaphone! Can you imagine being rehearsed through a megaphone?

"Take it all in all, the engagement was not what it should have been. But if it has started discussion of San Francisco as a producing centre it will have accomplished something. At the same time I'm afraid I haven't received enough encouragement to make me care to try it again. But one thing my stay in this part of the world has brought me cannot be measured in any words of mine—the chance to appear in the Greek Theatre in Othello, a part I have been longing all my life to play."

That brought us round to the "Billy" Armes letter. And it brought us round to the professor himself who came in under escort of Mrs. James K. Hackett. One letter led to another, and of course Armes had to hear of the sweet young thing who demanded Hackett's picture and who had remembered him when she needed a name for her prize pup. The presiding genius of the Greek Theatre was impressed. I do believe that in his heart of hearts he'd like to be an actor and have such things happen to him.

"Did you ever hear of a better name for a dog?" demanded Hackett, all enthusiasm. "Grain of Dust! Dusty for short! It's superb!"

"It's a great honor for you," said "Billy" Armes.

"I'm inclined to think that the honor belongs to me," said Mrs. Hackett. "You know, in the play I'm the Grain of Dust."

"By Jove, you're right," said Husband Hackett.

Magnanimously he relinquished the prize pup to his wife. But there was consolation. He still had the photograph.

HENRY HADLEY

BY ALL means you must meet Hank," said Mackenzie Gordon. Now I happen to know a number of Henrys who are called Hank by their familiars, and they are all good fellows. Bluff, rough, slapdash sort of fellows they are, not too cultivated, anything but esthetic. I also know a lot of Henrys whom one would never dare call Hank, for fear of stinging their sensitive hearts. Then there are a few Henrys who stand between the two classes and who are called Hank by their more daring intimates, but only jocularly. Thus, I have heard Henry Miller called Hank, the motive prompting the incongruous nickname being much the same as that which induced Henry Beyle von Stendhal to have the slangy "Arrigo" chiseled on his tombstone. Analyzing my own state of mind I am inclined to think that I like the out and out Hanks more than the Henrys. And so, when Mackenzie Gordon said to me (in December, 1911), "By all means you must meet Hank," my curiosity was pricked.

"Hank who?" I asked.

"Why, Hank Hadley who is out here to conduct our symphony orchestra."

And so I met Henry Hadley. Yes, Henry Hadley. I do not dare call him Hank. The name doesn't fit him at all. It may be all right for Mackenzie Gordon to use it, but then Mackenzie Gordon taught music with him at St. Paul's School in Garden City, Long Island, and Hadley calls Mackenzie Gordon "Gordy." Personally I should no more think of calling Henry Hadley Hank than I should of calling Bishop Nichols Bill.

I met Henry Hadley at the Bellevue Hotel. It was afternoon and Hadley was in correct afternoon attire. A fine figure of a young man he is and, I should say, worth a lady's eye when he sets off his slender height in frock coat and silk hat. He was bowing over a pretty woman's hand when I reached the rendezvous.

"Let us go in there where we can talk without being disturbed," he said, greeting me with smiling blue eyes.

We went in there. We sat down at a little table. But almost immediately we were disturbed, disturbed by a white-coated man who gazed down upon us with a look of interrogation in his serious eyes. But there is always a way to banish disturbers. Hadley murmured "Scotch," I echoed the murmur, and the disturber ceased to disturb.

"I have been very, very busy," said Hadley. "What with rehearsals, selecting players and attending to a thousand and one other necessary details, I have had hardly a moment to myself. But now I am going to let George do it. I am going to run away for a day or two, to the country.

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"I have prepared a little statement about the San Francisco Orchestra which contains, I think, what you want of me."

And Hadley handed me two nicely typewritten sheets, thin white sheets that gave forth a faint odor of perfume.

They were as grateful to the sight as to the sense of smell. Here was a man who made interviewing easy. I took them and was delighted.

But alas! I discovered later that copies of this statement, just as nicely typewritten and no doubt just as fragrant with perfume, were handed to the musical critics of the morning papers. It was pleasant to be classed with the musical critics of the morning papers, those unerring men, all ear, who tell us what's what and why in music, but of course one cannot make an interview out of a statement which has appeared of a Sunday morning in all the daily papers. Especially as those naughty musical critics took the typewritten and perfumed statement and cleverly shaped it into an interview, supplying questions and interlarding adjectives and adverbs to describe the tones of Hadley's soft musical voice. So I suppose we must regretfully dismiss the statement, and listen to what Hadley said.

"When the new symphony orchestra gives its first symphony," he told me, "we shall have sixty-five musicians. Most of these are local musicians. I brought with me from the East only Walter Hornig, the first horn, who used to be with Victor Herbert; Samuel Neerloo, the first bassoon, who is from Amsterdam and has played with all the large orchestras; Seifert, the first trumpet, who was for many years with the New York Philharmonic; Adolf Bertram, the first oboe, who was in the Metropolitan Opera orchestra; Jean Shanis, the first clarinet, from the Pittsburg Symphony orchestra; and last but not least, Edouard Tak, the concert master, an Amsterdam musician who was concert master in Pittsburg and also with Theodore Thomas. The rest are all San Francisco men, and they are all capable, experienced, earnest musicians.

"I cannot say too much for the men of San Francisco who have made this enterprise possible by their generous subscriptions. They have placed no restrictions on me. They have pledged enough money to carry the orchestra along for five years, and have given me *carte blanche* to do whatever I see fit to do. I sincerely hope that at the end of five years the orchestra will be on a permanent basis.

"During this first season we shall give six symphony concerts and a number of concerts of a lighter nature, young folks' concerts and so on. We hope to appeal to all classes, to develop a taste and to cultivate an appreciation for the best music among the masses.

"Next year we expect to tour the State, giving concerts in all the principal cities. It is my ambition to make this orchestra a great thing, not only for San Francisco but for the whole State.

"And of course we are looking forward to the World's Fair. Music should play a great part in the World's Fair. Why should we not make it worth the while of the great composers to write something distinctive for the Panama-Pacific Exposition? Richard Wagner wrote his Centennial March for the fair in Philadelphia. Chadwick commemorated the fair in

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Chicago musically. Can we not interest men like Saint-Saens, Elgar, Debussy, Chadwick and Horatio Parker in the San Francisco exposition?"

It struck me as a mighty good scheme, and I had the temerity to suggest another name.

"And Sousa too?" I queried, though not without some misgiving.

Hadley shook his head in gentle, smiling opposition.

"No," he corrected, "not Sousa. He is a great musician in his way. He has written very good popular music. He is a dear friend of mine. But he is not the sort of musician to enlist in such an undertaking."

I felt properly crushed. I had brought an outsider to the holy of holies, but happily he had not been allowed to cross the threshold. So sacrilege was not committed. But just the same I felt very cheap.

Hadley told me that there were symphony orchestras firmly established in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Washington, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle and Los Angeles. He thought that it was high time San Francisco added her name to the list, and I covered up my blunder about Sousa by agreeing with him most enthusiastically.

About his own career he speaks modestly and only when asked for particulars. He was born outside of Boston and has been making music since boyhood. He has spent a great deal of time abroad, studying, writing, conducting. Five years were spent in Germany at the opera houses of Cologne and Mayence. He has been guest conductor in all the principal cities of Europe, waving the baton over his own symphonies and symphonic poems. While in Germany he produced his opera "Safie," the book of which was written by Edward Oxenfoot and translated by Dr. Neitzel. For two years he had been conducting the symphony orchestra of Seattle.

That he conducted it successfully Seattle people will tell you; also they will tell you with what regret they saw him lured to San Francisco.

He is destined to become a great personage in our musical life. That goes without saying, for he is already a great personage in the world of American music. But no matter how well we get to know him, I don't think anyone except Mackenzie Gordon will ever have the hardihood to call him Hank.

LEWIS E. HANCHETT

READING a short time ago in one of the local papers that Lewis E. Hanchett had just acquired a large parcel of land in Los Angeles and contemplated the removal of a large manufacturing plant from this city to the southern metropolis, I experienced mixed emotions of surprise and curiosity. Why should a man who has always been so loyal to Northern California move a large manufacturing plant across the Tehachapi? Did Lewis E. Hanchett intend to desert the city he has always shown such fondness for? What was the nature of the transaction in Los Angeles land?

I went to Hanchett and put my questions. Most of them he answered frankly and very fully. He is not the sort of business man who shrouds his doings in an unnecessary veil of mystery. At the same time I found him to be that *rara avis*, a man of large affairs who shrinks from personal advertisement. Lewis E. Hanchett has a genuine dislike for that press exploitation on which most business men thrive. He is not too busy doing things to stop and talk about them, but most decidedly he won't talk about himself. To the interviewer such men are very, very refreshing.

I learned from Lewis E. Hanchett that the Los Angeles real estate deal was one of very large proportions. He has invested two and one-half million dollars in land covering several acres in the immediate neighborhood of the old plaza. His holdings are hard by the Pico House, the adobe church and the new Post Office. In the faraway times when Los Angeles was a pueblo this section was the centre of population, and strange as it may seem, it remains the centre of population not only for the city but also for the county of Los Angeles. This curious fact which is not instantly apparent to those who know Los Angeles was discovered and announced by our old friend Bion Arnold who studied the street railway situation of the southern city in much the same way that he studied ours. Obviously this was a very good place to buy land.

Hanchett's intention is to make this an industrial centre. At the present time the industrial districts of Los Angeles are pretty far out. None of the factories or warehouses of Los Angeles has quick access to all the railroads, the result being that a loss of twenty-four hours in switching is quite a common thing. Hanchett will remedy this with his new industrial centre, for he is going to bring the tracks of three big railroads, the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe and the Salt Lake, right up to the doors of the manufacturers. He has spent two and one-half millions already; he is going to spend a million more in building, some of it San Francisco money. Just what the manufacturing plant is which he will move from this city he did not feel at liberty to state.

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Hanchett loves San Francisco. A native of San Jose he is loyal to Northern California. But business is not founded on sentiment, and he has excellent reasons for embarking on this big business deal in Los Angeles. Some of those reasons may contain a lesson for this city, for though there are many things about Los Angeles which excite our righteous indignation it must be admitted that we can study certain of its methods with considerable profit.

There is in Los Angeles a civic enthusiasm not always displayed here. For instance, when it was made known that Hanchett had acquired a large parcel of land and meant to improve it, the Los Angeles papers voiced the satisfaction of the community, devoting pages to the news. There was so much publicity that three large concerns immediately made application for space in the new industrial centre.

"If you bought twenty-eight acres in the neighborhood of Lotta's Fountain," says Hanchett with an exaggeration that is pardonable because it drives his meaning home, "you could hold it till San Francisco bay froze over without receiving one such application."

I learned from Hanchett just why Los Angeles lends itself to an investment of this sort, and incidentally, why San Francisco does not; why manufacturers are going to Los Angeles every day while at the same time they are not only not coming to this city but are actually leaving it. He pointed out to me that a manufacturing concern seeking a factory site in the old district south of Market street, a district which has remained woefully unimproved since 1906, would be met with demands for such fabulous rentals that paying interest on an investment there would be practically impossible. The land values are so high that they are prohibitive for the manufacturer seeking the site for a big factory; so high that after paying taxes the earning of six per cent on an investment becomes problematical. Obviously the manufacturer will not try to solve the problem. He will simply look elsewhere for more reasonable valuations.

"In Los Angeles," says Hanchett, "land values are high in certain districts, but they are not high when you go just outside those districts. I paid less for the land I have bought than I'd pay for residence property in San Francisco."

It is Hanchett's opinion, as it is the opinion of many others, that our high rentals help to account for the removal of manufacturing concerns from San Francisco to districts on the outskirts of Oakland, to Fruitvale, to Pittsburg, to all the region around Martinez and to Richmond whose growth within the past few years has been quite marvelous. The same thing applies equally to the establishment in these districts of new manufacturing concerns which would have entered San Francisco if conditions were favorable here. If all this business had been saved to San Francisco our manufacturing district would have expanded down the peninsula. Perhaps it would have grown in that direction anyway were it not that there is no satisfactory outlet from San Francisco to that region.

"You see," said Hanchett, "I do not lay San Francisco's failure to grow in manufactures entirely to labor conditions. At the same time it must be

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admitted that Los Angeles has better labor conditions than we have. No clique of union leaders and agitators has Los Angeles by the throat. Los Angeles is not unfair to labor. Wages there are not much lower than in San Francisco. But the employer of labor can choose his workmen and he can demand a full day's work from them. When a man is inefficient he can discharge him. With no limit placed on a man's output and the wage scale almost the same as ours, the amount of work done in Los Angeles in a given time is greater than here. And the conditions of employment are an incentive to hard work, to honest work, to quickness and efficiency on the part of the individual workingman."

I asked Hanchett about the commercial future of Los Angeles as compared with the commercial future of San Francisco. He disclaimed the gift of prophecy. But he pointed out some interesting things. Los Angeles is of course not a sea port, so it cannot enjoy the terminal rates given to San Francisco and San Diego. At the same time, Los Angeles has had the foresight to secure a sea port at San Pedro and while freight consigned to Los Angeles must pay a terminal rate to San Pedro and a local to Los Angeles, the additional charge is not large and will be minimized if Los Angeles builds the proposed railroad along the "shoe string." So Los Angeles merchants will be able to absorb the difference in freight rates, and will be serious competitors of the merchants of this city.

"Canal traffic will make a material change in the trade zones," says Hanchett. "The probable effect will be to interfere seriously with through transcontinental business. Goods will be brought through the canal to the sea ports and distributed inland. San Diego, for instance, will supply the territory east of San Diego until the rate by sea is equalized by the rail rate from Kansas City or Chicago. So with Los Angeles and San Francisco. In this connection it must be remembered that Los Angeles and San Diego are a good deal farther east than San Francisco. A look at the map will indicate their advantage in this respect. They can get to some big inland markets quicker than we can. Of course San Pedro harbor is not to be compared to our harbor. But do we make the best use of our harbor?"

That was a poser. I had no answer, and very discreetly I attempted none.

CHARLES F. HANLON



HERE was a time within the memory of all when the stage johnnie was one of San Francisco's most cherished institutions. Those were the days when the gay boys of all ages used to swarm out of the Pacific-Union and the Bohemian Club to toss their purses and their fickle hearts at the feet of the footlight favorites. The frowning keeper of the stage door had no sinecure then, the florists were hard put to it to supply the demand for American beauties, and the champagne agents radiated prosperity. But today the race of johnnies within our gates is nearly extinct. Now and then we run across a battered old blade whose chalk stones and dyspeptic disposition are the only remains of his early triumphs, and it may be that after the third glass he will discourse of the merry nights that are no more. He will probably lament the passing of his picturesque class and sorrow over the feeble temper of the modern youth whose homage is no longer given to the celebrities of the calcium light.

The old boy is pretty nearly correct. The race is practically extinct. The stage no longer lures as of old. But we may extract a melancholy sort of pleasure from the knowledge that one of those old-timers is still with us and that the passage of years has failed to rob him of his enthusiasm for the queens of the theatre. Charles F. Hanlon is the last of the San Francisco johnnies.

Charles F. Hanlon's middle name is Fascination. For more years probably than he is willing to confess Charley has been fascinating the ladies of the stage. Like some of the charmers on whom he has exercised his winning ways, he has come down to us from a former generation, but age cannot wither or custom stale the infinite variety of his conquering graces. While many of his romantic dreams have been staged in this city, he is in reality a cosmopolitan and his paste board is honored at the stage doors of the Rue de l'Opera, Piccadilly and Forty-second street as well as on the local Rialto.

Charley can probably remember the time when he was not a johnnie, but nobody else can. It is quite likely that he was already infatuating actresses in those faraway days when he was drinking knowledge at St. Ignatius College or mastering the quiddities of the law in John Burnett's office. Strange as it may seem, Charley has actually found time to devote to such serious avocations as learning and law. Although he has always been careful not to allow the pedestrian labors of his profession to interfere with his real career, it must be allowed that his intervals of legal labor have been richly rewarded. It is quite a commonplace thing for Charley to saunter into a case when there is nothing more exciting on the carpet, and

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to stroll out with a fee of fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars. Something of that fascination which he exerts over stage stars has its effect on judges and juries. He wins suits at law as easily as he captures hearts and this is a fortunate characteristic, for Charley is enabled to spend on the stars what he earns in the courtroom. Many a beauty has reason to bless the day when he probated the Donohue will, for Charley drew down something like sixty thousand dollars when that bit of work was completed. Even if I knew I shouldn't tell how many diamonds, how many champagne suppers, how many cabs were paid for out of the eighty thousand dollars or so he earned in the famous Pratt case. And so it has always gone. The law has been a smiling and liberal mistress to Charley. He has achieved that conclusive distinction, the envy of less fortunate practitioners. Noting the crowds of litigants that crowd his offices all day long, weighted down with retainers, they have manufactured the story that Charley hires idlers of both sexes at a dollar a day to sit in his waiting room and impress his importance upon his real clients. That of course is a canard. If you don't think so, ask him and see what he says. But it won't be easy to ask him in business hours. You must wait your turn and even when your turn comes, you must run the gauntlet of Charley's "manager," a functionary who analyzes your business and passes judgment, from which there is no appeal, as to the propriety of your obtaining an audience.

Once you are admitted to Charley's inner office, you will be properly impressed. Charley has a taste for art and his sanctum is really a shrine of estheticism. The prevailing note would be rococo were it not for the photographs which give the room an atmosphere of art nouveau. The photographs of course are the pictures of stage beauties and there is a story for every picture, only casually indicated by the delicious superscription. Whose picture has the place of honor? Well, up to a short time ago it was the counterfeit presentment of Anna Held. She is shown not once but many times and on every photograph is an expression of her profound regard for Charles Fascination Hanlon. For Anna is a close friend of Charley's. So for that matter is Anna Held's former husband, Florenz Ziegfeld. In Charley's opinion there is nothing too good for Anna, just as there is nothing too good for the rest of his theatrical friends. It was not so very long ago that Charley made one of his frequent visits to Europe. Charley goes to Europe so often that the captains of all the big steamers call him by his first name and Charley, not to be outdone, reciprocates. On the occasion of his last trip it happened that Anna Held was in Paris. It was the time of the big annual automobile show in Paris and Anna was naturally eager to win a prize with her big car. Perhaps she mentioned her ambition to Charley; perhaps Charley, with that intuitive power which stands him in good stead in such matters, divined it before any word was spoken. But at any rate Charley summoned the best florist in Paris to the best hotel in Paris, where of course Charley had the best apartments in the house, and ordered him to decorate Miss Held's car for the show. The florist obeyed and of course Anna won the first prize. For a whole day Paris talked about the

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beauty of her flower-laden car. Is it any wonder that Charley has so many pictures of Anna?

But of late Charley has been worshiping at another altar. All the town knows to whom I refer. Lillian Russell with all her airy fairness has felt the charm of Charley's irresistible manner. As soon as she came to the city Charley placed himself at her disposal. One of the first things he did was to entertain her at a Press Club supper to which one hundred and fifty members of the club were invited. The speech which Charley made that night will live in the annals of the Press Club. For Charley is an amazing speechmaker. He likes to make speeches, if only for the purpose of finding excuse to tell his favorite stories. When the Press Club entertained Harry Lauder Charley was the only member who dared regale Harry with a story. It was such an unusual story that Lauder said afterwards that he couldn't forget it, much as he might try. But on the occasion of the Lillian Russell supper Charley told his most representative stories, weaving them together in a bouquet of words for the delectation of his beautiful guest. There was nobody present to take that speech down and probably it is just as well. Repetition spoils such things. They should find their immortality only in the memory of those who heard them. That is one of the reasons why I shall not attempt to summarize Charley's speech or repeat any of his stories.

That supper was the least of the things Charley did for Lillian. He placed his automobile at her disposal and then, when he saw how much she enjoyed honking about town, he presented her with a big motor car. It cost \$5,000 but that is a bagatelle to Charley. "Darn the expense" has always been his motto in such matters. Is it any wonder that Miss Russell's picture has been given a prominent position in Charley's sanctum?

I have not by any means exhausted the catalogue of Charley's claims to fame. I might tell of his wonderful collection of music which includes every score and every song of any merit that has been published in Europe for years past. I might tell how he officiates at the auction pools on the ocean steamers. I might tell of the celebrated drink, consisting of equal portions of porter and champagne, which he invented. But these are details. Charles Fascination Hanlon is first of all a johnnie, the last of the class in San Francisco, and when some faroff day shall have put an end to his career, a chorus from fair lips in many lands will fervently exclaim, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

BISHOP EDWARD J. HANNA



LOOK at him, you'd never think it. To see the winning smile that constantly illuminates his dark, handsome face and to hear the music of his soft and sympathetic voice, you'd never dream of such a thing. Never in the world! Yet it's true. He told me so himself.

The auxiliary bishop of the Catholic archdiocese of San Francisco is descended from "Roaring" Hanna.

Who was "Roaring" Hanna? You don't have to ask a North of Ireland man that question more than once. If he's a Catholic he'll communicate his private notion as to "Roaring" Hanna's eternal home by way of answer. If he's an Orangeman he'll tell you that "Roaring" Hanna was one of the greatest Orangemen Ulster ever produced and that he is fittingly commemorated by a statue in the heart of Belfast. "Roaring" Hanna! Can't you hear him singing "The Battle of the Boyne" on the Twelfth of July?

Yes, "Roaring" Hanna was one of Bishop Hanna's ancestors. Little he dreamed as he presided over his Orange Lodge that a distinguished descendant of his would celebrate Mass on St. Patrick's Day in San Francisco!

"But I came by my Catholicism honestly," said Bishop Hanna, and for a gloss on that quaint expression he gave me something of his family history.

Bishop Hanna has a piercing look in his dark eyes. It's not the look you'd expect to find in the eyes of a theologian wrapped in the commerce of books, but the keen vision of the clergyman of affairs. One concludes that while a great part of Bishop Hanna's life has been given to writing and teaching he has found plenty of time for the more energetic activities of his spiritual office. And that keen look betokens a keen mind.

I wanted Bishop Hanna's ideas on several questions of local interest. But I didn't get them. His Lordship is distinguished by an intelligent cautiousness that is rather more rare in clergymen than it might be.

"Why should I presume to have opinions about conditions in a community which I have known for only ten weeks?" he asked me. "I am still getting acquainted. I am in the 'reception' stage of my work here. I am meeting people at receptions, greeting them and being greeted. Any opinions I might express on local matters would be superficial."

I could not resist the impulse of telling Bishop Hanna that other clergymen have made haste less slowly. I instanced the distinguished Doctor Aked who has a ready-made formula for every contingency.

Bishop Hanna was strangely silent.

Which seemed an adequate appraisal, so I said no more.

Bishop Hanna is impressed by the local organization of the church he represents. He is enthusiastic about its machinery for doing good.

BISHOP EDWARD J. HANNA



BISHOP EDWARD J. HANNA

"We hear much nowadays," he said, "about prophylaxis, the preventive treatment for disease. This sort of treatment is not confined to physical conditions. We have moral prophylaxis too, the preventive treatment for moral ills. I do not like the phrase particularly, but it describes the work which is being done by the numerous Catholic institutions throughout the city. The Catholic Humane Bureau, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Sisters of the Holy Family, the Helpers of Souls and many other institutions in the charge of nuns and lay women are laboring, not by passing resolutions or advancing theories, but by actual work among the poor, the helpless and the ignorant of all beliefs to save them from evil and to make them better men and women and therefore better citizens."

"Do you find the women of San Francisco as much interested in such work as the women elsewhere?" I asked.

"More so," said Bishop Hanna emphatically.

"Their interest in politics has not taken them away from this sort of work?"

"So far I have met few women who vote," replied the Bishop.

"What is your opinion of woman's suffrage?"

"That is probably the most difficult problem that has been presented to us in a thousand years," said Bishop Hanna after a good deal of silent consideration of the question. "We know what has been said of its practical working in Australia and New Zealand but that doesn't help us, for ours is a different people. There are of course certain general principles from which we may draw conclusions as to the way it may work out, but it is safer to wait, to observe what actually happens.

"We know from our study of history that there have been epochs when women were in the ascendancy, when women sought equal political rights with men, and that such epochs were epochs of deteriorating civilization.

"We know that there is a difference between the sexes, and that despite what may be said of the equality of the sexes, there is a definite dependence of woman on man and in the Christian ideal, the one sex supplements the other—'verily they are two in one flesh.'

"Then again, have women the talent for administration which men have? That is important, because in this country women will not be content to vote; they will want to hold office too.

"For the Catholic women the problem is simpler than for others. The Catholic woman has the infallible counsel of God to guide her. She knows that she must obey her husband, be subject to him. Will this equality of political right interfere with her observance of the counsel of God?

"And will this political equality give an impetus to moral laxity? Will it increase divorce? Will it take woman away from home and the sacred duties of home?"

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.' Many are inclined to laugh at that old saying nowadays. But may it not be true? In the highest development of domestic life and in the highest development of women's gifts, would not the mother rule the state without voting, merely by her influence with her sons?"

V A R I E D T Y P E S

"If woman's suffrage meant merely the dropping of a ballot in an urn the problem would be simple. But political activity is by no means confined to that. Casting a vote is one thing; active participation in politics is a great deal more. Your sister or my sister is certainly better equipped for voting than the ignorant immigrant who works in the street. If voting will make the woman a better mother to her sons, it is a good thing.

"But isn't it bad enough to give all men the right to vote, as we do in this democracy, without also giving all women the same right? Will it change the result? Will it multiply our evils by two or tend to eradicate them? If a moral issue were presented squarely to the voters, perhaps the influence of women would be felt on the right side. But this so rarely happens. On ordinary occasions I suppose women will vote as men vote, for women always follow men."

Bishop Hanna is conservative. He looks at both sides of the problem, finding good and bad, but trusting that the future will minimize the bad. He doesn't pretend to know all about it in advance. He doesn't pretend to know all about anything, least of all about human beings. One thing he said will illustrate this.

"I lived for many years in Italy," he told me. "I was there so long that I believe I talked Italian better than I did English. I saw the Italians under all sorts of conditions. But I do not pretend to understand the Italians. The tourist who spends three weeks doing Italy knows all about the Italians and their problems. That is, he thinks he does. But after spending years in Italy I am still a great deal in the dark about that wonderful race."

Apply this to woman suffrage. Apply it to local conditions. Note the caution with which Bishop Hanna approaches discussion even of the more general phases of woman suffrage. Note the firmness with which he refuses to have anything at all to say about local conditions. Then decide whether this reticence is not more admirable than the loquacity of other clergymen, newcomers among us, who have a great deal to say about everything under the sun. Apparently your teacher of theology absorbs some of the prudent wisdom of medieval doctors.

RICHARD HOTALING



HY AM I on the stage?"

Richard Hotaling smiled as he repeated the question. It was quite apparent that he liked the question. I doubt whether the interviewer could frame any question which Hotaling would like quite as much. It gave him a chance to talk about himself. It is a subject in which he is frankly and enthusiastically interested. And because he is an exceptionally good talker who carries you along easily by his swift volubility of well chosen phrases, it is a subject in which you speedily become interested too.

"It is a hard question to answer," he went on without any trace of hesitation, "unless one answers it from the standpoint of what amuses one. Being on the stage amuses me. Some men, Colonel Roosevelt for instance, like to hunt. I don't. My repugnance for killing any living thing is almost as great as Mrs. Fiske's and Mrs. Fiske once said to me, 'Oh, that I had the courage of Charlotte Corday, so that I might kill that horrible man Roosevelt!'

"I dislike all kinds of waste. I couldn't bear to sit around here sucking tobacco into my mouth and blowing out smoke. It would bore me to play billiards, as those chaps are doing. I'd rather take a walk with crumbs in my pocket and feed the birds or stand at this window and watch the passing show."

Ample gesticulation accompanied the hurried sentences. We were sitting in the card room of the Athenian Club and my eye followed the direction of Mr. Hotaling's outstretched arm, first to the billiard room across the hall where Oakland's leisured men were cuing and miscuing, and then to the window through which Oakland's leisured street activities were on view. But my eye went quickly back to Mr. Hotaling's eager, smiling face. Baldness is pushing its way over the top of his head and his hair is graying perceptibly, as if in terror of its approach. Many wrinkles have cut their parallels across his forehead and there are vertical lines on either side of his mouth. But his blue eyes shine and the features are firm. Evidently his face has been marked not by the fullness of time but by the fullness of life, by that enthusiasm of existence which shows in all he says. And he kept right on saying:

"Too many Americans want to cut themselves to the usual stamp and are inclined to think that all who do not are fools. But I am never afraid to do the unconventional thing; and as long as I keep within bounds why should I not do the thing which is the expression of what is in me? I am younger today than when I was a boy. Acting is my gambol.

"And is it so strange that I should act? Joe Redding tells me that the

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late Lord Salisbury loved ivory carving and that Mr. Balfour is a fine violinist. Then too, the president of the Elevated Roads in Chicago is an art blacksmith. Our own Willis Davis is an excellent wood carver."

Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, the president of the Chicago L, Willis Davis and Mr. Hotaling—somehow the list lacks cohesion; but when one remembers the ivory carving, the wood carving, the art blacksmithing, the violin and the buskin, all superimposed upon inartistic pursuits, it carries a certain measure of conviction. I do not know how Mr. Balfour, the Chicago man and Willis Davis regard their business activities, but Mr. Hotaling enlightened me about his.

"You might ask me," he said (and so I might), "how I keep business obligations while I am acting in Oakland. I can only account for it by a wonderful adaptability that gives me a certain measure of success in all I attempt."

Which, I should hazard, may also apply to Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, the Chicago man and Mr. Willis Davis. But I did not pursue the subject, being much more keenly interested in Mr. Hotaling's dramatic diversions.

"It all goes back," he explained, "to the cellar circuses of my boyhood days. We were four brothers and we gave the usual performances for a bottle or a sack at our old home in Howard street between Twelfth and Thirteenth. When I left Andover at nineteen I played Richelieu for a church in which my mother was interested. I was just a youngster then, trying to give an imitation of Edwin Booth. Of course my performance of Richelieu today is far away from that early one. Then I acted in amateur affairs with Judge Murasky and Blanche Bates and Olive Oliver and Hal Blinn. Hal and I—Holbrooke Blinn, you know—used to be great friends and for days we would do nothing but imitate a Portuguese or a Frenchman or a German talking English."

And Mr. Hotaling fell at once into mimicry, giving me samples from his dialect repertoire. It suggested a question.

"Why do you play Shylock with an accent?"

"I play Shylock with a strong Yiddish accent," he answered, "because I can't play him any other way. It's simply the character inside of me coming out. Acting, you know, is an obsession. The body, the individuality is set aside and the personality is so tintured and flavored by the character the actor is trying to portray that all the physical attributes of the actor are absolutely under the control of the role. In Shylock I can't give up the dialect. Besides, I've visited the Jewish quarters in Prague and other European cities. But to keep right at home, go and talk to Daniel Meyer—as soon as he drops all his Jewish attributes I'll play Shylock straight."

That sounding quite conclusive I asked him why he didn't go on the stage as a professional performer receiving compensation for his efforts. At Ye Liberty, you know, Mr. Hotaling is not on the payroll. No ghost walks for him.

"If I received any compensation for what I did, it would take me out of my class. As to becoming a professional actor—" He considered for a moment.

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RICHARD HOTALING

"Well, I suppose as youngsters we have all thought of driving the great ones into continuous. But I'm old. I'm forty-two. Besides I'm both lazy and timid. I'm very easily disheartened. Then again, I take so much joy in other things. No one thing is so very important to me that I want to strive for it. And I like to get out in the country. I love to be alone in the woods and commune with the pixies. When I'm fussing with my chickens and my pigeons I want to do nothing else. The fact that chickens and pigeons have to be killed for food disturbs me; but at least we kill them quickly and don't let them breathe out their poor lives in the pocket of a hunting coat.

"I suppose if some of the fellows at the Bohemian Club heard me talking like this they'd say I was posing. Which reminds me," he rattled on, "that after a recent minstrel show at the Bohemian Club in which I was one of the end-men, I was accused of being vulgar. I admit that sometimes I approach near the realm of the vulgar, but I can say for myself that I have never indulged in anything indecent that wasn't disinfected by a certain cleverness that gave it *raison d'être*. One of the Bohemians who objected most to my end-man jokes is most lascivious in his private life. Personally, I am willing to admit that all my purity is in my private life."

It all came very suddenly. Evidently it was on his mind and had to come off. But I switched the conversation back to the stage.

"I love to play Hamlet," he said. "I love to play it despite the fact that I have seen Forbes Robertson try to play it. Forbes Robertson is a very tiresome person. When you see his Hamlet you feel that it should have been announced beforehand that 'the Rev. Doctor Forbes Robertson on next Sunday night will give a reading of Shakespeare's Hamlet and during the reading he will walk up and down.'"

I was breathless at his iconoclasm and to convince me he gave an imitation of Forbes Robertson's Hamlet. At the conclusion he threw up his hands in disgust.

"Besides all that," he said, "Forbes Robertson's shoes squeaked.

"As for Bernhardt," he continued, "I can't see her. She's a very dear old soul, of course. But she does everything from the throat."

And he gave me an imitation of Bernhardt.

"I am sensitive to malicious criticism like that of Acton Davies," he went on, "but I like sincere criticism. An adverse point of view is all right, but all I ask is that if the critic thinks I'm wrong let him tell me the reason why.

"I like my role in 'The House Next Door.' I love anything that will cause an audience to drop a sweet tear. I like the part of the bounder in 'Mr. Hopkinson.' After that I'm to play Shylock. Then I'll alternate in Othello and Iago. After that I'd like to alternate in Uncle Tom and Little Eva; then play Abigail in 'The County Fair' and finish with Lear. I'd be content then to go back to the country.

"But," and there was a yearning note in his voice as he spoke, "I would like to play somewhere else than in Oakland."

JOHN E. HOYLE



FAILING to find Charles Edward Russell, sociologist, though I looked for him in many places, I took as a substitute John Hoyle, penologist, and we talked of sociology, penology and kindred topics. I had just been reading Charles Edward Russell's letter to Fremont Older wherein the somewhat maudlin sociologist inveighs against the failure of civilization as evidenced by its imperfections and complains that society punishes criminals instead of devising some means of punishing itself. According to Mr. Russell, prisons are "frightful places" filled with "indescribable horrors" and with men who are compelled to undergo torments "because of the common fault of all of us, because we have provided conditions under which it is impossible for them to do anything else but break our laws, because they have been brought up in our slums and educated in our streets and trained to evil in our schools of crime, and sent forth with minds darkened and embittered with that poverty that we insist upon maintaining."

Warden Hoyle had read this letter of Russell's, and when I spoke to him about it he smiled. Warden Hoyle is a most amiable man, bubbling over with good nature. It is as natural for Warden Hoyle to smile as it is natural for Charles Edward Russell to darken his gloomy visage with frowns. All reformers are given to frowns, they are all so solemn, so sour and so sad. If they were otherwise they would not be reformers. Getting into the presence of one of them is like plunging into a well of woe and extinguishing utterly the lamp of hope. So, after all, when I met Warden Hoyle I was glad I had missed Charles Edward Russell. Hoyle is so different. A light-hearted man is the warden, with the average human share of imagination and sympathy. Something of a philosopher, too, is Hoyle, not at all averse to ideals, but holding that they are to be striven toward, not mourned over. When I mentioned the dolorous Russell epistle and asked the warden what he thought of it, he said it seemed hardly worth while to make reply to such lugubrious observations.

"It is too bad," he remarked, "that such nonsense is taken seriously. As absurd as it is it does some harm. It makes for unrest among prisoners for whom we are trying to do some good."

I found that Warden Hoyle would rather talk about what is being done toward improving our prison system than about the maunderings of doleful sociologists. He told me that the new cell-house at San Quentin would soon be finished, and that there would then be eight hundred more individual cells in each of which would be running water and other luxuries. When this building is finished there will be much more yard space, and it will then be possible to segregate prisoners and grade them, and give the good ones

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more breathing space, more recreation, more sunshine. It is the purpose of the prison to establish three grades of prisoners in the first of which men will have many privileges which it is now impossible to give them. By this method there will be great inducement to good behaviour.

"How about the strait-jacket?" I asked. "Mr. Russell mentions that among the 'horrors' of prison life. Is that one of the essential inducements to good behaviour?"

The warden smiled. "Have you ever seen a man in a strait-jacket?" he asked.

Yes, I had seen many. When I was a police reporter I made the acquaintance of the strait-jacket. There were two or three strait-jackets in the city emergency hospital. They were used not as instruments of torture, but for the protection of delirious patients against themselves.

"Well," said the warden, "a strait-jacket may be made very uncomfortable. It all depends on how tight it is strapped on. To strap it on in a way to inflict physical pain would be a mighty cruel thing to do. But I am quite sure there is nothing like barbarism in San Quentin. A strait-jacket isn't conclusive of torture. As a matter of fact its principal purpose is to inspire fear, and when you have nineteen hundred men to take care of, the most of whom are far from gentle, many of whom are inclined to be disagreeable, you will generally find a few who have to be ruled by fear."

I asked the warden if it was hard to maintain discipline at San Quentin. He said it was not, that the great majority of prisoners were disposed to obey the rules. He characterized as nonsense the idea industriously disseminated by reformers that the average man leaves hope behind when he enters the prison walls. The prospect of parole, he told me, gladdened the heart of the average convict. He is very enthusiastic for the parole system, though, as he says, it causes unrest inasmuch as many of the petitions for parole are denied owing in some cases to the failure of the petitioners to get the required signatures. He believes, however, that conditions will go on improving, and that we are rapidly approaching a solution of one of the most perplexing of all the problems that civilization has to deal with. John Hoyle is an optimist of the first order and also a man of tender sensibilities who while scoffing at the utopian absurdities of the sentimental sociologists looks forward to a very satisfactory adjustment of the compromise between the ideal and the practicable.

"As a matter of fact," said Hoyle, "the whole aim of our prison authorities is to make genuine reformatories out of our penitentiaries, and that is what they will eventually be. The State has purchased land near Napa where there is to be built a reformatory for prisoners between sixteen and thirty years of age. When we get that great strides will be made toward the ideals of the reformers. We shall then use San Quentin for prisoners of the second class and Folsom for incorrigibles. But even now our prison system is not so bad as sentimental critics would have the people believe. I see that Mr. Russell says that men become criminals because we have provided conditions which make it impossible for men to do anything else but break the laws. If this were so our parole system would be futile. If

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all that he says were true it would be a very fine tribute to our prisons. Unconsciously he has praised the prisons. He says that criminals are men who have been brought up in the slums and sent forth with minds darkened and embittered. If that be so then the penitentiary system must tend to enlighten their minds and soften their feelings, for when we let them out on parole very few come back. The parole system is a great success. Not more than fifteen per cent violate their parole, and the violation is usually by leaving the State. Only two per cent of paroled criminals are again arrested for felonies. This being so how can it be said that conditions make it impossible for men to do anything else but break the laws? If ex-convicts can get along without breaking the laws, I should think that other men could get along too." And Warden Hoyle smiled as he made his points.

I asked him if many reformers visited San Quentin. He said that women came there occasionally who took an interest in prisoners, and that they were quite sincere and desirous of doing good. While on this subject the warden told me a story by way of answer to a question regarding the personality of a feminine reformer of the sloppy sentimental variety and Charles Edward Russell school of sociology.

"You want to know what she is like?" he asked. I nodded.

"Well, one day she was in a room adjoining my office talking to another woman. She remarked that it would be dangerous for a woman to go unprotected through the prison. A convict working in the office heard her, and he muttered audibly, 'She could go through in her night-shirt without the slightest danger.'"

From which it is to be inferred that even among the "crushed, tormented and tortured souls" behind prison walls is occasionally to be found a man with a very lively wit.

The outbreak that occurred in San Quentin about two months before, I learned from Warden Hoyle, was still the subject of investigation, and some important information had been obtained regarding the inspiration of it, which, in the course of time would become public property. But on this subject the warden was somewhat reticent. All that he would say was that it was now known positively that there were twenty-five conspirators who started the revolt. All of them were pretty tough characters. Thirteen of them were serving time for robbery, three for grand larceny, eight for burglary and one for murder and all were in the jute mill; not one—and this the warden regarded as significant—was employed in any of the factories which supply the institutions of the State with shoes, clothes and furniture. Immediately after the outbreak an effort was made to stir up sympathy for the prisoners. It was said they had many grievances, one of which was that their food was unfit to eat. It is now known that no such grievance existed. The purpose of the outbreak was to occasion criticism of the prison authorities.

"In time," said Hoyle, "we shall get to the bottom of it."

I came away from my interview with Warden Hoyle with the very pleasant impression that he was a public official with enthusiasm for his duties, realizing that though perfection is unattainable we ought to keep an eye on the compass which tells us where it lies.

JOHN P. IRISH

HE WORE no necktie. I should have been disappointed if he did, disappointed and surprised. But in the circumstances it was far from surprising that he wore none. For the colonel was in *deshabille*. He had retired when I called, but graciously consented to come downstairs. He came, an imposing figure. From throat to ankle he was wrapped in a dressing gown colored like a Navajo blanket. Above this towered the big head of him, its shock of white hair tousled by the contact of the pillow, the gray mustache and the gray tuft below the under lip bristling in anticipation of battle.

'Twas a grouping of cosy domesticity in the living room of the Irish home over in Adeline street, Oakland. A log crackled in the fireplace. At a table in the middle of the room Mrs. Irish, a charming old lady of smiles, her handsome auburn-haired daughter and her very serious-faced son-in-law, put their heads together over a picture puzzle. The biggest and most difficult picture puzzle I have ever seen. Alma Tadema's "Spring," the daughter told me, while upstairs the colonel was swathing himself in the Navajo robe. And while we talked the piecing of the puzzle went on apace. Only the daughter lifted her eyes occasionally from the game, leaned her elbows on the arm of her morris chair, clasped her chin and hung on the words of wisdom dropping from her father's lips.

Dropping, though, is not the word. Colonel John P. Irish doesn't drop his words. They flow sonorously, slowly, without a ruffle. Every word has its billet and rolls smoothly to its appointed place. If ever the colonel let a word go astray he has long since reclaimed the prodigal. The colonel's words have sowed many things, dissension for instance, but never a wild oat. They are biddable and they know their place.

"Colonel, what do you think of our recent changes in government?"

I needed say no more. Thenceforward mine the role of listener. The only interruptions for many minutes came from the table. A purr of satisfaction when a piece fitted into the picture; a low phsaw! when a piece proved refractory; an occasional word from the daughter. For the rest, the group at the table built up their picture of "Spring;" the colonel tore down the structure erected at the constitutional election of 1911; and I listened.

"I suppose I'm an old foggy now," began the colonel crossing one slipped foot over the other and tightening the cincture of his Navajo robe. A soft murmur of incredulity from the table; a smile of the same from me. And the colonel straightway put levity behind him.

"These changes go profoundly to the structure of government," he continued.

"The Greek democracies were direct government by the people. There

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were no intermediaries. And the Greek democracies were failures. They terminated in tyranny. All the Greek writers on government concluded from that experience that direct government becomes finally an ochlocracy (the colonel spelled it for me) or government by the mob. In this judgment the Roman writers on civics concurred, as have Mill and all the modern writers on government. This for the reason that all the people will not go to the polls and vote or otherwise participate in government when the questions to be decided are abstractions or questions of principle.

"Our fathers who made the government, founding its institutions in the federal constitution, were aware of this inherent tendency of human nature. They were informed by all history that only the fanatical or the misled minority will express themselves upon abstract questions of government. Therefore they introduced into our government the principle of human interest by making it representative in character.

"Now, addressing ourselves to the latest example. The recent election gives to the people the most important referendum in the history of the State. The constitutional amendments raised the most important abstract questions of government. It was entirely revolutionary. It changed our government from the representative to the direct form. It was a political atavism, a recurrence to a former and lower type of government.

"Yet, out of the six hundred thousand registered voters of this State only one-third voted upon these abstract questions which affected an appalling change in our form of government. Of this one-third an average of twenty-eight per cent of the entire registered vote of the State effected this change in our form of government.

"Had that election been for representatives in Congress or the Legislature, ninety per cent of the entire vote would have been cast. This proves the wisdom of our fathers in recognizing that the people will show a vital interest in representative institutions while they will not concern themselves with direct government.

"We have changed the electoral basis of California by adopting Woman Suffrage and have reversed our institutions by a minority vote of the State. By this act we have added vastly to the power of Socialism and other forces of disorder which concern themselves with the destruction of existing institutions. We have made the rights of person and property less safe than before. We have disturbed or abolished the certainty of constitutional guaranties. And we have introduced a system of factious instability which renders those rights less safe than anywhere else in the world."

The building of "Spring" went steadily on, but there was a murmur of applause. The colonel who is used to applause gave no heed.

"What the result will be no man can foresee. Some of the authors and advocates of these menacing changes are endeavoring to reassure those who value stability and the rights of person and property by saying that the power to destroy both will probably not be used."

From the picture puzzlers a whisper of mocking thanks to the aforesaid authors and advocates.

"But the fathers who created our institutions did not leave that de-

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structive power to the fickle will of the minority. Therefore they devised our system of written constitutions in which those invaluable rights were placed beyond the reach of the storms and tempests of a public opinion incited by demagogues and agitators.

"As far as Woman Suffrage is concerned, it was adopted against the protests of eight-tenths of the women of California."

"Prove it!" came from the table in playful insurgency.

"It was adopted at the behest of an uneasy, chattering and brainless minority of the women of the State who have neither the natural sense nor the natural graces to appreciate or enjoy the majestic position of their sex nor its sphere of influence for every good and high purpose with which nature has endowed it. Having none of the gifts and graces which make that natural influence the greatest moral and intellectual influence in the world, they have been moved to step down and compete with man in the ordinary political channels.

"As a rule they are women who place no value on the home, who despise domestic life, who have already shunned their natural responsibilities and who have nothing to offer for the moral and intellectual advancement of society. To say that this class of women can bring into politics any refining influence, into law any betterment, into the world any new or progressive element, is to talk nonsense of a very poor quality."

The daughter of Colonel Irish had forgotten the picture puzzle, and at this peroration she clapped her hands softly but with emphasis. The interruption gave me an opportunity to break my silence with a question.

"I don't think California will be content to remain long as a freak State," the colonel answered. "Woman Suffrage was carried by 3,500—and by inadvertence. I believe that on a second vote it will be beaten by a majority of 100,000."

The colonel is prepared at the proper time to aid in the excision of woman suffrage from the constitution.

"The movement in that direction," he said, "is serious and well organized."

"Pity it wasn't so before," said the colonel's daughter who was herself active in the first campaign.

"The true women of California are in this movement," said the colonel. "They are likely to become the saviors of the State."

Thenceforward the discussion was desultory. We talked of the memorable debate on Woman Suffrage at the Valencia Theatre, and I was assured that Dr. Aked led the hissing of the colonel on that occasion. We talked of Plato and his ideal republic. We discussed the extraordinary feminist program that had just been outlined by Mrs. Catt and Miss Shaw.

"Woman Suffrage is not promotion but demotion," concluded the colonel.

Alma Tadema's "Spring" was slowly emerging from the helter of puzzle pieces. The colonel folded his Navajo draperies about him and went back to bed.

GROVE L. JOHNSON



LOOD IS THICKER than water, if we may believe what aphorists of the bromidic school tell us. Maybe that's why it has a way of coagulating and becoming bad blood. In the history of families in these parts we have many instances of this trouble-breeding coagulation. A notable one is found in the Johnson family. Everybody in California knows that Grove L. Johnson is not on friendly terms with his son the Governor. How the bad blood started is neither here nor there; the public was made familiar with the situation when old Grove put his harness on his back and went forth to smite his son Hiram in the region of his gubernatorial aspirations. A very nifty smiter is old Grove, but in that instance he smote in vain. Not so Hiram when he began to smite back. He fought his father's re-election to the Assembly during the campaign of 1912, the result being that Grove was soon in a position to devote all his time to a lucrative law practice.

"I was a thorn in my son's side," says Grove. "He wanted me out of politics and he got me out."

This is about as far as Grove goes in discussing the Governor for publication. Which is as it should be, of course. But Grove discusses the State administration quite frankly, and as the State administration is Governor Johnson and little more, the uncomplimentary things he says about it have a very personal application to Hiram.

A very young man is Grove L. His seventy-two years of tumultuous activity in law and politics have left him almost unscarred of time. His hair is gray but plentiful, and he parts it with the care of a young beau. His whiskers, perhaps the best known whiskers in California today, are snowy white but they are very far indeed from being the symbol of mental or physical decrepitude. They jut jauntily over his boiled white shirt and nestle cosily against his collar with no necktie to distract attention from them. Grove L. rarely wears a necktie, a distinction which he shared with John P. Irish until the Democrats returned to power and released our former Naval Officer from a sixteen-year-old election bet. Only a few wrinkles have appeared in Grove L.'s smooth white skin, and they radiate from his keen eyes, the wrinkles of a close, appraising vision rather than of age. There is always a white flower in the lapel of his carefully brushed black coat; and his boots—for, like George Knight and Henry Gage, he wears the boots of a past age—shine with a fleckless burnish. In fact old Grove looks as Father Time might look if he dropped his scythe and glass and had himself tailored for rakish conquest.

Listening to old Grove L. as he sits in his Sacramento law office and talks in that high-pitched voice of his, you think of his years not as an

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encumbrance but merely as the messengers that have brought him experience. Varied indeed is the experience that has come to him as his seventy-two twelve-months of mortal coil unwound themselves. No man in California politics has been more lampooned and attacked; no man has dealt more swinging blows against political adversaries. His political era has passed, as he cheerfully admits. After November, 1912, the party he belongs to was disorganized, its old leaders discredited. But you didn't catch him saying that the change was for the best.

"We are worse off than ever," he told me. "We have no party left but the Democratic and that is rent with dissensions. The Republican party is like the old farmer's horse; it didn't die, it just 'gin out.' The Bull Moosers in the present Legislature call themselves Republicans, but we don't recognize them. There is really no Republican party left in California. It has no State committee and only a few scattering County committees. The outcome will depend on Congress. If the Democrats in Congress make good the people will be satisfied to let conditions continue as they are. Of course the Republican party will be reorganized in time. It has its distinct principles, and as long as the tariff remains the main issue of politics there will be need of the Republican party. But it will not be reorganized by letting Roosevelt and the Bull Moose gang control it. Nor will it be reorganized by the old leaders. I have confidence in the honesty and loyalty of Cannon and the rest, but the people don't share my faith. New leaders like Hadley, Borah, Cummins and Job Hedges will be necessary.

"The Bull Moose party, like every other party founded on malice and hate, will disintegrate, die and go to Hell where it belongs. That is bad language, but I get mad whenever I think of the Bull Moose. It is dying now. There is no more fight in it. It may make sporadic attacks like the Mexican rebels, but its only cohesive power is public plunder and as a national factor it's gone.

"It is strong in California for two reasons: the personality of my son who worked it up strong, and the unpopularity of the old regime. It came at a time when the old regime was drunk with power. Now it is drunk with power in its turn.

"It claims that it has made reforms in California, but its reform claims are as baseless as the fabric of a drunken man's dream. It has done nothing except raise taxes, increase the number of officeholders and concentrate power in the hands of the Governor. I don't consider the initiative, the referendum and the recall reforms. The eight-hour law for women was a Democratic measure, though the Bull Moosers claim it. If anybody in the State can point to anything else they have accomplished I shall be much obliged to hear it. They boast about freeing the State from S. P. domination. Well, you have read Aesop and you remember King Log and King Stork. We're in that condition. The Bull Moosers are animated by the desire to get power, and they use their power to put their friends in office. Why, in this Legislature there are bills providing for seven new commissions to be appointed by the Governor.

"I expect to see the Governor's machine go to pieces next year. No one

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can succeed in politics who builds up his power without recognizing the power of the other fellow."

Grove L. Johnson served six terms in the Assembly and one in the State Senate. He says the best session of his time was when Arthur Fisk was Speaker of the Assembly because "we all pulled together and everybody had a good time." But he admits that the men he served with in the Legislature were not great men; that there was no great wit or humorist; no great orator, "though a lot of them thought they were great;" no man whose name stands out from the rest.

I asked whether, if he had his life to live over, he'd go into politics.

"Yes," he said with decision. "Because I've enjoyed politics. It was a relaxation. The law is a jealous mistress, and a lawyer needs change. I found it in the Legislature. When the session began I locked the door of my law office. When the session ended I came back thoroughly refreshed. And I'm proud of my record. They used to charge me with being friendly with the S. P. Why, any man who did politics in Sacramento and wasn't friendly with the S. P. was an ass."

He's out of politics to stay out, he says. He's going to do a little work and a lot of playing from now on. When we had this talk he was about to start with his wife on the European tour, to be gone two years or so. He has acquired a passion for travel, and is more excited when he talks about Europe than when he lambastes his son's administration.

"Last time I was abroad I spent five weeks in Rome. This time I'm going to spend five months. Do you know, there are 407 Catholic churches in Rome and everyone has something, a picture, a statue, an altar or a Bambino worth seeing. I'm going to see them all."

He raves about St. Peter's. He can tell you the diameter of the great pillars that support the dome. He climbed and counted the steps of the Coliseum. He spent three hours before a tomb designed by Raphael. He wants to kneel once more and receive the Pope's blessing. He has a great admiration for the late Pope Pius.

"Why, do you know," he said with excitement, "if that man was drawn for jury duty I'd take him on his looks alone, and no questions asked!"

The criminal lawyer's supreme tribute to goodness!

"When you were at school, you recited 'Horatius at the Bridge,'" he continued. "I found the bridge! You recited 'Rienzi.' I found his statue!"

"I want to saturate myself with Rome. I'm going to St. Peter's every day. I'm going to spend a month in Florence too."

And he'll go to Scotland to follow the footsteps of his beloved Scott and visit the scenes of the Waverley Novels.

"You remember the Porteous riot in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'? I went to the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and I was surprised. Why, with a dozen good men I'm sure I could hold it against the mob!"

I give these random remarks on travel, disjointed bits of a long and interesting conversation, because they show a side of old Grove L. of which the public knows nothing.

"Travel is better than politics," he said, and he ought to know.

† JOHN M. KEITH

DURING the preceding two weeks the late John M. Keith had received two proposals of marriage. I submit that that is a very good record. A great many of us have never received a single proposal of marriage in the course of a lifetime, and John M. Keith got a brace of them in a fortnight! John M. Keith was a millionaire, 'tis true. That sets his case apart. But while those of us who go through life unproposed to are not millionaires, we are perhaps of a more marriageable age than John M. Keith. What we lack in wealth we make up in nubility. This may be said without any suspicion of discredit to John M. Keith, for he was in his eighty-second year.

It is unusual, I take it, for gentlemen of octogenarian dignity to be proposed to, even when they are millionaires. Their venerable years save them from that trying ordeal. But special occasions come, as in the case of John M. Keith. It would be wrong to drag romance into the matter. I am afraid there was very little sentiment attached to the two proposals which startled John M. Keith out of his ordinary composure. The ladies who sued for his hand were actuated by passion, but it was the passion of acquisitiveness; they were in love, but their love was for John M. Keith's bank account.

About two weeks before announcement had been made in the newspapers that John M. Keith had contributed \$150,000 for the erection of a University of California Hospital on Parnassus Heights. This magnificent hospital is to cost \$600,000, so it will be noted that John M. Keith gave just one-fourth of the total amount. The rest was contributed by the Crockers.

I do not know whether Will Crocker or Templeton Crocker received any proposals of marriage upon the heels of that announcement. As they are married already, it is quite likely that the proposing females of the species refrained from tenders which could only be regarded as polygamous. But John M. Keith was a widower. In some way or other two single ladies found that out, and kindly offered to wive him. John M. Keith gave them absolutely no encouragement. In fact, he did not even answer their coy epistles. They must have thought him a horrid man.

That newspaper announcement of John M. Keith's gift brought him many other letters beside the two containing matrimonial offers. He was pestered with begging letters. People who made it quite clear that they were both needy and deserving petitioned him for sums ranging from fifty to a thousand dollars. This writer wanted to start in business; that one wanted to send a son to college; the other must lift the mortgage from the old home, and would Mr. Keith oblige with a check by return mail? Truth to say, John M. Keith had a heavy mail during those two weeks!

"I'd rather give a thousand dollars to a deserving person who didn't ask

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for it than ten cents to a person who begged," said John M. Keith, so it will be seen that there was no more hope for the writers who wanted money than for the writers who offered marriage.

One woman, however, was successful. She did not write; she came to beg in person, and got an audience by stratagem. Giving the name of a friend of Mr. Keith at the desk of the St. Francis where Mr. Keith lived she was permitted to go upstairs to his apartments. She had her daughter with her, a nice looking girl of about eighteen. She explained to Mr. Keith that her daughter was engaged to be married but had no money for a trousseau. Would Mr. Keith kindly arrange that little difficulty? That is the substance of the story she told with a wealth of detail and with loads of pathos.

"I didn't know how to get rid of her," said Mr. Keith; "but in desperation I put my hand in my pocket and took out twenty dollars. She took it greedily."

"Did she thank you?" I asked.

"She asked me if I couldn't make it thirty."

Although John M. Keith came to this city at a youthful age, he was not what you would call a well known man here. Bankers and brokers knew him, oil men knew him, and in the select circle of his social intimates he was dearly beloved. But many men who pride themselves on their wide acquaintance with local celebrities would pass him by without recognizing him. One reason is that John M. Keith lived a very quiet life among his books and pictures. Another is that the greater part of his career was passed outside San Francisco.

Born in Gainesville, Georgia, in 1832 John M. Keith came to San Francisco to seek his fortune during the gold excitement. A boy of enterprise, eager and ambitious, he headed for the "diggings" of the Bret Harte country and for four years engaged in placer mining with varying luck.

"I made some money," he told me, "and although I was never very dissipated I spent it as fast as I made it."

Like many of those pioneer miners John M. Keith finally gave up hope of wresting a fortune from Mother Earth. He went into the lumber business in Calaveras county. He took a hand in politics too, not seeking office but helping his friends. From the way in which he spoke of Governors Weller, Latham and Downey and Senator Gwin it was evident that these were among the men for whom he strove in those stormy old days.

Marriage in 1873 brought a keen sense of responsibility to John M. Keith, and he became a farmer, first in Gilroy and later in Kern county. He worked hard and was successful. But it is doubtful if farming alone would have brought John M. Keith to the pleasant position where he could contribute \$150,000 to a hospital fund and never miss the money. It was oil that did that.

As agent for the Union Oil Company John M. Keith came to know a great deal about asphalt which was the only thing the Union Oil Company expected to find in Kern county. But by degrees he also came to know a good deal about oil.

"Did you ever see mosquitoes popping out of the water?" Mr. Keith

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asked me. "Well, that's the way the oil used to pop out along the banks of the Kern River. I made up my mind that there was lots of oil there, and I figured out the best place to drill for it."

With J. J. Mack John M. Keith bought five and one-half sections of land, paying two dollars and a half an acre for it. Then he drilled the first oil well in the Kern River country. That was the beginning of the famous "Thirty Three" which started John M. Keith on the road to millions. Those original holdings have since been sold to an English syndicate for two and one-half million dollars.

John M. Keith was a big factor in the oil industry of California ever afterwards. At the time of his death he had holdings in Coalinga, West Side, Maricopa, Midway and Lost Hills as well as in the country where he first watched the oil spurting out of the water along the river banks.

He was a successful man, and he pointed the same moral that so many other successful men like to insist upon.

"My success," he said, "came from hard work. As far as I have ever been able to see, that's the only way."

It is easy to understand how such a man regards the begging letter writer. Of all the short cuts to wealth, the begging letter is the shortest and most ineffectual as well as the meanest.

The greedy demands of the unworthy make some rich men knot their purse strings. It was otherwise with John M. Keith. He was a truly charitable man, and his charities were not marred by ostentation. That gift to the University Hospital fund was the only instance of his beneficence proclaimed in the public prints. And the reason justifies the announcement of the gift.

"I gave that in memory of my wife," said John M. Keith. "If she were alive she would like me to give it."

As he said this John M. Keith's eyes rested affectionately on the portrait of his wife which adorned his sitting room. I could imagine him looking at that picture when the mail brought him a proposal of marriage.

GEORGE A. KNIGHT

TAKE two men out of the Progressive party in California, and there would be no Progressive party."

Thus George Knight, talking politics, his favorite subject, in the winter of 1913. It is interesting, in view of what has happened since, to recall his words.

For years George Knight has been immersed in politics, State and national. Time and again he has stumped California for Republican governors and the United States for Republican presidents. He is the only man we have in California who has made his influence felt in the councils of the G. O. P. and his voice heard throughout its largest convention halls. He has enjoyed the confidence of Garfield, McKinley, Mark Hanna and other big men. He has seconded the nomination of presidents and has spoken side by side with them on memorable occasions. And he's a hard-hitting, uncompromising fighter who never had to rap more than twice to hold an unruly convention in line. He is not active in politics just now, but he loves to talk politics just the same.

I asked Knight who were the two men he referred to.

"Governor Johnson and Railroad Commissioner Eshleman," he replied. "The Progressive party is a party of individuals, and in California two individuals are the party. The rest don't count.

"Frank Heney doesn't figure. If the same proportion of people indorse him throughout the State as indorsed him in San Francisco after the triumphal march of his graft prosecution, he'll be an algebraic minus. I don't believe he can be elected to any office in California. I judge from what people say and from his attempt on the district attorneyship. Dry rot attacks all those he gets behind. Fickert beat Ralph Hathorn for district attorney because Heney sent Hathorn a telegram of indorsement. Heney has the habit of office-seeking. First he was a Democrat; then a Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican; now he's a Progressive. He is a self-appointed candidate; he's his own convention and nominating committee. And he's willing to take what's left. Money won't help Heney much. It only helps the man who is not handicapped in other ways.

"Rowell doesn't figure either. If you applied the eugenic rule to him in politics he wouldn't exist. And Rudolph Spreckels is never heard from except when his self-interest is concerned. He didn't enter public life till he wanted something and found he couldn't get it.

"Governor Johnson is able and aggressive. Like a surgeon he's not afraid of blood when he cuts. He will be a strong candidate for Governor or Senator. From his viewpoint his administration has been a success because it has done what he promised. But it has not been good for the State, and I don't think the State will stand very long for some of the measures he

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has given it. Governor Johnson has been extravagant, but from the viewpoint of mere politics that is to be commended. He has taken care of his political friends at the expense of the treasury, and hasn't sought to placate his enemies.

"As for Eshleman, the general repute of the Railroad Commission over which he presides is that its rulings have been fair, able and equitable. No corporation has a sound complaint to make against it. It is as strong a tribunal as the Supreme Court. Whether Eshleman's popularity as a Railroad Commissioner would be enough to land him in the governorship is a problem. We don't know yet who his opponent will be. And there may be internal hemorrhages in his own party.

"The trouble with the Progressive party is that it is a party of negation. It fights for nothing tangible as the old parties do. The Progressives tell us that certain things exist which ought not to exist, and we all admit that. You can't run a party on a policy of negation any more than you can run a bank that way. And you can't build a party on an individual, whether it be Roosevelt or Johnson.

"We hear much from these Progressives about friendly contests. There are no friendly contests in politics. I've seen two hypocrites attempt it, and all went well till one of them got mad. Hypocrites in the Progressive party? Well, it is hard to distinguish between sincere conversion to a cause and hypocrisy. But when one man thinks he's closer to the spring of purity than his neighbor he is either a hypocrite or an egotist. You know, a man may become so imbued with egotism that he will do wrong with a good conscience; and to the spectator he looks like a hypocrite."

Then Knight talked in a more general way. He doesn't think President Wilson will be renominated, let alone re-elected. "His early training," he says, "prevents his success as our Chief Executive." The Republican party suffers at the hands of "a lot of old women who crept into power when the party was prosperous." Its salvation depends on men like Senator Borah. Roosevelt has drifted away, but he will be disciplined and taken back. He had the biggest responsibility of any President since Lincoln. He gave the United States the Panama Canal and California the battleship fleet. No President was fairer to the corporations. Knight thinks he will be the next nominee of the Republican party and that he will be re-elected.

As for our city government, Knight says we haven't any worthy the name. Rolph will not be re-elected. "We shall have a union labor administration next time," he says, "for the city is now in the hands of the few and comparison between the Rolph and McCarthy administrations is all in favor of McCarthy's."

Knight is not in sympathy with the professional reformers. "If we try conscientiously to root the evil out of our own souls we'll have little time for reforming our neighbors."

Pointing out that of the Twelve Apostles there was one who betrayed the Master, one who denied Him and one who doubted Him, Knight says that the same proportion holds good among all men.

"In politics the ratio is, three crooks to nine honest men," he says.

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"Sometimes there are more than three crooks. But that must be in politics. The politician who tries to beat a cinch bill by silent prayer is off the track. And it is so in all human nature. An illustration: The Palace Hotel harbors the finest people in the world. And yet, if Colonel Kirkpatrick would give me the equivalent of what guests of the Palace steal every year, I'd be independent for life. If thievery is so prevalent, how can you expect purity in politics? And yet political conditions are getting better. There is no doubt about that.

"If I had my life to live over again I'd go into politics. I was district attorney for three terms in Humboldt, but I'm thankful that I never ran for any important office. I've had the freedom of the private offices of four governors, Perkins, Markham, Budd and Gage, but I never made use of it. The lawyer who takes a fee in consideration of his pull with a governor or any other official is not honorable. No man in the United States has had more solid satisfaction out of politics than I have had. I've enjoyed the friendship of the country's big men since the eighties. I've had the honor of speaking in Madison Square Garden with Roosevelt and Taft to twenty thousand people, an honor I wouldn't exchange for thousands of dollars. My party has honored me and my ambitions more than I deserved; that's why I cling to it.

"But politics has been a hindrance to me in my profession. It has taken me away for long periods from my law office. And besides, the public has an idea that the man who can talk never thinks.

"If I were starting life over again and determined to succeed in politics at any cost, if I made up my mind to go into politics for what there was in it, I'd act differently. I'd join every fraternal organization in the country. I'd never express myself affirmatively on anything. You wouldn't be able to pull a definite statement out of me with a boat hook. I'd be as big a demagogue as the best of 'em. I'd tell the people that they ought to rule; and that the government ought to supply them with everything including boots and hats. I'd keep talking about reform. I'd prate about honesty on the principle that, the bigger the thief the louder the cry of 'Stop Thief!' I'd play to the dishonest part of humanity, but I'd do it carefully and not be found out. I'd sing 'Onward, Christian Soldier' and I'd say 'Thou shalt not steal.' That is the recipe for success in politics, the kind of success a certain sort of politician achieves."

I have a suspicion that Knight was thinking of certain Progressives. I wonder if I'm right?

ANDREW M. LAWRENCE



YOU WHO KNEW your San Francisco in the olden days that are no more, certainly you need not look for the name of him whose counterfeit presentment is set forth with this article. Here we have the same Napoleonic head (albeit without the Napoleonic forelock, for the hair has been withdrawing its thinned ranks for a good while now), the same strong brow across which thought draws its wrinkles, the same steely eyes that narrow a bit to look you up and down and through and through, the same militant nose, the same firm but good-natured mouth and the same determined chin that were once so familiar in the thick of every political or newspaper scrap in the vanished era of San Francisco.

Andrew M. Lawrence has put on a little of the flesh of Chicago prosperity but in all other physical characteristics he is the Andy of yesterday. Nowadays he is a greater power in journalism than ever; a mighty power in politics too, and a man of wealth. But these things mean little to his old friends in San Francisco. They take a generous satisfaction in his success, but it is Andy Lawrence the man whom they welcome home. And that is as Lawrence would have it. He has a genius for friendship. To his old friends he is devoted passionately.

To his old newspaper pals Lawrence is particularly devoted. A lot of them have died or passed, like himself to bigger fields of activity; but with those who remain he takes delight in remembering old times and laughing his hearty laugh at the good old jokes. Let us listen to some of his reminiscences.

"After the great Comstock days a number of brilliant newspapermen came down from Virginia City. Among these was dear old Arthur McEwen. The San Francisco papers were small in those days and employed few reporters. McEwen couldn't find work here so he went to Oakland and shared lodgings with Dan O'Connell. Both were very hard up and lived in a miserable room up three flights in a Broadway lodging house. Meals were meager and far between, and their rent was months in arrears. And yet, somehow or other, O'Connell always showed the cheerfulness of a man who had dined heartily. McEwen couldn't understand it. Things had about reached a crisis when one day a notice came from the owner of the place not to pay any rent to the landlord, followed by a notice from the landlord not to pay any rent to the owner. There was a fight over the lease. 'Well, Dan,' said McEwen, 'that disposes of one of our worries but a greater remains. I haven't eaten for forty-eight hours. I'm famished. But you look like a man who has just dined. Can't you let me in on your secret?' O'Connell in his most polished style intimated that there was a charming

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widow who was affording him the hospitality of her board, but pointed out that it would be impossible to introduce McEwen. He left the room shortly afterwards, and McEwen stealthily followed him. McEwen saw O'Connell enter a cosy little restaurant kept by a widow. It was an inviting place and in the show window, as the piece de resistance of the day, was a fine fat chicken roasted to a turn and garnished with vegetables that made McEwen's mouth water. A few minutes later when O'Connell was about to sit down to dinner he saw the door of the restaurant open slowly and quietly. Then he saw McEwen peering in. The coast was clear. The widow was not looking. So McEwen introduced through the open door a stick with a long nail fixed to the end of it. He speared the chicken, hid it under his coat and tore madly down the street.

"Poor as he was, O'Connell was always received at the best houses. He went one evening to call on a wealthy woman who had recently lost her husband. She knew he was poor and noticed his shabby clothes. So in a very delicate way she conveyed to him that her husband had left behind him a large wardrobe, and she added that as she could not bring herself to sell the clothes, perhaps he might do her the favor of accepting them for his personal use. O'Connell was indignant and declined her offer in his loftiest manner. But when he told McEwen and another with whom he was lodging—I think it was Nesbeth—about the widow's offer, they burned him up. Was he acting as a true comrade, they demanded. If he was too proud to accept the clothes for himself, had he no consideration for them? The result was that O'Connell returned and told the widow that he had two friends temporarily embarrassed who would be glad to accept the wardrobe. Shortly afterwards this widow gave a party and invited O'Connell. Dan obtained permission to bring McEwen and Nesbeth along. There were about fifteen guests assembled when the three entered the drawing room. Their hostess took one look at them and shrieked with laughter. O'Connell was attired in her lamented husband's full dress suit, McEwen wore his Tuxedo and Nesbeth sported his Prince Albert.

"We were all poor in those days. Twenty-five dollars a week was considered a good salary for a newspaperman, but every midnight found us broke. At twelve o'clock every night there would be the same little group sitting in the local room of the Examiner in that miserable hole we used to have on Sacramento street. There would be Joe Ward, the city editor, 'Blinker' Murphy, Zeehandelaar and myself, all without a cent. 'Well,' Joe Ward would say in a musing voice, 'somebody's got to die tonight.' When a death notice was brought to the office after the business office was closed, it was turned over to Jack Bryant, the foreman of the composing room. A death notice cost a dollar. Sure enough someone would come rushing into the office. 'Whom would you like to see?' Joe Ward would ask, stroking his long mustache in his most impressive manner. 'Ah, a death notice. Yes, yes, I shall attend to it. One dollar, please.' And then Joe would give Bryant the death notice with a tag for the dollar. Bryant would be furious, but we would spend the dollar.

"One night the death notice failed to materialize and we were leaving in

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very low spirits, when who should come tearing along the street but Bill Dargie. Bill was a wonder, the greatest Jimmy Fixit I ever knew. He had the art of making one hand wash the other down fine; was always borrowing ten thousand dollars from one banker to pay the ten thousand he owed another and simply carrying the interest along. This night he was very excited. 'I'm delighted that I didn't miss you, fellows,' he said. 'Now about that Oakland banker story. I've persuaded the Call and Chronicle to pass it up and you must do the same for me.' We had no Oakland banker story, but of course Ward didn't let on. By a few deft remarks he got the whole thing out of Dargie. 'Well, Bill,' he said finally, 'as a special favor I'll see what I can do.' He went back to the local room, loitered there a few minutes and then returned. 'It's all right, Bill,' he announced, 'I've killed it.' Bill was delighted and took us all over to the California Market, where at his expense of course, we feasted on oysters and beer for two hours. When he had paid the bill we told him how we had fooled him and he was furious.

"Did you ever hear the story of old Johnson, the policeman who was supposed to be crazy? That was the greatest practical joke I ever knew of and it was played time and time again, usually on a new man. Johnson used to chew soap so that he would foam at the mouth and then he would pull out his pistol and pretend to run amuck in a murderous fit. I was on the late watch at the old Hall of Justice one night. The reporter's room was a little box of a room with a partition running half way to the ceiling. It was just outside the room where the policemen changed watch. Ned Townsend who afterwards wrote 'Chimmie Fadden' was there as a cub reporter. Then there was rheumatic old John McGrew and Michael Angelo Hevron, veteran reporters who wore silk hats and dressed like gentlemen of the old school. There was a youngster named Percy Goldstone on the Examiner who used to hang around the reporter's room. He was a prying, pestiferous cub and everybody wanted to get rid of him. I saw Johnson come in with the policemen who were going off watch and gave him the signal for the performance, determined to frighten Percy so badly that he would never bother us again. Of course I thought that McGrew and Hevron had seen the joke played before. 'Hum,' I said to McGrew, loud enough for Percy and Ned Townsend to hear, 'I see old Johnson's back again. Look's pretty well too, doesn't he?' 'Why, has he been ill?' McGrew asked, apparently helping me out. 'Why, yes,' I replied; 'you know he had one of his murderous fits a few days ago.' Oh, exclaimed McGrew, 'does he get murderous fits?' 'I thought you knew,' I said. 'Ever since his son was drowned on the flat at Shell Mound he has been brooding over the thing. Imagines the boy was murdered and is seized with a frenzy in which he goes after the murderer. The last time he had a fit he shot a man three times and nearly got him.' Percy's eyes were getting bigger and bigger and Ned Townsend was showing signs of nervousness. Just then old Johnson let a yell out of him and fell over backwards. There was pandemonium. The policemen scattered in every direction as Johnson, frothing at the mouth and yelling like a mad man staggered to his feet with his revolver in his hand. Ned Townsend fainted, old Michael Angelo Hevron lost his silk hat and fled out of the prison. To carry out the illusion I started

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to climb over the partition into the reporter's room, but what was my surprise to have rheumatic old McGrew pull me down, clamber up on my body, sprawl over the wall and fall in a heap on the floor of the reporter's room. I had taken it for granted that he and Hevron were on to the joke, but they weren't. Poor Percy was at the steel door of the prison begging to be let through and crying like a baby. Just as Johnson was upon him with his pistol the prison keeper let him through and Percy fled into the receiving hospital with old Johnson yelling 'I'll get him yet!' at his heels. Percy hid under a cot but Johnson let him escape, for fear he'd die of fright. We revived Townsend, helped McGrew to pull himself together, went out on the street and found Hevron, but Percy was nowhere to be seen. Finally we found him stretched out in a tin bathtub in the hospital with the wooden cover drawn over him. When we took off that cover his eyes were glassy, his face was as white as paper and he thought his end had come. He never bothered us in the reporter's room after that. I let Townsend in on the joke, but we never dared to tell the two old boys that they had been the victims of a practical joke."

"What was the greatest newspaper story you ever handled in San Francisco?" I asked Lawrence.

"The Benhayon case," he answered instantly. "No other story ever seized the popular mind like that." And he went on to tell me how he had "scooped" the other papers on the Benhayon case and how Hearst rewarded him by making him Washington correspondent of the Examiner.

It was a narrative of absorbing interest. He told me how he went to the morgue that Sunday afternoon, viewed Benhayon's body and read two letters which had been found near it in the Geary street lodging house. It was an uninteresting suicide case, he thought; but he went to interview the woman who kept the lodging house and she told him that there were three letters, one addressed to the coroner. He broke the news of the suicide to Benhayon's father and went back to the coroner's office to find that third letter. But Coroner Stanton refused to give it up. Lawrence began to realize that he was on the track of a big sensation. Benhayon, as old San Franciscans will remember, was the brother of Mrs. Milton Bowers for whose murder Dr. Bowers was awaiting death. With the assistance of Allan Kelly, the Examiner reporter who afterwards captured the grizzly bear Monarch, Lawrence got up the remarkable story of the Bowers case, tracing Benhayon's connection with it. Then at nightfall, when the reporters of the other papers were off their guard, he made another attempt to get that third letter from the coroner. But the coroner was obdurate. Lawrence had been putting two and two together, however. He had noted the unusual activities of Captain of Detectives Lees and Detective Bob Hogan. He resolved on a coup. 'Coroner,' he said, 'if I guess the contents of that letter will you tell me whether I am right or wrong?' 'I will tell you nothing,' said the coroner. 'In that letter,' said Lawrence, 'Henry Benhayon confessed that he and not Dr. Bowers, had murdered Mrs. Bowers.' 'How did you get a chance to read that letter?' demanded the coroner in amazement. Lawrence had his "scoop." The Examiner printed four pages of the story next day and the police

ANDREW M. LAWRENCE

reporters on the other papers lost their jobs. Lawrence went on to trace the subsequent developments of this amazing case; how John Dimmig (who for years drove a hack in Powell street) was brought into it; how Dimmig was identified as the man who bought the poison from which Benhayon died; how he was also identified as the man who bought the poisons found in Dr. Bowers' cell; how he denied knowing Bowers but was forced to admit that he had married Bowers' housekeeper; and so on through the remarkable chain of incriminating facts which led to Dimmig's trial for murder. Dimmig, as we all know, was acquitted and Bowers also went free after his second trial. The mystery of the Benhayon case was never solved, but Lawrence thinks that he committed suicide, having been first persuaded by curious representations to write the letter which would exonerate Bowers. Several years afterwards when Mrs. Zeissing who had nursed Mrs. Bowers before her death and was supposed to know the whole story, lay dying outside of San Francisco, Lawrence as managing editor of the Examiner sent a reporter to her to get her deathbed story, but she took the secret to her grave.

"There's a little bird who sits up aloft and looks after a newspaperman who is fighting for the right," commented Lawrence. He had been telling me another remarkable newspaper story; the story of the legislative investigation which led to his arrest for contempt of the Senate. The Hale and Norcross litigation in which Alvinza Hayward and other millionaires were interested, was before Judge Hebbard and a bill was introduced in the Legislature to allow a litigant to have a case transferred on an affidavit alleging prejudice in the judge. Lawrence got a tip that the bill was aimed at Judge Hebbard and that money was being used to rush it through the Legislature. The Examiner published this charge without having adequate proof. Both houses started investigations, and Lawrence was subpoenaed to testify. He went to Sacramento with an array of counsel including Garret McEnerney, George Knight and Andrew Clunie. It looked bad for the Examiner but "the little bird sitting up aloft" came to his assistance. A stranger told him that he had overheard a conversation on the train in which a telegraph operator had remarked that if the Examiner could get hold of the telegrams in the Sacramento office of the Western Union, its charges would be more than verified. But the investigating committees refused to demand the telegrams and committed Lawrence for refusing to answer a question. There ensued a battle of writs with Lawrence straining every nerve to break into what he was sure was a nest of legislative corruption. Old San Franciscans will remember Knight's famous "appeal to a Republican Legislature" and Senator Morehouse's appeal to his own "stainless heart." Then followed Morehouse's confession that he had changed his vote on the bill by order of a railroad attorney, and the big sensation which changed the current of the investigation, the publication of the telegram from a lobbyist to an interior banker asking for four thousand dollars to grease the passage of the coyote scalp bill. "These fellows are as hungry as wolves" was part of that message. The most spectacular incident of all was the discovery, when the legislative committees finally ordered the production of the messages by the Western Union Company, that these were being rushed out

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of the State on the Overland Limited. And when a Truckee constable brought them back enough were published, in relation to the coyote scalp bill alone, to besmirch forty-four members of the Legislature.

I wish I had room for the story of how Lawrence put Sam Rainey out of politics ("Take gas and water out of politics and I'll go with them," Rainey told Lawrence one day) by nominating James D. Phelan for mayor when the old boss wanted Colin M. Boyd. I wish I could go over, as he did, the history of the epochal fight to make Fred Esola chief of police, a fight which engendered enmities that still exist. Lawrence thinks there was a strange fatality about that fight. The two men who became chief of police as a result of it, both owed their deaths to the position, Sullivan and Biggy. Lawrence still insists that Esola would have made a good chief.

"Maybe I was wrong," he says, "but if I was blinded by anything it was friendship. I had known Esola from the old days at the Union Grammar School. When I became an assemblyman I had him appointed sergeant of the Democratic caucus. Afterwards I had Chief Crowley appoint him to the police force. On his own merits he became a lieutenant. He was honest and he was above the average of policemen in intelligence. And he was my friend, so I went the distance for him."

It would be interesting too to go over the story of Lawrence's political fights in Chicago; to tell for instance how he was in the center of a battle which produced a decision regarding the liberty of the press which, in the opinion of Joseph Choate, will stand forever as American law. Or how he fought Roger Sullivan to a standstill, rejected Sullivan's shrewd suggestion that Lawrence himself run for mayor of Chicago, and helped Carter Harrison win the primary election which broke the backbone of Sullivan's political strength. These are all absorbing stories. But enough has been told to engage the interest of old San Franciscans. Lawrence belongs to a San Francisco past which is only yesterday, yet it seems a long way off. It is a past which taught him many lessons. As a result of it he is today a bigger, broader man than the Andy we used to know.

JESSE W. LILIENTHAL



AM THE happiest man in the world."

Looking at Jesse W. Lilienthal, the president of the United Railroads, one sees instantly that he is a very happy man. Hearing him expound his philosophy of life, one understands easily just why he should be happy. If Jesse W. Lilienthal were not happy I wonder who in the world would be.

Jesse W. Lilienthal is one of the leaders of the San Francisco bar. He is the president of one of the biggest corporations in the West. He is generously favored with this world's goods. To say that these are not elements in the composite of his happiness would be to write cant. Position and wealth may always contribute to happiness. But they do not make happiness, and in the case of Jesse W. Lilienthal they are not the basis of happiness. When he said to me that he was the happiest man in the world he referred to something nobler, as the context of his remark will indicate.

Jesse W. Lilienthal is so happy because he has the power and the inclination to confer happiness on others. But let us not call him a philanthropist, for that is a word of many odious implications. Rather let us say that Jesse W. Lilienthal is a charitable man.

Jesse W. Lilienthal has the look of a happy man. There is in his face that appearance of peace and content which is the reflection of a clear conscience. It is a handsome face in the first place. The lines of this face and the modeling of the features show the beauty of masculine strength. The brown eyes are clear and keen; the nose shows character; the mouth is firm above a firm chin. There is an agreeable contrast between the healthy brown of the complexion and the silver of the hair thinning over a fine brow. If Jesse W. Lilienthal were a stern man he would still be handsome; but not so attractively handsome as he is with kindly gentleness and intelligent sympathy announcing themselves to all who read a man in the man's physiognomy. Here is a man, I should say, whom children love at first sight.

Granting that the public has the right to know something about the president of a public service corporation, Jesse W. Lilienthal talked quite freely about himself. He talked about himself frankly and with a charming lack of self-consciousness. He explained his way of life so that people might know about him and so that other men might be induced to follow his example.

"Four years ago," he told me, "I made a formal announcement to my wife and son. I announced to them that thereafter I intended to spend my entire annual income by the thirty-first of every December. I told them that

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I had invested enough money to guard them against want in the event of my death, the failure of my law practice or any other accident which might prevent my contributing to their support. I told them that we should continue to live well, not depriving ourselves of any of the comforts we were accustomed to; but that no surplus would be carried over from one year to the next. All that we did not need would be spent for the good of our neighbors. My wife and son approved of this arrangement, and I have carried it out ever since. At the end of every year the last cent of my income has been spent.

"This arrangement has made me the happiest man in the world. It has so altered my attitude toward life that when a man comes to me for help in rounding a bad corner I do not feel that I am doing him a favor but that he is conferring an obligation on me. He is helping me to live my life the way I want to live it."

At first blush this all seems quite amazing. The idea of a man getting rid of his money by the end of every year and starting fresh on the first of January is apt to disturb our set notions of life and the way to live it. But properly considered the amazing thing is that more prosperous men do not solve the problem of right living the way Jesse W. Lilienthal has solved it. It is a truism that the rich render themselves miserable by striving to accumulate more and more every year.

"Why cannot men know when they have enough?" asks Lilienthal. "For one man enough may be ten thousand; for another it may mean one hundred thousand dollars. But let every man fix a term to his desires, and spend everything over and above the amount that makes him independent. I think that by so doing he will discover the secret of happiness."

It is reasonable. But how many will find inspiration in Lilienthal's words? How many will follow the example of this president of a corporation who finds peace and content in giving? Are there other Lilienthals in this day of mad scrambling for greater and greater riches? Let us hope so, even if we hope against hope.

The example set by Jesse W. Lilienthal would be less impressive if he were a man who had reached the climax of his mental resources and exhausted his physical capacity for hard work. But he has not. He is fifty-eight years old, in the flower of a vigorous maturity. His life has been one of hard work; and so far from quitting work, he has assumed a responsibility which doubles the demands upon his time. As he follows the rule laid down four years ago with scrupulous exactitude this means that he has more to give away than before.

"One of the papers," said Lilienthal, "in commenting on my new position as head of the United Railroads said that I was a glutton for work. I suppose I am. I haven't any inclination for play. I go to the theatres occasionally, I love music and pictures; but I don't golf—in fact I haven't had any regular diversion since I left off the baseball and tennis of my boyhood days. Frequently when I go home tired after a day's work I find that a light novel has been left invitingly open where I may see it. I pick it up and turn over a few pages, but before long I lay it down and reach for a law

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journal. My happiness is in my work. Since my new duties began I arrive at my law office at half past seven in the morning; sometimes I don't reach home till a quarter to seven and then, as likely as not, I take a bundle of legal papers with me and work till ten in the evening. For I do not intend to give up my law practice. I still want to talk to a judge once in a while. But my law business is well organized. I have splendid partners and efficient clerks, so I can find time for this additional work.

"Why did I take up this additional responsibility? That is difficult to answer. I must say I was surprised when the offer was made to me. I locked myself in my office and thought it over. I could come to no decision, so I went to two friends, men whose names I should like to mention to you because they are men of the highest standing here. I laid the matter before them, explaining that I had not yet made my decision. They considered it and urged me to accept. I went East and talked with the New York people who had made the offer. I asked them whether they expected me to be a mere figurehead, saying that I could not accept the offer if that were the case. They replied that I was not to be anything of the sort; that they had gathered proxies for every share of United Railroad stock and that these would be turned over to me so that I might pick out my own board of directors and my own subordinates. I told them finally that I would accept if they would postpone my taking charge for sixty days. They agreed and I took a vacation in Europe, a splendid vacation most of which was spent in picture galleries.

"The meeting was to take place on the twenty-eighth of August, 1913, just two days after the bond election. It was necessary for me to explain the situation to the men I wanted to serve with me on the board. When ten or so know a secret it is pretty hard to keep it from the papers. Reporters began making inquiries. That is why the announcement was made at that particular time. The news could not be kept secret any longer.

"The manner in which the news was received was very gratifying indeed. My work starts under happy auspices. In three months I may be the most abused man in the city, but my mistakes will not be of the heart. That I shall make mistakes of judgment I do not doubt, for I have made plenty in the past. One is apt to err in solving problems, and I have been attempting to solve them all my life. This which I am attempting now is an interesting one. There are animosities to remove and I shall try to remove them. I shall try to meet the public half way. Of course we shall not be able to give everything that is asked, but shall do our best."

I hazard the guess that Jesse W. Lilienthal would not have accepted the presidency of the United Railroads if the acceptance had involved the discontinuance of his charitable activities. He is a member of the probation committee of the Juvenile Court and is one of the most active workers among the delinquent and dependent children over whom that court has jurisdiction. This, I think, is his favorite work of charity.

"If there is any of the milk of human kindness in a man," he says, "this work will bring it out."

Jesse W. Lilienthal is also president of the Recreation League, president

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of the Tuberculosis Society, president of the Society for the Study of the Exceptional Child, and a director of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society and of the Remedial Loan Association.

Plainly, the man who has a law practice and the business of a public service corporation to take care of and who can still find time for all these good works is a remarkable character. But he has assistance.

"Fortunately," says Jesse W. Lilienthal, "my wife is in a position to spare a great deal of time from her domestic duties, and she is sympathetic with all my work."

Is it any wonder he says he's the happiest man in the world?

P. H. McCARTHY



ORGANIZED labor in California," says P. H. McCarthy, "is getting stronger and more conservative."

McCarthy ought to know, for there are fifty-five thousand workers in the State Building Trades Council which he heads.

McCarthy is getting more conservative too. So at least it seems to one after a chat with him. He talks better than he used to. He always had the gift of the gab, but he impresses one as calmer and keener than of yore. There is more breadth to him. It is not so easy now to get his views of men. He prefers to talk of measures. But he's the same old hard hitter when you get him started.

I should say offhand that McCarthy's service on the Board of Directors of the World's Fair has done him a lot of good. It has brought him in contact, as never before, not even when he was Mayor, with the conservative forces of the community. He started on common ground with these men, to be sure. All the World's Fair men are striving for the good of San Francisco. But in the inevitable clash of wills these men have done McCarthy good.

McCarthy has done them good too, I'll be bound. Ask them about him. They don't talk of him as an ogre any more. They praise him highly and sincerely. They confess that they couldn't have gotten along without him. He promised at the start that there would be no labor difficulties on the Fair grounds. There haven't been any. Several times they have been narrowly averted, and McCarthy was the averter in every instance. The general public doesn't know this. But then, a lot of things have happened inside that Exposition fence of which the general public, for its peace of mind, has been kept in ignorance.

McCarthy won't talk much about his Exposition work. But he said one thing worth repeating:

"If it hadn't been for the Exposition work, San Francisco would have had a very hard time. There would have been an enormous number of men out of work. For mark you, the membership of our unions has not increased a great deal since the Exposition work began. The Board of Directors had no design of excluding outsiders, but local men have done the bulk of the work. And the outsiders have been drawn largely from the transbay regions. The millions that have been spent for labor have gone to men who have families in San Francisco and the nearby cities."

Turning from the World's Fair to San Francisco in general, McCarthy was more communicative. In three years of private life he has had lots of time for observation and what he has seen has given him, he says, "plenty of food for thought."

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"What Barnum said of the American people is true of the people of San Francisco," he says. "They like to be fooled. Those who laid the wires against me three years ago seem to be of that opinion too. I have tried at times to understand some of the things that have been done here during the past three years. Even by throwing myself into the craziest frame of mind possible I have not succeeded. They are beyond me.

"The people were told by the gentlemen who opposed my re-election that my defeat would mean untold millions of dollars and thousands of new settlers for San Francisco. One speaker, I recall, declared that if Mr. Rolph were elected in September ninety per cent of the vacant flats would be rented before the first of the year. There are still quite a number of vacant flats.

"Despite these and other glittering promises they had rather a hard time beating McCarthy. They spent a million and three-quarters in that campaign. It has been estimated that thirty-six hundred men worked against me. Hundreds of them received ten dollars a day for traducing me on the streets, in the cars, in saloons. Between sixteen and eighteen thousand were registered who had no right to vote. There was a registration booth near the Ferry for the convenience of commuters. We arrested two of them for voting, if you remember. But when I asked that the roll be purged the reply was that there was no money available. The police captains were all switched twelve days before the election. And the count of votes was peculiar. When a ballot is handled nineteen times instead of once, as the law commands, some strange things can happen. My opponents lost a great deal of money betting that I couldn't poll fourteen thousand votes. But in spite of it all I got twenty-seven thousand."

Some of these latter statements are undeniably true. Others are not so acceptable. But there is no doubt that McCarthy believes them all. Despite his growing conservatism it is still possible for McCarthy's admirers to convince him that the enormous sum of a million and three-quarters was spent to compass his defeat. Rolph didn't cost his backers anywhere near that sum.

"What has been done? What is the condition of the city formerly held back by McCarthy, the labor agitator? Well," continued McCarthy, "I remember that three years ago a number of speeches were made to the good people of Ingleside who had no water. A day of oratory was devoted to telling them how quickly they were going to get that water. They haven't got it yet.

"In the matter of morals San Francisco is worse off than ever. Is the Barbary Coast closed? I hear they are selling near-beer down there that contains about fourteen per cent of alcohol.

"The Municipal Clinic is closed, there's no doubt about that. Every crook in town, every man making a dollar off lewd women, fought it. I was for the Clinic. I stood with Father Weyman for the regulation of vice. The man who thinks you can wipe out prostitution as you wipe a slate with a sponge is wrong in the head.

"There were no streetwalkers in San Francisco when McCarthy was Mayor. Look at the streets now.

"The scandalizers, the people of evil mind, took my statement about

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making this city the 'Paris of America' and put their own vile construction on it. The cultured traveler doesn't go to Paris to find wickedness; he goes there to enjoy pictures, statues, fine architecture, beautiful boulevards and parks. I wanted to attract that traveler to San Francisco; but my intention was misrepresented.

"There was no reason why I should be misunderstood. I always spoke straight out. And I never sidestepped. I was for women's suffrage, and said so during my campaign. What did Mr. Rolph do? He sidestepped the question.

"I have not been a trimmer in politics. I have no use for the trimmer. The trimmer doesn't succeed very long. The people get on to him. It is impossible to be everybody's man. If you carry water on both shoulders you can't go very far. You know what Lincoln said about fooling the people. The trimmer is always trimmed.

"I am not impressed with the value of the handshake as a political asset. The glad hand has seen its best days. A tired wrist is no indication of success. As a political institution the handshake has lost its usefulness.

"Not all our politicians realize this. While they do not manage to fool the people, they manage to fool themselves. I suppose a phrenologist could explain why this is so. There is always the chance that the man in power will be swayed by continual contact with designing persons who have selfish motives for directing his mind along certain lines. The strong man is not going to be swayed. But let us charitably remember that human nature is weak at best.

"Some people advocate the recall as a cure for municipal ills. I don't believe in it and would not assist a recall movement. The recall is not an effective weapon, and it is not a fair test of political strength. It is apt to be a tool of evil. You can't legislate men honest. There are many other ways of curbing dishonest or incompetent officials."

"Have you ever joined a woman's auxiliary?" I asked, thinking of Mayor Rolph's recent initiation in the Degree of Pocahontas, the women's auxiliary of the Red Men.

"The only woman's society I belong to is Mrs. McCarthy's," said P. H. He took out his watch and showed me a picture of the other members, five fine looking youngsters.

GAVIN McNAB



EVERYBODY remembers what a hectic celebration the town had that night in November, 1905, when Eugene E. Schmitz was elected mayor for the third time. With the aid of the new voting machines the fusion ticket had been completely routed and Ruef's painteaters rode into office on the crest of the wave of popular opinion. The tenderloin went wild with delight, the saloons were jammed with thirsty politicians, there were parades, bands and firecrackers. To add to the excitement of the night the Chronicle tower caught fire and wonderful coppery beacons flamed in the sky while thousands of men and women stood around and enjoyed the spectacle. Ruef was a busy man that night. He was master of the revels and his remarkable brain devised all sorts of insults to the fallen foe. Among other things he gave orders for a funeral procession and to the strains of the Dead March from Saul a drunken mob of his wardheelers marched through the downtown streets, finally depositing a coffin on the threshold of the Occidental Hotel. Gavin McNab lived at the Occidental and the coffin was meant for him. Next day McNab met Ruef.

"I see you left an empty coffin on my doorstep last night," said McNab. Ruef grinned.

"Well," continued the Democratic boss, "the events of the next two years will determine who is to fill it, you or I."

This story is not told for the purpose of jibing at a broken man. Far be it from me to strike at Ruef, now that he is down. I simply repeat the incident for its bearing on Gavin McNab's career. Many bosses have come and gone during his years of political leadership. Not a few have regarded him as Ruef regarded him. But like Ruef they have gone to their political coffins, while Gavin McNab has yet to catch the personal note in the strains of the dead march. Some day, perhaps at no distant date, he will retire from politics, but he will retire because he has exhausted politics, not because politics has exhausted him. When the time comes to enclose his political career, Gavin McNab will perform the obsequies himself.

If mere defeat could destroy the power of a political leader Gavin McNab would have been destroyed years ago. No political dominance of equal duration was ever crushed as frequently as McNab's. He has probably lost as many elections as he has won. But like the demigod, every time he has been felled he has risen with renewed vigor; and many of the victories have been Pyrrhic victories. Looking back over his career it is not too much to say that his defeats have done him as much honor as his triumphs; sometimes more, for a triumph involves difficult responsibilities from which a defeat is happily free.

GAVIN McNAB



GAVIN McNAB

What is the secret of his continued leadership through lean years and fat? It is no secret. Anybody who knows Tammany in New York or the Democratic organization in San Francisco can explain it.

"I introduced absolute local autonomy in the party," said McNab. "District leadership was district leadership in fact, not in theory. The men elected to office were the sole judges of patronage and they divided the patronage among the districts in accordance with the best judgment of the district leaders. If a district could not supply a good man for a job, the job did not go to a bad man in that district; it went to a good man in some other district. Sometimes when the time came to distribute patronage I did not have the disposal of a single place. I was the leader, it is true, but my leadership was an abstract thing. That's why my political enemies couldn't destroy it. You can't destroy an abstraction."

Being a Scotchman with the Scotch leaning toward metaphysics McNab probably lays a little too much emphasis on the "abstract idea." Even the Tammany system of district autonomy demands something more than "abstract" leadership in the boss and the Tammany system, owing to the exceedingly healthy opposition of the Republican and Union Labor organizations, has never been perfected in San Francisco. Hence it has frequently happened that McNab's "abstract" leadership has been transformed to bossing of the concrete description—and reinforced concrete at that. And when his bossing displeased the district bosslets, district leadership became a figment of fancy and McNab landed on the recalcitrants like a load of bricks.

That is why he has so many enemies within and without the party.

"I am the only Democrat who could bring out the entire vote," he used to say. "If I ran for office my friends would vote for me and my enemies would go to the polls in full force just to show what they thought of me."

McNab likes to talk about his friends.

"I wouldn't exchange the friendships I have made in politics for anything in the world," he says. "That is the best thing about politics. It is the greatest panorama of human nature we have. Men are men in politics; the shams don't count—they strike your sense of the ridiculous at once. But with the real men you form real friendships. You come to believe profoundly in human nature. You find that it is a splendid thing, especially among the poor, the working people. After the associations of politics the associations of so-called 'social life' have no attraction for you. And if your interest in politics is impersonal, as mine has been; if you seek no office, you learn to laugh at the foibles and weaknesses. You become an optimist. I am a profound optimist."

Perhaps more than most men Gavin McNab has been the master of his own fate, and yet he simply drifted into politics. On his father's sheep ranch at Largo in Mendocino county—an old Spanish grant which the McNab brothers have preserved intact through all these years—the boy devoured Stuart Mill and Adam Smith, Gevons and Cairnes and Bastiat. He had a district school "education" and a passion for political economy. When he came to this city at the age of twenty-one he brought little else with

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him, except abstemious habits—he never drinks or smokes—and a manful determination to get ahead. The tariff was the great political issue of the time and in the intervals of his work as a clerk at the Occidental Hotel he wrote articles for the old *Alta*. The articles attracted attention and he was gradually drawn into Democratic politics. He made the acquaintance of E. B. Pond and when Pond became a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor McNab went to the convention at San Jose as a Pond man. Pond was nominated over the opposition of Chris Buckley who, however, sold out his strength in the general election and insured the victory of Stanford. Naturally the Pond men were sore and with McNab as one of their leaders they broke Buckley's strength in the next campaign.

"When I slapped the idol in the face," says McNab, "everybody waited to see me drop dead. I didn't drop dead, so the press took up the fight."

The Wallace Grand Jury also took it up and although Buckley and Sam Rainey won two elections after that, the shepherd and his "lambs" never regained dominance. The victorious insurgents quarreled, as victorious insurgents always do, but McNab maintained his leadership campaign after campaign and the Democratic organization controlled most of the patronage offices in San Francisco until Schmitz was elected for the third time and swept the painteaters with him. To review the history of that control and McNab's part in it would take a book. McNab summarizes it fairly enough.

"Sometimes we elected pharisees to office, but never a crook. And speaking of pharisees, when Taylor was elected he told some of my friends that he was thinking of appointing me poundmaster. I sent him word that he wouldn't dare do it because he knew that I would shut up his doggerel."

McNab had studied law as well as tariff schedules at the Occidental and during his years of political activity he gradually built up a fine practice.

"But while I was active in politics," he says, "I never took a case for a public service corporation."

Even now he doesn't take such cases within this city, for he thinks it would be ethically incompatible with his political prominence. But he has one of the biggest practices in the State. He is attorney for six banks. He represented the two hundred million United Properties Company. His share in the winning of the Baldwin will case is fresh in the public memory.

He is a hard worker. Some people think he never plays. About once a year he strolls into the Pacific-Union Club and usually leaves an epigram or two behind when he departs. About once in six months he goes to the theatre. For physical exercise he walks—in the woods a good deal, for he loves nature and is an expert ornithologist. Sometimes he unbends his wit in postprandial oratory and he ranks high in this accomplishment.

"Nature, human nature and books," is the way he sums up his favorite recreations. Undoubtedly books play a great part in his life. A larger part perhaps than politics, for he reads everything and is getting more and more aloof from active political endeavor. When will he retire?

"You never retire from politics," he says. "You may think you have retired, but let a friend ask for assistance and your coat comes off and you are back again in the thick of it."

JOHN L. McNAB



WENTY-THREE years ago, when he had turned eighteen, John L. McNab wrote a letter from the family sheep ranch in Mendocino county to Brother Gavin in San Francisco. It was an important letter because it carried the news that John had made up his mind to study law. In due course of time came the answering letter from Gavin.

"I remember the wording of that letter as well as if I had only received it this morning," says John L. McNab in telling the story.

And this was the pith of what the experienced Gavin wrote to his younger brother:

"If you sit down at home with an unabridged dictionary at your elbow and read through Blackstone's Commentaries twelve times, you'll know more law than any lawyer in San Francisco."

As a comment on our legal giants it was a pretty little hit; as a bit of fraternal advice it was probably not intended to be taken too literally. But John L. McNab has more of the family's Scotch matter-of-fact than of the family's Scotch sense of humor. He took Gavin's advice literally.

"The first time I went through Blackstone," he says, "I was utterly discouraged and overwhelmed by the mass of obsolete phraseology. I came very near throwing the book down the well. Perhaps an innate reverence for all books prevented me. I tackled it the second time. When I had once more reached 'finis' at the end of the second volume I began to see a faint glimmer of light. I went at it again. On the third reading the full significance of the book began to dawn on me. But understanding was born in pain and weariness. However, I gritted my teeth and sailed into it once more. At the end of a year and a half I had read Blackstone an even dozen times."

In that anecdote you may find the key to John L. McNab's success. Twenty-three years ago he was already cultivating the priceless habit of "keeping everlastingly at it." He was indefatigably studious. Weariness could not wear him down; no overtraining could stale his intellectual ardor. He leaped at obstacles with the enthusiasm of a hurdler; the difficulty gave zest to the contest. And in that respect John L. McNab is the same today as he was twenty-three years ago.

The elder McNabs came from Glasgow. The mother had the culture of splendid education. The father had the culture that comes to men of no schooling from a passionate delight in the best literature. And that, by the way, is a culture to be found among Scotch and Irish poor people as it is found nowhere else in the world. The Nile street photograph gallery where the elder McNab made the pictures of Glasgow folk and where William Black, the novelist, William Caird, the great pulpit orator, and other promi-

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nent men liked to while away an hour in chat, is still to be seen. Ill health came to McNab and he resolved to cross the sea and find new life in California. He bought a sheep ranch near Ukiah, a ranch of seven thousand acres which is still in the possession of the family. That was in 1871. Two years later John L. McNab was born.

"My father," says John L. McNab, "brought his fine library across the Isthmus of Panama. It covered the whole field of English literature, but when I look back to my boyhood days and recall the long winter nights that we boys spent before the fire absorbed in reading, the books I think of first are the Waverley Novels, the Tales from Blackwood, Chamber's Journal, Alison's History of Europe, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, the first edition of Burns, Macaulay and Carlyle.

"We were locked away in the loneliness of the hills, far removed from schools. It was a wild country in those days, and there was plenty of ribaldry, drinking, gambling and lawless dissipation. My mother was the strongest and most beautiful character I ever knew and I cannot think of her now without tears in my eyes. It was due to her influence that we escaped the dangers that surrounded us in that primitive society, and her influence sent us to good books and filled us with a passion for knowledge.

"My brother Gavin too was a strong influence in my early life. He taught me at home before a district school was built near enough for me to attend. It was at Largo four miles away, and I rode the eight miles on horseback during the summer term. In winter there was no school, but our father was a prosperous farmer and could afford a governess who was also a music teacher and who stayed at the ranch directing our education. So winter and summer our education went on under regular discipline.

"In that first flush of boyhood I turned with an unappeasable appetite to history. I read Green's Longer History of England while flat on my back with pneumonia. It made me hungry for more, so I followed with Macaulay's History of England and Carlyle's French Revolution and Past and Present. After that I was launched beyond all hope of recall. Literature formed the staple of our talk. One of my brothers was a great admirer of Hume; Gavin preferred Gibbon to all other historians; Macaulay was my favorite. And many an hour we spent analyzing their work and comparing their styles of composition. It was a life to which I look back with the liveliest satisfaction."

When he finished at the district school John L. McNab followed the example of the other country boys around him by going to business college. He attended the Pacific Business College in this city, returning to the sheep ranch in the Mendocino hills when he was eighteen. It was then he received that letter from Gavin which started him on the conquest of the law. He had no instructor in law, but despite this handicap he was ready for his examinations before he had reached his majority. Immediately after his twenty-first birthday he was admitted to practice. The next two years he spent at home studying history and political economy. Then he went down to Ukiah and nailed up his shingle.

"The first year I spent like Peter Sterling looking through a knot hole. I earned not more than fifty dollars. But I took every case that came along,

JOHN L. McNAB



JOHN L. McNAB

fee or no fee, and several times I was appointed by the court in cases which afterwards developed local importance.

"One day at the end of the first year there was a rap at my door, and J. E. Cooper, more recently presiding justice of the Appellate Court, walked in. He told me he was about to leave Ukiah, that he had received many offers for his practice, but that he preferred to keep it intact. So would I consider forming a partnership with his confidential clerk Maurice Hirsch? I nearly fell off my chair into the fireplace. Hirsch and I continued as partners until May, 1911, when I made a new start in San Francisco."

Meanwhile John L. McNab had entered politics. When he was twenty-one he ran for the Assembly against John Sanford and was badly beaten.

"I credit whatever success I have achieved to that defeat," he says. "Had I won I should have become a politician. I lost and tried to become a man."

McNab was never again a candidate for office, but he didn't keep out of politics. He was a delegate to the State convention which witnessed the three-cornered fight between Pardee, Gage and Flint. But he was a humble delegate who never got the eye of the chairman. At the next State convention, the never-to-be-forgotten convention at Santa Cruz, he burst forth as a Republican spellbinder. Abe Ruef had a candidate for Clerk of the Supreme Court, one Cory, and tried to stampede the convention for him. McNab nominated Frank L. Caughey. It was Pardee, I think, who spoke of the Santa Cruz convention tent "with the Southern Pacific on one side and the broad Pacific on the other." At any rate trains were thundering and the surf was beating outside the canvas, and it was hard to hear the ordinary speaker. But when John L. McNab let out that stentorian voice of his every delegate sat up and took notice. His speech is still remembered. It won for Caughey and gave John L. McNab a standing in the councils of his party, a standing which he has not only maintained but improved.

His appointment to the office of United States District Attorney for San Francisco was a fitting reward for his unremitting labors in the cause of Republicanism. How vigorously he administered that office is well known to all his townsmen. And his disagreement with Attorney General McReynolds over the handling of the Western Fuel prosecutions is vividly remembered. His resignation rocked the Democratic Cabinet. Immediately his admirers began pointing out what an admirable candidate for Governor he would be. It was very complimentary, but John L. McNab shook his head. Perhaps we shall hear more of that later.

Of his manner of quitting the office of United States District Attorney he had little to say. "Any human being with iron in his blood would do as I did," he remarks. "I am not entitled to credit. I trust that I have not an exaggerated idea of my own ego. It may have required spunk, but there was no call for moral courage."

He is beloved of his office force. He went into the federal building at liberty to choose his own deputies, but preferred to accept the men Devlin had left behind, asking only that they show efficiency. His record speaks for itself. And on the day he resigned a court bailiff leaned against the door of his office and cried.

†
JOAQUIN MILLER

SAY, CHARLIE!

*Say, Charlie, our Charlie, say—
What of the night? Aloha! Hail!
What roomful sea? What restful sail?
Where tent you, Bedouin, today?*

*Oh, generous green leaves of our tree,
What fruitful first young buoyant year!
But bleak winds blow, the leaves are sere,
And listless rustle—two or three.*

*Say, Charlie, where is Bret? and Twain?
Shy Prentice, and the former few?
You spoke, and spake as one who knew—
Now, Charlie, speak us once again.*

*The night-wolf prowls; we guess, we grope,
But day is night, and night despair,
And doubt seems some unuttered prayer,
And hope seems hoping against hope.*

*But Charlie, you had faith, and you—
Gentlest of all God's gentlemen—
You said you knew, and surely knew—
Now speak, and speak as spake you then.*



HAD ventured to tell the Poet of the Sierras that this gem, written when he was face to face with death in 1911 and published for the first time in the *Sunset* of April, 1912, through the kindly offices of Miss Ina Coolbrith, appealed to me more strongly than any other of his poems with the possible exception of "Columbus." He was pleased but deprecatory.

"'Columbus' is too much of a chorus," he said. "And 'Say, Charlie!' is not a poem particularly. They are dear little bits of things from the heart.

"Charlie Stoddard had the sweet faith of a child. We were much together, and we discussed religion a great deal. We lived in Rome together,

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studying art and literature and religion, but he never debated it, he was so certain. He was very dogmatic. And what a lovable man! He was with Twain at the end. Mark wouldn't let him go.

"I have Charlie's faith, but not his certainty. I have thought at times of embracing a religious creed, but I am certain now that I shall never do so. There is too much wrangling among them.

"I believe that I shall begin the next life exactly where I leave off in this. If I'm a good man in this life I shall be good to begin with in the next. If I'm bad, treacherous, deceitful in this, I shall have all that to overcome in the next.

"I don't believe that there is any returning here. What are all the stars built for? I believe the soul can go as the mind does, on and on. In the universe there is infinite space. It seems unoccupied. What is it for? Nature wastes nothing, not a moment of time, not a spot of ground as small as your hand. What is nature to do with all this space? It can't be wasted. That would not be business."

The poet who was lying in bed turned on his elbow and spoke to his daughter.

"Baby," he said, "get me that poem on immortality I have just written. It will help this young man to understand what I mean."

"Yes, papa," said Juanita Miller, and brought me this:

TO TEACH IMMORTALITY

What if we all lay dead below;
Lay as the grass lies, cold and dead
In God's own holy shroud of snow,
With snow-white stones at foot and head,
With all earth dead and shrouded white
As clouds that cross the moon at night?

What if that infidel some night
Could then rise up and see how dead,
How wholly dead and out of sight
All things with snow sown foot and head
And lost winds wailing up and down
The emptied fields and emptied town?

I think that grand old infidel
Would rub his hands with fiendish glee,
And say: "I knew it, knew it well!
I knew that death was destiny;
I ate, I drank, I mocked at God,
Then as the grass was and the sod."

Ah me, the grasses and the sod,
They are my preachers. Hear them preach
When they forget the shroud, and God
Lifts up these blades of grass to teach
The resurrection! Who shall say
What infidel can speak as they?

JOAQUIN MILLER

"I have no doubt at all about immortality," Joaquin Miller continued; "not the slightest. But lots of us are not worth saving. We are so loaded with sin that we won't rise at all, but will sink utterly. Rewards and punishments, though, I don't believe in, no further, at least, than we do harm to our own souls. If we're bad, we wake up bad; if good, we wake up good. But there is no judgment. We judge ourselves and seek our places by a law of gravitation, going just where we belong."

Mrs. Miller was sitting near by, turning over the leaves of a volume of her husband's poems.

"Father's poems are full of his religious belief," she said. "Take this from his 'Song of the South.'"

And she read:

What is this rest of death, sweet friend,
What is the rising up, and where?
I say, death is a lengthened prayer,
A longer night, a larger end.

"Stop it!" the poet commanded. "Don't do it! This young man did not come here to be inflicted with my poetry."

"Such a belief as Charlie Stoddard's," the poet went on, "is an advantage to the man who has it. He never wastes any time doubting. He is certainly happier than the man who doubts, and being happier he is naturally better. Stoddard thought he was melancholy. He thought he had what Byron calls the glance of melancholy. But he was the happiest man I ever saw, and he was fortunate in his friends.

"Prentice Mulford who is mentioned in 'Say, Charlie!' was one of the gentlest of men. He was more like Charlie than any other man I knew, but more helpless. I didn't know Harte or Twain intimately. Twain I knew of course, but he was always Twain. Harte too I knew better than most men did. But they believed in themselves more than anything else. They didn't see beyond themselves particularly.

"I have never read books of religion. Glance about you. Do you see any book here? There is only a dictionary and it has been here only a short time. No, I don't read religion. I live it in the woods, among the trees.

"There is a deep interest in religion among the men of today. That's the only sign of the times I see that is good. People don't want funny things in poetry; they want to know about the future. Nearly everything I write upon the subject finds an echo. People write to thank me. They say this or that poem of mine has given them faith."

"You know those lines in 'Adios,'" said Mrs. Miller. And again she read:

JOAQUIN MILLER

Could I but teach men to believe—
Could I but make small men to grow,
To break frail spider-webs that weave
About their thews and bind them low;
Could I but sing one song and slay
Grim Doubt; I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene,
And satisfied, from off the scene.
But ah, this disbelief, this doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of good,—
The damned spot will not out!

"Stop it!" again entreated the poet. "I don't like it."

"People are tired of the quarreling priests and preachers," he continued. "They avoid going to church because the preachers dictate to them. They talk, they dogmatize, and people don't want it. They want the preachers to go to work, but the preachers are fat and lazy. They won't work. Why don't they plant trees like I do?"

Mrs. Miller wanted to illustrate again from the volume of poems, but Joaquin wouldn't have it.

"I don't care to talk about my poems," he said. "As a matter of fact, I haven't written my great poem yet. I'm getting ready for it all the time. I feel like old Jacob; few and evil have been my days."

But the poet was quite willing to talk of other poets.

"Like Greece, California is to be a great place for poets," he said, "although I shall not live to see it. The great poets will hover about our snow peaks and sea and sunshine.

"There is that new man Alexander. There is a quality about his poetry. He's prime, but not young. Christian Binckley wrote the only sonnets I ever liked. Sterling is a star, the starriest of all stars. Scheffauer is industrious, honest. But great? I don't know. Sterling says he's great, and Sterling knows him better than I do.

"Robeson Taylor I don't like. He has had time enough to do something, and hasn't done it. He's a handsome manly fellow, but in love with himself rather than with the Muse. A great poet must be greater than himself; he must forget himself.

"Stoddard should have written more poetry, but he told me he thought the period of poetry was gone. A great poet? Well, we judge the tree by its fruit. He didn't bear great fruit; it was sweet, delicious. He was a true, not a great poet.

"Ina Coolbrith I regard daintily. She is thoroughly genuine. She wrote her poem on her feet, in her garden, on the street. When it was done she went and wrote it down. She is quite different from most people who sit down and write. I lie and think my poems out. I never had a writing desk."

Mrs. Miller accompanied me when I had shaken the old poet's hand and said good-bye. "Father's poems are full of religion," she said.

Standing on The Hights amid the trees which Joaquin had planted she recited to me, fearing no interruption, the beautiful poem of "Charity." And that ended what Joaquin had smilingly called our "Sunday sermon."

CHARLES C. MOORE



WHEN TWO MEN ride on one horse," says Charles C. Moore, "one of them must sit in front and hold the reins."

Which, being interpreted, explains satisfactorily to the mind of Charles C. Moore the action of our World's Fair directors in selecting him as their president.

Moore is a modest man. Among the men of eminent and acclaimed ability whom it has been my good fortune to meet I doubt whether I have ever known one so sincerely modest. Perhaps 'modest' may seem a peculiar adjective to apply to a man in public life, but that is because in the push of public life too many men lose their heads and forget their sensible ideas of comparative values. But as Moore has been drawn rather unwillingly into the hurly-burly he has been able to avoid this loss and remain modest. Not that Moore is a humble man. There is always a point where modesty degenerates into humility. (I say 'degenerates' advisedly, for there is only one sort of humility, the religious sort with which we are not concerned, which can be regarded as a virtue.) Certainly Moore's modesty has never reached and never will reach that point. He is not oppressed, as weak men sometimes are, with the sense of their own unworthiness. But he is strong in the modesty which places a just, a conservative valuation on personal worth the while it expends its energies in hearty appreciation of the good qualities belonging to the other fellow.

And so it is that while Moore, to use his own figure, has been chosen to hold the reins, he does not therefore conclude that he is a better horseman than the rest. He sincerely thinks that a man may be chosen to hold the reins because others are better equipped for more important though less showy services. And he is prepared with equal sincerity to admit that the man who is allowed to hold the reins may learn many valuable points of horsemanship from the men who help him into the saddle. And if that isn't modesty, what is it?

When you talk to Moore about the World's Fair you are not allowed to overlook the capabilities of the men with whom he is associated. He thinks that no body of World's Fair directors was ever superior to the San Francisco body. He doubts whether as representative a body could be gathered together in New York. He is quite certain that the average of ability is higher in San Francisco than it was in Chicago in 1892. He finds inspiration in his association with these men. And he is so eloquent when discussing their various fitnesses for the tremendous task they have in hand that he has no difficulty in communicating his enthusiasm. To talk with Moore about the World's Fair directors is to realize that our plans for entertaining the world are being shaped by master hands; is to be settled in the conviction

CHARLES C. MOORE



CHARLES C. MOORE

that San Francisco has a body of men who are devoting themselves unselfishly, untiringly and at no small personal sacrifice, to the service of California; is to get on the trail, perhaps after many years of hoping and trying, of that elusive, that too often illusory thing called public spirit.

Moore told me of a characteristic incident which bears this out. One of the World's Fair committees was to meet and it happened that two of the members were separated by the bitterness of that internecine strife which has for so long been the ordinary condition of San Francisco life. One of these men swore by all that was forcible that he would not sit down in committee meeting with the other. Moore did the best he could to prepare the way for a reconciliation, but he hadn't a great deal of confidence in his diplomacy, for the case was an extreme one. And yet when that committee met, the two men shook hands; when the committee sat down the two men sat down side by side.

"That's the spirit in which everybody is working," Moore explains.

There is one point, naturally, on which it is useless to seek enlightenment from Moore. How much of this esprit de corps is due to Moore's personality? The directors of the World's Fair do not constitute a mutual admiration society. Far from it. They are nearly all hard-headed business men who have no time to decorate one another with posies. Yet those with whom I have held conversation are free in their praise of Charles C. Moore. They were not conferring an empty honor when they chose him president. They had been studying him ever since the fire.

Previous to the fire Moore had devoted himself almost exclusively to his private affairs. His affairs had prospered. His was one of the great engineering concerns of the West. Equipped with the knowledge of engineering imparted in the curriculum of St. Augustine's at Benicia where he was educated, he had come to this city as a youth and obtained a position with the San Francisco Tool Works. In time he bought out that concern and thenceforward his rise was rapid. He extended the field of his operations till he had offices in Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake and Los Angeles. He built some of the biggest power plants of the Coast. All the world of engineering knows how he put up the great power plant at Redondo under the terms of a guaranty from which most engineers would have shrunk and earned a bonus of \$365,000, the largest bonus ever paid. When the fire came Moore was not as hard hit as many other men of big business. So he had time to think for others. Our business relations with Nevada were not what they should have been, so he induced Henry T. Scott, R. P. Schwerin and Mark Gerstle to accompany him on a missionary trip to that State. The mission was successful and a new era, an era of what might be called organized good feeling, dawned for San Francisco business. Moore was elected president of the moribund Chamber of Commerce and started that series of junkets through the State which has been of inestimable benefit in drawing the business men of the interior close to the business men of San Francisco. The Chamber of Commerce was revived and has been a potent factor for good ever since.

The men who went on one of those excursions will tell you a typical

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instance of Moore's modesty. In appreciation of his hard work to make the excursion a success the members of the Chamber made up a purse of \$500, intending to buy him a token of their regard. But when Moore heard of this he put his foot down. Perhaps he saw dangerous possibilities in their kindly intent. Perhaps he felt that there might be jealousy. Or that his subsequent activities might be set down to the lively expectation of similar rewards. Or it may have been his modesty. (One of the most charming things about modesty is that it endows a man with a superior kind of diplomacy.) At any rate, Moore refused to accept a gift. He suggested that he be allowed to add his subscription to the fund and that the sum be expended for the Chamber of Commerce in a lasting memorial of the pleasant excursion. So the Chamber acquired a splendid relief map of the Panama Canal. And if any of the men who didn't know Moore well had suspected him of a desire for personal aggrandizement, they changed their minds.

When the good fellows of the town got together to plan the first Portola celebration, they selected Moore for the most audacious work of the whole affair—to enlist the co-operation of foreign governments. Our government refused to recommend the project to European powers. But the Portola committee wanted to have the flags of all nations flying from battleships in the bay and Moore went abroad to do what he could. He was told that the project was without precedent; that such requests were continually coming from all sorts of local celebration committees and were automatically refused. In London Ambassador Reid confessed that the case was hopeless. Three times the ambassador made formal request on behalf of Moore for a conference with Reginald McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, but without success. Finally, when the case looked desperate, the hearing was obtained through the influence of Balfour, Guthrie and Company. The result was that three British battleships honored the Portola celebration. If the Clemenceau ministry hadn't fallen in France he would have been equally successful in Paris. But we know that Italy, Holland and other powers were represented and that this international recognition made the Portola a glorious success beyond our wildest dreams.

"It was sentiment that did it," says Moore; "sentiment for a city that could so quickly rehabilitate itself. And it is the same sentiment which is going to play an important part in making our World's Fair a success."

As I have said, the public-spirited men of this city had been studying Moore ever since the fire. They knew he was disinterested. They knew that his capacity for service was unburdened by political ambition. So they drafted him for service as president of the World's Fair corporation. Drafted is the word. He didn't want to serve in that position. He was eager to continue in the work in a subordinate place. At first he refused to accept. But the directors knew what they wanted. The very fact that he was averse from stepping into the limelight proved him the man about whom all could rally. They needed his tact, his good humor, his abounding enthusiasm, his personal magnetism, his inexhaustible capacity for appreciation. In the end they got him. And so far there hasn't been a murmur of disappointment.

CHARLES C. MOORE

Moore isn't any too strong physically, but he is working hard. He knows how to conserve his energy. Every Friday night he escapes to his beautiful place at Santa Cruz. He sails his yacht and plays golf and forgets all kinds of business—except farming.

"I want to be a farmer," he says. "I am prouder of the little I make out of my orchard than of all the money I make from my business. The greatest ambition of my life is to raise the best artichokes in the State."

And when Charles C. Moore says that his brows lower whimsically and that winning smile of his beams from his clear blue eyes and plays about his lips. One can fancy Diocletian smiling just like that when they tried to lure him from his Illyrian cabbages.

RICHARD E. MULCAHY



HERE is a man who has his finger on the pulse of finance, a specialist trained to take the temperature of money. And he says we are on the eve of prosperity. It is a cheering message. It is an optimistic message from one not constitutionally enthusiastic, all the ways of whose business life make for a cold-blooded conservatism. It is therefore an important message, a message we may hearken to without feeling, as we too often feel when such a pronouncement is made, that it comes from the herald of a fool's paradise.

Richard E. Mulcahy of the House of Hutton knows. It is his bread and butter to know. Ask his clients if he be not a safe guide through the mazes of the stock market, and by their reply judge the value of what follows.

All his business life Richard E. Mulcahy has sensed responsibility, has known the danger of idle words. He began at the age of twelve as a telegraph operator in a railway office. That was in Michigan, on a road since absorbed by the Big Four. At twenty he was train despatcher; at twenty-one, superintendent of telegraph. Then he rose to be master of transportation. A little later as superintendent of construction he built many hundreds of miles of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. For a time after that he was on the Chicago Board of Trade. He returned to railroading as general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Twenty-eight years ago he went into the brokerage business. Today he is a partner in the big firm of E. F. Hutton and Co. with membership in the New York Stock, Cotton and Coffee Exchanges and the Chicago Board of Trade.

Mulcahy looks back with affection to those old days at the telegraph key. He was an expert. He made the record for fast sending out of Detroit on the occasion of President Hayes' first message to Congress, clicking off forty-six words a minute, and they weren't code words either. That record held for a good many years.

"Telegraphing was an art in those days," he says. "You had to be a good sender, a good receiver and a good writer of long hand. It was before the day of the typewriter."

If you know the typical long hand of the old telegrapher with its swinging script and its words hooked together, you will recognize it today in Mulcahy's handwriting.

But it is in Mulcahy as the announcer of imminent prosperity that we are interested just now. Study his tabulation as he talks it off with the rapidity of a stock ticker:

"There is for instance the mining boom. Rich ore has been discovered of late in some of the Goldfield mines. This is a great thing for this section of the country. The money made in Nevada is spent in California. And the

RICHARD E. MULCAHY



RICHARD E. MULCAHY

boom brings new investments from the East. Eighty per cent of the mining investors today are from the East. New York, Philadelphia and Boston are as familiar now with mining interests as this country used to be in the old days.

"The general condition of the country west of the Rockies couldn't be better. We have grown the largest crops ever harvested in our history. Take barley. The new money for barley coming to California this year from Europe and the East is about twelve millions. We produce from the soil of California about six hundred million dollars worth of products every year. This year they will total six hundred and fifty millions. There are abundant crops of all kinds. This means for us about four hundred millions of new money from other States and from Europe.

"There is a better feeling generally. People who have been in the dumps are now seeing daylight.

"Our gas and electric securities have all had a big advance in the last thirty days. Corporations which have been undergoing readjustment are now in a more favorable condition than they have been for some time. This readjustment was a condition San Francisco had to meet. Order is now being brought out of disturbance.

"One thing San Francisco is much in need of is better docking facilities. At the present time there are 18,000 bales of cotton around the bay awaiting shipment to Japan and China. Twice as much in transit between Texas and California is being sidetracked and stored till vessel room and dockage can be secured.

"I have never seen fundamental conditions better on this coast than at the present time.

"The Panama Canal has caused very little excitement, owing largely to war conditions, but when one realizes the difference in profit to producers on the Pacific Coast made by canal rates as opposed to rates around the Horn, one appreciates what the canal means for us. On grain of all kinds the Pacific Coast producer is receiving from three to five dollars a ton more than before the canal opened.

"Banking conditions throughout the entire Pacific Coast are probably the best in our history. As soon as confidence becomes a little stronger conditions are sure to improve by leaps and bounds. The immense prices received for farm products this past crop year mean that the farmers will be enabled to lighten their obligations with the banks and put in circulation for commercial purposes the many millions they will spend for farm improvements.

"The railroads are not in as good a position as they were before the Panama Canal was opened. It will take time and a great deal of readjustment of traffic and conditions before the railroads are able to compare their earnings with their earnings in the past. It is to be hoped that public sentiment will lean more favorably toward the railroad interests than heretofore. It is a well established fact that when the railroads and other big interests make money, the laboring man and everyone who depends on his earnings for a livelihood enjoys prosperity and good spirits. You can't kill off the big in-

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terests without starving the laboring man. The big interests do not go into new enterprises because they need money, but simply because they want to continue in active life and are willing to place their funds where they are able to earn a fair rate of interest. These men of industry never carry their money with them when they leave the world. It is distributed and helps all walks of life.

"It is quite noticeable that public sentiment is growing more humane. Take the exchanges of the country. Before an object lesson was given the public it demanded all kinds of restrictions on securities and farm products exchanges. When the war came along these exchanges were the safety valve that saved us from what would have been the greatest panic the world has ever known. Few people realize the true benefit the exchanges have been to all commercial interests. The Stock Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, the Grain Exchange are arteries of commerce as essential as the arteries of the body. I believe that the object lesson given during the past four months has changed many people, induced them to advocate the continuance of these different exchanges.

"I look for a general improvement of business starting soon after the first of the year 1915. I believe we will see the greatest prosperity during the next few years to come that these United States have ever seen.

"We receive from foreign nations two and one-half to three billion dollars annually for foodstuffs, manufactured goods and other products. Conditions have now changed materially. Our exports have increased largely while our imports show an immense decline.

"The keeping in this country of two hundred million dollars heretofore spent annually abroad by tourists is another factor of great importance. The tourist will now have an opportunity to see his own country. I never met one who didn't want to do this, but when the time came he always found it convenient to go abroad. Now he must stay at home or travel in the United States. He must travel somewhere, so he'll see his own country. Take this item of two hundred millions and multiply it by eighty—our circulating standard—it means an immense amount of money circulated in this country that never had an opportunity to circulate heretofore. The railroads, hotels and all commercial avenues will be benefited through this condition.

"While California may miss many foreign visitors at the Exposition, she will certainly receive more than the same number of Americans who generally travel in Europe.

"I am satisfied that within the next six months our prosperity will have shown itself to such a marked degree that we will all forget the depression we are now passing through. Everything has reached bedrock and cannot be depressed further. That being so we have an improvement ahead without any possible doubt."

THORNWELL MULLALLY

I WORKED all day," said Thornwell Mullally speaking of the crowded weeks before the Auditorium Ball, "and at night I read Rose's 'Personality of Napoleon.' The connection may not be immediately apparent."

Confessing that it was not I begged him to elucidate. "My favorite reading," he explained, "is all along this line," and he picked up from his desk von Bernhardt's book on Cavalry. "Military strategy is to me the most fascinating study in the world. I read the text books on the subject, I devour historical treatises that deal with it, and and I search the biographies of soldiers for information concerning their ways of handling great masses of troops. I love the science of strategy. I have a profound admiration for the great strategists—for Caesar, for Washington, for Grant and Lee and Stonewall Jackson, but particularly for Napoleon."

Mullally, by the way, is thought to bear a remarkable resemblance to certain portraits of the young Bonaparte, and I do not think it displeases him to have the likeness noticed.

"My interest in military strategy," he continued, "is not a mere dilettante interest. It began in the most natural way, for I was five years a member of Squadron A of the New York Cavalry. I have continued the study ever since for very practical reasons. I apply the rules of strategy to my work. The methods by which battles are won may be used to advantage in running a street railroad. They make for success in any big public undertaking even if it happens to be a ball."

"Happens?" I repeated inquiringly. "Why do you say 'happens'?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Mullally, showing by a smile that he was glad I had put the question. "I have now had considerable experience in the organization of these affairs."

This, I need not interject, is a conservative statement of fact. Thornwell Mullally was responsible for the monster Ball of All Nations which signalized the completion of Machinery Hall on the World's Fair grounds, the largest frame building in the world. He was responsible also for the success of the ball which celebrated the opening of our Municipal Auditorium. His was the controlling hand in every department of preparation and conduct, his the tireless activity which made both of these public festivities record-breaking successes. But I am interrupting Mullally's explanation.

"My experience in these affairs," he continued, "has enlightened me concerning the psychology of the San Franciscan. I doubt whether there is a city anywhere else in the world whose people conduct their public merrymaking as admirably as San Franciscans do. When San Franciscans play they play with all their hearts and souls, giving themselves entirely to

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the spirit of the joyous occasion. But they have such a remarkable sense of order, their devotion to the proprieties is so instinctive that an immense public gathering such as the Auditorium Ball takes the form of a real civic achievement.

"Viewed in this light the merrymaking possesses only incidental importance. The spirit which animates the throng is so fine that one wishes it had been evoked by something of more consequence than a ball. One feels a sense of inadequacy in reflecting that such splendid qualities were called forth by a frivolous pretext. I do not think that it is 'considering too curiously to consider so.' At any rate it is the dominant thought with me. I am not deprecating, far from it. I am not suggesting by any manner of means that every great public gathering should be a solemnity. There is a time for solemnity as there is a time for festivity. I am not taking my pleasure sadly, but perhaps I cannot help taking it thoughtfully. Will you believe me when I say that as I looked round the Auditorium when the ball was at its height, my principal feeling was one of awe?"

Certainly the statement surprised me.

"To see that vast assemblage responding so perfectly to the civic appeal made a tremendous impression on me," Mullally explained. "I could not help thinking that San Franciscans would be animated by the same wonderful spirit in any emergency they might be called upon to deal with. We saw that identical spirit displayed after the fire of 1906. The burning of San Francisco was the saddest sight I ever saw. The Auditorium Ball was one of the merriest. Yet the underlying spirit of the people was exactly the same. Thinking of that and speculating as we cannot help speculating in this time of bloodshed as to the demands which the future may make upon our courage, is it any wonder that I was awed? Was I alone in being thrilled by the thought that there is no demand to which this city is not equal, no test which it cannot meet?"

"But let us get back from psychology to strategy," exclaimed Mullally with a laugh. "I mapped the arrangements for the Auditorium Ball as a general would map a campaign. After we had cleared the floor for the grand march Signor de Pasquali came to me and said with surprise that it had been done in forty-five seconds. Now a man can walk quite a distance in forty-five seconds, and that floor was cleared just as fast as four men starting from the centre of the floor could walk to the four corners, stretching ropes as they walked. It is so simple that it can be illustrated with four matches on a table. In the same way a diagram of a few lines will show how I cleared a special space for the exhibition dancers, and how I simplified the judging of costumes. The secret lies in making plans beforehand, leaving nothing to chance, and obtaining intelligent co-operation from those who execute orders. And the waging and winning of battles is nothing more than that, is it?"

The connection between Mullally's preliminary work by day and his study of Napoleon by night was no longer obscure.

"It is only another way of paying tribute to the San Francisco spirit," Mullally continued, "to say that while the Auditorium was well policed, there was not a policeman in uniform in the whole building. They were in dress

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suits, and there was no need for them to display the insignia of their office. Not a single instance of disorder was reported.

"The ball," Mullally concluded, "came at the proper moment. It came just in time to give our people a foretaste of the Fair. It came to upset the calculations of the statisticians too, for as a result of it they are revising their figures of Fair attendance. It is now believed that the attendance of people from the bay region will exceed that of people similarly situated at any other World's Fair."

For all of which let us take off our hats to Thornwell Mullally, the man who never dances but who gave us the two greatest dances in our history! Let us acclaim him our master of the revels, our chamberlain of mirth, our director of masques, our steward of merriment, our monarch of merry disports, our keeper of the seals of jollity! In the Saturnalia of the earliest Roman days the king of the revels who impersonated god Saturn suffered martyrdom at the end of the celebration. Let us not treat Thornwell Mullally in that ungracious fashion, even figuratively. He suffered the martyrdom of hard work while the revel was on. Now that it has passed, let us not forget the man who made it possible, the strategist who marshalled our forces of fun, the psychologist who found a new meaning in the holiday behavior of San Franciscans.

Henry Miller, a great actor and a stage director in ten thousand, was at the Auditorium Ball. "I'd like to have Mullally for my manager," was his comment.


Morris Meyerfeld, president of the Orpheum and an executive of proved ability, was there. "Mullally is the greatest manager I ever met," he said to a friend.

Dr. Skiff of the World's Fair is the most experienced exposition man in the world. "Mullally is to be congratulated on a great achievement," he declared.

General Wisser was not at the Auditorium Ball, but he attended the Ball of All Nations. After that affair he wrote to an intimate: "Mullally would make a great chief of staff."

Mullally is in charge of Special Events at the World's Fair. He heads, or it might be more correct to say he is the committee which supervises not only Special Events, but also Athletics and Military Affairs. His success with the Ball of All Nations and the Auditorium Ball—he netted the Fair \$55,000 out of these two events—indicated that he could be of greater service to our city and our Fair in more closely specialized work. Why diffuse Mullally's activities? Why not concentrate them in the field where he has the magic power to raise huge sums through fun? where his strategical and psychological powers can be turned to the very best account? Those were the questions our Fair Directors asked after studying Mullally's outstanding achievements. In consequence Mullally was drafted for additional work.

THOMAS M. O'CONNOR

 HIS CLOSING argument in the Leah Alexander case made newspapermen weep. It may sound incredible, but the truth of it cannot be impugned. The salty drops found channel in callous cheeks, and the yellow copy paper, like the book of the Recording Angel, was blotted with tears. They wept without shame, in the presence of a court room throng too busy with its own wet eyes to wonder at the sight. When cynic scribes dissolve lachrymally who shall repeat that sillyism about blood and a turnip?

His closing argument won other unusual testimonials. I have the word of a Justice of the Supreme Court that it was one of the most masterly ever made in California. I have it from a Judge of our Appellate Court that that plea placed the young pleader at the head of our jury lawyers. His colleagues of the bar are exalting his horn in every conversation. They have been trying to recall any other occasion when a murder case was carried through four brief days to a verdict of Not Guilty. They are saying that the psychology of the jury box is his to command in all its amazing ramifications.

All the town couldn't get into the court room, though most of it seemed to try. And the newspaper accounts were necessarily curtailed. So when I read excerpts from that closing argument my curiosity was filliped. There were lines which I did not fully understand. Among them were these:

"The Goddess of Justice is depicted as a blind goddess. 'Tis well that Justice is blind. It would not be well for Justice to see some of the things that have been done in this case, in the name of Justice and in her Temple. It was well that Justice could not see the poor old mother of Leah Alexander denied the privilege, the cold consolation of sitting by her daughter's side in the hour of her greatest need. It was well that Justice could not see the Court admit the dying statement of Van Baalen against this defendant and exclude from the record his other dying statement in this defendant's favor. It was well that Justice could not see that the ministers of her Temple had one entrance for Mrs. Van Baalen and another for the little old woman who is Leah Alexander's mother."

I went to Tom O'Connor and asked him what all this meant. Was not Mrs. Alexander allowed to sit with Leah?

"On the first day of the trial," he told me, "while mother and daughter were sitting together with hands clasped, Judge Dunne sent his bailiff to tell the mother that she would not be permitted to sit with her daughter in the sight of the jury. So Mrs. Alexander was removed to a seat looking out of the window on Portsmouth Square where, if her vision had been clearer, she might have read the inscription on the Stevenson Monument, 'To be honest, to be kind.' I have never heard of this being done before. To sit

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beside the person whose life or liberty is in the balance is a privilege accorded to the close relatives of defendants in all our courts, and I do not recall any other case in which the discretion of the court was exercised against it."

"What about the favorable and unfavorable dying statements?"

"When Van Baalen was lying in the corridor of the Chronicle Building," Tom O'Connor explained, "Officer Levy asked Leah Alexander why she shot him, and she replied: 'Because he promised to marry me.' Then Levy asked Van Baalen if he had promised to marry her, and Van Baalen said: 'How could I promise, when she and everybody knows I'm already a married man.' That was admitted in evidence. Later in the day word came from the Emergency Hospital to the police department that Van Baalen was dying, and Assistant District Attorney James Brennan and Detectives Collier and Callahan hurried to the hospital. Van Baalen stated that he didn't know whether he was going to die or not and told them to ask the doctor. Then turning to Brennan he said: 'Take her away, Jim. Treat her kindly. She was crazy when she did it.' This was not a formal dying statement, as Van Baalen did not acknowledge that he was going to die. I claimed, however, that it was admissible in evidence, having been made in the presence and hearing of Leah Alexander and she having replied to it. It was part of the *res gestae*. But the objection of the District Attorney to its admission was sustained. The objection may have been properly sustained but the question was so close that the defendant might have been given the benefit of the doubt."

"And what about the discrimination as between Mrs. Van Baalen and Mrs. Alexander?" I continued.

"Nine witnesses had testified as to the actual killing and the circumstances surrounding it," O'Connor explained. "One witness would have been sufficient to establish the prosecution's case, but the agony was piled on for the purpose of impressing the jury with the killing end of the story. Then Leah Alexander told her story on the stand, and it was evident that she had created a profound impression. District Attorney Berry had anticipated this, so he held Mrs. Van Baalen, the widow, for rebuttal, doubtless believing that by closing his case with her testimony the effect of Leah Alexander's story would be to a great extent neutralized. She was brought in through the Judge's chambers, leaning on the arms of attendants, a beautiful woman in widow's weeds of the finest texture. I felt that the jury must have noted this departure from the court's attitude toward other witnesses, because day after day during the trial the defendant and her mother were compelled literally to fight their way through the dense crowd that thronged the court room and the corridor. No suggestion was made that they be permitted to make their entrance, dramatic or otherwise, through the Judge's chambers."

"What was the incident, referred to in the Daily News, of Judge Dunne ruling out a telegram which he had not read?" I continued.

"That," explained O'Connor, "was simply a little lapse on the part of Judge Dunne. He had sustained every objection made by the District Attorney, and I suppose he wanted to keep his record straight on that score. I showed Mrs. Van Baalen the copy of a telegram in Van Baalen's hand-

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writing, and she admitted that she had received the wire. It was a telegram arranging the details of their divorce. I went through the formality of showing the telegram to Mr. Berry who objected to its admission on the ground that it had nothing to do with the case. This objection Judge Dunne promptly sustained. When I called his attention to the fact that it was impossible for him to decide that question, since he had not seen the telegram and was ignorant of its contents, he reddened but adhered to his ruling.

"As another indication of Judge Dunne's attitude toward the defense I may mention that while I was making my opening statement, he interrupted me with the remark that nothing I had said so far had any bearing on the case.

"But my hat is off to Assistant District Attorney Fred Berry. While he fought his case for everything that was in it and, I often felt, for a little more, he did one thing in that trial which showed that his partisanship never allied itself with unfair tactics. It seems that Miss Alexander, shortly after her arrest, had antagonized a very estimable lady on one of the papers. On the last day of the trial this lady gave expression to her dislike of Miss Alexander by manifestations of ill will. I noticed the lady's attitude, but concluded it would be unwise to do or say anything, as I inferred that she was unconsciously reflecting her mental attitude. But Mr. Berry had been noticing this little byplay in the court room. He took occasion then and there to remonstrate with the lady for her actions and told her not to repeat them. She immediately left the court room. I understand that on Saturday morning a delegation of clubwomen which called on District Attorney Fickert protested against this action of Mr. Berry. This attitude on the part of the lady in question was surprising in view of the fact that every other woman in the court room throughout the trial evidenced the liveliest sympathy for Miss Alexander."

This lively sympathy of the women was one of the outstanding features of the trial. Another was the weeping at the press table and in the jury box.

"But don't let anybody tell you," O'Connor remarked, "that a weeping juror doesn't convict. One of the three men who held out for conviction had Niobe looking like Marie Dressler."

I thought that another unusual circumstance was the sweeping aside of the expert testimony of Doctor Lustig who pronounced Leah Alexander sane. Tom O'Connor didn't agree with me.

"Alienists!" he exclaimed. "Why, a jury cares very little for the expert testimony of alienists. Every juror knows that an alienist with a retainer would testify that St. Vitus didn't know how to dance!"

It was a notable case and a clean-cut, complete victory for forensic ability. The town is talking about it and about as no other case has been discussed for many a long day. The polloi are acclaiming a new legal luminary. But those who know the man who acquitted Leah Alexander are not surprised. They put it simply:

"Tom O'Connor has come into his own."

MRS. KATHARINE D. OSBOURNE

NOT I

*Some like drink
In a pint pot.
Some like to think;
Some not.
Strong Dutch cheese,
Old Kentucky rye,
Some like these;
Not I.*

*Some like Poe
And others like Scott.
Some like Miss Stowe;
Some not.
Some like to fight,
Some like to cry,
Some like to write;
Not I.*

*Now, there's enough,
Clean without a blot,
Some may like the stuff;
Some not.
Some will say "Encore!"
And some "O fie!"
Some would do some more;
Not I.*



GENTLE READER, do I hear you say: "Quaint but trifling; almost nonsense verse?" Well, you may be right, but this little poem is precious withal. It was written by Robert Louis Stevenson and I esteem it a privilege to be able to present it to you, because it has never been published before. Through the kindness of Mrs. Katharine D. Osbourne I was allowed to copy it from the original in the handwriting of R. L. S. which is preserved by Mrs. Osbourne in a little scrap book filled with mementoes of Lloyd Osbourne's childhood. "Little Sam," as Stevenson called the boy Lloyd, had a printing press and his step-father used to write him just such quaint effusions which were duly set up and printed from the press. A number of these little poems have been published, but "Not I" is now given to the world for the first time.

In her beautiful home at Lombard and Hyde where for years she was next-door neighbor to the Carmelite nuns, Mrs. Osbourne preserved many memorials of the great man whom it was her misfortune never to see. She showed me the set of dishes, many of them broken, with which he played as a baby in Edinburgh. She showed me the "baby's record" in which his mother preserved a minute account of his childish achievements from the day of his birth. She showed me a lock of his hair. And she showed me many

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letters written by him, with the answers from men who have become famous merely because they enjoyed the honor of his correspondence.

These and many other memorials, Mrs. Osbourne explained, belonged to Jane White Balfour, Stevenson's "Aunty" of the Child's Garden of Verses. Before her death Miss Balfour gave them to Mrs. Osbourne.

"Among other things," says Mrs. Osbourne, "were the letters of Mrs. Stevenson, the mother of R. L. S., which I had published about five years ago, although my name did not appear as the editor of the collection. Among the memorials in my possession were many which I gave to Graham Balfour for his life of Stevenson. That life, as you will remember, was severely criticized. Even before his death Stevenson had become a tradition and Balfour gave people that traditional Stevenson who was far from being the real Stevenson. Stevenson was not the 'seraph in chocolate' of Balfour's book, to use Henley's expression. There was a great deal of truth in Henley's strictures, but Henley who was full of malice toward the end, used facts to give the wrong impression of Stevenson."

"A subject never dies till the truth is written about it," says Mrs. Osbourne, and part of that truth she has given to the world. Mrs. Osbourne is the author of a book entitled "Robert Louis Stevenson in California." The plenteous illustrations alone make this a book of absorbing interest. The frontispiece is a picture of Stevenson never before published. And there is a picture of the old house at 608 Bush street where Stevenson lived; not a photograph, for none is in existence, but a drawing made by Miss Withrow, the artist, from a minute description. The two upper stories of that house were brought round the Horn. When Stevenson returned to San Francisco from the South Seas he went to find it, but it had been pulled down.

But the woman who took lodgers there was still living and when she went to see Stevenson at his hotel the great writer excluded all other visitors and had a long talk with her. How many know that that woman is still living? She is Mrs. Mary A. Carson, a delightful old Irish woman and she lives way out in Geary street. She gave Mrs. Osbourne a great deal of information for the book.

"She is a dear old soul," says Mrs. Osbourne, "and her memory is splendid. She says that when Stevenson first came to live in her house he was 'a poor shabby shack of a fellow' and that 'his appearance wasn't what his acquaintance afterwards bore out.' She says too, 'He was that quick' and all who know the real Stevenson who swore like a Billingsgate fishwife when he was aroused by injustice and went after a waiter with a bottle when he was cheated of his due amount of wine, will agree with her."

California harbors another woman who knew Stevenson intimately, says Mrs. Osbourne. When Stevenson was "ordered South" by his physician he went to Hyeres in the south of France and there employed a young woman named Valentine Roche to nurse him. Valentine Roche remained with Stevenson for eight years, leaving him finally in Honolulu. She came to San Francisco, intending to return to her home in France; but instead she met and married Thomas Brown, a farmer of Sonoma and has been living in the nearby county ever since.

MRS. KATHARINE D. OSBOURNE



MRS. KATHARINE D. OSBOURNE

"She is a very remarkable woman," says Mrs. Osbourne; "keen, intelligent and with an ordinary French education. She was with Stevenson when he conferred with his publishers and received his friends. He talked to her about all his secrets and his quarrels. When he suffered from hemorrhages she would spend the night on a rug before the fireplace in his bedchamber. She was alone with him for weeks at a time. Valentine says that when all the rest have had their say about Stevenson she will write her book and that it will be unlike anybody else's. And she is right.

"For there is a great deal to be written about Stevenson. The world has changed since he died and it must change a good deal more before the truth about him will be thoroughly understood. Some day, I believe, we shall realize that Stevenson was the greatest man of his age; that he was the great prophet, the great teacher. The breaking away of the world from religious dogma, the abandonment of the old beliefs bring us nearer to Stevenson's teachings. The real message of Stevenson's life is a religious message. The Catholics like to quote him as standing up for Father Damien, though they forget sometimes that he didn't stand up for Catholicism. He saw in Father Damien a man who gave up his life for his work. He loved Damien as he loved Dr. Chalmers, that wonderful man who went as a missionary to the New Hebrides and was finally eaten by cannibals. Stevenson used to say that he hoped Chalmers would die before him as he wanted to write the missionary's life. But Chalmers survived him. Chalmers had a strange power over the cannibals and went among them without fear. But through sickness his power was at a low ebb when they knocked him on the head and ate him."

"Somebody asked me the other day," and Mrs. Osbourne laughed, "whether Stevenson wasn't like Jesus Christ. I said, 'Not a bit.' And yet I can see him being like Christ in driving the money-lenders out of the Temple. He did not believe in the divinity of Christ, but he studied His life as that of the perfect man."

I asked Mrs. Osbourne who were the closest friends of Stevenson in this city.

"Of course there is Mrs. Carson," she answered. "Then there is Mrs. Virgil Williams. Stevenson was very intimate with Virgil Williams before his death and wrote to him a great deal. He corresponded with Mrs. Williams too. After Stevenson's death in Samoa Mrs. Stevenson and her son Mr. Lloyd Osbourne came to this city and visited Mrs. Williams on Russian Hill. It was at that time that I married Mr. Osbourne. I returned with them to Samoa; later I went to England and Scotland and met all the living members of his family. That was how I came to get various memorials including the letters of Stevenson's mother who died shortly after he died.

"Another San Francisco friend of Stevenson was Hiram H. Bloomer, the artist, who died recently in Sausalito. He knew Stevenson in the early days in France and it was through him that Stevenson met Mrs. Osbourne who became Mrs. Stevenson. Mr. Bloomer was studying art in Paris while Mrs. Osbourne was there with her three children. The oldest was a girl who

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was just about Stevenson's age. The youngest was a boy of five who died in Paris. Mrs. Osbourne was told that Lloyd would die too if he stayed in Paris and Mr. Bloomer advised Mrs. Osbourne to take her children to Gretz near Fontainebleau. It was there that she met Stevenson. You may remember that he wrote of Mr. Bloomer in his essay on Fontainebleau.

"Those early days in Paris were described in 'The Wreckers.' It is not generally known that the Speedys who figure in that story were Mr. and Mrs. Carson who spent all their money buying wildcat mining stocks. Pinkerton, the American promoter in the same story, was Colonel S. S. McClure. I don't think McClure really liked being put in. But he had a great affection for Stevenson and would have made him a very rich man if Stevenson had fallen in with his plans."

Mrs. Osbourne told me that she and her husband did most of the work of editing the letters of Stevenson. "Sidney Colvin had a way of putting off things," she said; "he wrote the introduction to the letters but we edited them." She said too that some of the letters in her book are very important to the student of Stevenson's life. One written from Bush street to his family shows that the secret of his sorrow and ill health here was the opposition of his family to his marriage. But when they found that he was determined to marry they sent him money.

"There was money waiting for him at the general postoffice in New York," she told me, "while he was living on forty-five cents a day in San Francisco."

And she said that one of the most interesting books ever written about Stevenson was "With Stevenson in Samoa," by H. J. Moors, a work which has not attracted the attention it deserves.

"He was not literary," she explained; "so he could only tell the truth. You know how truthful the unliterary person is."

Mrs. Osbourne looked at me questioningly.

And I nodded a reluctant head.

CHARLES ROLLO PETERS

IN A LITTLE hollow of the Marin hills near Greenbrae stands a gnarled, old, sturdy oak tree. It spreads its lichened branches like venerable arms extended in benediction, and there is a sylvan silence all about it. From the quiet glade the hills rise on one side in curving progress till they make the majesty of Tamalpais; on the other they drop gracefully downward to the waters of the bay. It is a spot for contemplation, where one may hold one's soul aloof from the noisy world and let nature whisper to it. Just such a nook would a poet hunt out when the urge of inspiration sent him from mankind to the breast of Mother Earth. Just such a spot would Daniel O'Connell have loved. So there is a happy appropriateness in the choice of this charming place for a memorial to the dead poet of Bohemia.

The new memorial to Daniel O'Connell we owe to Charles Rollo Peters. Between the dead poet and the painter whose brush is dipped in the witchery of moonlight there was a strong affection. It lasted through many years of glorious ups and dismal downs, and it was consecrated by death. Peters was among the last at the poet's deathbed; he wept as he followed the mortal remains to the tomb. When it was proposed to erect a memorial at Sausalito, and funds were not forthcoming, Peters put up one of his best pictures at auction and made the accomplishment of the project possible.

Perhaps Rollo Peters is jealous of the indiscriminate throng which shares that Sausalito memorial with him. Perhaps he feels that Dan O'Connell should be commemorated in the woods he so passionately loved as well as in the town where he lived. Whatever the motive or mixture of motives, Peters resolved on a memorial in the Marin hills. He has painted there a great deal, and knows their many charming, secret places. He picked the quiet glade with its noble oak as fittest to receive the honor.

So a bronze tablet designed by Peters' and O'Connell's friend, Willis Polk, has been affixed to the oak tree. It bears only these words: "In loving memory of Daniel O'Connell, poet, philosopher, friend." There was a fitting celebration. Porter Ashe, Ned Hamilton and others recalled the good old days when "The Roseleaves" fluttered about in madcap merriment. And then the tablet was left to Mother Nature and to the silence which is only broken by the sighing of the breeze through the branches and the music of the bee and the katydid. Only the wanderer in the hills or the devout pilgrim seeking out shrines of song will find the tablet on the oak.

"Dan O'Connell loved God's out-of-doors," said Peters when I asked him about the memorial. "He delighted in life in the open. He was an excellent shot, a skilled fly fisher and an expert yachtsman. So it seemed right to commemorate him in the hills and among the trees."

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This reminded me of what Delmas wrote of the poet: "A lover of nature, his genius expanded and poured forth its garnered treasures the closer it nestled upon the breast of the great parent of the universe."

"Did you know that Dan O'Connell was a grand-nephew of the great Irish Liberator?" Peters asked me. I admitted my ignorance.

"He came of fine stock," the painter continued. "He was a cousin of Herbert of Muckross, the owner of the Killarney estate before Billy Bourn bought it for his daughter. His father was the original of the hero of Charles Lever's novel 'The Knight of Gwyn.' He had an estate at Darrynane in Clare, but ruined himself by excess of hospitality, like so many other Irish gentlemen.

"Dan was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and then went into the British navy. But he fought a duel with a Frenchman in China, wounded him and had to skip to avoid being courtmartialled. He came to San Francisco, and from here made his way to Santa Clara College on foot. Why he went there I never learned—perhaps he knew some priest at the college—but at any rate they made him a professor and he stayed for some time. Later he came to San Francisco and supported himself by writing for the papers. He was generally desperately poor, but his friends assisted him from time to time and he managed to get along somehow or other.

"His poetry was written at odd times and brought him little money. He knew it was good poetry, but was not conceited. At the same time, he had an Irishman's sentimentality and often wondered whether he would be remembered after death.

"His death was very sudden and was due to pneumonia. He died at Sausalito in a house belonging to James V. Coleman. Two weeks before he had written his most beautiful poem, 'The Chamber of Sleep.' It reads like a prophecy but when he wrote it he did not expect to die. A few hours before his death I went to his bedside with Coleman and Billy Berg. He was breathing heavily. He drew me down close to him and whispered:

"'Charley, me boy, they've struck the old ship below the water line and she's sinking.'

"Then in a louder voice, and so as to deceive his wife who was standing close by, he added:

"Yes, bring me all the magazines you can. I'll read them while I'm getting well.'

"He was buried from the Bohemian Club; the only man, I suppose, who ever was or ever will be buried from there.

"He was a jovial fellow, and used to write a lot of nonsense verse for his friends to sing. There are some foolish lines of his running through my head now. The Roseleaves used to roar them out when they went for a barbecue behind Angel Island in Commodore Harrison's 'Frolic.' They were written about a chap named McCarthy who owned a yacht that his father didn't know about. They went something like this:

CHARLES ROLLO PETERS



CHARLES ROLLO PETERS

'Now old McCarthy drew the prize,
And it was a glorious day
When to the bank the old man went
To salt the coin away.
But young Dick, he was a blood, you bet,
From his head down to his heel,
And every day he'd stale away
To take the schooner's wheel.
Miss Daisy Green is very ill,
Miss Aggie Riordan's worse,
Tim Fagan lays aside his pipe
Anne Finnerty to nurse;
And though they are as limp as rags,
They are too game to squeal,
And say, 'The Lord is with us while
McCarthy's at the wheel.'

"O'Connell had a charming personality. He was very magnetic, a great story teller and quick at repartee. But there was no evil in his mind, no malice in his wit. I never heard him say anything calculated to inflict pain. Time and time again when someone baited him in after dinner talk he would lean over to me and say:

"'Charlie, me boy, I could say so and so in answer to that, but what's the use?'

"These suppressed replies were always gems of repartee.

"He always presented a smiling face to the world. I remember once on one of the expeditions of the Roseleaves he was wanted to make the chowder and I went looking for him. I found him sitting some distance up the beach. He refused to return with me.

"'I've got a ripping headache,' he told me, 'and I might say something ill-natured that I'd regret.'

"He had many sincere friends. Stevenson was one of them. I think the one sincere spot in Delmas' life was his fondness for Dan O'Connell.

"Clay Greene says that when he was at Santa Clara he was a handsome young man but in later years he was red-faced, fat and of great bulk.

"I remember years ago reading in an English magazine a story by Somerset Maugham called 'An Irish Gentleman.' I thought at the time that Maugham had Dan O'Connell in mind, and meeting him years afterwards, asked him about it. He said I was right. He had known Dan well. And he described him correctly. Yes, Dan O'Connell was an Irish gentleman."

WILLIAM A. PINKERTON

WHO STOLE the Mona Lisa?"

What may seem a foolish question to ask a detective. If he knew who stole the da Vinci masterpiece wouldn't he arrest the thief and restore the picture to the Louvre? Of course he would if he could, but thief-hunting isn't as simple as all that. A detective might know who stole the Mona Lisa, and still be unable to make out a case. He might be unable to find where the picture was hidden. Detectives in San Francisco have told me they know the thief who stole the De Sabla jewels at the Mardi Gras. Supposing they are correct, what would be the use of arresting the thief if they couldn't put their hands on the loot?

I thought perhaps some of our thief-takers knew who cut the Mona Lisa out of its frame in the Louvre. Long before the picture was recovered I asked William J. Burns who turned that trick. He told me he didn't know. A little later I asked the same question of "The Eye" and got the same answer. "The Eye" is Bill Pinkerton. It's what the crooks call him out of compliment to his eternal vigilance. But "The Eye" didn't know who stole the Mona Lisa any more than Burns knew.

"But I do know," said Pinkerton, "that the two men whose names have been most prominently connected with the Louvre robbery had nothing to do with it. I mean Eddie Guerin and Adam Worth. At different times the papers have had sensational stories connecting these men with the job.

"Eddie Guerin, the noted American crook, was sentenced to Devil's Island by the French government. It was reported that he escaped from the island. He didn't. Only one man ever escaped from Devil's Island, and he was caught later in an open boat, crazy and starving. Guerin escaped from the mainland of New Guinea. He made his way to London where he was arrested. The French government tried to extradite him but failed. He is safe in England, but the moment he set foot in France or the United States he'd be locked up. The story was that he took a chance, went to Paris and stole the Mona Lisa to get revenge on the French authorities. But that's ridiculous; a pure American newspaper fake. I saw Guerin in London last summer. He's keeping a small tobacco shop and living very quietly. He has to because Scotland Yard knows every move he makes. He realizes perfectly that if he ever goes to France he'll be sent to Devil's Island in a hurry, and he'll never leave Devil's Island alive.

"The Adam Worth story is another fake. I'm a firm believer that a man can come back, but it depends on where he comes from. To come back and steal the Mona Lisa as he stole the Gainsborough Duchess of Devonshire, Adam Worth would have to come from the Great Divide. Adam Worth died in England on January 8, 1902."

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"Are there any crooks you know of who could have done the job?"

"Lots of them. There are plenty of crooks today cleverer than Eddie Guerin or Adam Worth. The only difference is that these men haven't been featured by the papers. The last time I was in Paris a man of the world, not a crook himself but acquainted with lots of crooks, told me that a member of an Anglo-American gang came to him one day, just about the time of the Mona Lisa robbery, and offered to get him any picture in the Louvre for one thousand dollars.

"As a matter of fact that was an easy trick to turn. Worth told me once that he could steal the crown jewels out of the Tower of London. I told him the thing was impossible, but when the British authorities heard of his boast I noticed that they put a closer guard over the crown jewels. They've kept up the guard ever since. And you remember that the regalia was stolen from Dublin Castle.

"I suppose the man who took the Mona Lisa had a confederate in the gallery. But what did he get? The Mona Lisa is a white elephant. It ain't worth thirty cents."

"If that's the case, why did Worth steal the Duchess of Devonshire?"

"Worth didn't steal the Gainsborough for what it would bring. He stole it to get a pal out of a London jail. Worth swore he would get his friend out before trial. This was no easy matter because in England a bondsman must be a freeholder and of good reputation. One day at this time Worth and an English crook called 'Junka' were walking along Bond street and noticed a great many people entering the art gallery of Agnew and Company. They were curious and went in. They found that the Gainsborough Duchess of Devonshire which the Agnews had bought a few days before for £10,500 was on exhibition. When they left Worth told 'Junka' that he had discovered a way of releasing his friend. He said he would steal the painting and then send word to the Agnews that the man in jail would recover it for them if they got him out.

"On a foggy night in May, 1876, Worth broke into the gallery and cut the picture from the frame. Next day London was in an uproar. But meanwhile the attorney for the man in jail had discovered another way to get him out. The man had been extradited from France, but there was a flaw in the extradition papers and he was released on habeas corpus. That left Worth with a white elephant on his hands.

"In the following year one of Worth's accomplices was sent to prison from New York for forgery. While he was in prison he sent for my brother Bob and told him the story of the robbery. The facts were communicated to Scotland Yard. They already suspected Worth, but there was no way of finding where the picture was.

"Worth, as he himself told me later, brought the picture to America, had a special trunk built for it and kept it in storage, first in Brooklyn, then in New York and later in Boston. Meanwhile Worth continued his career of crime, and was finally sent to prison in Belgium. He came out a wreck. Shortly afterwards he ran across his old friend Pat Sheedy, the well known sporting man. Years before I had told Sheedy, if he ever ran across Worth.

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to persuade him to return the picture through me. Sheedy remembered, and made the suggestion. The result was that Worth walked into my Chicago office one day. He had come from London about the picture. I hadn't seen him for seventeen or eighteen years. He told me the whole story of the theft. The matter hung fire for a long time, but finally on March 28, 1901, Worth brought the picture to my office where one of the Agnews was waiting to receive it. It was twenty-five years since Agnew had seen the picture, and he cried when he looked at it. It's now in the Pierpont Morgan collection."

"A crook like Worth," continued Pinkerton, "leaves his mark on every job he does. The work of the great American crook always stands out. Compared to the great American crook all others are duffers, with the possible exception of the Australian crook."

"Big Mac for instance," I suggested.

"Yes," said Pinkerton, "I knew that bank job in British Columbia was Big Mac's as soon as I looked it over. I know McNamara well, and must say I like him. When I was in San Francisco I never passed The Turtle or Tom's Cabin without dropping in to spend a few dollars and have a chat with Mac. I was never so sorry for turning up any man in my life. But I didn't take any unfair advantage of him. He's a fellow with a big heart, always willing to share his last dollar with a friend. He's one of the coolest men I ever knew. You know when we arrested him he asked what we wanted him for. We told him, for cracking a bank vault near Vancouver and getting away with \$271,000. 'Oh, is that all?' he said: 'I thought it might be something serious.' I suppose you know he has been ordered extradited from New York?"

Bill Pinkerton smiled in an amused way.

"That was a great alibi Mac fixed up for himself. At the time of the robbery he was living quietly at Fort Lee, New Jersey. He brought witnesses to swear that he had been in New York and Fort Lee that day. There was a restaurant tab to prove that he had eaten in a Fort Lee restaurant. There was an automobile man to swear that Mac had had an auto ride of several hours in Fort Lee. He gave the name of the garage and the number of the car. Finally there was a gatekeeper at the Erie ferry who swore that Mac had started through the wrong gate and the gatekeeper had called him back. I had a man eat at the restaurant and found by the number of his check that Mac's was only a few days old instead of four months old. The automobile number was the number of a hearse which had been at a funeral when Mac was supposed to have been joy riding. And the books of the Erie company showed the watchman hadn't been working that day. That was a very carelessly constructed alibi."

"What do you think of the dictagraph?"

"I've never given it a fair trial, so I can't say whether it is worth while or not. At the same time, you know it fell down awfully in the Lorimer case. It was supposed to have been used on Hines. The senatorial committee summoned the operator and tried out the dictagraph under exactly the same conditions. An expert stenographer got barely one-third of the conversation

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which was supposed to have been obtained. That discredited the dictagraph with the committee."

"Will you ever write a book about your experiences?"

"Never. I don't believe in that sort of thing. Magazines have been after me time and time again for stories, but with one or two exceptions I have always turned them down. I don't believe in traveling with a brass band. I don't go in for cheap notoriety. Besides, detective stories do more harm than good. They are not the right kind of reading for boys. Detective stories and the moving picture shows before they were censored were the greatest of all incentives to crime among the young."

When Pinkerton speaks of the evil effect of detective stories he does not refer to Conan Doyle or Hornung or such writers. He's strong for them. He's particularly enthusiastic about Raffles and Bunny. But he doesn't care much about Gaboriau. "Too Frenchy," he says. As for Poe, he says he hasn't read much of him.

Bill Pinkerton has been a detective for fifty years, ever since he was fifteen years old. There was a time when he knew every important crook in the world.

"But I've been doing office work so long now," he says, "that I've lost track of a lot of them. They keep growing up all the time. The supply never fails."

But the crooks all know Bill Pinkerton, know him and fear him.

"There goes 'The Eye,'" one of the gentry said to me on Powell street the other day.

Perhaps he's not your idea of a detective at all. An elderly gentleman, portly, gray, a bit stiff in his walk, with narrow sleepy eyes. He dresses carefully with a generous sprinkling of diamonds, emeralds and pearls. But the tap of his cane on the sidewalk has a sinister sound for crooks. They don't care to exchange glances with "The Eye."

GEORGE H. PIPPY



OF ALL our noble army of colonels in mufti only two are barbigerous. I refer to Colonel Marye and Colonel Pippy. The barbal facade of Colonel Marye is calculated to excite the envy of poor depilated mortals; but it lacks the delicate distinction which goes with rarity. The hirtellous ornamentation of the Marye front is not unlike that of many less distinguished men. Colonel Pippy, on the other hand, shares his barbate honors with just two men in the United States, John D. Crimmins of New York and Senator Ham Lewis of Illinois.

The hairy arabesques that scroll the lower portion of Colonel Pippy's countenance descend in graceful undulations from either cheek, eager to mingle their tracteries on his chin. But they are not allowed to intertwine in careless tanglement. Advancing in ordered array, it is their evident purpose to overrun the mentum and countermarch on the other side of the facial territory. But only their outposts find contact at the frontier. The main forces are turned back upon themselves, leaving a line of demarcation fringed with little curls. The secret of this method of disposing whiskers is known only to Pippy, to Lewis and to Crimmins. Therefore, hispidulously speaking, Colonel Pippy is, in the life of San Francisco, a man apart.

Colonel Pippy, however, has more than capillary attraction. His renown is not solely hirsute. No mere Don Whiskerandos is Colonel Pippy. The glory of him does not originate in a barber shop. Nay, his trellised convolvuli are physically symbolical of higher qualities. The Colonel is, in the best sense of the term, a two-fisted gentleman. He expounds the law with one hand and impounds the cream with the other. He is equally at ease, be the topic certiorari or certified milk. He has both a license from the Board of Health and a diploma from the Supreme Court. Colonel Pippy is a lawyer and a milkman.

A San Franciscan by birth, Colonel Pippy began life as a blacksmith's helper in a carriage factory earning three dollars a week. His first employer is today his oldest friend. In due course he married the boss' daughter and embarked in business for himself. His equipment was a horse, a wagon and divers milk cans procured on credit. That was thirty-three years ago. Today he has a dairy in San Francisco and another in Oakland; he supplies three thousand retail customers as well as most of the big hotels, hospitals and restaurants. No other individual in the milk trade of the West has so large a business as Colonel Pippy.

It is more or less popular to "roast" or "kid" the milkman. In the comic papers the milkman is always on intimate terms with the village pump. But the cream has been skimmed from that milky jest. So I am not going to milk-pan or milk-toast Colonel Pippy. He is no milk-sop, no milk-and-water

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dairyman. He is indeed a fine fellow, overflowing with the pasteurized milk of human kindness, and he goes smilingly his milky way ruminating good deeds and lactating happiness for all sorts of people. There are no curds in Colonel Pippy's disposition. Speaking in dairy terms, the casein of him has never coagulated. He has not soured on the world. In the turmoil of business he has never forfeited the right to fly the milk-white flag of honorable dealing. In the ups and downs of life he has never lost his lactose smile, never abated the butter-fat unction of his geniality. The lactometer test has no terrors for him.

Neither has Nathan Strauss. Strauss is the sworn foe of diseased cows and dirty dairies. This ardent milk crusader brought the gospel of pasteurization to San Francisco some time ago. Strauss expected to find blameworthy conditions here. He found nothing of the sort. But after the fashion of ardent reformers he condemned our cows and dairies first, and investigated them afterwards.

"Strauss was genuinely surprised," says Colonel Pippy, "to find how downtodate our big dairies were. He came to talk pasteurization, prepared to acquaint us with it as a novelty. He found pasteurization of milk carried on in all the big San Francisco dairies. He found dairy conditions in San Francisco better than in New York or Chicago. We owe that to the splendid work done by the last few Boards of Health and by the excellent Milk Commission headed by Dr. Adelaide Brown."

Going into the matter a bit with Colonel Pippy, I found that the San Francisco dairies are really in advance of San Francisco milk consumers. The ordinary consumer of milk thinks that certified milk is the last word in pure milk. Certified milk is an excellent thing, there is no gainsaying that. But pasteurized milk is better. The cows that give the milk which is certified by the Milk Commission are examined twice a year. The milk is handled by machinery which eliminates every possibility of contamination. The dairies from which the certified milk comes are models of sanitation; the workingmen must be spotlessly clean. Still, there is the chance that a cow may develop disease in the interval between the two semi-annual examinations. There is no danger of this sort with pasteurized milk, for the pasteurization destroys all germs; and so far from hurting, really improves the flavor of the milk. Pasteurization is the more scientific method of insuring the consumer that he is buying pure milk. Yet pasteurized milk is cheaper than certified milk. Nathan Strauss rashly took it for granted that pasteurization had not reached this extremity of the world. As a matter of fact, it has been practiced here by all the big dairies for several years. So Strauss preached his gospel superfluously and denounced unjustly.

Colonel Pippy is very proud of his milk business. When he comes up from San Mateo in the morning he motors out to his dairy in Franklin street before going to his law office downtown. But he exercises only a general supervision. The dairy is run by a scientific milkman graduated from the College of Agriculture of the University.

"I thought I knew a lot about milk," remarked Colonel Pippy, "but I changed my mind when Armstrong took hold. He's a wonder."

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Colonel Pippy wasn't afraid to let Armstrong hear this encomium. He seems to be on excellent terms with his men. For the matter of that he's on excellent terms with the whole world.

"One great thing in life," he says, "is to be able to look the other fellow in the eye. But there's a greater thing than that—to be able to go to the mirror and look yourself straight in the eye."

When the Colonel does this latter thing (and I'm quite sure he's not afraid to), he inspects a pair of clear blue eyes full of kindness and good humor. There can't be anything very wrong with the man who regards the world through those eyes. They are in fact the windows of a charitable soul. What Colonel Pippy does from day to day to relieve distress, to help the weak who cannot help themselves, to bring a little cheer to the cheerless is none of your business or mine. I happen to know that he does a good deal in this way, having stumbled on the information by accident some time ago.

Like all happy men Colonel Pippy is on the go all the time. When he's not in his law office or his dairy or performing a deed of kindness or attending a banquet (the Colonel is one of our most assiduous prandialists), he is thinking up some new scheme to advance the cause for which the Home Industry League stands. Colonel Pippy organized the Home Industry League and is proud of it. He doesn't agree with those who think that it will build a wall around California and isolate us from the rest of the world. But he sees no reason why money which can be spent to advantage in California should be sent out of the State. The Home Industry League, he tells me, has saved millions of dollars from going East. One instance is typical. He obtained from the United States Government an order for two hundred thousand pairs of shoes for soldiers at three dollars a pair. Considering that the leather is produced here, why shouldn't the shoes be made here? That was his argument, and he succeeded in convincing the War Department that it was a good argument.

I spent the better part of a morning with Colonel Pippy, studying his dairy, his whiskers and his personality at close range. For his dairy I have a great admiration; for his personality a great deal of esteem; and as for his whiskers, there is really nothing to be said against them. Having reached this conclusion as I was leaving Colonel Pippy, I absent-mindedly said out loud:

"They're all right, Colonel."

"What's that?" he said.

"You're all right, Colonel," I covered up.

"Thanks," he smiled, giving my hand a hearty milk-shake.

WILLIS POLK



IFE has its compensations after all. It is not all a dusty highway with no roadhouse in sight. If you keep pushing on through the brambly brake you are sure to reach the grassy glade. After the very worst of roads your sixty-horse-power car is apt to strike a stretch of macadam. The most irresponsible of borrowers sometimes pays you back. But hold—we are not here to listen to a sermon of apothegmatic bromides. Our business is with Willis Polk, so let us not be betrayed by our penchant for moralizing into forgetfulness of our first proposition which may be restated thus: Willis Polk, if he chose, could pen a very interesting sequel to Emerson's justly celebrated essay on Compensations.

For on this current Saturday night (February 25th, 1911, the date of the opening of the new Pacific-Union Club), Willis Polk will be wreathed with the jonquils of glory. He will be crowned, metaphorically of course, with the oak leaves that symbolize victory in one of the prettiest architectural Marathons ever run. After having been roasted to a turn year after year he will be toasted in vintage wines. After having been boiled in oil, again metaphorically, the hinges of his self-esteem will be lubricated with the salve of laudation. After having been knocked he will be slapped on the back; after having been consigned to the pit of Tophet he will be raised on the wings of oratory propelled by the breath of postprandial hot-air to the brilliant heights of Paradise where he may look down on the roof of his tallest skyscraper. Not to keep you guessing, Willis Polk is to be a guest of honor at the Pacific-Union Club banquet.

Just picture that pretty scene. Visualize Willis Polk, his starched bosom swelling with pride and undigested compliments, his eye flashing with exaltation and champagne, rising to address the assemblage of gout, chalkstones, corpulence and filthy lucre known as the Pacific-Union Club. Before him and about him in that beautiful hall of paneled English walnut Dives is spooning up his bisque Tortoni and Midas is draining his Cordon Rouge. He sees here a malefactor of great wealth who used to call him a "bum architect;" he glimpses there, through the fragrant haze of fat regalias, a captain of industry who prophesied that he "couldn't come back." And as the applause that greeted his rising dies away he flourishes his serviette in a gesture of modest depreciation and launches into an exposition of how it all happened.

You will admit that it is not every architect who is commissioned to build a million-dollar club for effete and blase millionaires. You will concede that not every architect so commissioned would go to the trouble of knocking a couple of piffling hundred thousands off the original cost. And you will

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not gainsay the observation that when the architect who does this is one who never went to school, who first learned how to build and afterwards found out why it was done thus and not otherwise, who was stigmatized as a dreamer without practical ideas and an idealist without business sagacity—that such an architect, filling the foreground of such a picture as that which I have endeavored to sketch, has every right in the world to feel as though he has not lived in vain. And that just about represents the sentiment that is permeating Willis Polk at the present writing.

Architects are not unlike other professional men. Jealousy is not absolutely unknown among them. For the man who rises from the ranks they are apt to entertain a less kindly feeling than for the man who is accredited from a college. They bow their heads reverently if you come from the Beaux Arts and wag them derisively if you come from the carpenter's bench. Academic training is their badge of caste and Willis Polk never had any academic training worth boasting about. Yet he sympathizes with the peculiar ply of his architectural brethren to the extent of admitting that five years of collegiate instruction would have saved him ten of mighty hard sledding.

Polk came into the world in strict accordance with specifications in Kentucky in 1865. About his only equipment for the subsequent struggle was a class A reinforced determination, first of all to help his family and in the second place, to make a name for himself. His father had been an architect but at the outbreak of the Rebellion he rolled up his blueprints, tossed them on the shelf and donned a gray uniform. He came out of the struggle with inflammatory rheumatism and an empty exchequer and when Willis was seven years old the family moved to St. Louis. To help support the family he sold newspapers, ran errands, was a cash boy, did anything in fact that would bring in a little money. He says he was a good newsboy and sold a hundred papers every Sunday morning. At the age of eleven his father went to Hot Springs for the alleviation of his rheumatism and took Willis along. There father and son collaborated on a building and as you stroll down Central avenue in Hot Springs you may still see the "Iron Block," the first fruit of young Polk's architectural exertion. Two years later, at the mature age of thirteen, Willis saw an advertisement for bids for a new school house at Hope, Arkansas. He took a chance and got the contract. He not only drew the plans but also worked as a carpenter and stonemason in the erection of that modest temple of learning. From that time on he was a sure-enough "architect and builder" and did a good deal of work in Arkansas and Texas. In 1885 he went to Boston where he had the good fortune to meet Henry Van Brunt, one of the country's great architects, and in Van Brunt's office he began to learn something of the principles of architecture. Through Van Brunt he made the acquaintance of Professor William R. Ware who occupied the chair of architecture at Columbia. So he drifted to New York and cultivated Professor Ware, sitting with him night after night to absorb architectural lore and occasionally attending his lectures. He used to occupy a little hall bedroom on a Box and Cox arrangement. One day his fellow-lodger came into the room and insisted that he get up

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so that he, the fellow-lodger, might go to bed. That was his introduction to Oliver Herford, wit and writer, and their subsequent intimacy developed in Polk a facility for saying sharp truths that has helped to make him many enemies—and many friends. Stanford White and Augustus St. Gaudens were not famous in those days and young Polk used to pal with them. To the end of their lives this intimate association continued. In 1889 he came to San Francisco, just about the time that Architecture struck the town. Previous to that the “architecture” of our buildings, barring a few homes on Nob Hill and Pacific Heights, was of the jigsaw variety. We built first and then ordered our “architecture” from a planing mill. Conditions were changing when Willis Polk arrived here, but the change did not do him a great deal of good. He had plenty of time to cultivate his artistic sense, but few opportunities to practice his profession. When he did get a job a lot of the other architects stood around and explained how little they thought of him. Their explanations did not worry Polk and he gave as good as he received. With artists of all sorts he was popular and in '93 he helped organize the famous “Roseleaves,” a coterie of Bohemian clubmen which included Dan O’Connell, Denis O’Sullivan, Ned Townsend, Charles Rollo Peters, Pete Bigelow, Joe Redding and other choice spirits. There was lots of gray matter in that crowd but no money, a fact which was attested by the celebrated suit of Commodore Harrison versus the Roseleaves for the rent of the yacht Frolic, a suit in which most of the millionaires in town were made co-defendants with the poverty-stricken Bohemians. About the same time Polk became something of a newspaperman, contributing to the Sunday and weekly papers and distinguishing himself by scooping the State on the first hold-up of Evans and Sontag.

The year '97 was a particularly hard year for Polk and he spent most of it in seclusion from bill collectors drawing a plan for a wonderful peristyle and arch approach to the Ferry Building from Market street. Polk has that drawing yet. He says a great artist once declared that it was the biggest pen and ink drawing in the world—a dubious sort of compliment when you come to think it over. However, that work got Polk interested in schemes for municipal adornment and when he went to Chicago in 1900 to join D. H. Burnham’s architectural force, he carried a lot of ideas which found a sympathetic lodgment in Burnham’s mind, for Burnham has always made a hobby of just that sort of thing.

When Polk left San Francisco all the architects said he would never come back and when he came here with Burnham in 1906 they added that he couldn’t come back. When Burnham made him the business manager of his local office, they chortled at the joke of the thing; when Burnham made him a partner, they simply held their sides; when Burnham turned over his local business to him, they began to sit up and take notice.

In the past four years Polk has erected buildings of a total value of more than eight million dollars, so the architects are beginning to revise their early ideas about him. Of course not all the architects joined in the symphony of dispraise, so not all the architects find it necessary to recant.

But when Polk sits at that banquet board in the club which he built,

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maybe there won't be a few of his fellow craftsmen who will squirm in their seats—if they are fortunate enough to attend—when the toastmaster, consulting his notes or his pencilled cuff, introduces “a man who is fit to be compared with the great Vitruvius, a man who continues the glorious traditions of the brilliant school of Brunelleschi and Sansovino, a man whose name will go ringing down the ages with the names of Bramante and Vignola and Palladio, aye, with the immortal name of Michel-Angelo. Gentlemen, our architect, Willis Polk.” Prolonged applause followed by “He's a Jolly Good Fellow.”

A. M. ROBERTSON



IN THE mind of the ordinary man a publisher and bookseller is apt to be classed as a highbrow. He is thought of as one detached from the common activities, out of sympathy with the general interests of life. He is pictured as a myopic old soul whose horizon is bounded by learned volumes, whose nostrils perpetually snuff the musty odor of antique morocco, whose brow bulges with the lore of first editions and other loads of learned lumber. He is supposed to live only in the classic past, or if at all in the present, only in the present of literature. There is no doubt that lots of publishers and booksellers justify this notion. Lots of them are highbrows and nothing more. We have some such in San Francisco. But Aleck Robertson is not one of them.

It may surprise many people who never meet Aleck Robertson outside his bookshop on Union Square to learn that he is much more interested in politics than in book publishing or bookselling. It may startle them to be told that he would rather talk elections than first editions. But that's the fact. If Aleck Robertson gets started talking politics, I defy anybody to switch the conversation to books. Broach the subject of William Jennings Bryan to him and then try to branch off to George Sterling. You can't do it. Poetry is all right in its place, but when it comes to discussing poetry to the exclusion of politics, Robertson is not with you.

In the old days of conventions and bosses Robertson was deep in politics. But nobody ever accused him of being any man's man. Fighting bosses was his favorite sport. It would be a safe wager that when Robertson was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the fifth district he got more fun out of his defeat than he derived from the companionship of all the poets whose books he has published. Highbrowing is all right in its place, thinks Robertson, but man was not made for books alone.

But of course one doesn't go to Robertson to hear his panegyrics on the Peerless One or his opinion of the local campaign. The very difficulty of getting Robertson to talk books heightens the desire of drawing him out. The well nigh insuperable objection he has to dilating on his own publications makes it worth while to wring from him a few opinions about the men and women whose lucubrations carry his imprint.

Glancing over a catalogue of Robertson's publications—and he has probably published more original works than any other man west of the Rockies—one is struck by the unity of his output. With two or three trifling exceptions everything he has published relates closely to California. I asked him what rule governed his selections.

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"I don't allow myself to be governed by the moneymaking consideration," he explained, "but it is my endeavor to put in permanent form, as far as I am able, the works of our men of ability. I try to publish nothing that is just for the day. I confine myself to bringing out books that might possibly appeal to people fifty or one hundred years from now. I try to avoid what is trivial and ephemeral. The books I've published, with three or four exceptions, have been written here in California. I strive in my way to benefit the State and to provide an avenue to the public for the authors who live in our midst."

What Robertson says about subordinating the moneymaking consideration is strictly true. Mrs. Katharine Osbourne told me of a characteristic instance. When she had prepared for the press her book about Stevenson's life in California, she took the manuscript to Robertson and asked him to publish it. When he had read it he told her, "This is a bigger thing than you realize. It is a work which ought to be published by one of the eastern houses with good English connections, so that it may receive the publicity to which it is entitled." And he forthwith made arrangements for Mrs. Osbourne to have the book published by McClurg. Needless to say it would have been a moneymaker for Robertson.

Running through a list of Robertson's publications, many of them now out of print, one realizes what a representative gathering he has sponsored.

Among the poets are George Sterling, Daniel O'Connell, Louis Robertson, Joaquin Miller, Lionel Josaphare, Edwin Markham and Clark Ashton Smith.

"We are too close to Sterling to know how big he is," said Robertson when I had induced him to forget that he was a publisher and to turn reluctant critic. "Men who ought to know say he is the greatest poet of today. He is certainly attracting more and more attention all the time. I think 'The Testimony of the Suns' is his greatest poem.

"Of all the poets whose works I have published it seems to me that the two who appeal most to the heart of the average man are Daniel O'Connell and Louis Robertson. O'Connell will always rank high in California literature. What could be more beautiful than his 'Chamber of Sleep' or 'Sweethearts and Wives'? Robertson was a master in the depiction of passion. He knew life from the topmost pinnacle down. Think of 'Ataxia' and 'The Dead Calypso.' Swinburne was a child compared to him.

"In the imaginative quality Josaphare is the greatest of our poets. Some of his best poems are in 'Turquoise and Iron,' such as the 'Sonnet to My Inkwell,' 'The Winged Heart' and 'The Splendid Earth.' The book is out of print.

"I published the first edition of 'The Man with the Hoe' which was written at the psychological moment and made Edwin Markham. I also published Joaquin Miller's 'As It Was in the Beginning' which is a remarkable work. Then there is Charles Keeler. I think his best poem is 'The Dreamer and the Doer' in 'Idylls of El Dorado.' Christian Binckley's 'Sonnets from a House of Days' was poetry of the purest sort. It didn't receive the attention it deserved. I published Herman Scheffauer's first

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poems. Then there was Grace Hibbard who wrote pretty verses, and Lorenzo Sosso who has gone into insurance. Stanley Coghill's 'Hathor' gave great promise and I published it at the request of Professor Kurtz. Coghill is now dead. Then there is Arthur W. Ryder's 'Women's Eyes,' translated from the Sanskrit. Benjamin Ide Wheeler who is himself a poet and a Sanskrit scholar told me when that appeared that I had published the finest verse translation from the Sanskrit that America could boast of. I published the poems of Samuel J. Alexander and of that remarkable boy Clark Ashton Smith. Then there are the poems of Dr. Taylor and 'The Soul's Rubaiyat' of Mrs. Truesdell."

This is a list of which Robertson may well be proud. But of course he hasn't confined himself to the poets.

"For genuine humor 'The Hoot of the Owl' by Behr of the Academy of Sciences stands first among my publications," he says. "For literature pure and simple there is Delmas' Speeches. The first novel of college life in California ever written was Joy Lichtenstein's 'For the Blue and the Gold.' The Boston Transcript reviewer said that nowhere had he ever read a better account of a football game. Then there is Peter Robertson's 'The Seedy Gentleman,' all that remains in permanent form of a lifetime devoted to dramatic criticism. I published two of Charles Warren Stoddard's books, 'In the Footprints of the Padres,' one of the best selling books I have ever had, and the novel 'For the Pleasure of His Company' which is simply part of Stoddard's biography. Every character in it was taken from real life. Stevenson is there and Ina Coolbrith and some of the old 'Golden Era' people. Then there is a volume of Bierce and the work on our earthquake edited by David Starr Jordan which critics say is the standard book on the disaster. The contributors were all specialists on the subject. The Bibliography of the Chinese Question by Cowan and Dunlap is said to be one of the best bibliographies produced in America. It has gone into all the libraries. There is also John McLaren's 'Gardening in California,' the standard work on its subject. Mrs. Sanchez' 'Spanish and Indian Place Names of California' covered ground which had scarcely been touched."

Robertson mentioned many others works of more recent date, for once he is persuaded to talk about his publications he doesn't like to slight any of them, but I have referred to enough to prove that California owes him a great deal. Take away the books which I have mentioned and you leave a great emptiness in our literature.

Nearly all his working life Robertson has been in the book business, but his love for more active pursuits which finds its outlet in politics was inherited from his father. His father William D. Robertson, a Highland Scot, crossed the plains to California in 1849 at the age of twenty-one. He was one of our pioneer inventors and mining men. He was superintendent of the famous Sheba and De Soto mines at Star, Nevada, when Mark Twain visited that camp and described it in "Roughing It." He invented the first track-laying machine ever used and demonstrated its practicability by laying track for the California Pacific between Suisun and Vallejo.

Aleck was born in Ontario, but came here in 1863. He went to school

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on Telegraph Hill and afterwards attended the old Washington and Lincoln Grammar schools, both of which number many well known San Franciscans among their students. In later years, with Thomas Burns of the United States Sub-Treasury he organized the Lincoln Grammar School Association whose banquet on Lincoln's Birthday is one of the memorable yearly gatherings in this city.

When young Robertson found it necessary to go to work, he was given a place in the bookshop of I. N. Choynski, the father of the pugilist, whom old timers remember as a remarkable man. There and in the book stores of C. Beach and Billings, Harbourne and Co. with whom he was associated, he met the most distinguished men who lived or sojourned in San Francisco. In his hours of leisure he founded with Tom Geary and others the well remembered California Boat Club. Then there was an interval when he went adventuring into Arizona and New Mexico. On his return to San Francisco he opened a bookshop of his own and has been at it ever since.

Always he has taken a keen interest in politics. When Bryan became nationally famous by his "cross of gold" speech Robertson was one of the first Democrats in this city to hail him as a leader. He gathered together a congenial crowd of Democrats at the Bohemian Club and every day they made Bryan the piece de resistance at luncheon. Some of those enthusiasts, Robertson emphatically included, look upon the Nebraskan as the leader of the party.

Although a Democrat he organized with Will C. Doble the remarkable Wilson Republican Club which was undoubtedly the largest political club the State ever had. Its influence may be read in the vote Woodrow Wilson received in California.

"I have always been opposed to bossism," says Robertson, intensely serious, tapping an accompaniment to his words with a lead pencil. "But I believe in political leaders. A political leader is one who uses his power for the good of the community. The greatest leader we have in the party is Bryan. Now there's a man who—"

And Aleck Robertson forgets books while he lays down the law of simon-pure Democracy as he has laid it down any time these last twenty years.

RENNIE P. SCHWERIN



WE ARE all aware that the superlatively sapient statesmen who sit and legislate in Washington enacted a law prohibiting steamers owned or controlled by railroad companies from passing through the Panama Canal. We shouldn't be very well posted San Franciscans if we didn't also know that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is controlled by the Southern Pacific, the railroad owning a majority of the steamship stock. And we shouldn't be very gifted in the matter of logic if we didn't immediately infer that the Pacific Mail is debarred by the law aforesaid from engaging in passenger or freight business through the Panama Canal.

Of course we know all this; it's a matter of recent history. The remarkable point is that we are in nowise disturbed about it. We lavish on the situation no particle of regret. We don't appear to give a hang. More than that, we didn't give a hang when the situation was in the making. In cold fact, certain cits of ours who are never spoken of as anything except "representative" and "prominent" cits created the situation. It's their work, and they're proud of it.

But what does it mean to San Francisco? Is it a good or a bad thing? I went up to the beautiful office in the Flood Building whence Rennie P. Schwerin directs the ships that lace our port to the Orient and Latin America, and I asked him as president of the Pacific Mail:

"How about it?"

Schwerin is a prominent citizen or a very bad man, according to the slant of light in which you view him. To certain gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce he is an exceedingly wicked person. I must confess that I do not share that opinion with the perspicacious chamberites. I have seen Schwerin in action when he hit hard from the witness stand at inquisitors who were pounding savagely at his own armor. He's used to that kind of battle, and I rather suspect he likes it. But in his office he is a soft-voiced, dispassionate expositor of what's what with the trained thinker's penchant for reinforcing his statements with official records. And when I asked him: "How about it?" he said:

"It's history now. It's done and can never be undone. The water has passed over the dam and can't be brought back."

Nevertheless Schwerin was willing to annotate this chapter of history, and I found his annotations exceedingly interesting. I should call them valuable were it not that their value depends on the moral to be drawn from them by our business men, and I'm afraid Schwerin inoculated me with some of his pessimistic despair of our business men ever learning anything.

"The hatchet is always out in San Francisco," said Schwerin. "The

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condition in that respect is getting worse instead of better. The more the people get together and yell, 'Show the San Francisco spirit,' the worse things seem to become. There are more hatchets today than there ever were. Everybody is slashing right and left."

In a prominent position among these hatchetmen of San Francisco Schwerin places the members of the Chamber of Commerce who were responsible for shutting the Pacific Mail out of the Panama Canal. And the Abou Ben Adhem of these Chamber of Commerce hatchetmen, he whose name leads all the rest, in the opinion of Schwerin, is William R. Wheeler.

"The great cry has been, Build up the mercantile marine," said Schwerin; "and I raised twelve million dollars for the purpose of building it up. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler used every effort to prevent me. The Pacific Mail intended to increase its fleet by the construction of four thirty-seven thousand ton steamers. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler made it impossible for us to build them. These ships would have engaged in traffic between the Atlantic seaboard and the Orient by way of San Francisco. That traffic was necessary if the Pacific Mail was to continue to exist. As it is I see no outlook for the Pacific Mail."

"I see no outlook for the Pacific Mail."

There is an ominous sentence for the hatchetmen of the Chamber of Commerce to ponder. After they have pondered it a bit, let them review their work and settle with themselves whether it was good or bad.

"Why was this fight made by the Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler, its traffic manager, to debar steamers controlled by railroads from the canal? In order that Mr. Wheeler by a grand stand play might show people what an influence he could wield. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler are responsible for that law. They directed the public opinion of San Francisco in favor of that law and against the Pacific Mail. Mr. Wheeler said so in Washington.

"Mr. Wheeler said in Washington that the Chamber of Commerce was unequivocally and unanimously in favor of the prohibition which has debarred the Pacific Mail from the canal. The fight was initiated here. And despite the fact that President Taft was very anxious that those four ships should be built in order that direct communication twice a month might be established between New York, San Francisco and the Philippines, the bill was passed.

"What will be the result? San Francisco will lose between four and five million dollars a year which we would have expended here if the bill had not passed. That money would have gone into all our business channels. Besides that the Pacific Mail would have handled two hundred thousand passengers a year who would spend at least twenty-five or fifty dollars apiece in San Francisco. As it is, the only local company which will use the canal will be the American-Hawaiian. Captain Matson of the Matson Navigation Company said he had arrangements all made to put on a fleet of ships, but I haven't heard of any contracts being made.

"Of course our four steamers will not be built. It would be contrary to the law to use them. Even if we could use them it would be impossible to

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raise that twelve million over again. You can't raise twelve millions on a proposition requiring the strongest arguments, and then have the community act as it did and still expect financiers to risk their money. But I suppose Mr. Wheeler and the rest wanted to show their power. But it's pitiful, isn't it?

"Mr. Wheeler knows as much about the steamship business as you do. Take the case of Bates and Chesebrough. The inability of the California-Atlantic to continue in business was due to the so-called sea level rates forced on them by Mr. Wheeler through his representations at Washington. Sea level rates are not based on any one man's ideas as to what they should be or on theoretical ideas as to what they should be. They are based on the true business principle that the servant is worthy of his hire. Freight cannot be sold for less than it costs any more than the goods of a commercial house can if the house is to continue paying its obligations.

"Mr. Wheeler told the congressional committee at Washington that the Chamber of Commerce was unequivocally and unanimously in favor of the bill that debarred the Pacific Mail from the canal. That was not true. A protest against that attitude of the Chamber of Commerce was forwarded to Washington by some of the leading members of the Chamber of Commerce.

"In connection with that protest let me show you a remarkable telegram which was sent to Mr. Wheeler by Mr. James K. Lynch. Mr. Lynch is president of the First National Bank and chairman of the traffic bureau of the Chamber of Commerce. The telegram was read in the Senate by Senator Works who made a very bitter speech in which he voiced the sentiments of Mr. Wheeler. Here it is in the Congressional Record."

So I read the following telegram:

San Francisco, Cal., July 5, 1912.

William R. Wheeler,

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C.

Robbins McIntosh and other members of executive committee think best have Congressman Knowland appear as guest and address meeting of board of directors of the Chamber on the 9th. We all feel that our present position is a good one, and a general meeting of the Chamber at this time, when so many are out of town, might be controlled by Pacific Mail henchmen, who are extraordinarily active. Have seen your letter to Mann; congratulate you again on the work you have accomplished. The lineup of signatures to protest is amusing. Leaders are firms under business obligations to Pacific Mail and the others fall for bull about American flag. Would just as easily sign petition on the other side if asked. Under circumstances don't consider it necessary for Teal to appear.

JAMES K. LYNCH,

Chairman Traffic Bureau, Chamber of Commerce.

"That I think is a most remarkable telegram," continued Mr. Schwerin. "And who were the protestants that Mr. Lynch found so amusing? Who

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were the henchmen of the Pacific Mail? The firms under obligations to the Pacific Mail? The men who fell for the bull about the American flag? Here are the men and firms which signed that protest:

"Dunham, Carrigan and Hayden, by Andrew Carrigan; James K. Armsby; Captain Barneson; H. M. McAllister of Otis, McAllister; Louis Getz of Getz Brothers; L. Blum of Roth, Blum; W. B. Webster, vice-president of the Home Industry League; John Rosenfeld's Sons, by Louis Rosenfeld; the Western Fuel Company, by James B. Smith; the Union Iron Works, by J. J. Tynan, general manager; Edward L. Eyre; H. R. Williar; O. Rich, manager of the Palace Hotel; the St. Francis Hotel, by James Woods; A. C. Rulofson Company; the Columbia Steel Company, by Charles M. Gunn, president; George E. Dow Pumping Engine Company; Charles Nelson Company, by James Tyson; Northern Redwood Lumber Company, by H. W. Jackson, president; Consolidated Lumber Company, by James Tyson, president; Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, by Henry T. Scott; Mercantile Trust Company, by Henry T. Scott; Charles Templeton Crocker; N. C. Bradley; Alaska Packers Association, by Henry T. Fortmann; McNab and Smith; Charles R. Allen.

"Those were the men whom Mr. Lynch in his very remarkable telegram described as henchmen of the Pacific Mail and men who would fall for bull about the American flag."

Taking all this into consideration, remembering that Schwerin stated in a letter to Mr. Robbins, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, that "it will be absolutely impossible to continue the service (of the Pacific Mail) solely between San Francisco and the Oriental ports;" that he also said in the same letter that "the only way we can continue to exist is by operating from the Atlantic seaboard to the Orient;" and that he told me, "I see no outlook for the Pacific Mail"—considering all these things, would it not be well for the hatchmen of San Francisco to ask themselves whether they have done well or ill?

Not that it will do the Pacific Mail any good now. At this writing (January, 1913) the damage has been done and it is irreparable. But the hatchmen might come to realize in time that the weapon of the highbinder is out of place in the business world. They might even come to think that Rennie P. Schwerin is not such a wicked man after all. They might, improbable as it may seem, reach the conclusion that the steamship company which has kept the American flag flying in the Pacific against the heavily subsidized British and Japanese lines was not indulging in "bull," as Mr. Lynch so elegantly put it, about that American flag.

But let us drop these subjunctive clauses before we float off in millennial dreams. The hatchets are still sharp; the hatchmen are still on the job. Rennie P. Schwerin says so, and he ought to know.

JOSEPH SCOTT

JOE SCOTT breezed up from Los Angeles one day with an amazing story of the religious bigotry which was displayed during the municipal election of 1913 in the pueblo of chemical purity. Some of the things he told would be unbelievable if they came from a less reliable man than Joe Scott. But nobody who knows Joe Scott, and that includes a great many people in this city, would think of doubting his veracity. Joe Scott is as truthful as he is handsome, which is saying a great deal. With his silver gray hair, his clear blue eyes twinkling under heavy black brows, his swarthy face and his mobile lips that part in an easy smile to show gleaming white teeth, Joe Scott is one of the best looking men in Los Angeles. And in certain circles, one of the best liked. You can't help liking Joe Scott when you observe his free and easy manner and hear his soft brogue.

Joe Scott had served for eight years on the Los Angeles Board of Education and had been president of the board for five years. He stood for re-election in 1913, and was successful after a most remarkable campaign. The same element which made Rose Mayor returned Joe Scott to the Board of Education. Both Rose and Scott encountered the opposition of the same people.

They have a body in Los Angeles called the Ministerial Union. This consists of two hundred Protestant ministers who claim a following of one hundred thousand. They are militant denominationalists, the same sort of clergymen as are so offensively active in San Francisco at the present time. But while with us the sensational pulpit-pounders make a nuisance of themselves by their advocacy of such things as the redlight abatement law and the suppression of the municipal clinic, in Los Angeles they manifest a religious intolerance which most of us thought had disappeared from Californian politics with the collapse of the A. P. A.

This religious intolerance was shown before the Los Angeles primary election when the Ministerial Union empowered one of their leaders to choose for their indorsement a ticket of candidates for the Board of Education. The clergyman so empowered was the Rev. James A. Geissinger, pastor of the University Methodist Church.

Among the members of the Board of Education who were candidates for renomination were H. W. Frank, a Jew; Mrs. R. L. Craig, a Christian Scientist; the Rev. R. E. Blight, pastor of the Good Fellowship, a sort of free-thinking congregation; and Joe Scott, a Roman Catholic.

There were seven candidates to be nominated, but Dr. Geissinger submitted the names of five for the indorsement of the Ministerial Union. All five were members of one or other of the Protestant sects represented

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in the Union. Advertisements were inserted in the papers asking the voters to favor these five candidates. In addition the advertisements contained the injunction: "Don't vote for Scott or Blight."

"The Ministerial Union would not indorse Frank because he was a Jew," says Scott; "it would not indorse Mrs. Craig because she was a Christian Scientist; it would not indorse Blight because he was a free-thinker; and it would not indorse me because I was a Catholic.

"The fight on me started from a peculiar incident. It has been the custom in Los Angeles to have Protestant ministers officiate at the commencement exercises in the public schools. At one commencement the Rev. Dr. Livingston, a Methodist minister, commended the graduates to the protection of Christ. I protested against this on behalf of those children who were not Christians, taking the stand that the Constitution protected the Jews, agnostics and others against sectarian prayer in the public schools. Dr. Livingston charged me with sneering at religion and insulting Christianity, and declared that he would 'put me out of business.' I offered to pay \$500 to the Associated Charities if he could prove his charge. He retorted that he didn't suppose I possessed \$500, but he made an affidavit to his charges and on behalf of the Ministerial Union declared that what he had said was justified.

"I protested that they hadn't given me the chance of a chicken thief who is at least allowed to defend himself in court, and offered to give \$1,000 to the Associated Charities if I were not acquitted of Dr. Livingston's charge by a board of three ministers, a Methodist, a Baptist and a Congregationalist. But at this stage Dr. Geissinger declared that the incident was closed. Whereupon I said that Dr. Geissinger was a coward and a hypocrite and that I considered the whole thing a thrust at my religion.

"This was the situation just before the primary election. The Sunday before the election Dr. Geissinger declared from the pulpit that the Ministerial Union would show this noisy fellow (meaning me) and all his noisy following that the religion of America was the Protestant religion. He also said that my bump of religion was a depression. Another member of the Union, the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, a clergyman who treats his congregation to sermons on such subjects as 'The bed is too narrow and the sheets are too long,' declared that I lacked culture. To which I replied that I was getting tired of the mental peregrinations of peripatetic preachers."

Here I may interject that Joe Scott is a graduate of the famous Ushaw College in England, the college which produced Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Bourne, John Lingard the historian, Francis Thompson the poet, and Wilfred Ward, the biographer of Cardinal Newman. At Ushaw Cardinal Merry Del Val, former Papal Secretary of State, was Joe Scott's French teacher; and there is probably no man in America so close to the late Pope Pius' Secretary of State as Joe Scott. So it seems unlikely that Joe Scott should be totally deficient in culture.

"Another preacher," continued Scott, "the Rev. Charles Edward Locke, declared that if the Catholics were looking for a fight they would get all they wanted. Still another stated that the Ministerial Union was not after

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the president of the Board of Education but after the Catholic hierarchy. One of the charges they made was that an assistant superintendent of schools smoked cigarettes and patronized saloons."

At the primary election Scott was nominated by a plurality of three thousand votes over the candidates of the Ministerial Union. Mrs. Craig, the Christian Scientist, and Frank, the Jew, were also nominated.

"On the night of the primary," said Scott, "a curious incident occurred. One of the men in my fight rang up the Rev. Dr. Locke, and pretending to be a member of a Baptist congregation, sympathized with him on my nomination. 'God pity the children if Scott gets back on the board,' said Locke. Commenting further on the result Locke said it was strange that while so many Los Angeles voters had been reared religiously in Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas, when they came to Los Angeles they refused for some reason to mix religion with politics. He also said that they must get rid of me, and added the remarkable statement that the only way to fight the Catholics was in the dark.

"For the general election the Ministerial Union indorsed a ticket of seven consisting of three Socialists, Mr. Frank, the Jew, the president of the W. C. T. U. and two Methodists. They felt that they had made a tactical blunder in antagonizing the Jewish voters. But they continued their opposition to Mrs. Craig, the Christian Scientist, and to me.

"I was elected by a plurality of ten thousand over their candidates. I did not owe my election to my co-religionists. They make only a small percentage of the voters. I owe my election to that element in Los Angeles which resents the idea of any such body as the Ministerial Union controlling the politics of the city. The average American is too fair-minded not to rebuke the intolerance of the bigot.

"While I had the indorsement of the Municipal Conference which also indorsed Shenk, the votes I received were principally Rose votes. Thus in one precinct I received 212 out of 250 Rose votes and only 16 out of 231 Shenk votes.

"It should interest San Francisco to learn that the Sunday before the election a spokesman of the Ministerial Union declared that the Ministerial Union wanted to keep Los Angeles on the high moral plane to which it had been elevated and to prevent it from sinking to the low moral plane of San Francisco where only five per cent of the population attends the Protestant churches."

Joe Scott tells me that his protest against Christian prayers in commencement exercises will be followed by other attempts to eradicate certain sectarian customs in the public schools. He says that there are Bible readings at the Los Angeles Normal School, and that all pupils must attend though they are not compelled to participate further than by their presence. He says that in South Pasadena and Alhambra those who apply for positions as teachers must fill out a blank on which is the question: What church do you attend? In one school district, he says, there is this question also: If given a position will you also teach Sunday School?

DR. GEORGE FRANKLIN SHIELS



HERE had been talk of a local member of a learned profession who had turned a shabby trick on a member of another profession. Dr. George Franklin Shiels was shocked, shocked and unfeignedly grieved.

"It couldn't have happened in the old days of San Francisco," he said, slowly shaking his head. "Why, such a man would have been hooted out of town!"

That settled it. The conversation became a matter of comparisons. The old versus the new. Are we better off now than we were before Dame Nature drew a smudge of charcoal across the annals of San Francisco? Or have we degenerated? 'Tis a common topic of conversation nowadays. We have become so self-conscious. We are forever analyzing ourselves like a Henry James heroine or an Arnold Bennett hero; and like the hopeless victims of the James and Bennett method, we usually get nowhere. It is only when a keen observer who knew his San Francisco of old returns after many years to take up the psychological study where he left it off that we get substantial results from such comparisons. That is why it is worth while listening to Dr. George Franklin Shiels.

Not to know Dr. George Franklin Shiels argues oneself unknown in San Francisco. (I believe they are beginning to say something of the same sort in New York.) He grew up and made his way and prospered with our big men. He knew his city as a gardener knows his flower beds. In 1901 he went away. For a dozen years New York was his home.

So his notion of our changed condition is charged with some importance. Especially as he has the analytical mind and is wont to dissect the body politic as carefully as in his student days he dissected the body physical. His knife responds to a trained, a steady hand. True surgeon that he is, he cuts to heal. So I persuaded him, with difficulty, it must be said, to lay his knife to San Francisco, knowing that the patient would be the better for his surgery.

"The frame is the same but the picture has been changed," he said. "The breezy, friendly attitude of the old days is passing away. In place of the old condition of general friendliness you have class distinctions which have brought a sort of metropolitan snobbism."

Metropolitan snobbism! A stimulating phrase! A kindling term! The mind takes fire from it. True? In your heart of hearts, loyal San Franciscan, say if it be not true!

"The dollar mark has arrived," continued Dr. Shiels. "It was a long time coming but it has arrived at last. There is a tendency to estimate character by the number of dollars. The more dollars he has the better a man is known.

"Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, this has worked good to the individual.

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DR. GEORGE FRANKLIN SHIELS

This condition has caused a demand for more work from the individual who would achieve. Nowadays in San Francisco the individual who would be distinguished must get nearer to the top than was necessary before.

"But the city has lost its old delightful individuality. It has become an American business town. Before the disaster the appreciation of the finer things was greater than now. You have advanced in material things, but you have lost in sentiment.

"Why? Before the fire San Francisco occupied the position of a dreamer. She was shaken out of her dreams. The old things have been shaken away. It has been a financial and material awakening. The *laissez faire* of the old San Francisco has given way to metropolitan materialism. The new condition has brought with it all the curses of materialism as well as the benefits.

"Here I must say something about which I feel very strongly. Every now and then I sent people out to San Francisco with letters of introduction. On their return to New York I asked them their impressions of San Francisco. What did they immediately talk about? The Barbary Coast! On that subject they grew enthusiastic. They told me that they had seen Paris, Berlin, Port Said, but that nowhere had they seen anything like the Barbary Coast.

Mind you, I am not making a captious criticism. I speak as one who loves San Francisco. I deem this a matter of the greatest importance. Outside financial assistance is not coming to a city which depends for its fame on the gyrations of the turkey trot, is it? And yet the Barbary Coast seems to be the basis for the traveler's memory of San Francisco. The traveler who stays here, let us say, two days, goes away apparently without having paid attention to the marvelous work of rebuilding. He seems to know only the Barbary Coast. This condition seems to me a grave danger to the financial welfare of San Francisco.

"It was the old tradition in San Francisco never to exploit anything. 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' might have been the city's motto. The only time San Francisco failed in that tradition was when it began to exploit the Barbary Coast. Even the building of the beautiful Civic Center won't counteract the vicious effect of this exploitation. The ordinary tripper comes here as he goes to Paris. Do we want to be a showplace of immorality?

"I feel very vindictive on this subject. I feel as though I should like to shut up the whole confounded Barbary Coast. Not that I believe in trying to abolish or even to corral immorality. But let the line between the good and the bad be sharply drawn. Let us have no exploitation of the bad. Let us, as in the old San Francisco, recognize and provide for the bad as something distinct from the good.

"San Francisco wicked? I am glad you asked that question. San Francisco is not wicked. San Francisco never was wicked. The difference in this respect between San Francisco and New York may be illustrated by the difference between two apples. Let us take two apples. One of them has been bruised in transportation. There are brown spots on it. Superficially it looks bad. But peel it. You find it wholesome and edible. That's San Francisco. The other apple may be a beautiful Newton pippin,

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round, smooth, not a mark on it, its beauty guarded by a wrapping of tissue paper. Cut it. You find it absolutely rotten to the core. That's New York.

"The comparison is a true, an honest one. With a specious veneer of respectability New York is the most immoral city in the world. It is worse than Paris which is a mere showplace of immorality. If you want to you can avoid immorality in San Francisco. But you can't in New York. In the hotels, cafes, theatres of New York your wife rubs shoulders with immorality. She sees prostitution in the streets. The Raines law and other lying expedients have produced civic immorality. There is none of that here. No, San Francisco is not a wicked city."

"And the club life of San Francisco!" exclaimed Dr. Shiels with a smile that dissipated the clouds lowering about our somber discussion. "Club life in San Francisco is truer than anywhere else in the world. San Francisco believes that a club is the home of bachelors with married men as guests. The club here does not set itself up as the social arbiter of the community. It is a delight to go into one. In London the clubs are impossible. It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a stranger to get into touch with a member of a London club. But here the stranger is welcomed as to a home, made a member of the family. That is one of the holdovers from the old San Francisco that I hope will stay forever."

FRANK SHORT

WHAT do you think of the National Administration?"

That's not a question one asks indiscriminately unless one has an infinite capacity for being bored. But there are a few people one likes to hear on a large topic like that. Frank Short of Fresno, for instance. Frank Short is that rarity, a man who thinks. His intellectuals are always in good working order. One of our most distinguished attorneys, he is also a keen observer of politics, and the habit of analysis which his profession presupposes makes him a delightful talker when he is induced to unbosom himself.

Frank Short's eyes twinkle on slight provocation. My question was sufficient to make them flash the signal which proclaims a sense of humor.

"As a Republican forced to vote for Wilson," answered Short, "I naturally wish the Administration well. I think it is generally actuated by high motives. But in the main it labors under the disadvantage of being highly theoretical without much practical experience."

"How about the tariff?"

"The revision of the tariff is a surgical operation. We may feel better some years hence, but as in the case of any other surgical operation, we may expect to stay in the hospital, in an industrial sense, for a while. I think the Administration proceeded too literally. All important legislation is experimental, and a radical revision of the tariff and of the financial system should not be undertaken at the same time. The theorist always assumes that all new legislation will result in an improvement, but usually it doesn't turn out that way. One important experiment at a time is sufficient."

"How does tariff revision affect California?"

"The tariff bill is more injurious to California than to most of the States. Many of our manufacturing industries are on a basis where reduced tariff would be sufficient protection. But in handling our fruit products we are at a great disadvantage as to wages and freight rates. Some of our industries are going to be seriously crippled by the tariff."

"What about the Mexican situation?"

"Perhaps the attitude of the Administration in avoiding any positive action is the best one. The international policing business has been a good deal overworked. We have problems and troubles enough of our own without absorbing any chronic revolutions."

"What of conservation?"

"Conservation in the extreme sense advocated by Pinchot and Roosevelt no longer exists. That is to say, political conservation and the taking over of local government by Washington bureaus. No doubt the good features of conservation will remain to prevent the unnecessary destruction

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of forests and other valuable resources. But the conservation that professed to prevent the exhaustion of our timber supply, our coal, oil and other resources by putting prohibitive restrictions on the development of electric power and limiting the appropriation and beneficial use of water, is rapidly disappearing. We are hearing about the last of it."

"What about our State Administration?"

"Our State Administration is bound to become reactionary before long."

"Why so?"

"Because there cannot be much more in the way of progressive legislation. Pretty near everything and everybody has been regulated and made good by some statute or other. It will take us several years to read up before we can appreciate how many good laws and other laws have been passed in the last couple of years. Even the district attorneys of the State probably haven't read one-fourth of the new criminal statutes. On the moral end of it the prevailing idea seems to be that the fathers and mothers and schools and even the churches haven't much to do with it. It is now apparently up to the local purity committee and the constables and the police to look after the rising generation. Mostly we may look complacently on the passage of laws fool or otherwise. If they are fool laws they usually don't do much harm. But legislation upon some of the subjects recently undertaken, and their free discussion in the press, are very serious matters and tend, I firmly believe, to moral degradation and to great injury to society and individuals. While there is a good deal of tendency to treat this class of legislation as a joke, except among those who take it seriously, I think a good deal of it represents the last stages of political decay. While undoubtedly the State legislatures of recent years have done some wholesome things and a good many popular things, I think the extreme and absurd legislation will do infinite harm and has greatly weakened the party in control in the estimation of the public. There was a demand for the public control of public utilities and public service, but that there is any demand for the recent extreme interference with private matters and the conduct of purely private business and the ultra blue law legislation I think is a serious mistake. There is plenty of evidence of a tendency in the other direction which I trust will go far enough to leave in force some very efficient and good legislation but which will sweep away about three-fourths of the meddlesome and foolish boards, commissions and officials that, if allowed to continue, will eat up a lot of substance and do nobody any good now or hereafter."

"Can the Republicans 'come back' next time?"

"Well, the Progressive party as a national organization is obviously disintegrating. The voters are going to return either to the Republican or the Democratic party, and as California is naturally benefited by Republican policies and is very clearly a Republican State in national sentiment, it will undoubtedly return to the Republican party at the next election if properly organized and united."

FRANK SHORT



SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE

AN ORATOR to the tip of thine index finger! An advocate whose tongue drops manna on the aridities of the law, and not unskilled at times to make the worse appear the better reason! Whether discoursing philosophy in thy Tusculan villa at Menlo, exalting genius in the rostrum or pleading causes in the forum, to whom can I so fittingly compare thee as to the friend of Atticus, the champion of Archias, the scourge of Catiline and the savior of Milo? Samuel, thou art the Cicero of California! the Marcus Tullius of a later republic!

Gentle reader, do not regard this as too haphazard a comparison. In many respects Shortridge has formed his life on the life of the Roman orator. The Ciceronian disertitude is the model of his eloquence; the Ciceronian suavity mellows his manner and softens the rudeness of our speech as it falls from his lips; the Ciceronian polish is in his gestures and his diction; a not unciceronian cultivation fashions the matter of his thoughts and directs the course of his reading. And, as if to accentuate the comparison, a bust of Cicero in purest Carrara marble stands by his desk, the presiding genius of his law office, the eidolon of his intellectual worship.

Cicero, as Macaulay's schoolboy knows, loved the theatre and was the warm friend of Roscius, the greatest actor of his day. Herein too did Cicero prefigure our Samuel. Shortridge has been so familiar with the plays of Shakespeare all his life that the hardest tug at his memory will not suffice to bring back the occasion of his first reading them. They are as much a part of his mental equipment as the alphabet. In fact, if there should arise, some time or other, a legend telling that the infant Shortridge came into the world holding a volume of the bard in one hand and pointing out a passage in "Hamlet" with the index finger of the other, I rather think it would find ready belief among those who know him.

"But I do recall very vividly," he told me, "the first time I saw a play of Shakespeare on the stage. I saw Lawrence Barrett in 'Hamlet,' and the effect was tremendous. I was in a trance, a state of ecstasy for days. I went about oblivious of all external things, my mind concentrated on that wonderful experience."

It is the classic drama which Shortridge loves.

"I don't care for the modern school of playwriting," he says. "The theatre should idealize life. If I want to see a crowd of men in a bar room I can walk down Market street. Why should I go to the playhouse for such a sight? The drama which talks hogwash may turn men's minds from sorrow, may make them forget their troubles. In that sense it may be a wholesome antidote. But it doesn't improve mind or morals. The great classical plays are educational and altogether good. In them virtue

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triumphs and the wicked things of life bear their bitter fruit. They preach a sermon."

The phrase brought our Cicero back from the realm of Roscius to the subject of oratory.

"Yes," he repeated, "they preach a sermon, and it is well that they do. For the pulpit is empty. Where today is there a Henry Drummond? a Beecher? a Spurgeon? a Phillips Brooks? This great field of oratory lies untilled. Great indeed! for it includes all earthly and immortal things. The lawyer deals with hearts; the preacher with souls."

Shortridge knows whereof he speaks. His father was a clergyman and a master of oratory. Indeed oratory runs in the family. Eli Shortridge was one of the great lawyer-orators of Kentucky. There is something in heredity. The young Shortridge proved it, not by turning to the church but by shaping his course toward law and learning to conjure the spoken word.

"It was always understood in our family that I was to be a lawyer."

Was there the hint of a sigh as he spoke? I almost thought so. I probed a bit. The conversation of Cicero veered back to Roscius.

"My city of San Jose," he explained, "produced John T. Malone and Sam Piercey. For a time I dreamed that it might produce a third. We had an amateur dramatic club, and I played the leading parts in 'The Marble Heart,' 'Coralie,' 'Diplomacy' and other plays. I shall never forget the praise I received for my acting in that beautiful old play of 'Coralie.' It was bestowed by Eugene T. Sawyer, then a writer on the Mercury but afterwards exalted to a proud eminence as the author of the Nick Carter stories of blood and thunder. Sawyer suggested that I should follow in the footsteps of Malone and Piercey.

"I thought so too for a time. But you remember that Goethe cherished the belief that he knew more about the theory of light than any other man in Germany. I have thought at times that I could play the great parts. After all, you may count on your fingers the actors of today who are also students. How few grasp the subtle meanings of Shakespeare! How many glide over sentences pregnant with philosophy! And so, having been a passionate student of the plays I have sometimes dreamed that I could interpret them not unworthily.

"And yet I remember what Cicero said in his essay 'De Oratore.' The great advocate must be an actor and something more; he must, says Tully, combine all knowledge with the art of Roscius. The actor from Roscius to Burbage and from Burbage to my dear friend Sothern does not create the noble thoughts, the grand situations to which he gives his powers of interpretation. After all, the dramatic is a poor art as compared with the ideals represented yonder."

Whereupon Shortridge turned with a smile to that magnificent bust of the Roman Shortridge.

So it happened that our Cicero resisted the blandishments of Eugene T. Sawyer, gave up the dramatic club and joined the Lecticonians, an earnest group of students who gathered for frequent debate on the burning issues of government, politics and literature.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE



SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE

Curiously enough Shortridge's first speech before the Lecticonians was made in opposition to the Baconian theory. From the time that Mrs. Bacon started that curious controversy he has been a consistent, a passionate champion of Shakespeare. Cicero defended Roscius and Archias with just such flaming enthusiasm.

That speech against the Baconians won the hearts of the Lecticonians; thenceforth he was their leader. From his lectica of eloquence he looked down, though not unkindly, upon the lesser orators.

That was his first triumph of golden speech. There have been many others more conspicuous, though perhaps not quite so sweet. Later on in life when Shortridge was invited to a dinner given at the Bohemian Club to Frederick Warde, he was asked to respond to the toast, "Shakespeare," and unprepared acquitted himself so well that he was immediately elected to membership.

Come to think of it, there should be a bust of Shakespeare in Shortridge's office as well as a bust of Cicero. Why not the prince of poets on one side and the prince of orators on the other?

Perhaps, though, he would prefer to carry the image of the bard in his heart. Cicero is not merely an affection but also an inspiration. An advocate and orator was Cicero. So too is Shortridge. But Cicero was more than that. A senator, you recall. . . . Who knows of what Shortridge is thinking when he studies that marble effigy?

GEORGE STERLING



HE TOLD me many arresting things about Carmel-by-the-Sea, heightening its natural charms by the vividness of his descriptions and glamoring its commonplaces with the magic of his poetic phrases. He deprecated the growing Carmel Myth which makes the little seaside settlement the abode of "weird and wonderful creatures of crankishness" who go about with their hair hanging down their backs, gushing out their souls and demanding admiration. He thinks that Carmel's "writers have been overrated and its scenery underrated," yet he points out that most of Carmel's writers are veteran writers "who are making good money and who seldom talk shop." He mentioned Michael Williams, John Fleming Wilson, Grace MacGowan Cook, Alice MacGowan, Mary Austin, Harry Leon Wilson and Jimmy Hopper as Carmelites who find a ready market for all they write.

"Outside of these there are not more than three in Carmel who try to write," he told me, "and Carmel is a town of a thousand or so."

Characteristically enough, George Sterling did not mention himself in this list of Carmel writers and yet I inferred that he was the pioneer of the place, or almost so. I believe that Mary Austin was already there when Charles Rollo Peters pointed out the beauty of the place to Sterling and inspired him with the idea of making it his permanent abode.

There could be no doubt about his desire to discourage the popular notion of Carmel as a high-brow community.

"There is no reading of manuscripts," he said; "our sense of humor is too strong for that. I think the only thing of the sort was when Jimmy Hopper read us his '9009.' Perhaps it would be better if we got together oftener, provided of course that we had the courage for destructive criticism as well as for the other kind."

I wish I could reproduce the poetry of his references to the natural beauty of the place, but I am not a poet. One expression, however, sticks in my mind.

"You get so used to this pea soup bay," he said with a glance toward the window, "that you forget what blue water is like."

But I would much rather hear George Sterling talk about his poetry and himself. The two themes are not interchangeable and they are by no means the readiest of his tongue. He can be induced, for instance, to tell the story of how he nailed the Irish flag to the steeple of the Presbyterian Church in Sag Harbor.

At the age of fifteen Sterling became a Catholic and developed a prejudice against Presbyterianism. To give this prejudice visible form he and another boy who is today a prominent citizen of San Francisco, climbed at

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midnight to the top of the steeple of the Presbyterian Church, one hundred and fifteen feet in the air, and fastened an Irish flag to the lightning rod above the weather vane. In the morning, however, the flag had blown away.

Nothing daunted the lads tried again, this time with a pirate flag. It was a piece of bunting nine feet by twelve with the skull and cross bones on one side and the cross on the other.

"When we were two blocks away from the church," said Sterling, "we could still hear that flag flapping in the wind."

Next morning Sag Harbor was in an uproar.

"There wasn't a member of the church who would dare to go up to the top of that steeple and take the flag down. It stayed there for three days and then they had to bring a steeple jack from Brooklyn who charged them two hundred dollars for taking it down. The New York papers were full of the affair and I was a hero. But the Presbyterians got ahead of me. They made a crazy quilt out of the flag and raffled it for five hundred dollars. I saw I couldn't beat Presbyterian commercialism, so I left Sag Harbor."

About his poetry Sterling is simply, unaffectedly modest.

"There was a time when I had the big head," he confesses; "the time that Ambrose Bierce praised my 'Wine of Wizardry'; but I got over it."

And then, in answer to a direct question:

"'The Testimony of the Suns' is incomparably the best thing I've written. Compared to it all the rest is nowhere. In it I laid down a cosmic philosophy which I don't think can be refuted. If any of my poetry should have the good fortune to live it will be that. The poem says something and the world seems to demand poems which say something."

But Sterling is not over-enthusiastic about the world's demand for poetry.

"I do very well with the magazines, but I have never tried to make a cent out of my books. However, I have an income and don't expect to live by my poetry. Perhaps the reason why poetry is not profitable is because the publishers don't have to pay much for it. There is competition for short stories, but not for poetry."

Then he told of the recently organized Poetry Society of America of which he is a charter member, one of fifty.

"Every poet of importance in America belongs," he said. "Its object is to awaken a more general interest in poetry."

But quite frankly he admitted that he didn't know how this was to be done.

I asked him how he ranked the living poets of America and he named the four whom he considers at the top: Edwin Markham, Anna Hempstead Branch, Bliss Carman and Cale Young Rice.

"I am speaking now of poets' poetry," he explained. "I measure a poet by his greatest height, not by his average. I put Markham first for his 'Wharf of Dreams' and his 'Semiramis,' not for his 'Man With the Hoe' which is great in individual lines but not as a whole."

He talked of these poets in a detached way, as though neither himself

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nor anyone else would think of naming George Sterling among them. Perhaps poetry does not entirely satisfy his ambition.

"Now that I have got what has been called 'the poison of art' out of my system," he confessed, "I shall try some prose, some short stories. I have tried the drama, but while I can do poetry without its being excessively rotten, I don't think I can write a play. I finished one act of a medieval drama called 'Lilith,' but I don't think I'll go on with it. All my characters talk alike; they talk like me."

It was not said out of compliment to the characters; but it must be recorded that George Sterling talks uncommonly well, alternating flashes of poetry with colloquialisms and never getting too far from the saving presence of humor.

And let me not forget his enthusiasm. It flamed out suddenly when he thought of an eighteen-year-old boy in Auburn who had sent him some verses for criticism. Poets, it has always seemed to me, are not often enamored of another's muse; they are more anxious to carp than to appreciate. I must either revise that judgment or count Sterling an exception, for he displayed an interest in Clark Ashton Smith of Auburn which he had not shown when his own verses, his own ambitions were under discussion. And when it was suggested that I give readers an opportunity to savor this youngster's poetry, he was sincerely delighted.

"I owe a great deal to one man," he said; "to Ambrose Bierce; and I would be glad to do something for a youngster who is worth while. This boy has a wonderful gift, if I know anything about such things."

And as George Sterling handed me these verses by eighteen-year-old Clark Ashton Smith of Auburn, I realized that there was at least one member of the Poetry Society of America who was trying unselfishly to do something for the future of poetry in America:

THE LAST NIGHT

I dreamed a dream: I stood upon a height,
A mountain's utmost eminence of snow,
Whence I beheld the plain outstretched below
To a far sea-horizon, dim and white.
Beneath the sun's expiring, ghastly light
The dead world lay, phantasmally aglow;
Its last fear-stricken voice, a wind, came low;
The distant sea lay hushed, as with affright.

I watched, and lo! the pale and flickering sun,
In agony and fierce despair, flamed high,
And shadow-slain, went out upon the gloom.
Then Night, that grim, gigantic struggle won,
Impended for a breath on wings of doom
And through the air fell like a falling sky.

MRS. GAILLARD STONEY



PRIDE myself," says Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, "on my Common Sense."

'Tis no small boast, that. Common Sense has come to be one of the most uncommon things in the world. Diogenes his lantern, were it flashing up and down the darkness of this our time, would light up more honesty than Common Sense. Common Sense is always old-fashioned, and this is the triumphant day of modes. That person who is not abreast of the very latest style whether of Parisian gowns or social uplift, is regarded as utterly negligible. The febrile world is joyriding through all the speed ordinances, and the chauffeur is not Common Sense. Nay, Common Sense is a pedestrian and must take the muddy spatter from the wheels. So Common Sense has come to be a solitary, scorned, sneered at and berated for a laggard.

And still there are men and women who take a pride in Common Sense. Mrs. Gaillard Stoney is one of them. Mrs. Stoney is therefore a phenomenon worth studying.

"I have no sympathy," says Mrs. Stoney, "with those who are trying to make people moral by legislation."

Clearly Mrs. Stoney is not "in the movement." Mrs. Stoney is intransigent. Mrs. Stoney does not write herself down to date. She is not progressive. She's a reactionary, a standpatter. Mrs. Stoney begins to be interesting.

"What we want," says Mrs. Stoney, "is more mothers, mothers of large families. I am sorry to say that I am the mother of one child only, for I believe in large families. And the sort of mothers we want are those who go down on their knees, who teach their children to go down on their knees and pray to their God."

Why, Mrs. Stoney is more old-fashioned than many of our clergymen! How many of the clergymen who kindly supply us with ready-made solutions for all our problems, political, economic, social and moral, ever dream of telling us to go down on our knees in prayer? There is no prayer at Armageddon; shame on him who is beaten to his knees!

"I am a clubwoman, of a sort," says Mrs. Stoney. "I have a good husband to provide for me and my daughter is grown, so I can spare time from my domestic duties. I belong to the Town and Country because it is a convenient place to lunch when I am shopping. I don't approve of lunching in hotels. And I belong to the Century. But the Century is not like the California where they settle all sorts of questions."

Mrs. Stoney is therefore a conservative clubwoman. She is not one to make speeches about the immorality of lingerie displays in shop windows.

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"How ridiculous that was!" exclaimed Mrs. Stoney. "Such displays are apt to be vulgar, but immoral, never! What sort of person is it that would be harmed by such things?"

Mrs. Stoney has advocated woman suffrage for seventeen years. Seventeen years ago she lived in Boston, and at that time the women of Massachusetts were allowed to express their views on woman suffrage at the polls. Mrs. Stoney voted with the small minority which favored the franchise for women.

"But while I think women should have the right to vote, I do not think that women are fit to hold office," said Mrs. Stoney. "Women, except in very rare cases, are not fit for office-holding. I can only name one or two women of my acquaintance who might succeed in public office. Perhaps it may be different in two or three generations.

"I have never known a woman who sat down and studied a public question. Women are not constituted that way. They rely on intuition. They jump at conclusions. And so they are often wrong.

"What do women know about vice, for instance? They have so little opportunity for studying vice. Their lives are lived apart from it. And yet some of our women set themselves up as authorities. They made themselves the champions of the 'red light abatement' measure. I have read what Chief of Police White had to say about this law. Now Chief White is an authority. He knows what he is talking about. So when he says that this law is a step backwards I am prepared to accept his opinion. He says that this law means the end of the Municipal Clinic. That is a great misfortune. With Doctor Clampett and others I think the Municipal Clinic is a good thing. I think that the 'red light' law should be repealed.

"It is because I am old-fashioned, I suppose, that I differ on this and other questions with many of my friends. There is Doctor Lathrop for instance. Somehow or other he and I always take opposite sides."

She differs from Doctor Lathrop! Irrefragable proof, incontestable evidence that Mrs. Stoney is mistress of Common Sense!

Mrs. Stoney mentioned other names. It was inevitable that the name of Doctor Aked should be included. Mrs. Stoney's opinion of Doctor Aked is perhaps an old-fashioned opinion, and I should like to repeat it. But she asked me not to. From this it may be inferred that her opinion was not complimentary. And it was not. It increased my admiration for her.

One of the questions on which Mrs. Stoney found it impossible to agree with Doctor Lathrop and others was the Graft Prosecution. Another is the Weller Recall. Mrs. Stoney does not think that Judge Weller should have been recalled. She does not think that it was an honest movement.

"The women were given the vote and the recall. They were eager to try their wings. Without investigating they started the movement to recall Judge Weller. Later they found they were wrong about Judge Weller, but they decided to recall him anyway.

"And who were the women who started this movement? Two newcomers in this city: Helen Todd from Chicago, a professional agitator, and Miss Ballou of Kentucky. Does it seem fair that they should speak for us?"

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Mrs. Stoney felt so strongly on this subject that she wrote a letter about it to the Examiner.

"The Examiner would not publish it," she said. "It seems strange, but I have noticed that the papers publish only one side of such a matter. When anything was said for Judge Weller it did not appear in print. I suppose the papers were afraid of the women directing the Weller recall. They realize that it is the women, not the men who subscribe for the papers."

After some difficulty friends of Mrs. Stoney procured the publication of her letter in the Bulletin. It was a harmless letter, apparently not calculated to affright an editor. The letter concluded thus:

"I have always been an advocate of woman suffrage, but I regret that the initial movement here among women, in the exercise of this right, should be based upon such a frivolous and unjust pretext."

"Frivolous and unjust" says Mrs. Stoney. They are hard words for a woman to apply to her sisters, but Mrs. Stoney is old-fashioned enough not to be afraid of words when she thinks her sex needs criticism.

And in this matter of their advocacy of short cuts to morality by legislation and recall she is a severe critic. She is old-fashioned enough to think that men are not solely to blame when girls go wrong.

"If a girl goes joy-riding with strange men she should be prepared to accept the consequences," she says. "Where are the mothers of such girls? How have they trained them? Do they think that laws can do for their daughters what they have failed to do? Evil cannot be subdued by law-making. The two great weapons against it are home training and religion."

Mrs. Stoney was equally severe about the feminine uplifters who haunted the court room during the two Joslen trials. It horrifies her to see a wayward girl given a halo by hysterical women. She thinks that such misplaced zeal is harmful instead of beneficial.

So you see, Mrs. Stoney's common sense cuts her off from sympathy with many of the women who are attracting attention in our midst. For the professional uplifter she has no regard; for the cut-and-dried formulas of social and moral regeneration she has a great deal of contempt.

And yet Mrs. Stoney has always been a woman of activity in worthy causes. She was for a long time a member of the Women's Auxiliary of the Prison Commission. She was a member of the San Francisco Maternity. She is on the Pure Milk Commission. She has been chairman of the Social Service Workers of the Episcopal House of Churchwomen. And she is a member of the Women's Board of the World's Fair.

So although Mrs. Stoney confesses old-fashioned views she cannot be regarded with contempt by the women she fails to approve of. Should they enter the lists against her they will find her position bulwarked by charming manners, shrewd humor and high mental cultivation as well as by Common Sense. There are very many women in San Francisco like her, but unfortunately their shriller sisters make so much noise that their modulated protests are not heard. In consenting to speak Mrs. Stoney has placed them under an obligation of gratitude.

AGNES TOBIN

IT WAS Agnes Tobin (if I may appropriate the words of a critic) who made "Petrarch's great name credible" to English readers. Agnes Tobin transplanted Petrarch's lyric blossoms from Vaucluse to London, and thence their fragrance has been borne to every English-speaking land. Strange as it may seem, there was no adequate English version of the immortal sonnets and canzoni until Agnes Tobin essayed the congenial task. For more than five hundred years a wondrous treasure was locked from English readers. It remained for Agnes Tobin to provide the key. The artistic success of her achievement is a glory which her native California is proud to share.

It would be interesting indeed to hear Agnes Tobin discourse of Petrarch and his Lady Laura. But she has the poet's elusive shyness; one does not come close to her personality in conversation. Indeed, it may be said that she erects a barrier of speech that effectively protects her most cherished thoughts, her dearest opinions from the casual interviewer.

Here and there through Miss Tobin's fluent talk there flashes the otherwise secret fire of her predilections; and then one realizes how warming and illuminating that inward flame must be for those to whom it is uncovered.

There is in Agnes Tobin, I should say, the artist's consuming passion for perfect form. One catches the flash when she lingers admiringly on the names of such supersubtle artists as Whistler, Poe, Hawthorne, Francis Thompson, Butler Yeats and Mrs. Meynell; when she laments the Mary Austin that has turned aside from the exquisite artistry of "The Land of Little Rain." And the artist's detachment is strikingly apparent when one seeks to engage her in talk on the politics of her beloved London. The only politician in whom she showed an interest was one who in his social hours "pours forth cascades of Wordsworth and Keats." There is almost a shudder when you mention the Pankhursts and the Drummonds. A sort of poet's instinct for self-preservation guards her from any enthusiasm for politics.

Agnes Tobin lives the inner life. I should apply the word "mystic" were it not so fashionably abused. She mentions Alphonsus of Liguori as though his name and work were perfectly familiar to all. Of Chesterton whose religious belief is just now quite a subject for speculation in London and elsewhere she explains briefly that his creedal predilections constitute an intellectual passion, and so dismisses the subject; for all the world as though the churchman's subtle distinction between the human gift of understanding and the divine gift of faith were a truistic commonplace.

Her absorption in the inner life led her to Petrarch. The way was

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inevitable. We know that by the result. No chance interest could flower in such a translation of Petrarch as Agnes Tobin has given us. If there is a fate or a guidance for poets, it was ordained that Petrarch should speak to thousands through Agnes Tobin.

English interest in Petrarch lagged curiously behind interest in the other Italian poets. There were versions of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Pulci, Boiardo at a time when Petrarch was little more than a name. Even Michelangelo was probably less neglected than the great lord of the trecento, the earliest of the humanists, the first of modern men. The love story of Madonna Laura was current, but the perfect poetical expression of its pure beauty was scarcely known.

By dint of much search you may find the names of those who translated Petrarch into English before Agnes Tobin. The greatest was Edmund Spenser, but how many have read his fugitive renderings? Out of curiosity I have noted the names of some who from time to time gave a few of the sonnets and canzoni to English. Major Macgregor, Moleworth, Dr. Nott, Miss Wollaston, Anne Bannerman, Mrs. Wrottesley, Dr. Morehead, Lord Charlemont and Lord Woodhouselee—these are not exactly household words. When the brilliant Ugo Foscolo fled Napoleon and was lionized in London Lady Dacre made some graceful translations to accompany his Petrarchan essays, and interest in Petrarch became fashionable in London's drawing rooms.

But Petrarch is not a fad. He must be a cult or nothing. His poetry must be approached with reverence, with sympathy, with deep understanding. That is the way Agnes Tobin approached her master. That helps explain why she has given us a sonnet sequence worthy to be named with the great sonnet sequences in the English language.

Miss Tobin tells me that she is preparing more of her Petrarchan translations for the press. The book we know contains the sonnets written after Laura's death. Those composed during Laura's life, says Miss Tobin, are less poignant but still marvellously beautiful. She has translated many of these, and her London publisher is eager to make a book of them, but Miss Tobin is not yet ready. I can imagine Miss Tobin her own severest critic. When the manuscript finally goes to the publisher there will ensue a literary event.

Meanwhile we have her "Madonna Laura." It is the lovelorn's vade mecum. Harking "the cry and all the tidal sameness" of it the mind goes winging back to Vaucluse and Avignon. Laura has but lately captured "the white glory of Death" and we are of a favored company weeping by her tomb. The old poignancy strikes along the brain. The immortal music sets our hearts a-weeping. We are out of conceit with living; only in love with love.

That old medieval wonderland Agnes Tobin takes us to! Is it France? Is it Italy? No, but a poet's paradise, a fancy's field where only lovers may stray in reverie and pluck the supernal flowers that blossom, blow and die between the rising and the setting of a dream.

The song is of "Death, that Lord of High Disdain," of "self-abnegation,

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ardours heavenly;" yet its burden changes suddenly to "longing like a fire" when "Chastity gives Cupid a long kiss" and the soul cries out, "Snatch back my stolen sweet." It is in truth lost love transfigured to music, desire distilled to ecstasy in the alembic of deprivation. It is a sad sweet song sung by the fountain of Vaucluse, and what is Vaucluse but the garden close of the world where "all things die but Pain?"

Go there with Agnes Tobin and thrill

To think how the sun rose in Avignon
One morning of a spring of long ago.

If "great Grief" has taken your "body for his hall," let Agnes Tobin's "recurrent rimes becalm the trouble of the heart." Let her make you one with "all the white-stoled lovers of the world," for her words, thrice-refined gold poured into the mould of Petrarch, are of a "sweetness that stops the sun."

All you who have lost a love, buried an ideal, entombed a dream, yet fain would glorify your grief and make your desolation live a mortal span; you who live in some Vaucluse of the soul and chant dirge to delights you may never encompass, weep for sweets you may never enjoy—let Agnes Tobin sing Petrarch to you. It shall be for your heart's mortal comfort and your soul's eternal good.

RICHARD M. TOBIN

DICK" TOBIN is our preux chevalier of polo. As Kipling put it about the captain of the Lushkar team, he plays across a polo field like a lambent flame. A golfer too is "Dick" Tobin; in fact, a lover of all healthy outdoor activities.

But unlike many others of his set "Dick" Tobin is not exclusively an open air man. Can you picture Walter Hobart at a chamber concert? Or burning the midnight mazda over a volume of Chesterton? There is no such difficulty in the case of "Dick" Tobin. Unroll the scroll of his busy and interesting life, examine what he has accomplished, study his position—and you will find that his has been, from every angle, an eminently satisfactory career. He stands at the forefront of a banking institution known all over the world; he has cultivated the rare art of conversation; he has the instinct of graceful hospitality; he is prominent among our connoisseurs of literature, painting and music.

His love of music had brought his name into the public prints a good deal of late. Noticing that, I paid him a visit at the Hibernia Bank. I went to talk with Richard M. Tobin because he was active in the affairs of the Musical Association of San Francisco. That body had given us our symphony orchestra and was busily engaged in preparing plans for a magnificent opera house. Richard M. Tobin is one of the board of governors of the association. More than that, he is on the music committee. So he is having much to do, and will in the future have a great deal more to do, with directing and improving the musical taste of this by no means musically benighted community. The views of such a man on the artistic outlook in San Francisco, particularly in so far as music is concerned, should prove very interesting.

"Residence in California is accompanied by many delights and many benefits," he began. "Nowhere is there a more lovely climate and nowhere are the beauties of nature so entrancing. Californians have nothing to regret so far as the natural advantages of their State and its climate are concerned. We do lack, however, artistic resources and interests. The thing that makes one feel most our remoteness from the centers of civilization is the very rare opportunities we have of listening to the opera, of hearing good music in other forms, of seeing the best plays and the drama in its classic form, and of looking at beautiful pictures. This absence of artistic interest and aesthetic resources, it must be frankly confessed, is a drawback to life in California. I believe that it is this disadvantage that has led so many men who have become rich here to take their families to live in other parts of the world. The absence of intellectual and artistic pleasures is particularly hard upon women who are so much more developed upon that side than men are, and who moreover have not the material resources of business affairs.

V A R I E D T Y P E S

"The attractions that Europe has for Americans are the great art galleries, the opera, the splendid music festivals. The need of this country is to develop artistically. This is what Colonel Roosevelt meant when he pointed out in one of his speeches at Berkeley that men of the type of St. Gaudens were the really great contemporary Americans.

"Consider the matter of painting, for instance. A writer in the Nation points out that a collection made of all the great paintings owned by Americans would not bear comparison with the collection of any one of the principal European cities. He affirms that American art collections are considerable only in the Dutch school. There is in the whole of America only one Botticelli of note.

"I think it is plain that a realization of this deficiency has become general within the last ten or fifteen years. Up to that time no very great enthusiasm for art had been exhibited in this country, either by the nation or by its citizens. We all know how severely those who brought great masterpieces of art into this country were penalized by the fatuous practice of imposing a huge duty on works of art. It is said that the beautiful collection of Mrs. Gardener almost ruined her in custom duties, though it must be plain that her superb possessions will one day become the property of the nation.

"Boston and New York, as cities, have set us a very good example. The occasion of my first visit to Boston was to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra play, and to see the frescoes in the public library. I should have felt well rewarded if the journey had been as far as Peking. These two accomplishments in art are sufficient to give Boston a very high place among the cities of America.

"New York is manifesting a similar enthusiasm. The collection of the Metropolitan Museum becomes year by year more interesting and precious. The Metropolitan Opera House, thanks to the generosity of the rich public-spirited citizens in New York, has now a season which in many ways is unequalled in Europe. Two fine orchestras are supported by similar means. Mr. Pulitzer in his will left a bequest of \$400,000 to the New York Philharmonic. The history of the New Theatre is a striking example of what sacrifices New Yorkers are ready to make to increase the charm and the artistic interest of their city. Through the personal influence of Mr. Morgan the sum of over \$2,000,000 was collected in the hope of founding an American Comedie Francaise. And now San Francisco seems to have become animated by the same inspiration.

"Two years ago a symphony orchestra was organized here, and through the munificence of some three hundred of our citizens has been placed upon what we may hope is a permanent basis. It has given a great deal of the best kind of pleasure to those who love classic music. We have a great many musicians here who deserve the name of artist in its highest sense. These have been assembled in the San Francisco Orchestra and under the leadership of Mr. Hadley have after a short existence of less than two years begun to play in a manner that may be compared to the best orchestras of our country.

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The performance that was given of Richard Strauss' tone poem, 'Death and Transfiguration' may well have been a source of pride and satisfaction to everybody who has hopes for the artistic development of this city. The manner in which the public has supported the enterprise shows how anxious the people here are for good music and how appreciative when it is given.

"The success of the Symphony Society has, I believe, been the inspiration for the creation of an opera house. San Francisco is fortunate to possess among its citizens one who combines public spirit with ability and constancy of purpose, and who enjoys moreover to a high degree the confidence of his fellow citizens. Mr. Crocker modestly depreciates the difficulties of his undertaking; but the fact remains that in a very short space of time he has secured contributions to the extent of over \$600,000 towards the purpose of the opera house. The contributors of this vast sum will receive no material advantage, except the privilege of being permitted to purchase their own boxes for such performances as may be given.

"The erection of this opera house is the one thing that could have made possible the performance of opera in San Francisco. In order to induce the management of the great opera organizations in the East to bring their artists here, and to face the great initial loss involved by the journey, it was absolutely necessary to have a house large enough to hold an audience sufficient in size to insure an adequate return. None of our theatres could possibly have held such an audience. In an opera house such as is planned I believe we may expect a yearly visit from the Metropolitan Opera Company, which means of course performances given by the greatest of living artists.

"Moreover a home will be provided for organizations like the symphony society, where they can give their performances and conduct their studies and rehearsals amidst sympathetic and encouraging surroundings.

"I hope and believe that the enterprise of a municipal art gallery is not very far off. It is much to be regretted that we have not a collection of pictures for the entertainment and improvement of our fellow citizens of the character possessed by the cities of Chicago, New York and Pittsburg. When this shall have been accomplished those who live and die in California will not have so much to regret as they have now. With the masterpieces of art within reach the desire of Californians ever to leave their lovely State must surely be diminished. San Francisco needs only this artistic charm to become a true metropolis of the West. I believe that many who now journey to the East and to Europe would be happy, if we had fine music and fine pictures to show them, to come to stay in San Francisco.

"It is highly important for the encouragement of music that the surroundings should be of a harmonious and sympathetic nature, and that one should be protected from all distractions. In my mind the correct idea of an opera house is the Prinz Regenten in Munich. There one is given a comfortable seat, and an unrestricted view of the stage is secured by the fact that the head of the person next in front is almost at one's feet. Performances are carried on in religious silence and in complete darkness. In the entr'acte one can walk about in a delightful garden where there is nothing to shock

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the imagination or to dispel the charm that the music has cast. I think we may fairly hope to have something like this in San Francisco. Mr. Redding who has gone abroad in the interest of the project, will return with models of the very best opera houses in Europe. I think that the citizens of San Francisco may confidently look forward to the possession of an opera house which for beauty and comfort and sympathetic surroundings will compare with any.

"One of the most delightful features of the whole affair is the harmonious and spirited manner in which our prominent citizens have combined in this project. We have often been taunted with a lack of harmony in San Francisco. This incident would seem to show that disunion, if it ever existed, has gone, and I believe that in no city in the country of the size and wealth of San Francisco could so important an enterprise have found such ready and enthusiastic support."

These words were spoken by Mr. Tobin more than two years ago. Nobody dreamed then of the amazing manner in which the glorious project of a Municipal Opera House was to be done to death. The circumstances in which the labor of our most devoted citizens was brought to naught make one of the most humiliating chapters in local history. There is no need of repeating the story here. The bare remembrance brings a pang to every lover of music. To the men who bear responsibility for the crime against art the recollection must bring a flood of shame.

RICHARD WALTON TULLY

SUPPOSE you were a young person who had written the great American drama, and suppose you took it to Dick Tully to find out what he thought about it. Then suppose he made no move to take the manuscript (nicely rolled and cutely tied with a bit of ribbon), but instead fixed you with his cold spectacled eye and transfixed you with these:

"What salary do you work for?"

"How many hour-pounds did you put into your play?"

What would you think of Richard Walton Tully, playwright? Would you be indignant? Would you tell him he was an impertinent thing? Or just what would you do? I ask to know. I haven't had the experience myself, but many must have had it. For Tully is beset with young writers of the great American drama. And he says himself that he always begins the interview with those questions.

"A young fellow comes to me," explained Tully, using the dramatic present tense. "He has a play. Will I please look it over and say what I think of it? Instead of looking it over I ask him: 'What salary do you earn?' Ten to one he thinks I'm too inquisitive. But he tells me, let us say, twenty-five dollars a week. So. 'And how much time did you put in on this play?' Perhaps he has put in six weeks, two months. So. 'I suppose you know a good play is worth at least \$25,000? And here you've given two hundred dollars' worth of your time to earn \$25,000.' It begins to dawn on him that a successful play isn't written in two months."

"How long does it take you to write a play?" I asked.

"From one to three years," answered Tully, sitting on his hands and rocking one leg over the other.

"There is a dynamics of art," he continued. "I've worked it out. In my theory success combines hour-pounds of energy with the proper direction of the artist's mental vision."

The man who shares the success of "The Rose of the Rancho" with David Belasco, whose "Bird of Paradise" and "Omar the Tentmaker" have been given on Broadway and who calls that august individual Mr. Frohman by the familiar "Charley" of intimacy, ought to know something about success. So I begged that he elucidate.

"You know," he enlightened, "that when you lift a pound a foot that's a foot-pound. Well, when an artist exerts his artistic energy for an hour I call that an hour-pound. Let us suppose that John Smith works for a year on a play. He accumulates, say, one thousand hour-pounds. Then he engages a company of twenty and they rehearse for six weeks. Twenty multiplied by six weeks will give their hour-pounds. The orchestra supplies more hour-pounds. When the first night comes John Smith has probably

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accumulated ten thousand hour-pounds and their force is all ready to rush out when the curtain rises. Tom Jones sits in the audience for two hours and a half. Those ten thousand hour-pounds hit him in two hours and a half. If the artistic form of the play is correct, if the direction of the artist's energy is right, Tom Jones gets an absolute uplift of feeling, of emotion. The play is a success.

"I explain this theory of mine to the people who bring me their manuscripts. I'm afraid they find me unsatisfactory. It is so hard to explain to them sometimes why their plays are not suited for the stage. After all, what is a play? Take an operating room. You have a stage, you have the actors, you have the properties, you have an audience. But an autopsy isn't a play. So many people write psychic autopsies, and get mad because they are not produced. The manager tells them that the public doesn't want autopsies. The manager is the man who knows what the great public at this time considers a play. Nothing that the public won't come and pay to see will ever live as a play. But the beginners find it hard to believe this. And some of them won't change their plays. The man with the immortal manuscript which he won't change had better stay away from the stage.

"The first thing for the beginner to do is to find out what a play is. He must become actively associated with the actual theatre, preferably from the stage side. He must establish that intimacy with the audience which the actor knows. He must learn that the shade between drama and narrative is very slight, that it may merely consist of two words, but that it's all the difference in the world. He must get to know the unbreakable bond between the audience and the play so that while writing he will have the ever-present movement of the play in front of him and the audience in front of the play.

"Some say that the draamtist is born, not made. I don't believe it. People can't write successful plays until they have learned the use of their tools. They must learn to write plays as the physician learns to operate or the sculptor to make a statue. And for the complete playwright the stage requires the widest knowledge. First of all the playwright must establish that sympathetic bond between his play and the audience. Then he must know how to twist a story, as Pinero says, to weave it in and out, to be in the literal meaning of the word, a play-fashioner, a play-twister. Thirdly, and this is the least important, he must be a playwright as well as a playwright; he must put his play in proper language. Fourthly, he must be a landscape painter, seeing his scene in a frame and making it beautiful; an architect, building his houses as modern houses are built; a sculptor, not molding his players by hand, it is true, but selecting them for their looks to suit his characters; and a musician, so that if there is to be incidental music, he will know what is fitting and what discordant.

"Of course the beginner must have experience of life. He must have come into direct association with life, for he can only write what he knows. The public has been educated to catch the false note at once.

"It's only hard work that brings success to the playwright. That was the greatest thing Belasco taught me. Of course there is the inspirational flash which comes under auspicious conditions. But that flash must come

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again and again before you can twist it into a play. Meanwhile you must keep at work between flashes. The harder you work the oftener the flashes will come. When your play is finished you'll probably be so tired of the work that you'll distrust all the inspirational flashes and think that your play is rotten. But if the hour-pounds are there and the energy was properly directed, the play will succeed.

"Personally I've been at this work for twelve years. I was twenty-three when I wrote 'James Wobberts, Freshman' for the University of California. It has been played in about one hundred high schools and is still being used. I worked for two years on 'Juanita of San Juan.' Then I put in another year on it with Belasco before it became 'The Rose of the Rancho.' Next I wrote 'Cupid the Cow-punch' from Mrs. Tully's novel. It was tried out at Ye Liberty. I'm still working on it. Then came 'The Bird of Paradise.' I spent a year preparing for it by reading more than one hundred books on the Hawaiian Islands. I spent two years writing it. It was bought by the New Theatre and I was sent to Hawaii to buy properties, get the music, verify my local color and so on. Meanwhile the New Theatre closed. I decided to produce it myself. I tried it out in Los Angeles and it ran there for five weeks. Then it went to New York.

"Why did I try it out in Los Angeles instead of San Francisco? For several reasons. In the first place there is no manager in San Francisco at present who takes an interest in new plays as Bishop used to do and as his brother Oliver Morosco does now in Los Angeles. The Alcazar only occasionally puts on a new play. Besides that, San Francisco has the most critical attitude toward dramatic art of any city in the country. You are used to plays that have been through the polishing mill. So the new playwright is at a disadvantage here. He brings a play that must be polished by production, and not being used to untried plays, you line his work up alongside a play that has been given seven hundred times.

"In Los Angeles it is different. For fifteen years Oliver Morosco has been producing native plays, new plays. Los Angeles is trained on the standard of new productions. It is a 'dog town,' to use the slang of the craft. Besides it has many easterners who have lived in other 'dog towns.' It never criticises a new venture as it does an old one."

So there you are. The aspiring young man with the great American play in process of writing is welcome to these instructions from a successful playwright. And when he gets his play wrought as well as written, let him take it to Los Angeles and 'try it on the dog.'

JAMES T. TURNER



READER, do you know the Fresno Beer Hall in Fresno? Right next to Uncle Ike's? Down by the Southern Pacific depot? Well, if you don't know it, the loss is yours as well as the proprietors', for the beer they draw there is sharp and cool and Fresno's is at times a thirsty climate. If you know it, you may know also the gentlemanly proprietors, serious-looking Fred Dahnken with the spectacles and Jim Turner with the keen blue eyes and the luxuriant hair. Let me tell you that there never were two more popular saloon keepers in the metropolis of the raisin belt.

You haven't seen Fred Dahnken and Jim Turner in the Fresno Beer Hall for some time? Right you are! They own it still, and it's doing very well, thank you! but its gentlemanly proprietors haven't been giving it much personal attention for some time. If Fresno went dry (as it has threatened to do off and on), and the Fresno Beer Hall went out of business, Fred and Jim wouldn't turn a hair. They'd mourn it for old times' sake and because it provided the foundation of their fortunes, but in a pecuniary sense they'd never miss it.

For Fred and Jim have been making fortunes during the last few years in the moving picture business. A little over two years ago a financial transaction connected with moving picture interests took Jim Turner to New York. He was offered a sum of money, a sum that staggered him, for certain interests he and Fred controlled, and he wired Fred to find out what to do. Fred was right back at him with this:

"Accept. More money than you and I can spend."

Perhaps it was, but Turner and Dahnken have kept on coining money ever since.

Some time ago we were all shocked to learn that "Doc" Leahy had leased the magnificent new Tivoli to moving picture people. When we got over the shock we were curious to know who were the people that figured on filling the Tivoli's two thousand seats all day and night long with moving picture audiences. The answer was, Turner and Dahnken. But who are they? I went and asked Turner about himself and Fred.

Fred Dahnken and Jim Turner were born in the little town of Antioch. They played together as kids; they were chums at school; they were sworn pals as young men; they are partners now. From youth to manhood they shared every enterprise. Fred has had fifty cents of every dollar Jim ever made, and vice versa.

"And we've never had a row," says Jim.

"No," laughs Fred, "we have never quarreled."

Fred Dahnken is a little older than Jim Turner. He was out of school

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first, and when Jim got his diploma, Fred was running the Arlington Hotel at Antioch. Fred took Jim in as clerk. But pretty soon it was evident that there wasn't work enough for both of them.

"Jim," said Fred, "why not look around for a business of some sort?"

"All right, Fred," said Jim, "and when I get started I'll take you in."

Jim found the chance he was looking for in Fresno. He got the Fresno Beer Hall, right next to Uncle Ike's down by the Southern Pacific depot. And he took Fred in. They did very nicely, for as I said before, the beer they drew was sharp and cool and there is thirst in the very air of Fresno. But they were not satisfied to plod. They knew Peter Bacigalupi and were aware that he had made a fortune out of the penny arcade business. So they opened a penny arcade in Fresno. They did a fine business for three months, but after that not so many pennies tinkled into the slots, so they packed up their machines and went to Portland for the Fair. Their experience may have provided a valuable hint for 1915 purveyors.

"The penny arcades on the Fair grounds lost money," says Jim Turner, "but we got a place down town and made a lot of money." They had been in Portland a year when our big fire took place.

"Before the fire was out," says Jim Turner, "we had a penny arcade started on Fillmore street between Eddy and Ellis."

They stayed at that for a year and a half, doing well at first and not so well later on. They cast about for the reason. They found it in the moving picture shows that were just beginning to attract people. So they turned their penny arcade into a moving picture show.

"We stored \$17,000 worth of penny arcade machines," says Jim Turner, "and they're in storage still. I was offered \$200 for them the other day, and I guess that's all they're worth. The penny arcade is a thing of the past. The moving picture killed it."

That first moving picture house did so well that pretty soon Turner and Dahnken opened another in the Arcade Building a block down Fillmore street. Then they started a film exchange. There were three film exchanges already, Miles Brothers, the Novelty and the Clapham, but Turner and Dahnken thought there was room for one more. There was.

"We were more successful than the others," says Turner, "because we kept on opening moving picture houses of our own. We built up a fine business."

They opened the Globe in the Mission, and two movie houses in Market street, the leases of which they afterwards sold to Alexander Pantages when he wanted to build a vaudeville theatre in San Francisco.

A little over two years ago the nine big film manufacturing concerns of the country, the Pathe, the Essanay, the Biograph, the Lubin, the Kalem, the Vitagraph, the Edison, the Melie and George Kleine, got together and formed the General Film Company, popularly known as "the film trust." That meant the doom of all the little film exchanges throughout the country. Turner and Dahnken realized that a bit more quickly than most others engaged in the business. Turner went to New York and sold out. That was the time he got the staggering offer of a sum which Fred Dahnken said was

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"more money than you and I can spend." I asked Turner how much it was. "A fortune," he replied. I have heard that the General Film Company paid them \$250,000.

At the present time Turner and Dahnken have ten moving picture theatres: two in Berkeley, one in Richmond, one in Oakland, one in Alameda, one in Fresno, one in Sacramento, one in San Jose, the Globe in the Mission and—their particular pride—the Tivoli. Their San Jose investment for lot and building is \$110,000; and they are preparing to build their own theatres in Sacramento and Richmond. They entertain about 25,000 people a day.

"The moving picture business is in its infancy," says Turner. "It is just entering the big production stage. The day of the short film has passed. People want to see big productions like 'Quo Vadis' or 'The Third Degree' in a big roomy comfortable theatre where there is plenty of air. What chance has the legitimate theatre against us? We give a better production for less money. There is only so much money to be spent on amusement, and more and more of it is being spent in the moving picture theatres. The best proof is that they are prosperous while the houses of legitimate drama are complaining of bad business. No wonder we turned people away from the big Tivoli at every production of 'The Third Degree.' The film play costs twenty cents, while you had to pay a dollar and a half to see the play. Another thing: Supper in a cafe has come to be part of theatregoing. If you take a lady to the theatre she expects supper afterwards. But you don't think of going to supper from a moving picture show. And mind you, people come to the Tivoli films in their limousines."

Finally Jim Turner gave me his recipe for success in the moving picture business:

"We give as much as we can for the money; we supply good music and first class entertainment; and we try to have the best equipment possible."

I take it that recipe also accounts for the success of the Fresno Beer Hall down in the thirsty metropolis of the raisin belt.

RAPHAEL WEILL



ALL RAPHAEL WEILL a clubman; call him a boulevardier; regard him as a patron of the arts and belles lettres; dub him dilettante or connoisseur in your own particular acceptation of those widely different words; praise him for his philanthropy; extol him as a gourmet and a chef; look upon him as the oldest and most eligible bachelor in society. His familiars will admit the justice of all you say, but still they will shake their heads and tell you that you have missed the most important characteristic of the man. What can that be? you ask. And you are informed that it is Raphael Weill's genius for friendship.

It was wise old Sam Johnson who said, "If a man does not make new friendships as he passes through life, he will soon find himself let alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair." That is what Raphael Weill has done all through life, not consciously, I imagine, but through the prompting of an instinct which is part of his genius for friendship. For more than half a century the men and women of San Francisco who were worth while have been grappled to his soul with hooks of steel. In years Raphael Weill is an old man; consequently many of those who were dear to him have passed away. To those old friends who remain he is every year knitted closer and closer, for he believes with his own *La Fontaine* that "friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life." And in the place of those who have passed he enshrines others, picking them with a sureness that is seldom or never mistaken.

Go into the beautiful office from which he directs the great business establishment with which his name is instantly associated by all San Franciscans, and you will find on his desk a score of photographs. They are the photographs of children.

"My children," he will tell you; "the children of my friends, but nevertheless my children because I have none of my own."

Most of those children represent the third generation of unbroken friendships. Raphael Weill knew and loved their fathers and mothers before those children were brought into the world; he knew and loved their grandfathers and grandmothers when those fathers and mothers were themselves children. That sort of friendship, continuing from generation to generation, is very rare; one might almost say unique. Only a man who has a genius for friendship could boast it.

We all know something about Raphael Weill's charities and philanthropies. We know that in memory of his dear friend Fire Chief Sullivan he founded a gold medal for heroism in the department, a medal which bears, not his name, but the name of his friend the dead chief. We know that after

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the earthquake and fire he distributed two thousand dresses among the needy women of the city. We know that the champions of a charitable cause have never appealed to him in vain. And we realize with pleasure that his goodness of heart thus publicly manifested has been publicly proclaimed and rewarded. When he went to Paris after the calamity of 1906 the republic gave him the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in recognition of what he had done for his fellow-citizens. And he told them:

"You are unable to decorate all the men and women of San Francisco for what they have done, and so you decorate them through me. On behalf of them all I thank you."

He wears the narrow red ribbon in his coat, but it is not nearly as dear to him as is the loving cup which the Women of San Francisco presented to him on the same occasion. With the cup was a parchment volume containing the names of the most representative women of this city, the women who had given him the loving cup. His eyes glisten as he turns the beautiful pages of that volume.

These and other testimonials like them are public expressions of appreciation for Raphael Weill's benefactions. But of his larger charities there is no record. You must go among his friends to learn of his secret well-doing. All of Raphael Weill's friends are not blessed with worldly prosperity. Many of them find the struggle for decent existence very difficult. How many of them would find it well nigh impossible if it were not for Raphael Weill? There is no way of telling. Many of his oldtime friends died and left their families in straits. Raphael Weill has always regarded it as one of the sacred obligations of friendship to assist such families. I have been told of many instances, but not by Raphael Weill. He is of course silent in these matters.

Perhaps it is this genius for friendship which keeps Raphael Weill in San Francisco. This city has been his home and the home of his friends for more than fifty years. But his heart is a great deal in Paris. There too he has many friends, friends among the great of the earth. When he goes to Paris, as he does every year, picking up his bags and starting off for the capital of the world with much the same unconcern that you or I would go avisting to Oakland or San Jose, when he goes to Paris he goes from one circle of friends to another. He knows all the interesting men and women of Paris. He is as intimate with Bernhardt and Anatole France as he is with Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Frank Unger. Years ago he formed the habit of dropping in at a little library on the boulevards where all the great authors and journalists might be found after the theatre and where the brilliant conversation lasted into the wee sma' hours. He met there Hugo (whom, according to many, he much resembles in appearance), Daudet, the Goncourts and all the rest of the men who helped make French literary history during the last three or four decades of the nineteenth century.

It was inevitable that such associations should sharpen his appetite for good books. Hear him discourse about a novel by Anatole France or about a first edition of "Pickwick" and you will be as charmed as when you listen to his reminiscences of friendship. His judgment of books is sound. So

RAPHAEL WEILL



RAPHAEL WEILL

too his judgment of pictures and statues. But he is not merely a connoisseur; he is a Maecenas too. Struggling authors have been enabled to publish through his kindness. In the closing days of 1911 he took it upon himself to publish the poems of the late Lucius Harwood Foote, simply because Foote was an old friend and an old man who would die happier for seeing his life work in book form. Joe Strong, the painter, and Robert Aitken, the sculptor, were among those whom he sent to Paris for study. If he kept his pictures and statues, he would have a wonderful collection. But he doesn't. Most of them have gone to the Bohemian Club or to the museum in Golden Gate Park.

Raphael Weill's portrait has been painted many times. But perhaps the portrait of which he is fondest was that in which his dear friend Joe Strong showed him in a cook's cap and apron preparing a ragout. It is an excellent likeness and it commemorates one side of Raphael Weill's varied life. For Weill loves to cook for his friends. He is perhaps our greatest gourmet.

"The way he orders a luncheon is a demonstration of genius," a friend of his told me the other day. "No two of his luncheons are ever the same. He has an inexhaustible talent for new combinations of dishes."

In Paris he discovered a restaurant which has since become famous among Parisians and Americans alike. In San Francisco he calls the best chefs friend and brother. He has cooked breakfasts at the Bohemian Club which have become part of the club tradition and are spoken of in tones of admiring awe. Those who have partaken of frogs' legs à la Raphael Weill or of the ham or the mackerel which he prepares in champagne have been known to declare that life was richer for the experience. There is a story, too, that Raphael Weill fainted when a guest put ice in a claret which had been brought by cunning manipulation to just the proper temperature. The story may not be true. Such stories don't have to be true. They need merely be symbolical of the truth. And this story is all that.

There can be no doubt that Raphael Weill gets a great deal of pleasure out of life. He is in reality a very young man, with a young man's very simple tastes. But in addition he enjoys the pleasures which belong to age. To do good is the happiness of the mature. It makes him happy to extend happiness to those about him. Whether he does this by a secret charity, by helping a struggling author or an improvident artist, by cooking a delicious breakfast or ordering an inimitable dinner, is all one to Raphael Weill. He does these things because by doing them he is satisfying the demands of friendship. He is expressing himself in the terms of his personality. He cannot help doing them, for he has a genius for friendship and there is no kind of genius which can be denied expression.

GEORGE X. WENDLING



IT IS commonly believed that the typical lumberman can talk nothing and think nothing but lumber. If that be so George X. Wendling is not a typical lumberman.

Wendling can look at a forest and see more than mere lumber. He can go a-cruising and find many things besides lumber. He can talk and think about a lot of subjects that have nothing to do with lumber. But this doesn't prevent him from being one of the most expert and most successful lumbermen in the State. He's been in the business for thirty-six years.

When he talks lumber—and of course even a lumberman who is not typical has to talk lumber once in a while—he does not scant the more picturesque features of his business. He sees poetry in lumber where the typical lumberman sees only profit.

"Lumber is one of the most interesting pursuits in the world," says George X. Wendling. "The lumber business has the spice of infinite variety. No two trees are alike. No two boards sawed out of any log are exactly alike. There is such a tremendous lot to be learned about lumber that much of it has never been set down in books. A big lumber library wouldn't begin to exhaust the subject. You never know all about lumber any more than the chemist knows all about chemistry. And you must learn lumber as the chemist learns chemistry, by working at it with your hands. The only way to be a lumberman is to put on overalls and get out into the timber. The fascination of it is beyond all words. It is a matter of continuous education. It is unfolding new things to you all the time.

"Romance? Well, perhaps lumber is romantic when it's in the forest, but when it becomes timber to be bought and sold, it is not romantic. It is a cold, cold business, like shaving ice. The competition is so keen. There has been no fun in the lumber business since the panic of 1907. But I love the business for its vicissitudes. It calls for all a man has of energy to keep up with the other fellow, yes to shove the other fellow out of the way. It's a scrap all the time. It's like life, just one damned thing after another.

San Francisco gets its lumber cheap, the reason being that the city's location makes it a dumping ground for cheap lumber. This has been a great boon to San Francisco. Why, San Francisco has been built with the cheapest lumber I know of. But with the Panama Canal open lumber prices here will not rule so ridiculously low. The 'random common' that is accumulating here all the time will go to the better market on the Atlantic Coast, and we'll have to bid higher to get our supply."

About this point Wendling's conversation threatened to become technical, and I knew I should never be able to follow him through the mazes, so I switched the talk to conservation.

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George X. Wendling showed no surprise at my knowing that conservation was one of his pet subjects. I suppose everybody who knows anything about Wendling knows that. Has he not talked conservation for years? Has he not lectured on the subject? Has he not made addresses on it at the National Conservation Congress? He plunged into it gladly, fluently, with a firm grasp upon his ideas.

"My views on a certain kind of conservation," he said, "are admirably summed up in an apologue which Judge Frank Short of Fresno (whom I consider one of the greatest men in the United States today) used in an address delivered at the National Conservation Congress in St. Paul, 1910. Judge Short said that Uncle Sam was the father of four sons, East, North, South and West. Being liberal to a fault and mindful of a trust, Uncle Sam has transferred to his three elder sons, East, North and South, all their share in his estate. These older sons begin to look with covetous eyes upon the younger brother's inheritance, especially after he has begun to show by his industry the real value of his portion. They tell Uncle Sam that he has been wasteful in the management of his estate. They say to him: 'You have turned over to us and to our children without needful restriction the whole of what we can rightfully claim. In doing this you have shown great incompetency and have practiced many frauds. We can see no way of atoning for this sin except that you shall take and hold that portion of the estate that should descend to our younger brother West, for the benefit of all your children. In consideration of your doing this we shall appoint you the landlord and guardian, without bonds and forever, of his portion. But we require you to see to it that we, your elder sons, shall receive from the rents, leases and profits of this portion our equal shares with our beloved younger brother.' Judge Short went on to say that Uncle Sam seemed weak enough to succumb to the influence of the three elder brothers as against the rightful claim of the younger brother West.

"In other words, the East, North and South have had their share of the family pie and now they want to tell us what we should do with our share. They will not admit that the States west of the Missouri River are entitled to their own natural resources and the results thereof. In California, for instance, one-third of our area is set aside for forest reserves. The rest of the country thinks that the value of these resources should find its way to the national treasury and put no water of consequence on the California wheel. Is that just? I say that it is not. I take no stock in this proposition to deprive the present of its natural resources and save them all for the future.

"In my opinion there is no greater or sounder conservation than that which conserves the splendid fortunes which the American people are building for their children. Am I not a true conservationist when I conserve the fortune which I have spent thirty-six years in building up so that it may descend to my only daughter?"

Wendling swung his swivel chair toward the window of his office on the top story of the Flood Building. He waved an arm that took in blocks and blocks of tall stone and brick structures.

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"Look at that," he said; "all built since the fire of 1906, all built for the children of the future. Is it not a wonderful heritage? Is it not true conservation?"

"Civilization springs up in the path of the woodman's ax. A city rises where a forest goes down. We need not worry about our natural resources provided we use them judiciously, sensibly. The pioneer, it is true, is wasteful. That cannot be helped, and his wastefulness is more than offset by the benefits he confers. The pioneer uses only part of the tree that falls to his ax. But as civilization pushes its way into the forest, transportation facilities allow the use of the whole tree. Out of the original seeming wastefulness comes the real economy that uses everything and promotes prosperity.

"Consider for a moment the devastation of the forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. If these forests were standing in their primeval naturalness as they had stood for ages before they were cut away, inhabited by the redman, the bear, wolf and other animals, that entire region, in my opinion, would not be worth one-eighth of one per cent of the value of the wonderful civilization that sprang up in the wake of the forest that was cut away. As these forests were cut away they made light, easily transportable and cheap building materials that were used for the building of another civilization in the prairie country of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, western Minnesota and later Oklahoma, and a portion of this product found its way further east for the uses of the growing civilization in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New York and other eastern States.

"Does it seem right that one-third of the area of California should bear signs of 'Keep off. Federal Property?' Are not we of California better able to administer our estate than the national government? I'd rather deal with officials in Sacramento who have interests in common with mine than the arbitrary power of Washington. A government which is always changing its administrative officers cannot deal with us as we ought to be dealt with. If we had waited for the government to build the Union and Southern Pacific we'd still be dependent on the Pony Express. Look at our city. In seven years it has been rebuilt, but we have as yet no City Hall. And when the City Hall is finally built it will have cost us from two to five times as much as a similar structure built by private capital. That's politics. If our banks had to change their officers every four years they would save themselves trouble by going into voluntary liquidation.

"I'm the champion of the individual. I think he should have every opportunity to utilize the resources which nature has placed at his disposal. Let us conserve the American man and the American woman. Let us try to prevent that frightful influx of people representing the feculent sewage of the decaying nations of the old world. Mixing these with Americans will produce mongrels, not race character.

"That to my mind would be true conservation. Truer conservation indeed than the political buncombe of so-called conservation that we get from federal bureaucrats located at Washington who want to manage the affairs of the States through the medium of political machines."

D. A. WHITE

GOVERNOR JOHNSON had just signed the "red light abatement bill."

This measure, one of the most vicious ever put upon the statute books of any State, had been passed, as is pretty well known, by legislators who disapproved of it but were afraid to brook the wrath of "the short-haired women and the long-haired men" who threatened them with political ruin if they voted against it.

The Governor had hesitated before signing it, hesitated just for a moment. He had invited its opponents to appear in his office at Sacramento and state their objections. None appeared, so in the presence of a large number of champions of the measure, he affixed his signature.

I happen to know why one opponent of the "red light abatement bill" did not go to Sacramento to tell the Governor of his stand. The opponent I refer to is Chief of Police Gus White.

"If I went up to Sacramento," he explained to me, "and told the Governor how I stood on that bill, a lot of our very charitable clergymen in San Francisco, men of the delectable Aked stripe, would mount their pulpits and declare that I had been paid to oppose it. So what was the use?"

What was the use indeed? We are informed by the Bulletin which is supposed to know the Governor's mind in many matters, that the Governor intended to sign it from the first. So what was the use of the Chief of Police in the city which the law will most affect going out of his way to have his objections overruled and getting himself denounced into the bargain?

Probably other opponents of the bill figured the matter out in much the same way. At any rate, they were not on hand when the Governor dipped his trusty pen in ink and made the bill law. Those present were eager to see the Iowa measure part of our code. They were headed by the Reverend Charles N. Lathrop of this city. Among them was the head of the W. C. T. U., an organization which is accumulating a record for the advocacy of destructive legislation. Witness their success in abolishing the canteen. The W. C. T. U. president received the pen with which the measure was signed, and doubtless the priceless relic will be adequately venerated among her followers.

The ink was scarcely dry on the engrossed copy of the new law when I went to Chief of Police White and asked him about it.

Chief of Police White has been a policeman for a comparatively short time, but nature endowed him with the typical policeman's outspokenness. He didn't mince words about the "red light abatement" law.

"I'm against it," he told me. "Of course I shall have to enforce it, but I'm not in sympathy with it because I believe that it's a move backwards."

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"If the segregation of prostitutes is the best method of regulating the social evil, and I believe it is, then San Francisco at the present time has the proper system, and this system will be destroyed by this new law.

"Let us look at this thing from the police standpoint. The social evil is with us in spite of the preachers who have thundered against it for nearly two thousand years. I don't see any signs of its passing away. So the only thing for the police to do is to regulate it, to minimize it and to get rid of as many of the evils that accompany it as is humanly possible.

"The 'red light abatement' law will put an end to segregation. By means of it the segregated district of this city can be wiped out in a day. What will be the result? Here are the things that will follow, as I see them:

"We shall have streetwalkers.

"Prostitutes will be scattered through the residence districts.

"There will be an increase of white slaving.

"There will be a serious increase in venereal diseases.

"The way will be opened for police graft.

"There will be increased corruption of boys and girls who will be brought into contact with prostitutes in the residence sections.

"Let us look these results over and see whether I have exaggerated.

"At the present time there is practically no street walking in San Francisco. That phase of the social evil was gotten rid of several years ago. At present the police do not arrest two street walkers a month, and it is usually found that those few who are taken in for soliciting in the street are muddled by too much drink. In other words they get drunk and forget that it is dangerous for them to ply their trade in the streets. But when the segregated district is abolished we shall have street walkers. That is always the result. Police will tell you so everywhere. A lieutenant of the New York force told me that the closing of the houses of ill fame in New York put ten thousand prostitutes into the streets.

"We don't have to go far to know that when segregation ceases the prostitutes invade the residence sections. Look at the experience of Los Angeles. We're sure to have the same thing here.

"Then there is the matter of white slaving. There is an awful lot of exaggeration about white slaving in this city at the present time. There can't be much white slaving when the police control the social evil as they do in San Francisco at present. We know where every prostitute in the city plies her trade and where she sleeps. What chance has the cadet when he knows that the white slave detail has the unfortunate women under surveillance every hour of the day and night? But under the new law the police will lose all control of the women. We won't be able to keep our eyes on them when they are scattered all over town. So the white slaver is bound to flourish.

"Then there is the very serious matter of disease. This new law will put the Municipal Clinic out of business along with the segregated district. Without segregation there can be no Municipal Clinic. The Municipal Clinic is a good thing. I have always been in favor of it. It is doing a splendid work in the prevention of disease. But with the women walking the streets

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or plying their trade in the residence districts, there is bound to be an increase in disease. When supervision ends the red plague will thrive.

"The way will be opened for police graft, and this is a very important matter. When there is a tolerated district why should the women pay for protection? They can deal directly with the Chief of Police as long as they submit to proper regulation. But abolish the segregated district, scatter the women all over town, turn them into street walkers, and they will be at the mercy of graft. That is what always happens. The women pay somebody for immunity.

"Finally we must expect to find girls and boys corrupted when bad women go into the residence districts. Innocent youngsters are bound to be thrown into contact with them sooner or later.

"Let us see how this law will operate. It provides that when anybody has reason to believe that a lewd or immoral act has been committed or is about to be committed in any building or place, he may file an information concerning his 'reason to believe' and bring the owner into court to show cause why his property should not be closed up for one year. No bond is required of the person filing the information. Upon the issuance of the injunction the property is sealed up for one year, and the furniture may be sold.

"Plainly that law can be invoked against a first-class hotel just as well as against a house of prostitution. It is a handy weapon for the man with a grudge, and the possibilities of blackmail are too apparent to need explaining.

"Whether or no this new law conflicts with the Charter remains to be seen. I shall insist on a test case in order to see whether its provisions must be carried out. If it is operative the police must enforce it.

"But it looks as though we'll have to have a larger police force. With the new conditions the present force will be inadequate.

"At the present time there are 916 prostitutes in this city. Of these 844 are white women, while the rest are colored, Chinese and Japanese. They are distributed in 115 houses, most of which are in the segregated district while a few are in the uptown tenderloin and south of Market. All are under police supervision. When the evil is spread all over town we shall not be able to supervise them, and just to 'vag' them will be a task."

These figures are very interesting. They are very different from the figures which some of our uplifters give to shocked audiences. Compare them with the figures in any city approximating the size of San Francisco, and the evil of our commercialized vice won't appear so awful as it has been represented. I said so to the Chief of Police, and he agreed with me.

"But men like Doctor Aked don't want to know the truth," he said. "They have made up their minds to be prejudiced in advance. Doctor Aked has never come to me to learn conditions. I never met the man. But if I gave him those figures he'd insist that I was concealing part of the truth from him. I'm surprised that men like Aked find people to support them."

"What will you do when the law goes into effect?"

"I think the first thing to do will be to ask the Park Commissioners to cut down every tree and shrub in Golden Gate Park and all the other parks in the city. Why? To prevent immoral acts in public places."

MRS. LOVELL WHITE



MRS. LOVELL WHITE is an advanced woman, but not a radical. Her public actions are regulated by principles that give no comfort to the shrieking sisterhood. Her conduct is too nicely balanced to excite the admiration of professed uplifters. She would have womanly grace and calm inform all feminine activities. She is not the foe of man; neither is she unreasonably the champion of woman. For many years an ardent suffragist, she is more in love with beauty than with the ballot. For her sex she asks justice, not special privilege. Mrs. Lovell White is a woman who feels deeply, and thinks dispassionately about her feelings.

Over those with whom she is associated in various praiseworthy causes Mrs. Lovell White is said to exercise a most unusual influence. They defer to her opinion; they seek her guidance; they adopt her advice. She is a leader with a following not blind but full of trust. Mrs. White's years are venerable, but she receives much more than veneration from those who take her counsels. They respect her mature judgment when serious questions are to be answered; in matters of sentiment they kindle readily at the flame of her enthusiasm.

Some women ripen in beauty but never in intelligence. When their loveliness fades they are shells inclosing nothing but frivolity. This is a tragedy of womankind about which the less said the better. Other more fortunate women wax gracefully alike in years and mentality. Decade after decade they remain as sweet in mind as in face. Youth and passion make way for gray hair and wisdom. The eternal feminine, in such women, takes on new charms with age, while never quite relinquishing the earlier fascinations and vivacities. If Mrs. Lovell White had not been a girl of sweetness she would not be the Mrs. Lovell White of today. And if that sweet girl had not cultivated more than her beauty, Mrs. Lovell White would not be the influential leader she is.

"I have not altogether lost my vanity," says Mrs. Lovell White. "And that is as it should be with women, is it not? A little vanity helps to keep a woman sweet and clean.

"I am infatuated with this world. I am always busy looking for the beauty that is about me. Unhappiness requires leisure, and I have no time to be idle or miserable."

Mrs. Lovell White is indeed a busy woman. Most of her business is with projects of beauty. She finds expression for her dearest longings in the Outdoor Art League and in the Sempervirens Club.

"The great problems of the world are so bewildering," she says. "The theories of great men are so puzzling. After all, who knows anything about

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anything? I'd much rather confine myself to making the world more beautiful. The creation of a park or playground does as much good to the world as the study of a difficult problem."

Yet Mrs. Lovell White does not ignore utility in her absorbing cultivation of beauty. Hers is too well balanced a mind to tip one way. She is State president of the Women's National Rivers and Harbors Congress. And in her clubs she touches hands with women whose swing of action is more circumscribed. She founded the California Club. She is a member of the Century and of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.

"I wrote a little once," says Mrs. White. "But that is an art in which one can accomplish so little without complete and exclusive devotion. What an artist Oscar Wilde was in the selection and use of beautiful words! I love beautiful words as I love flowers."

There is no passivity about Mrs. Lovell White's cult of beauty. She is too active by nature to succumb to the temptation of the lotus eaters. The beautiful world is very much with her always; she would not shut out any of its manifestations.

"I believe in the spirit of the times," she says. "It is right. It spells progress. I live in the present and its movements, but still I try to look at those movements from the outside.

"This is the era of woman. She has moved out of chaos into the light, and the franchise has been her guide. For two thousand years it has been a man's world. Man made the laws regulating the relations between the sexes. Man told woman that they were the laws of God, but they were not; they were man's. It was man who said to woman: 'This is a sin for you, but not for me.' Woman will no longer allow man to frame one law of morality for her and another for himself.

"It was that old subjection which made woman so mysterious to man. She was not allowed to think straight, so her mind became oblique. She sent her thoughts winding in and out; she used devious ways to accomplish her purpose. Today she goes straight to the point.

"It is no longer thought necessary for woman to remain always within her home. That old domesticity made her small and mean. Man went abroad. He saw the world. He knew all phases of life. That is why man is superior. For man is superior to woman. He is a larger creature in every way. But that condition is changing.

"Woman is being emancipated. Fifty years ago the breath of scandal killed a woman. Even suspicion was fatal to her. It is not so today. Think of our changed attitude on divorce. Divorce is no handicap to a woman now. It may be a positive advantage. And scandal does not wither as it did. The woman of mentality rises superior to scandal. Granted brains, and much is forgiven. The woman on whom scandal has rested may stand on an equal footing in San Francisco with her untarnished sisters.

"Of course all new things are carried to extremes. Even Nature overdoes. She overdid it when she gave all the power to man. Now she is striving to strike an average, and in swinging back she will overdo it once more.

"If woman has the opportunity she will deprive man of his liberty. For

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woman is no better than man. I have never thought that woman would purify politics, for instance. She will not purify politics. In time she will be influenced by the same processes as man. It was not for the purpose of bringing to bear her elevating influence that we have demanded the ballot for woman. We demanded it as a right.

"It is woman's era, and she is centering discussion on questions that are of vital interest to her. The sex question among others. Such discussion is not immodest. Christianity has crucified the body, has tended to make its passions the symptoms of guilt and shame. It subdued the body with hair shirts. The very mystery of sex whetted the appetite of the young. We are getting back to the Greek mode of thought. The Greeks deified the body. We are creating a purer atmosphere. Sex hygiene is one of the signs of the times. So is the discussion of the social evil. Shall it be scattered or segregated? I am one of those who think that evil should be concentrated, restricted.

"These are some of the problems women are trying to solve. Much will be accomplished by their efforts. The changes during the past fifty years have been so great that one cannot imagine what the next fifty years will bring. Fifty years ago woman walked with a mince. Today she walks with a free, swinging gait. Fifty years more and the changes will be tremendous.

"But I am not wrapped up in these matters. I do not believe in trying to do too much for people. I have found that the more you do for some people the more they slump. What we want is sterner stuff in humanity. It is dangerous to coddle the inferior being. If we are to have a finer race virility is the great thing.

"And woman cannot accomplish all she aims to accomplish without the aid of man. In the past man did not make woman his companion because she did not know as much as he did. We must get accustomed to our power. Let us not rush in and do rash things. If we are to take up men's affairs, let us take them up in collaboration with men. Let us work together. By that means progress will be made."

Will some of Mrs. Lovell White's sisters charge her with being a shirker? They cannot do so with justice. Who has undertaken more difficult tasks? Just now she has two battles, and is waging them gallantly. She would save the historic monuments of Laurel Hill Cemetery. And she would save the old Hall of Records. No easy tasks these, and Mrs. Lovell White knows it. But she has a passion for landmarks. She would preserve the continuity of history. Living and glorying in the present, she yet respects, nay reverences the past. This partly explains that secret of her leadership. An intense humanity animates her. In her bosom warm sentiment takes the chill off cold reason. That is why she is not a passionless uplifter; why she stops this side of radicalism. Dowered with a superior brain, she remains a womanly woman.

JAMES WOODS



NO CLOSED town. A lid of course, but a lid like the lid of Pandora's box, letting out some of the joys as well as some of the glooms; not a lid tightly hammered down as the smug-faced Puritans would have it. No open town, and yet no closed town. That was the policy James Woods announced when Mayor Rolph appointed him to the Police Commission in January, 1912.

To introduce into the conduct of the police department the methods which had been so successful in the conduct of his private business, to eliminate all special privileges, to give open way to the liberality and buoyancy which are characteristic of San Francisco life, to encourage business and to welcome and protect the visitor—these are some of the aims which James Woods cherished in taking his seat on the Police Commission.

James Woods modestly calls himself "a comparative newcomer" in San Francisco. He may be that, but there can be no question that during the years he has been with us he has become one of our most popular, our best esteemed citizens. Many men in many walks of life are constantly coming in contact with him, business contact or social contact; yet how many will you find who do not like him? Very few, I fancy. Personally I have found none. He took his place on the Police Commission fortified with widespread good will.

As a manager of big hotels in New York, New Orleans and San Francisco James Woods has been brought into close relations with the police. A big hotel is almost constantly in need of special police protection. When a President, a high official of the army or navy or a foreign diplomat stops at a hotel, the police are invariably called upon to assist in safeguarding his visit. So it is natural that the manager of a big hotel should know more than most other private citizens about the efficiency or lack of efficiency of the police department. Undoubtedly Mayor Rolph had that fact in mind when he asked James Woods to become a Police Commissioner. But he had something else in mind too. In the letter announcing Woods' appointment Mayor Rolph said: "His capacity for organization and his tact, which is one of his marked characteristics, will enable him to do excellent work for San Francisco in the development of our police department. With the approach of the exposition the importance of the police department steadily increases—not only for the maintenance of law and order and the detection of crime, but in the matter of courtesy to our own citizens and to the visitors within our gates."

"I feel that it is a great honor to serve as a commissioner under Mayor Rolph," said Woods when I asked him about his plans of public ministrations, "and I think that I know what Mayor Rolph expected of me when he made

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the appointment. I think that he wants to avoid extremes in the administration of the Police Department, and that will be my aim too. I think that he wants neither an open town nor a closed town; that he wants liberality with decency, with honesty and absolutely without discrimination. That last is, I think, a strong point. We must extend no privilege—and by privilege I do not of course mean anything that is illegal—we must extend no privilege to one which is not extended to all others.

"I think that Mayor Rolph wants me to do for the city what I have done for the St. Francis Hotel. In my management of this hotel I have insisted on respectability. I have encouraged life, liberality, buoyancy, but all must be respectable. For my work here I have received both praise and condemnation. I have no doubt that the condemnation has been sincere, but invariably when I have investigated I have found that the adverse criticism has come from people who have never been in the hotel. When anything has happened which called for punishment, it has been my rule to act promptly and to make the punishment commensurate with the offense. That it seems to me is a good rule for the administration of the police department.

"We must encourage life in San Francisco. We must encourage business. Above all things we must make the stranger welcome and protect him. Especially must we protect women who are traveling alone.

"I am absolutely opposed to an open town. And I am absolutely opposed to a closed town. I don't know which is the worse. But I love the Bohemian spirit of San Francisco. Bohemian is a word which appeals to me when it is used in the right sense. We have a spirit of broadness, of liberality here which is good. It has helped to make this one of the most attractive cities of the world. I can say this because I am a comparative newcomer here. I have seen most of the big cities of the world, and I am constantly coming in contact with world travelers who say the same thing.

"We have had a great deal of agitation about the evils and the immoralities of San Francisco in the newspapers, in the clubs and in the various civic associations. I think that is a mistake. There is no more evil here than elsewhere. Even if there were it would be a mistake to agitate about it. But as a matter of fact there is a great deal less apparent evil in San Francisco than there is in New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Berlin. In those cities evil is flaunted on the streets. The painted streetwalker is greatly in evidence. You never see anything of the sort here. Life, Bohemianism, the things which people love to see, yes; but the other things never."

Getting down to particulars, I asked Woods about this and that detail of police administration, but he was cautious about committing himself.

"It is all new to me," he explained; "I must go to school."

As to the tenderloin?

"Eventually," he said, "that will all land in one section of the city. That is the proper way to handle that problem. That is the way it is handled in New Orleans." This was before the enactment of the Redlight Law.

I mentioned as one of the anomalies of our police administration the toleration of the white lotteries. I pointed out that while they are absolutely illegal they haven't been molested by the police for years.

JAMES WOODS



JAMES WOODS

"That will be work for the future," said Woods.

Interesting work, I should say, and to be watched with interest by the curious. Administrations have come and administrations have gone, but the lotteries have continued on, serene and undisturbed, collecting the silver of the easy-marks and paying their tribute of advertising to the newspapers. Have at them, Commissioner Woods, have at them!

As to the condition of the police department, the new commissioner spoke cheerfully.

"I have come into contact with a great many members of the force from chiefs and captains down to patrolmen," he said. "There is a great deal of good material in the San Francisco police department. It compares favorably with the police department of New York as I knew it. I think the force should be larger, and that will come in time. The traffic squad on Market street is an excellent thing. It should be enlarged to take in other streets as well, and surely will be in time. I think too that it might be well if we had inspectors of police here. In New York under the police system that I knew there were four inspectors. Each had one-fourth of the city for his territory. That might be a good thing here. Each inspector would have two or more captains under him.

"But above all it is essential that we should have a harmonious board; a board whose members are harmonious and which is in harmony as a whole with the chief of police and with the Mayor. And it is essential that the chief of police should be in harmony with the Mayor. I think that we are going to have that. I sincerely hope so."

A hope, it is needless to add, in which every good San Franciscan joins Police Commissioner Woods.

