

Confession of a Boodler.

Moralists will find a tinge of retributive justice in the ills that afflict San Francisco, the gay and wicked Paris of the Pacific slope.

Following earthquakes and conflagration was the grafting on relief funds that scandalized public and private citizens, and now the exposure of organized boodling, comparable in magnitude to the work of the Tweed ring in New York occupies public attention.

This is the confession of a boodler. It is the story in his own words of Thomas Lonergan's election as one of the eighteen supervisors of San Francisco and the insidious influences which turned a wagon driver presumably honest, into a grafter. The Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph company wanted to block a prospective charter for a rival company. Lonergan accepted \$5,000 to vote against the new charter. His story told to the grand jury is the most valuable evidence the grand jury has received in its effort to trace graft to "Abe" Ruef, Mayor Schmitz and the agents of the Pacific company.

The confession follows:
Never since I have been in public office have I asked a man seeking a public favor for a dollar. I have never held up an individual or a corporation in my life. But I have accepted bribes volunteered by many of the public service corporations of this city and county. But the money I received from the bribe givers connected with these institutions did me little good. For when the fire came most of my fortune was burned up. In nearly every instance the bribe money paid me was in currency.

God knows I have paid dearly for accepting those bribes and now, when I look over the happenings of the last few weeks, I wish I had taken the advice of my broken hearted wife and remained on the seat of Foley's bakery wagon. (Lonergan formerly drove a bakery wagon.)

A great many people have an idea that the supervisors got together and planned the looting of the public service corporations. Such is not the case. In every instance the bribes were carried to the supervisors.

There is also an impression that the board, at every Sunday night caucus, planned a scheme of hold-ups for the next week. That, also, is untrue. During the gatherings on Sunday night the question of extorting bribes from the big monopolies or accepting bribes was never once mentioned. Who arranged the schemes for corrupting the members of the board I never knew definitely. Of course, I have my suspicions just the same as everyone else. But so far as I know every job put through was personally manipulated by Supervisor "Jim" Gallagher, who always handled the bribes.

In saying always, I made a slight error. He did not handle the money in the case of the Pacific States Telephone company. In that instance the money was handed over to the members of the board by Mr. Halsey. The transaction took place in his private office.

I do not think that Ruef spoke to me about money matters. While we were all of the impression that he in a general way planned the holdups, when it came down to the actual passing of the money, none of us knew any one save Supervisor Gallagher, who was always referred to as the "big fellow."

Shortly after we went into office, it became generally known that we constituted a happy family of eighteen members. In the old days and in the board preceding us, we understood that the holding up of corporations was left to the various committees. For instance, the light committee would holdup the gas trust and divide the loot equally among the members of the committee. Naturally, the remaining members of the board would stand in when it came to a final vote, it being understood that each separate committee would take care of itself. But with us, it was to be a case of one-eighth of the revenue for each. While the matter was never discussed in detail, there was a sort of

an understanding that we were to play fair and square with one another. In the light of what has passed, however, I know that many of us were double-crossed in the passing of the bribe money and some who got large sums for doing certain things were not entitled to any more than those who received comparatively small amounts for selling their votes.

One day we all seemed to understand simultaneously—for the life of me I couldn't tell you who told me about it—that the Fight trust wanted a permit. The matter finally came up before the board and it was unanimously passed. A couple of days later "Big Jim" Gallagher came to me and handed me \$500.

That was my downfall. It looked like a lot of money to me at the time and there seemed to be a mutual understanding among all concerned that a rich harvest was to be reaped during our term of office. Now, mind you, I never seriously thought of going and demanding money from anyone, for I was entirely convinced that the corporations had been hired for the purpose of bribing supervisors.

Shortly afterward the question of fixing the gas rates came along. We all knew that the gas company had been held up in the past and that in all probability it was to be held up again. The agents of the company came before the board and told of their great loss due to the destruction of the big power house by fire. They explained to us that their losses had been very great and that it would be necessary for them to have a fair rate fixed by the board.

Myself and others who had pledged ourselves before election to vote for a 75-cent gas rate decided to stand by our pledges. But the legitimate argument of the agents of the company were so plausible and the damage and loss caused by the fire so far reaching that we decided to grant the company an 85-cent rate.

During all this time there never was a word said about a holdup or bribe or corruption fund or anything of the sort. But a few weeks afterward "Jim" Gallagher handed me \$750. I took the money and on my way home pondered over my second bribe. But I was a poor man, with a

wife and family, and needed the money, and as I knew all the others were taking it from the top to the bottom I couldn't see why I should not accept any money offered me.

Maybe a month passed. And again everybody seemed to think that an opposition telephone would be a good thing. Now, the merits of the Pacific States Telephone company were never discussed by us in caucus, but possibly a few of us might exchange notes when discussing the local situation. But everybody seemed to have "Indian" information about the nervousness of the Pacific States Telephone company over the application of the Home Telephone company for a franchise here.

After a few days a man named Krause called on me. He was very affable and told me that he wanted me to meet Mr. Halsey. Up to that time I didn't know who Halsey was. I made some inquiries and learned that Krause was Halsey's man-of-all-work, and he arranged introduction meetings and things of that sort.

Well, he took me down and intro-

duced me to Halsey, who in turn invited me to lunch with him at Delmonico's. I went to the luncheon, which was delicious, and we certainly had a most enjoyable afternoon. Nothing whatever was said about telephone franchises or anything of the sort. Halsey explained to me that it was simply a means of getting better acquainted. When we parted, he made me promise to come down and see him in his office. I did so and there he made his first overtures toward bribing me.

"Lonergan," he said, "all I need is your vote to kill the application of the Home Telephone company for a franchise. I want you to come with me and look over our plant. I want you to realize the vast amount of money that we have put into machinery and telephone apparatus. I will also show you that the telephone business, that is, the mechanical end of it, is of such a peculiar nature that an opposition service is not feasible."

"Well, after I looked at the machinery and the dynamos and the switchboards and all the complicated stuff that they had in the sub-offices, I quite agreed with Halsey that an opposition system would not be a very good thing for the city. So back again we went to his office."

"Now, Lonergan," he said when we were alone, "I want your vote and I don't want it for nothing. I will give you \$5,000 if you will vote against the Home company's franchise and next year I will give you an additional \$2,500. That will make \$7,500 in all for your trouble and really do the city a good turn."

"I agreed to his terms at once and he handed me the \$5,000 in bills."

Now, mind you, I was assured at that meeting that enough other members of the board had accepted his money to guarantee defeat of the Home company's franchise. I had my suspicions of who the members were, but nobody said anything to me, so I kept my mouth shut. Again it was a case of that "Indian" information.

On Friday afternoon "Jim" Gallagher told me that the administration was for the Home company's franchise and then I realized that someone was trying to "double-cross" us all. I said I did not think it was right, meaning that when I accepted Halsey's money I did it with the understanding that I was really carrying out the wishes of the administration.

"Well, never mind," said Gallagher. "The Home Telephone company's franchise is the dope and it's got to go through."

Well, it was a pretty pill to swallow, but I swallowed it and held Halsey's money. I tell you it seemed a big pile for a poor man, and as I knew everybody else was in the same boat with me, I could not see any reason why I should give any of it back. But as I was a member of the administration, I immediately determined to vote as the administration desired.

So when the time came we all voted for the Home franchise. And a few days later "Big Jim" Gallagher came to me and said, "Tom, this is yours," as he handed me an envelope containing \$3,500 in currency.

You see, I had a lot of money in my house down south on Market street at that time. And, like an act of God, the fire came along while I was in San Jose attending a convention with "Abe" Ruef. When I got back my house was gone and so was most of my money. It was a hard blow and it seemed like fate.

Subsequent holdups were small affairs. Of course, you know about the unfortunate affair over the skating rink, in which that scoundrel Roy, betrayed me. Then there was the oil burning ordinance and a few other things that don't amount to much. This is, they didn't amount to much in a financial way.

But now the jig's up and I'm in a mighty bad way. I've lost my reputation, I've ruined my family, my health is shattered and I have not long to live. It's the old story of blood money, and God knows as I'm telling you this I wish I was back on the bakery wagon.

Jests and Jingles.



"You have read some of my late husband's works, haven't you? What one do you like best?"
"His will is the most interesting one."



"Did you give your mistress my card?"
"Yes; she said she'd keep it and if she ever wanted you, she'd send for you."



Bright Man.
He—This is what you call reverse somersault weather.
She—How so?
He—Backward Spring.

The Latest Fashions.



Hat Model for Spring.
The cut depicts an unusually attractive and becoming little hat, the shape being a tricorne in fine black Milan braid. The back was turned up straight across the hair, black maline being fluffed on the bandeau. A strap of black velvet ribbon encircled the crown and was caught at the left brim by a cut jet buckle, which also held in place three ostrich plumes.



Lingerie Blouse.
The drawing shows a charming design for a fine blouse, the model also being good for the corsage of a fine white dress. Real Cluny beading was used as pictured, the yoke of the blouse being of fine all-over Valenciennes lace. A little hand embroidery was used in the form of dainty flower sprays, about the front of the waist, around the collar, and on the bands of the short sleeves.



Street Suit.
The plainer street suits made in severe tailored style are really much smarter for every-day street wear than are the fancy costumes, and mannish little suits in checked, striped, invisible plaid and plain surface materials will be much worn this spring by the best-dressed women. The illustration shows a favorite model, the lines of which are apt to be becoming to most figures. The coat is semi-fitted, and entirely without trimming. The skirt is side-plaited, the plaits being quite close together and stitched down 10 inches or so below the waist line.

Think of the future as of the past, and avoid care and remorse.
The difference between failure and success is that between wish and win.