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LOOKS AS THOUGH LANGDON HAS LANDED ON THE ROCKS

THE HAVES

SPRECKELS IS NOW ONE OF THE POLITICAL LEADERS IN S. F.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—Well, Jack Tait has given his famous beefsteak dinner and I pledge you my word it far surpassed the pretensions of its press agent. The dinner took place in one of the upstairs rooms at Tait's. Candles stuck in beer bottles furnished the light. Nothing but the best was served, it being the crowd of all good beef eaters that the proper way to handle a well-hung steak is with the fingers.

As each of the nine guests entered the room they removed their coats. Then a butler's apron and a chef's cap were doled and cocktails served. A moment later there came into the room three waiters bearing each a steak four inches thick and cooked to a turn. These were placed in front of Tait, who did not eat. The steaks were cut into slices one inch thick and served on toast which had been steeped in a sauce made from the gravy of the beef, butter, pepper, salt, dry English mustard and a dash of Worcestershire.

With each sandwich of steak a mug of musty ale was served. And the way the meat and ale disappeared suggested magic. Conversation was completely drowned by the smacking of the lips at the passing of each portion. In less than an hour each guest had been served six times. That is equal to two large double steaks. If Tait can keep up the lick he started at his initial dinner, he will make the Cliff House the talk of the country.

I have attended beefsteak dinners in New York and Chicago; but I never went against such meat as Tait served. It was like butter and gave no more resistance to the teeth than did the same-scented toast.

When the steaks disappeared, cheese was served. In the center of the table was a large bowl filled with food radishes and celery root.

Tait intends to make these beefsteak dinners the feature of the Cliff House. They will be served in a room built to represent an English dungeon and the steaks will be cooked in the presence of the diners.

In New York the beefsteak dinner is considered the proper thing, especially during the winter. There are about half a dozen of the down-town restaurants that make a specialty of these feasts. At frequent intervals capacity contests are held, and at one of these the late Judge Patrick Diver ate 14 pounds 8 1/2 ounces of meat.

Other records by well-known New Yorkers are:
Ex-Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck, 63.4 pounds.
Isaac Promma, Tammany leader, 81.2 pounds.
Judge P. P. Dinson, 103.4 pounds.
Herman Holte, 11 pounds.
James Diver, 11 pounds.
Timothy C. Campbell, 111.2 pounds.

One time they were going to have a big eating contest between Moses Taylor, the jockey, and young Morris Eppinger at Marchand's; but it fell through because Eppinger got cold feet when he heard that Taylor ate five dozen scrambled eggs at a tryout.

For a time there was considerable debating over the proposed menu, but Taylor settled all dispute by suggesting that they begin on hams. Taylor used to eat on an average two French dinners every evening. He weighed about 125 pounds.

There is an old saying that if you scratch deep enough, you will find some good if every one.

I don't know of a more personal case to which this adage can be more aptly applied than that of the late Joe Harvey, who was noted for his peculiar proclivities as a gambler. Joe Harvey spent his boyhood in Ireland, the land of his birth, and the only money he ever saw before coming to this country was the coin you might see in the windows of pawnbrokers. I don't believe he ever received as much as 85¢ at one during his entire stay in the land of his nativity. When he came to America and heard people talking about millions and about the mines out of which they got their millions, he became money mad and determined to keep all the money he could get his hands on.

After reading a few novels about the great fortunes made by gamblers on the turn of a card and the greater fortunes made by alleged gamblers on the turn of a special card over which they had control, he was fascinated and decided to become one of the gamblers who controlled each card of the deck, and who also controlled the roll of the dice and the spins of the roulette wheel. He worked hard, and at the time of his death last week left practically half a million dollars.

Now, aside from all this crooked gambling, the sure-thing games, and his dishonest schemes for getting hard-earned money away from simple people, there was a bit of sentiment buried away down deep in Joe Harvey's heart. Very few people knew anything about this. It was a secret among his intimates.

The only love Joe Harvey ever had in his life was for old Melvin. He left six or seven of the finest specimens of the workmanship of John Perry, a Dublin violin-maker, whose instru-

ments shared with the famous Cremonese and the choicest of the Stradivarius type.

Harvey had a liking for the violin and learned to play the instrument about as well as most amateurs. But he had a mania for buying and collecting old violins. But you never could convince him that any of the continental violin-makers classed with John Perry, who, according to the best experts, was really a marvel. You very seldom hear the name of Perry as a violin-maker save among people of the Yankee type and men of his capacity.

But to Joe Harvey there was only one violin-maker in the world, and that was Perry. His love for the workmanship of this obsolete Irish craftsman, was the only really human and disinterested faith that Joe Harvey ever exhibited, to my knowledge.

The vicious charges of jury-fixing and jury-tampering maliciously made by William J. Burns, the famous immunity detective, following the verdict in the Glass case, like chickens, have come home to roost.

Two weeks ago Mr. Burns was loud-mouthed in his proclamation that he had definite evidence of efforts to bribe the Glass jurors and insinuated that everybody who didn't vote for conviction was a crook. He went so far as to involve the wife of Juror Wertheimer in his wanton charges, but fortunately he was compelled through the prosecution to retract his vicious and groundless attack on this respectable woman.

Today, the people with Mr. Burns stand in the light of having done a bit of jury-tampering themselves in the interest of the prosecution. It develops that Juror McCallum had a claim for \$23,000 against the Board of Education which he had been unable to collect for a very long time. However, while deliberating on the evidence produced during the trial of Glass, Mr. McCallum was informed by his partner that the big stick, through "Muley" Langdon would see that he got his stuff.

Of course, a lot of people will say that this had nothing whatever to do with Mr. McCallum's verdict, but there are a lot of people who maintain that it had.

At all events he was the most rabid member of the jury for conviction.

There are some people just as vicious as William J. Burns, who declare that this is the only thing that looks anything like actual jury-bribing in connection with the trial of Louis Glass.

At last the craving of Rudolph Spreckels to be a political boss has been satisfied. He is now in full control of the wing of the Republican party, nominally under the leadership of Daniel Ryan. While Mr. Spreckels' name doesn't appear as a part of the machinery of the anti-Fisk organization, it is a notorious fact that without the aid of his private graft prosecutors, it would have been utterly impossible for Ryan to have won.

In the first place every notorious flung in San Francisco, whose means of livelihood depends upon the favor of the prosecution, was compelled to get out and hustle at the polls for the Ryan ticket. Every precinct promoter, who hopes to get a permit from Mr. Spreckels' Board of Supervisors, had to devote his time, money and energy toward the success of Danny Ryan's delegates. Every saloonkeeper running his place in violation of the law had to do all in his power to help Ryan under threat that his license would be revoked just as soon as the prosecution put in his own private Police Commissioners.

Among the leaders of the tenderloin, who were forced to get out and work for Ryan were Billy Pratt and Matt Tierney, who conduct the most conspicuous and notorious dance hall in San Francisco. Both Pratt and Tierney were informed that unless they got out and did all they could for the Ryanites, their place would be closed and they never would be able to get a permit to reopen it so long as the present administration exists.

Also Greggalis, at one time a well-known Rainey Democrat, did much effective work at the polls for Ryan. Greggalis is supposed to be a boson pal of Muley Langdon. It was through the personal intervention of the District Attorney that Greggalis was granted the permit for the Britt-Velous fight. In return for that permit, and in the hopes of getting permits for fights to come, the former prizefighter worked tooth and nail from the opening to the closing of the polls for Ryan.

All along Fillmore street the cigar men, who run poker games behind their display of tobaccos in open violation of the law, were for Ryan. They were given a quiet tip that if Ryan didn't win they would have to devote their efforts at money-making to the simple selling of cigars, tobaccos, pipes and cigarettes.

The toasts and hangovers about the sporting saloons in the new tendloins were suited in their enthusiasm for Ryan. Now, such being the case, doesn't it seem funny that Mr. Spreckels should be proclaiming through the newspapers

friendly to him, that the Ryan wing of the Republican party is the purest human institution the earth has known?

The people who are thoroughly on the inside of this situation knew that Arthur Fisk didn't have a chance to win. In the first place he hadn't the backing of the Southern Pacific machine, although it was generally supposed that he was Mr. Herrin's mouthpiece. Joe Burns did nothing whatever to help Fisk. Internal Revenue Collector John O. Lynch similarly kept away from the scenes of strife. Will Davis, chairman of the Republican County Committee, remained on a vacation while Fisk was carrying on his preliminary campaign. Davis returned to town on the day of the primaries and admitted that he had done nothing whatever to help Fisk.

So, you see, the postmaster was right up against it. He had to do everything himself. Incidentally, he had nothing whatever to offer his constituents, whereas Mr. Ryan, through the grace of Rudolph Spreckels and his private prosecution, was in a position, not only to make golden promises, but to grant valuable favors in the way of saloon licenses, fight permits and police protection. These assets gave him complete control of the tenderloin, and the tenderloin and its off-shoots was the deal, so far as the Republican reformers are concerned.

All the talk about it being an anti-Herrin victory is a jelly for, among the delegates on the Ryan ticket, I know there are a large number of gentlemen who are owned body and soul by the Southern Pacific.

Every eye was glued upon the distinguished foreign appearing gentleman occupying the center table in the dining room of Morris M. Golden's cafe Francisco last Friday night. The hum of the mumbled comment as to his identity could be heard above the clattering of the dishes and the table weapons. One had it he was a prince traveling incognito. Another figured him out as a Russian spy. A third claimed he was a gambler who had made a fortune at Monte Carlo.

But your uncle Dudley wasn't fooled by the luxurious Alban whiskers, the carefully penciled eyebrows, the marvelous wig and the reversible dicker which flared so white against his carefully pressed evening clothes. Being a bit of a detective himself and having an extraordinary sense of smell I immediately realized that the distinguished looking stranger was none other than my old pal, William Jay Burns.

So I slipped over to his table and giving him the high sign, asked him the why and wherefore.

"What," he said, "I'm on the scent."

"What is it," I inquired, "a busted swami?"

"No," he replied. "The ventilation is bad. I noticed it myself. When I first began dining here before I got onto the fact that the proprietor was a bit off color, I blamed the eggs; but now I'm on."

"Well, what are you after?"

Finally he admitted that he was simply out for a fly-ant that the graters could sleep easily for the night, as he had an engagement at the French club where they were to test the authenticity of the alleged Finckston discovery of how they got the jelly in the jelly doughnut.

As we left the place William Jay gave a long, low rattle whistle and from the shadow of the adjoining doorway three men emerged a dog. It was a vicious looking bloodhound. There was death in its every paw and the suspicious growl it emitted gave me gooseflesh.

"A new dog, Bill?" I asked.

"Shush," he replied. "It's the pooch in disguise. He's getting to be as clever as myself."

With that the twain of sleuths vanished into the night.

Old Bill Langdon, he of the smile face, is very much excited over the political outlook.

There is no question but Bill believed Rudolph Spreckels would stand by him politically through thick and thin. But now Bill has come to realize that Rudolph slipped him one of the loveliest gold bricks ever peddled on the coast. Patsy Conroy, in his palmy days, never dreamed that such a beautiful brick could be molded. It was of perfect size, and so thoroughly glued that it withstood the famous acid test.

Langdon took it around and showed it to his friends and they pronounced it a marvel, declaring it must be genuine.

But Dan Ryan, on Wednesday, got out his assaying tools and discovered that the brick was phony.

Old Bill is heart-broken, for he doesn't want to believe that Rudolph has given him the stinky stick. It's a tough thing to realize you've been hoodooed.

On Wednesday, Mr. Ryan gave an interview to the newspapers, in which he stated that it was time for all the Schmitt-Braut gang to go completely down and out. "We want new men," he said, "and we want them now."

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