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## INTRODUCTION



JUDGE LINDSEY IS KNOWN TO THE WORLD at large for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver; and, to his little courtroom there, come Children Society agents from all parts of the states, visitors from England, officers from Germany, and government officials sent from Sweden, Austria, France and Japan to study his laws and learn his methods. But to himself, to Denver, to his friends, and—most of all—to his enemies, his famous Juvenile Court is only an incident, a side issue, a small detail in the man's amazing career. For years he has been engaged in a fight of which the founding of his Juvenile Court was only the merest skirmish.

It is a fight that has carried him into politics to find both political parties against him. It has been carried on without the consistent support of any newspaper, and with now one, now the other, and at times all the party organs in Denver cartooning and attacking him. The thieves, the gamblers, the saloon keepers and the prostitutes

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have been cheered on against him. There have been times when even the churches have been afraid to aid him. The men of wealth—the heads of the street railway, the telephone company, the gas and electric company, the water company, and most of the other Denver corporations and combinations of finance—have made it their particular ambition and personal aim to beat him down and crush him out of public life. He has fought alone—at times absolutely alone. And he is still fighting!

He has been offered bribes that might buy a millionaire. He has been promised a career in politics, a fortune in law. He has been given the hope of worldly preferments that might seduce the highest ambition. When these have failed to win him, he has been threatened with all the punishments that the most unscrupulous power and the bitterest hate could conceive. To destroy his reputation, false affidavits have been sworn out by fallen women, accusing him of the lowest forms of vice. Attempts have been made to lure him to houses of ill-repute where men were lying in wait to expose him. The vilest stories about him have been circulated in venomous whispers from man to man and woman to woman. Friends have been frightened or bought or driven from him. His life has been threatened. Special laws have been introduced at the State Capitol against him. The Denver Chamber of Commerce has publicly branded him an enemy of the state. At times the very lights in his rooms at the Court House have been cut off—as the last and smallest annoyance of spite—and he has had to go to the corner drugstore at night and buy himself candles to continue his work!

And why? For what has he been fighting? What terrible thing has he sought to attain? Read his story. Here it is, as told by himself, without malice, in a sort of good-humoured indignation, with a smile that is sometimes bitter in spite of a patience that seems beyond words. It is a story that would be appalling if it were not for the fact that through it all he himself moves in the very figure of hope. It is a story that is true not only of Denver but of any other American city in which a Lindsey might appear. It is a story of the fight of one man

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against the conditions that threaten to make the American democracy a failure in government and a farce in the eyes of the world.

And it is a story of achievement. Without money, without powerful friends, without the dominating qualities of a personal popularity, this one man, in an obscure struggle, has written, upon the statute books of Colorado, laws that have been copied round the world. He has codified probate laws, purged election laws, and instituted a reform in criminal jurisprudence that is as revolutionary in our day as the teachings of Christ were in the “eye-for-an-eye” days of the Jews. The list of reforms he has obtained, charities founded, public improvements instituted and political steals balked, shows nearly a hundred items. He has obtained nothing for himself but the praise and support of some citizens of Denver, and the curse and enmity of others. The Reverend Henry Augustus Buchtel, Chancellor of the Denver University, and ex-Governor of the State of Colorado, in the year 1904, coupled his name with Christ’s—no less!—and in the year 1907 called him, through the newspapers, “a nincompoop” and a “fice dog”! Those are the two crowns that have been offered him: a halo and a fool’s cap. Which shall it be? To which is he entitled in the eyes of the democracy whose battle he is helping to fight?

Here follows the evidence. The choice shall be your own.

H.J.O’H.

THE  
BEAST

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## THE BEAST



**A**MONG THE PICTURE PUZZLES of your childhood, there was one that showed a forest of entangled branches, tree trunks, fallen timber and dense underbrush; and the problem was, in that bewildering jumble of lines, to “find the cat.” You traced the outline of a tail among the branches; you spied a paw in the crook of a tree limb; you picked out the barrel of the animal’s body in the bark of a trunk; an ear pricked up from the underbrush; an eye stared from the bole of a fallen tree. And when, turning the picture on its side, you gathered those clues together in your eye, suddenly you saw—not the housecat you had expected, but the great “cat” of the jungle, crouching there, with such a threatening show of teeth that it almost frightened you into dropping the card. Do you remember that?

Well, there is hidden in our complicated American civilization just such a beast of the jungle. It is not a picture in a picture puzzle.

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It is a fact in a fact puzzle. There is no man among us, in any sort of public business or profession, who has not seen its tail or its paw concealed among the upper branches, or its eyes and ears watching and listening in the lowest underbrush and fallen timber of our life. It is there—waiting. To some it has appeared to be a house cat merely; and it has purred to them very soothingly, no doubt. But some have come upon its claws, and they have been rather more than scratched. And others have found its teeth, and they have been bitten—bitten to the soul. A few, who have watched it and stalked it carefully, know that it is, at the last, very like the dragon in the old fable of Greece, to whom some of the people were daily sacrificed. For it lives upon us. Yes, it lives upon us—upon the best of us as well as the worst—and the daughters of the poor are fed to it no less than the sons of the rich. If you save your life from it, it is at the price of your liberty, of your humanity, of your faith with your fellows, whom you must hand over to it, helpless. And if you attack it——!

I propose to tell, in this story of my own experience, what happens if you attack it. I propose to show the Beast from its tail to its nose-tip, and to show it as it is when it has ceased to purr and bares its teeth. I propose to mark its trail and name its victims, to warn you of where it lurks and how it springs. I do not hope to set you on in any organized assault upon it—for I have learned that this is too much to hope—but I trust that I shall be able to show you where the fight against it is being fought, so that you may at least recognize your own defenders and not be led to cry out against them and desert them—when the Beast turns polecat—and even, at the instigation of treachery, to come behind your champion and stab him in the back!

The Beast in the jungle! How it fights! Any man who truthfully writes the story of his campaigns against it will not write from any motives of vainglory; there is anything but glory to be gained in *that* war. And I do not write in any “holier than thou” attitude of mind, for I understand how I blundered into the hostility, and how the accidents of life and the simplicities of misunderstanding have brought me again and again into collision with the brute. But I write because

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men have said to me, "You are always crying 'Wolf! Wolf!' when we see no wolf. Show us. We're from Missouri. Don't preach. Tell us the facts." And I am going to tell the facts. They will be "personal." They *must* be personal. I shall have to write about myself, about my friends, about those who consider me their enemy. There is no other way. It is a condition of this whole struggle with the Beast that the man who fights it must come out into the open with his life, conspicuously and with the appearance of a strut—like some sort of blessed little hero-martyr—while it keeps modestly under cover and watches him and bides its time!