

Let the Echoes Answer.

# SHAFFER; ALSO CASH; WHERE?

*Civic League Treasurer Is  
Not to Be Found.*

*Money Gone Too, and So Is  
Finkle's Coat.*

*Wife of Missing Man Makes  
the Loss Good.*

E. E. Shaffer, pet lieutenant of Job Harriman, treasurer of the Independent Civic League, firebrand Socialist, alleged engineer, and author of the now famous sixth best smeller, "The Great Conspiracy, or the Owens River Water Will Never Reach Los Angeles," has suddenly left the city. At the same time are alleged to have departed \$400 and a natty spring overcoat, the property of F. C. Finkle, also a Socialist. The police were notified.

The lusty-lunged soap-boxer also left his little wife and two children and yesterday Mrs. Helen C. Shaffer, the wife, declared she has not heard from her husband since his disappearance. With choking voice she told how she had paid every missing cent back to Finkle. Finkle denied this, stating she had paid the \$400 to the Independent Civic League, from which Maradan oulult it is claimed he made away with it while acting as treasurer. Mrs. Frank Allender, wife of the league's vice-president, with equal vehemence declared that "the money Mr. Shaffer took belonged to Mr. Finkle." Mrs. Shaffer made it good—everything but the coat.

TRY TO HUSH IT UP.

The missing friend of Job is said to be resting quietly in a suburb of Montreal, Can., but this report could not be verified last night. Herculean efforts to smother the affair were made by the Job-Finkle-Allender wing of the Socialist party. The heavens leaked yesterday, so did a real Red who hasn't any more respect for Job et al. than Job has for a police seal which guards money and property belonging to a hated political rival.

Shaffer loomed large in the spotlight during the fat days of the now defunct Aqueduct Investigation Board, which consumed about \$25,000 of the taxpayers' moneys and had nothing to show for it except 400 photographs portraying Shaffer, H. A. Hart, E. C. Cady, C. E. Warner, the alleged investigators, in city machines riding along the beautiful Owens River country, and \$900 in unpaid bills which the city had to settle.

After Harriman, Alexander Irvine (never a citizen of Los Angeles.) and several other Red bosses bunked a few thousand voters into supporting the initiative-referendum ordinance creating the weird animal, Shaffer was promptly given a job as "investigating engineer" at fifteen big round dollars (\$15) a day, to Unlock Holmes evidences of any "great conspiracy or graft" ensconced anywhere along the greatest municipal engineering enterprise ever carried to successful completion.

"LITTLE MORE MONEY."

E. C. Cady, rancher, and father-in-law and T. W. Williams, an ex-Mormon leader and rabid Red, was brought up from Orange county to draw his little \$15 a day and perks. Warner, an electrical salesman, was chairman, and Hart, a regular corner Socialist, who couldn't tell cement from the multiplication table, according to competent engineers, comprised the august investigating body. And Job's law partner, Tuttle, of course, handled the legal phases. After five months' research and nine joy junkets

up the aqueduct, Shaffer unlocked the safe door and discovered it bare of real money. Ah, ha, and hist, the City Council must furnish us several thousand dollars more to enable us to finish the "job." This sweet request was made in August, 1912. "We deplore the fact that we are all out of money. We cannot continue unless you give us more money." The Council flatly declined and scored the outfit so mercilessly that on August 31, 1912, it adjourned sine die.

The matter was reported to the District Attorney at the time and a grand jury investigation demanded, but as Shaffer returned part of his \$15 per diem to the city, and Warner, Hart and Cady humbly apologized for the sickly report they handed in, the matter was passed over.

Along in September, 1912, Shaffer, after burning the midnight oil, gave birth to a red-bound affair entitled "The Great Conspiracy, or the Aqueduct

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# Shaffer, Cash, Where?

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duct Graft Shown Up." It sold (or was supposed to sell) for \$1 a copy, but the entire first edition direct from the press lies snugly ensconced in a dark room at the Labor Temple.

Shaffer, Cady and Hart had enough nerve left to ask the City Council to finance the proposition and the way the city dads came back at them must have made their rattle heads swim.

Last June Shaffer was elected treasurer of the Independent Civic League. Some time ago F. C. Finkle happened at the league headquarters and deposited a sum of money collected from fanciful dreamers to feed the agin'-the-government organization and, last but not least, he left his new broadcloth coat hanging up in the closet. The next that was known, \$400 in cash and the coat were gone. Finkle admits he "suspected" Shaffer at the time and he reported the matter to the police. An effort was made to find Shaffer. It failed.