

THAT CONFESSION.

Mrs. Bonine's Narrative of the Killing of Her Recreant Lover.

COMPARED WITH A SIMILAR CASE

The Editor of The Globe's Encounter with the State Auditor of Ohio, in which the Former Held the Barrel and the Latter the "Business End" of the Gun—The Deduction in the Bonine-Ayres Struggle Showing Real Facts.

The confession of Mrs. Bonine was not unexpected by those who had made a careful analysis of the tragedy in the Kenmore House on Wednesday morning, May 16th. Nevertheless, the confession was neither the truth nor the whole truth. Mrs. Bonine is endeavoring by this confession to conceal the relations which existed between her and the late James Seymour Ayres. The theory of the murder, as deduced by close and experienced servers of criminal affairs, as about as follows:

Mrs. Bonine and Ayres had been maintaining improper relations, and Ayres, desirous of discontinuing the same, determined to move from the Kenmore. Mrs. Bonine made every effort to prevent the separation. She had sacrificed everything a woman holds dear, and now that her paramour was about to abandon her, she alternately felt the humiliation, degradation and indignation of her position. And as "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" she entered Ayres' room on the fatal morning determined to either effect a reconciliation and continue the old relations or kill him. Ayres and the woman, from all indications, maintained the marital relation immediately before the shooting, which would demonstrate that Mrs. Bonine had succeeded for the time being in softening her recreant lover.

After which it was natural to suppose, the couple discussed their future relations, and Ayres, recalling his good resolution previous to the woman's entry to his room, became disgusted at his weakness, and having gratified his desire, determined to get rid of the woman, and he again renewed his original determination to separate, which she pleadingly resisted. This led to a wordy quarrel, and Ayres, becoming tired of the scene, kicked or threw the woman out of the room, and she, in her haste, fell from the portiere being torn from its fastenings and placed on the bed where the officer first saw it.

Mrs. Bonine's account of the duel to the death in the fatal chamber is absurd. The writer, determined to get rid of the woman, and he again renewed his original determination to separate, which she pleadingly resisted. This led to a wordy quarrel, and Ayres, becoming tired of the scene, kicked or threw the woman out of the room, and she, in her haste, fell from the portiere being torn from its fastenings and placed on the bed where the officer first saw it.

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LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The Vile Massage Parlors of the Capital City.

SINGLE SHOT BILL'S ONLY TREAT

How a Congressional Reporter Won a Bet From His Conferees of the Press Gallery. A Congressman With a Capacity of Thirty Drinks a Day of Pure Bug Juice—How He Paid for Two Drinks, etc.

"There was a Member in the last House," said a capitol policeman, of the GLOBE'S acquaintance, last night, "known to all the rounders and the patrons of hotel lobbies as 'Single Shot Bill.'"

"How did he earn the sobriquet?" "Well, he was never known to treat any man in his career here last winter, and he always had the exact change for a drink. He carried the change in one pocket and a nickel in another, and when he approached the bar he went down with his hands in the separate pockets where they reposed and fished up the coins. His limit was thirty-two drinks of whiskey each day, and, as stated, he never treated anybody but his conferees."

"How did he come to break the record?" "Well, there is a bright young newspaper man who likes his tea, who attends the sessions in a professional capacity for his newspaper. The gentleman went onto the billiard table, and he had the habit of solitary drinking, and he made a bet with the boys in the reporters' gallery that he would be treated to a drink by Bill. The bet was eagerly taken, and he was given four days as the limit to do it. He immediately wrote for his paper a glowing account of Bill's usefulness to his district, his eloquence as a speaker, his ready wit in debate, and used up all the adjectives he could think of in his praise of the man. He then awaited results. Bill did not appear, and he was flushed with pleasure. The newspaper man, nicely calculating the time for Bill's next drink, accidentally, as it were, threw himself across his path. There was a cordial greeting and handshake. Bill held out his hand in appreciation, the newspaper man earnest and impressive in his assertions that Bill deserved even more praise than he got. Bill shuffled, got uneasy, stammered, and almost collapsed, as the time passed for his drink, but the newspaper man held out his hand in determination, for he knew a committee of the boys were watching the result. Bill went down in his pockets several times, and finally, satisfying himself, no doubt, that he had an extra dime, he handed it over to the newspaper man, an invitation which was promptly accepted. Tossing off the rye, Bill wiped his mouth and gave a sigh of relief, while he planked down two nickels with the right hand and two nickels with the left, and wheeling on his right the daily paper, he was getting, so strong in the force of habit, that he had a partner in a social drink. The boys laughed but paid the bet, and the newspaper chap is still wearing the \$5 bill."

The recent exposure in the GLOBE of the notorious brothels advertising under the name of "massage parlors," has had the effect of making the madames who manage these resorts of vice rather careful. Many of them have looked to patronizing a personal column in the daily paper, and the names of the female steeped in sin are pretty difficult to fathom, as is indicated by the new departure of one of this class. She has rented a storeroom in one of the principal office buildings of the city, and has advertised the same for public use, and the store windows along Ninth street her "beautifying parlors" for ladies. She claims to develop the figure of the angular spinster, erase the wear and tear of time on the grayed brow, and bring hair on the billiard table. The madame is merely false pretenses for a more sinister and infamous business not a policeman in the precinct in which she is located is ignorant. The woman was one of the most notorious of the "massage parlors" proprietresses, having been moved several times by the officers of the last precinct, and former Lieutenant Kelly, of the 6th precinct. The death of a well-known police officer was attributed to his having been held up and robbed by her. She had been known as a "dangerous woman" for many years in police circles. The manner she now has of conducting the business is far worse than the old method, as heretofore her only victims were men as depraved as herself, and not worthy of being blackmailed them. Now, under the guise of furnishing innocent remedies to rectify the defects of nature, her victims are apt to be unsophisticated women, foolish, perhaps, but not necessarily bad.

The natural inquiry is how a woman of this stamp could find a location in a reputable neighborhood, renting the premises without discovery of her real character. Like most problems, there is always a solution. The madame has her hiding in which she has opened her establishment is of this class of "eminently respectable business men, whose moral character is black as the complexion of a son of Ham. He probably knows the woman, his lawyer, and is glad to have her handy, as he has a record of having at least one young woman's character blasted, and then shunted aside, while in his employ.

The exposure of the nefarious "hotels," the favorite haunts of the grass widow and ladies in influence in the Government service, where the ladies receive their gentlemen visitors in their rooms, met with general approval. The GLOBE has come into possession of a mass of information regarding the nefarious "hotels," which is far more extensive and deep-rooted than was supposed. In very few instances are the female guests of the hostesses, like Casar's wife, "above suspicion." It is not a difficult matter to ascertain the names of the inmates, as the residence of each employe is on record in the various appointment divisions. It is only a short time since that a female employe was dismissed from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing because the house in which she roomed on New York avenue was of unsavory reputation and run by a nee-gress. This employe, no doubt, on general principles, ought to have been discharged, but it is consistency to oust the unfortunate woman receiving \$800 per year and retain the sick-decked dames drawing \$1,200 and \$1,400 per year. Perhaps, ex-Civil Service Commissioner Charles Lyman, appointment clerk of the Treasury, will explain the wisdom of this procedure.

By noting the first name of the son you will understand who lies the pull of this ambitious family.

FELIX.

"Keep at 'em," says J. J.

Washington, May 22, 1901.

Editor Globe: More power to your good right arm and pen for scoring and telling wholesome truths of Johnson & Co., Mrs. Electa Smith, etc. She and Johnson now has no better word for you than "outlaw" and "jail bird," which proves you hurt their cause. The conduct of Electa Smith for years back is most cruel to the people in her division, and since she got up a reception here for Captain Castle she thinks she can rule the whole Third Auditor's Office, which she tries to do. The reception was got up a few days after the shooting of Mr. Morris in the Second Auditor's Office, to show the Department how much he was liked by his (Castle's) employes.

There are also some scandals in the post office which will come to you in good time. Meanwhile keep at Johnson, Smith & Co., and God bless you for your power and ability to do so.

Yours respectfully,

J. J.

THE BRIAN COMBINE

Says an Inside Correspondent, Runs the Government Printing Office.

THE VETERANS READ

The Sunday Globe, and Propose Keeping Tab on

A Rattling Letter from an Old Soldier Who Cannot be Fooled All the Time—The Steps Being Taken to Protect the Men Who saved the Union—Gen. Drenforth's Organization on Guard.

EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE: We rejoice with the multitude in saying that the recent appearance of the GLOBE is hailed with the same sense of satisfaction and relief as that which characterized the drooping spirits of the Federal soldiery upon the arrival of Phil Sheridan on the field of Winchester, when he was supposed to be twenty miles away. Yes, the Globe fills a long-felt want, and its fearless advocacy of the oppressed contingent of Uncle Sam's machine shops against the petty tyranny of the well fed, well groomed and overpaid autocrats who rule and reign over them with such imperious authority and slave driving *Legreism*, is refreshing and reassuring to the greatest extent. Why, the first thing I thought of this blessed Sabbath morning was the GLOBE, and an employe of the office knows it. The boys had sold out before they reached me. However, after a great effort, I at last got one.

The first thing that hit me between the eyes was the expose of the secret machinations of Sixth Auditor Castle (Castle) poses as a Grand Army man, and seeks to be invited to speak for them, but his style and force as an orator is on such a par with his rubicund mug that he gets but few invitations, and wouldn't get any if not for the fellow's scalp, who cringe and fawn on him as a Grand Army man, and make it possible for these carnisarous barnacles to hold down a seat in Uncle Sam's machine shop. And yet, this red-nosed pap-sucker from Minnesota (Castle) poses as a Grand Army man, and seeks to be invited to speak for them, but his style and force as an orator is on such a par with his rubicund mug that he gets but few invitations, and wouldn't get any if not for the fellow's scalp, who cringe and fawn on him as a Grand Army man, and make it possible for these carnisarous barnacles to hold down a seat in Uncle Sam's machine shop. 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