DEBAUCHERY OF THE OHIO LEGISLATURE RIVALS ILLINOIS LORIMER SCANDAL

Army of Lobbyists Took Over Business of Making Laws

Wine and Women Were Employed as Well as Money

THE Buckeye State is in the throes of a disquisition already replete with sensation and widening in scope each day into legislative corruption charges the shame of which may yet rival Illinois with her Lorimer scandal. The whole state is looking Columbusward, waiting for the miasmic mists of bribery rumors to clear from its legislative halls. Now that the Franklin county grand jury has taken up the task of applying prophylactics to the infection spots seemingly exposed in Ohio's body legislative by the investigative scalpel of the master detective surgeon, William J. Burns, the people of the state are thoroughly awakened to the fact that something is rotten in Columbus.

They will demand, furthermore, that the present investigation resolve either definite proof or disproof of the charges and not vanish into thin air or prove entirely abortive, as inquiries in times past have done.

At the outset the investigation was somewhat nebulous and was generally laughed at in Columbus and throughout the state. With the indictment by the grand jury of four state senators on a charge of soliciting bribes, of three state representatives on the same charge and the indictment of the sergeant-at-arms of the senate, accused of aiding, abetting and procuring in the solicitation of a bribe and acting as a "go-between," it has, however, crystallized into a tangible something that bids fair to exhibit a mushroom growth.

No one, not even the state senate, which laughed the loudest at first, is laughing at the inquiry now. The county prosecutor, directing the probing of the grand jury, and Attorney General Timothy Hogan, who was called into action by a joint legislative resolution, are at present the busiest men in the state capital, with the possible exception of the men already indicted.

Those Indicted.

The indictments returned were against Senator Isaac E. Huffman, a lawyer and a Democrat from the Fourth district, living at Oxford; Senator George E. Cetone, commercial traveler, fruit grower and Democrat from the Third district, living at Dayton; Senator L. R. Andrews, lawyer and Republican from the Eighth district, living at Ironton; Senator Edgar T. Crawford, merchant and Republican from Carroll county; Representative George B. Nye, physician and Democrat from Pike county, living at Waverly; Representative Andrew Clark Lowry, physician, Republican, from Lawrence county, living at Ironton; Representative J. Owens, merchant, Democrat, from Stark county, and Andrew J. Diegle of Sandusky, sergeant-at-arms of the senate. He is a Democrat and was formerly a hotel manager at Put-in-Bay. All gave bonds.

SPEAKER VINING.

The penalty is drastic, the maximum being five years in prison or a $500 fine, or both.

David R. Major, professor of psychology at the Ohio State university, is acting as foreman of the inquisitorial body.

Prospect of a joint legislative inquiry into the bribery charges does not seem imminent at this time. While Governor Harmon is not opposed to a legislative investigation, he desires it deferred, he says, until the grand jury has finished. The governor favors delay in commencement of an inquiry by the general assembly for fear that were the accused brought before a friendly legislative committee some might receive the much coveted "immunity bath" to which the governor is said to have constitutional aversion. County Prosecuting Attorney E. C. Turner is also against this popular procedure, although William J. Burns is said to have suggested that a few "baths" be given in the hope of procuring additional evidence.

SENATOR CETONE.

How the Lobbyists Worked.

Many and devious were the wiles the small army of lobbyists that make Columbus their headquarters sought to exercise over some legislators, according to the testimony given before the grand jury and stories current in law offices interested in the investigation. These lobbyists, it is stated, liked nothing better than to guide some solons along the local "primrose path of dalliance" and in return for money spent by them in showing the lawmaker a good time expected his influence and his vote.

Midnight orgies at downtown cafes and roadhouses on the outskirts of the city figure in some of the testimony. Some assemblymen are known to have been entertained nightly by "legislative agents," which is a euphemism in the majority of cases for men who would bribe on the slightest provocation.

SENATOR HUFFMAN.

It was only recently that some twelve legislators were dined at a cafe by lobbyists working for the passage of a bill that had passed the senate following reconsideration of a vote by which the measure had been defeated. The entertainment lasted until daylight, although the scene of it changed to a roadhouse in the country, where the solons had a surfeit of everything they desired.

The next day, when the services of a tailor were demanded, the story of how one legislator complained of having a bottle of beer poured into his pocket by a woman leaked out, much as the beer had done. There has been a story in the offices of the Anti-saloon league to the effect that a certain woman who is seen frequently about the statehouse asserted that she was in the employ of the "liquor interests lobby" as an "entertainer" at parties given to members of the legislature.

SENATOR ANDREWS.

Certain solons who have taken part in these little pleasure jaunts are said to be in dire fear and trembling lest their constituents at home "learn how they spend their leisure hours and infer that their duties as representatives of the people are but avocational."

The habit among legislators of borrowing money from omnipresent lobbyists with pockets stuffed with the "ready necessary" is said to have been common at Columbus.

Several measures have been mentioned in connection with the search for alleged corruption, among them the public utilities bill, the 1 per cent taxation measure, bills to abandon portions of canals, bills for ship canals, the optometry bill and that requiring examination of civil service mining engineers.

The Denouement.

The denouement in the bipartisan alleged corruption and bribery cases came on April 29, when Representative Nye made public charge that two $100 bribes had been offered him by F. S. Harrison, David H. Barry and A. C. Bailey, who, he declared, were lobbyists, with a $6,000 corruption fund in their possession.

REPRESENTATIVE NYE

One joint affidavit signed by Nye charged Bailey and Barry with paying him $100 on April 15 on the nine hour bill. Harrison, Bailey and Barry remained in jail overnight and then sprang their coup on May 1, when they announced that they were detectives in the employ of the W. J. Burns agency.

The Burns operatives have a verbatim report of the conversations between themselves and the legislators they accuse of being corrupt, taken down at the conferences in their rooms at a hotel. An instrument called the dictaphone, which transmits the slightest whisper, was employed and hidden under a couch in the room where the already suspicious legislators failed to find it. A stenographer in an adjoining room took down their words in shorthand.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS DIEGLE.

The grand jury has declined to indict the detectives for bribery of the legislators. Expert legal advice has it that they are immune from prosecution, inasmuch as they committed bribery in order to get evidence.

BOWSER THE EASY

Fake Doctor Spots Him as a Tuberculous Victim.

AND SELLS A PLASTER CURE.

Bowser Goes Home, Backs Up, Scratches and Wiggles—Neighbor Called to Raise Sticker—Mrs. Bowser Closes Moving Picture Show.

By M. QUAD.

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MR. BOWSER had gone to the office in the morning whistling a merry tune and saying how well he felt and how good it was to live. He came home at night looking rather pale and having an anxious expression in his eyes.

"You haven't felt any symptoms of the grip?" asked Mrs. Bowser after a glance at him.

"Not a symptom. Only women and children have the grip."

"Are you bothered in your mind about anything?"

"Not a thing. I let nothing worry me."

During the dinner hour he had little to say, and Mrs. Bowser, who was watching him out of the corner of her eye, noticed that he wriggled in his chair every few minutes and that now and then he rubbed his back against the slats. Something seemed to be biting him between the shoulders off and on, but it was evident that he had no explanations to offer as yet.

When they went up to the sitting room he lingered behind for a moment and rubbed his back against a door casing, and five minutes after being seated he was wriggling again. As he saw her looking at him he rose up and said:

"I guess I'll go down cellar and see to the furnace."

"But there's no fire there. I let it out yesterday."

"Then I'll go upstairs and see if the roof leaks."

"But there is no rain."

He hung around for a minute in an undecided way and then entered the library and closed the door. She walked over to it and applied her ear and felt and heard him rubbing his back against it. She also heard him muttering to himself.

BOWSER AND THE PLASTER AT WORK.

Had a cockroach crawled down Mr. Bowser's back during the day?

Was he breaking out with a spring rash that might prove fatal?

Had some woman stabbed him with a long hatpin poisoned at the point?

Ten minutes later he appeared, his face very red, and Mrs. Bowser plainly caught the exclamation "Darn it!" as he walked to his chair. For the next quarter of an hour he made heroic efforts to sit still, but he was conquered at last and rose up and said:

"By thunder, but I'll have the blamed thing off!"

"Do you mean your leg, Mr. Bowser?" she asked.

"Leg be hanged! Don't be an idiot! Have I said that anything was the matter with either of my legs?"

"No, but you wriggle around so."

"And so would you if you had a blamed old plaster between your shoulders and knawing away like a hungry dog."

"But why have you got it there? You didn't say anything about it this morning."

Tries to Tell Mrs. Bowser.

He walked over to the door and put his back against it and scratched up and down and across, and as he scratched he pursed up his mouth and rolled his eyes. He seemed to be in such agony that Mrs. Bowser rose up and demanded:

"Now, then, for the land's sake, but what ails you?"

"Dr. Beesark was in—in the office today," he faltered; he ceased to scratch.

"And what if Dr. Beeswax was in the office?"

"I told him about my lungs."

"And what ails your lungs, please?"

"He sounded them and said I had better put on a plaster to prevent consumption. He had them with him, and I let him put one on."

"Just like you. Nothing whatever ails your lungs, and Dr. Beeswax is a faker. You paid him $5, I suppose?"

"No, only three."

"Mr. Bowser, I hope that plaster will draw your shoulders clear up to your ears! How could you be so silly?"

"Woman, don't talk this way to me," he bluffed as he wriggled his shoulders. "You may be aching for me to file of consumption, but I am not ready to go yet."

"Did a plaster ever cure consumption?" she asked.

"Yes—thousands of cases. He had more than 200 affidavits."

"Every one of which was false, and you were silly enough not to know it! Didn't Beeswax tell you that the plaster must be kept on?"

"His name is Beesark, and you know it. Yes; he said keep it on till it drew—drew"—

"Till it drew you out to the gate backward, I suppose! Well, do as he said."

"But I can't. The thing is biting like a mad rat. I'll have you take it off in about five minutes."

"Mr. Bowser, I shall not interfere with Dr. Beeswax's orders. He said it was to stay on, and it must stay, even if it draws a lung through to your back."

"Then I'll get Green over here to take it off for me."

Neighbor Called In.

"Then you can. Your life is very precious to me, and I do not intend to peril it by any interference with an old faker's three dollar plaster!"

Mr. Bowser placed his back against the door again and heaved and wiggled and wriggled and scratched for five minutes and then went over to the telephone and called up Green. Ten minutes later Green was there. He was taken upstairs, and there Mr. Bowser explained what was wanted of him.

"Yes, but who put the plaster on?" he asked.

"A celebrated doctor, whose specialty is the cure of tuberculosis."

"Was it old Beesark?"

"Y-yes."

"Then you've been stung! He's the worst old fraud in the business!"

"But don't tell Mrs. Bowser anything about it. She's just been giving me an awful ripping. Ouch! Ugh! Get the blamed thing off!"

Remedy, Rumpus and Foot Race.

When the plaster was exposed to view Mr. Green fumbled at the corners for a hold and said:

"It has become part of your hide, and it's going to hurt some to get it off."

"Can't you soak it off?"

"It would take an hour or more. I've just got to get hold and give a sudden jerk. By the time you holler twice the thing will be off."

"Green, I'm a desperate man. If you torture me I shall not be responsible for results. I may go crazy for a time."

"You can't go more crazy than you were when you let that old swindler put this on. I've got hold of the upper corners now. Are you ready?"

"Green, I'll shoot that doctor on sight!"

"Yes?"

"I have no more consumption than you have!"

"No?"

"And it's just as Mrs. Bowser"—

Green got a brace for his foot, drew a long breath and yanked, and the plaster was off. There was a scream, a yell, a whoop, and the neighborly man rattled downstairs with Mr. Bowser at his heels. Only for Mrs. Bowser being at the front door Mr. Green would have been caught in the hall and his life taken. As it was he got away, but Mr. Bowser stood on the steps and shook a fist at him as he fled homeward and called:

"You villain! But I will follow you to your death!"

Then Mrs. Bowser took him by the arm and said:

"This tuberculosis plaster moving picture show is over, and we'll hear the rest of it in the house. What you want on your back now is something to drive the consumption out in front, and I guess we have some blue vitriol in the house!"

Shy.

"Gustave's letters to me are exceedingly dull and commonplace," said one fair girl.

"Don't you know why?" responded the other.

"No."

"Gustave once served on the jury in a breach of promise case."—Pittsburg Press.

Wouldn't Commit Himself.

Lady (engaging coachman, who is expected to be generally useful)—And do you know your way to announce?

Applicant—Well, mum, I know my weight to a pound or so, but I should 'ardly like to say to an ounce.—London Tatler.

Three Thinks.

One way to stop earache is to sell the piano.

A one sided argument never gets very strenuous.

The man who lets well enough alone never gets very far ahead.—Chicago News.

By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them.

Visitor—Could I speak with the parson for a moment?

Servant—Oh, if I disturbed him now he'd take my head off. He's writing a sermon on "Self Control."—Puck.

All Sorts.

The robin is upon the wing,
The daffodil adorns the spring,
But I applaud that helpful thing,
The young radish.

The bluebird has attractive ways,
The jonquil shines in roundelays,
But really I prefer to praise
The spring onion.

The floral beauties and their kith
Are things of moment and of pith,
But what is the matter with
The first shortcake?

—Washington Herald

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