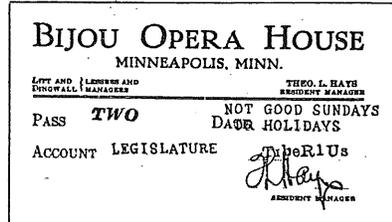


but the free ticket tank was tapped and it was possible for those controlling the pass output to place unsuspecting members under obligations to them.

Desiring some evidence I induced an insurgent friend to procure some theatre tickets, which he did from a Minneapolis member. One was photographed and looked like this:



9. Bribery—I believe that the buying and selling of votes for so much cold cash has been reduced to the minimum; but there are many indirect ways of accomplishing the same result. Option schemes are sometimes used, as are also other methods almost too subtle for comprehension and so clever as to place both briber and bribee beyond the reach of the law. Poker has been a favorite means of bribery and during recent sessions there were three different “legislative games” patronized regularly by members. It worked like this: If the representative of some special interest or some “held-up” institution desired to get into the good graces of a certain Senator or Representative, it somehow happened that both would meet at the same poker table. Assuming that \$100 would do the required business, during the night the outsider seeking legislative favors would lose that amount and the legislator would win it. Both understood why one lost and the other won, yet technically and legally it was not bribery.

10. Blackmail—Wine and women have enabled the cabinet to control many a member. In times past, when all other influences had failed, good men have been led into paths of intemperance and while intoxicated directed into the “red light district.” Following that “orders” were rarely disobeyed.

At the last session a tragic thing resulted from this weapon of drink. It is a sad story, but every citizen in the state should know it. One of the staunchest insurgents was J. J. Anderson, of Alexandria. He was an excellent legislator, with the deepest convictions and most patriotic purposes. Clean, courageous and immovably opposed to special privilege in every form, he took his stand with the progressives and remained there to the end. Earlier in his life there was a period when he used intoxicants freely; but he conquered the old habit and for years before coming to the legislature had been master of his appetite. The brewery members knew of this weakness (they always possess each man’s history from childhood up), and for honest John Anderson the session became more than a battle between special interests and the people. The enemies of good government wanted to control his conduct and with diabolical subtlety they labored to revive the old love of liquor. Think of this man’s struggle! The idea of drink, drink, drink, was kept constantly before him for weeks. Finally the persistence of his persecutors prevailed. They induced him merely to taste. That was enough, for the flood gates of appetite gave way completely to the pushing, piled up, torrent of dozens of daily temptations and he fell before it. For a week he drank, drank, drank, and soon after adjournment, he died. The “system” had added murder to its other crimes.

\* \* \*

Battling against all of these machine influences, always outnumbered, but acting under the wisest and most patriotic leadership I have ever seen, were this band of forty-three progressives, occasionally rem-

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