

Of course, Cox fought this measure by every device known to political cunning, but the resolution went through, and a sort of Lexow work was begun in Cincinnati. The result of this investigation showed conclusively that some county treasurers of Hamilton County had been accepting payment from Cincinnati banks for the deposits of public money. The revelation, however, availed but little, because Cox controlled the judiciary, and the reformers could get no legal action.

In 1908 Hunt, who was still in the Legislature, helped to force the passage of a resolution for another investigation in Hamilton County. Again the Cox crowd used all its influence to divert the probe. Among other things, they secured an injunction restraining the legislative committee on the ground that it had no jurisdiction. The courts upheld this contention, maintaining that the grand jury was the proper body to investigate the charges against the bosses. Cox secured a temporary respite, but quite unconsciously his hirelings had laid bare the spot whereon he was to receive his death-blow.

A few weeks after the second legislative committee had foundered on the rocks of the Cox opposition, Graham Hunt, who, you will recall, was one of the original fighting idealists, met Henry T. Hunt on the steps of the Capitol at Columbus.

"By the way, Harry," he said, "I have a new job for you."

"What's that?" said the young legislator.

"You ought to be our candidate for prosecuting attorney," the other replied.

"Great Scott!" replied the lawyer. "I don't know much about criminal law."

"Never mind," responded his friend. "You can easily master that. You are the man for the job."

Out of this informal conversation started the real regeneration of Cincinnati.

THE BOY PROSECUTOR

Hunt was nominated for prosecuting attorney. He was barely thirty years of age, and looked like a college boy. The Cox crowd referred to him as "the kid," but before he got through with them they realized that this youngster was a terror. There was no mayoralty election that year, and the Cox machine centered its energies in the fight against Hunt. They stopped at nothing to hinder his work. On one oc-

casion, while making a speech in Lytle Park, he was arrested on the charge of disorderly conduct and locked up in a cell for several hours. It was one of the many foolish blunders made by the opposition, for Hunt emerged from his prison a hero in the minds of many people. He was elected by a good majority.

But the possession of that particular office, with the Cox organization hostile, meant that the function of the office was a farce. The moment that the boy prosecutor turned to his task, he found his hands tied at every turn. With one exception, Cox judges sat on the bench. Without exception Cox jury commissioners selected the grand jurors. Everywhere the shadow of Cox darkened and hindered the path of justice.

How was he to indict any member of the machine when it was impossible to get a grand jury that was not chosen by the gangsters? He was even ruled out of the jury-room—a violation of all ethics—while the grand jury was balloting.

Worst of all, he was unable to command any authority in what was known as Room No. 6, the criminal division of the Cincinnati court. There was one independent judge in the court of common pleas, and it was to him that Hunt looked for action. But, by some peculiar combination of circumstances, this independent judge, by the vote of his colleagues, never got an opportunity to sit for a term in Room No. 6.

Meanwhile, young Hunt went about his task as much as the limitations permitted. He closed up the bucket-shops, raided the pool-rooms, and carried on a successful crusade against disorderly dance-halls.

But one day destiny, or whatever you may choose to call it, led the young prosecutor to a wondrous find. In going over the records of previous grand juries, he found a transcript of some testimony given by Boss Cox, in which Cox declared, under oath, that he had received none of the secret interest, and that it had all gone to the county treasurers. Hunt kept the knowledge of this find to himself, and bided his time.

By some slip, Judge Gorman, the independent judge to whom I have referred, was permitted to sit for one term in Room No. 6. Fate was now playing entirely into the hands of Hunt, who meanwhile had been reelected prosecuting attorney.

"Now or never is the chance to get Cox!" he said.