

# Prohibition Can and Will Be Enforced, Officials Say

## Swift and Severe Punishment Is Promised Violators of the "Dry" Law

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Washington, D. C.

SOME drinkers of other days scaled the water wagon in a single leap. Others favored the tapering off method. Uncle Sam, the collective American, chose the latter. He took fifty years to do it, and reached the zero yesterday.

Hitherto his efforts have been toward gradually reducing his allowance of alcoholic stimulants. Hereafter his efforts will be directed toward keeping himself from falling off the wagon. The long years of agitation for legislative restriction, reduction and abolition of the national booze allowance are over. We have become by constitution and law a nation of teetotalers; now comes the era of keeping the resolution, a resolution of a sort and magnitude never paralleled in history.

Prohibition has been written into the organic law of the land. Is it to be a dead letter, like at least one other amendment to the Constitution, or is it to be enforced to the hilt? And if all law officers everywhere do their conscientious duty, is the new law the sort of law that is enforceable, or is it null and void in fact, as King Canute's decree against the tides? Time only can answer the latter question authoritatively, but there are plenty of men a authority who undertake to say that the law is enforceable and that every effort will be made to enforce it.

Prohibition is not to be permitted to be the great national and international joke of the times, the most colossal piece of massed hypocrisy since men began to have morals and moral codes.

John Barleycorn is legally dead, and the men, organizations and so-called forces that brought about his demise purpose to see that he is buried so deep and so securely that, though his animating be only suspended and he shall turn in his tomb with convulsive writhings, it will only be to accentuate the final and supreme agony of one of the oldest and most formidable of devils.

Piling rocks on the tomb of Demon Rum are—

First—The government of the United States of America, acting through a specially established unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury Department and also through the Department of Justice.

Second—The governments of the states and territories and all the local governments within them, acting through sheriffs, police forces and prosecuting attorneys.

Third—The powerful Anti-Saloon League and nineteen other national and vigorous temperance and prohibition organizations, all of which have just concluded, under the name of the National Temperance Council, a great conference in Washington specially devoted to the consideration of the problem of making prohibition real, universal, vital and active.

Nominally, we have had prohibition since July 1 last, even in those sections of the country that were not already "dry" by local enactment, and those in the government and out who are charged or have charged themselves with the enforcement of the law, now that the constitutional amendment is effective, declare that the last six months are but the twilight as to the full day compared with what is to come.

### Roper a Teetotaler

The national administration of the prohibition act is in the hands of the friends. Daniel C. Roper, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is a teetotaler and prohibitionist. He was raised in a South Carolina county that hasn't had a saloon within its borders for seventy-five years. He is an austere churchman. He identifies prohibition with religion.

"Are you personally a prohibitionist?" I asked Mr. Roper the other day.

"I'm a church member," was his answer, given with no thought of making the question, but with the implication that such a statement invariably implied that he was a prohibitionist.

"Are you going to enforce the law?" I asked.

"I'm going to do my duty," I explained, "but I'm not called upon to under-

take the enforcement of something that, though written into the law, is as much beyond its power as the succession of the seasons?"

"I do not think so," was the answer. "It is my firm belief that this law can and will be enforced. To my mind the constitutional amendment and the enforcement law do not run contrary to human nature. I do not believe that ages of habit or heredity have rooted a necessity for alcoholic drink in the human constitution. Neither do I believe that there is in this country such a great mass of inveterate opposition to prohibition as an encroachment on the rights of man that despite all our efforts the law will become a dead letter. The human race has been for centuries the victim of a great delusion and a bad habit. The American part of the race has now decided to break its bonds and reform, just as thousands and millions of men have done for themselves in these last fifty years. We can and should rid ourselves of alcohol just as we do with the narcotics. I know that there are millions of people who energetically hate prohibition, but I know also that millions of slaves of whisky welcome prohibition.

"Also, I know that the overwhelming majority of the American people respect the rule of the majority and are firmly law-abiding. They will insist on the new departure having a fair trial. If they consider it is an experiment, they want it at least to be a thoroughgoing and honest experiment.

### Can Be Enforced

"Honestly, I believe that after a little while we shall enforce the prohibition law as well as the laws against larceny are enforced. There has always been stealing and there always will be, but I know of nobody who is not an anarchist who is in favor of repealing the laws against theft because after six thousand years and more of such laws they are still violated. The prohibition law will be violated—extensively at first, slightly later on; but it will, broadly speaking, be enforced and will result in a nation that knows no alcohol. My own opinion is that we shall be immeasurably better off without liquor.

"It will be only a matter of time until other nations follow our example. National teetotalism will so increase our efficiency that they can't compete with us and keep on drinking. A great European merchant was in my office a short time ago and he told me that from his observations in the United States, under such prohibition as we have had in the recent past, general prohibition would so raise the standard of our industrial efficiency that Europe would have no choice but to follow our example or else be hopelessly outclassed.

"Ardent prohibitionist that I am, however, I can say that it is not my intention to act like a fanatic in enforcing this law. It amounts to an enforced revolution in the habits of millions of people; it is a sweeping innovation; it is a new order of society. People must be educated up to it, and they must first be made aware of the fact that the law is no joke—that it can be enforced and that it is going to be enforced. They must be broken in, so to speak."

### To Finance the Fight

Congress appropriated \$2,000,000 for enforcement of the law by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and gave the Department of Justice an additional \$100,000 for the expenses of the duties that will be imposed on it by its work in the courts. Mr. Roper created a Federal prohibition division of his bureau to deal with administration enforcement and placed at the head of it John F. Kramer, of Mansfield, Ohio, who is known as the Federal Prohibition Officer. Like Mr. Roper, Mr. Kramer is a believer in prohibition. He likes his job so well that he almost wonders why he is drawing pay for working at it. He sees no insuperable difficulties in enforcing the law.

"There is no doubt about it," said Mr. Kramer, when I asked him if he really thought the country could be made bone dry in fact as well as in written law. "I am not going to fool myself into believing that we can eliminate all the secret and private stills in the country, or keep every farmer from letting sweet cider turn hard. We don't purpose to make laughing stocks of ourselves or incur the personal hatred of people everywhere by raiding kitchens, sleuthing cellars, smelling of chimneys and looking for a still in every teakettle.

"Nevertheless, the law is going to be enforced. There was never before any law on the statute books that so massed the law enforcing agencies of the country behind it. The amendment gives the states the

## "Not Taking Anything, Thank You, John"



power to enforce it, and thirty-three of the states already were dry by their own act. We will have the cordial cooperation of their law enforcement officers. In fact, I believe that we shall have effective cooperation everywhere. In some states the local authorities will look after prohibition enforcement so well that we will have very little to do in them. If weak spots develop we will concentrate our own enforcement organization on them.

### Experts on the Job

"The enforcement agents will have under them about 1,500 officers, who will be distributed among the various districts, according to their needs. Many of these men have had long experience in enforcing the internal revenue taxation laws and are very familiar with the ways and habits of moonshiners and other illicit dealers. In fact, pretty much the whole of the personnel that has dealt with the enforcement of the excise laws in the past is now in the prohibition enforcement unit; so you see we are not altogether amateurs. We are not lacking in experienced secret service men, or in men of courage, force and resourcefulness.

"The field force will be largely mobile and will be transferred in part from one district to another, as the occasion arises. In some sections very few of the members of this 'flying squadron' will be needed. In other sections the rigid enforcement of the law will largely depend on their efforts."

The Anti-Saloon League, the organization that was chiefly instrumental in realizing prohibition, has not become torpid feeding on victory. It is commonly believed that it has more money to reap the fruits of victory than it had to attain the victory. It has the law, and now it purposes to have the men to enforce the law. With those austere prohibitionists, Messrs. Roper and Kramer, in charge at national enforcing headquarters, the league feels that its friends are not only at court, but are the court itself. It has no misgivings as to the way in which its cooperation will be received.

"Anybody who thinks we are asleep at the switch or that we intend to be content with an empty victory is in grave danger of making a very large mistake," said E. C. Dinwiddie, legislative agent of the league. "The victory is ours, and now we are going to see that the fruits are duly garnered and protected. National prohibition gives us an opportunity for prohibition that prohibits, and we are right on the trail of the opportunity. The meeting this week of the twenty national temperance organizations is the beginning of a big national movement to awaken the public conscience and get the law-abiding sense of the nation behind national prohibition. After the Supreme Court

shall have finally dealt with the last expiring efforts of the 'wets,' the work of my office, the legislative work, may fairly be considered closed after twenty-seven years of activity, but we shall now turn our energies to making the law a living, operative thing.

"I have no sympathy with this talk about the people not wanting prohibition and the law being unpopular. Prohibition has been coming on for more than fifty years. Thirty-three states were 'dry' before the prohibition amendment was adopted, and with each year of national prohibition there will be more people for it. There isn't a ghost of a chance that liquor will be voted back, and we shall exert ourselves to see to it that the law is enforced and respected. The fact is that even a majority of drinking men are for prohibition, and the slaves of the drink habit are stronger for bone dry prohibition than even those with whom it is a religion."

### Last Year No Sample

The sort of prohibition enforcement that has existed since war prohibition became effective last July must not be taken as a sample of what is to be in vogue from now on. In the first place, the enforcement act was not passed until October 28. Before that time there was no special "push" behind the enforcement of war prohibition. With the passage of the enforcement act, with its penalties of fines as high as \$10,000 and imprisonment up to five years, the Collector of Internal Revenue was made responsible for prohibition enforcement in cooperation with the Department of Justice, but he had no adequate machinery for so large a job, and the special organization for enforcement was built up with a view to permanent prohibition, which became effective at midnight last Friday night, rather than to war-time prohibition. Then the situation was muddled and muddled by all sorts of litigious disputes as to what intoxicating liquor was and by a tangle of conflicting court decisions, and thousands of dealers were in lawful and unrestrained possession of large quantities of liquor, so that there were countless sources for the illicit seepage of a supply for bootleggers and other clandestine distributors.

The desert was at hand, but there were long peninsulas of humidity and only semi-aridity projecting into it, and oases were frequent and highly humid. Then, too, the authorities, being human and being also wise, were not overactive, even with the enforcement agencies they had, during this last agony of the great god Rum.

But it is different now. It will take time to get the enforcement machine into good running order, but the country is fully embarked on the desert life that is hereafter to be its permanent fate. By Feb-

ruary 1 every person possessing liquor of any description, except as prescribed by the law, will automatically become a violator of law. Those now in possession of liquor, except private household supplies, must make full report of the same by January 27. Thus every stock in the country that might serve as a source for illicit merchandising will be located and its owner will be subject to the closest kind of supervision to the end that such stocks may be used only for non-beverage purposes. After February 1 the sources of illicit liquors will be confined to illegal production at home and to the results of smuggling.

Under war prohibition moonshining has tremendously increased, and

the revenue agents never gathered in so many illicit stills and brewing devices as they have in the last few months. Hitherto the mountain "moonshiners" of the Southern states have had pretty much of a monopoly of illicit distilling. Their purpose was to avoid paying the excise tax. Now, with the incentive of having the whole of the market, such as it is, at their command the moonshiners will doubtless spring up in all the remote, sparsely settled timber and mountainous regions of the country, as well as in large cities.

Counting the family stills and brewing outfits that have been installed, there probably are scores of thousands of illegal gin mills al-

## Kitchen Stove Still Will Be Immune From Raids, but Let the Moonshiner Beware

ready in operation or being prepared. The home booze factory will doubtless flourish to the end of time. Even the drastic prohibition enforcement act does not give law officers the right of free run of every man's home on the suspicion that he is making tanglefoot or beer or homemade wine. In some communities in the country, as well as in urban centers, whole population groups will surround and support the illicit commercial distillers, and the job of finding them out probably will be as continuous and as unending as moonshine hunting in the North Carolina or Georgia mountains. Enforcement officers who have given thought to the subject are inclined to think that illicit stills will be able to evade them more successfully in the large cities than in the country.

### Big Crop of Stills

In the country there is the tell-tale smoke of the distillery fire and the widely carried fumes of the alcohol. In the cities smoke and fumes may blend with the thousand smokes and odors of congested life and industrial activity. Little stills may easily be installed in kitchens. Revenue agents have already seized hundreds of them all over the country. Some are permanently installed by plumbers, but others are small, light and portable and do not cost more than a few dollars.

A tin pail, some copper tubing, some ice and a kettle for the mash will set any man up with a home outfit. Most of these outfits probably will escape detection so long as the owner does not undertake to sell or widely distribute his product. On the other hand, after the novelty wears off most of them will be scrapped. Likewise with the various home brewing projects, even though they do not involve much more than a formula and the raw material. The country will never be "wet" from the ale, beer and whisky made at home, and the enforcement officers are sure that the degree of humidity will not be perceptibly increased by the few commercial stills that will escape their attention.

The flying squadron of revenue agents which has been such a terror to the mountain moonshiners in recent years, under direction of Daniel C. Porter, now established in New York, will be many times multiplied and the chances are that in days ahead many a city moonshiner will have bitter experience of these tireless, fearless and determined men. And if any of the gunmen of New York should engage in moonshining and bootlegging they will find that for "pulling" first and shooting quickly and accurately they are outclassed by the men who have been trained in the mountains and swamps. The wilderness moon-

shiners are also to be hunted and harried as never before. It is probable that observation airplanes, equipped with military cameras, will be brought into this work and will vie with the eagles in hovering over mountain fastnesses.

Smuggling will return with much of its old-time romantic fascination. Indeed, it is already here. Smuggling on a gigantic scale has gone across "wet-dry" boundaries ever since prohibition began to break out in spots, and since war prohibition went into effect it has become a big game on the frontiers. The Bermudas, the Bahamas, Cuba, Mexico, Canada and the little French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, are already successful smuggling bases. With whisky worth anywhere from \$20 to \$50 a quart, the temptation is great and the rewards enriching. According to circumstantial reports, "blockade runners" already appear regularly off the Florida coast at preconcerted rendezvous, where they are met by motor trucks at night. The cargoes are lightered ashore, loaded on the trucks, and by dawn thousands of gallons of whisky are scores of miles away. This is American whisky that was exported to the Bermudas or other bases at a cost of about \$8 a case!

### Only Quebec "Wet"

Canada is all "dry," except the Province of Quebec, though international commerce in liquors is still permitted; so Quebec, which is very conveniently located with respect to New York, is a promising source of illicit supplies for the northeastern section of the country. However, the smuggling speculators regard St. Pierre and Miquelon as the ideal bases, especially for foreign liquors and wines. The Breton fishermen can bring the stuff out as ballast from France—and Maine has a very tortuous coast line.

All of this means a new field of activity for the revenue cutters, and if they are not equal to the job of guarding the coasts against booze infiltration, the enforcement unit will likely put out a fleet of chasers of its own, which will, of course, be "long, low, rakish" and very speedy.

Thus, while the dreamland romance of the banquet table, the festive board and the bar will romance no more, for most Americans, booze will continue for many a long year to be a source of stimulation through the news, not to mention the host of works of fiction that will now have to bring in moonshiners and liquor smugglers before they can intoxicate the hero or the villain or produce the alluring environment of adventure, villainy and crime that they will otherwise lack in a drinkless, saloonless, diveless land.

## Making Ugly Babies Pretty

IF EDITH DOE, aged five months, is not a raving, tearing beauty sixteen years from now it won't be the fault of Miss Florence McKay and the other nurses in the maternity ward at Flower Hospital. Some people might think a nurse too busy to care for the future looks of baby patients, but a white cap and a print uniform haven't taken the eternal feminine out of Miss McKay. But, then, she's very pretty herself, and perhaps that makes a difference.

Edith at five months weighs only eight pounds one ounce, which is less than many babies weigh at birth. Miss McKay says: "Visitors consider her rather homely, but we've fussed over her so much that we think she's real nice looking." She has nice eyes and an engaging smile when in good humor, but when crying for her bottle she resembles nothing so much as a young bird, all mouth and a bone or two. Like so many East Side babies, she started life under a handicap. She was brought to Flower Hospital with her mother, who was ill and who soon died, leaving the undersized, undernourished Edith with a father who had no way of caring for her, so perforce she was kept on in the maternity ward. For a time it seemed as if she must follow her mother, but the nurses and doctors made up their minds she should live, and she did live.

Now, Edith's ears were a great worry to Miss McKay. Their shape was all right, but they betrayed a tendency to stick out at right angles, and the one she lay on most got doubled under the wrong way, so that it almost began to flap around toward her small pug nose. Her devoted nurse saw that that

*BABY Edith doesn't care if her ears do stick out, but the nurses at Flower Hospital know it will be different sixteen years hence, so they are "bending the twig" in time*



would never do. Being pretty herself, as aforesaid, with big, dancing eyes fringed with long dark lashes, and a mouth that smiles naturally and masses of hair curling over her own small ears, it hurt her tender heart to think what Edith's

future beau might say if she grew up with flappy ears. "And I'm afraid," she said, "that the child isn't going to have much hair to hide them." The chances for Edith's crown of glory, indeed, are slim at present. She practically

is bald, and though the nurses are doing their best with discreet shampooing to "bring on" the blond fuzz on her small pate, they haven't had much success so far. So with the aid of court plaster Miss McKay set out to train Edith's ears in the way they should go. Long strips of the plaster hold them painlessly flat, and will continue to do so until they submit to training.

Edith is already developing into a sociable youngster, smiling brightly, if toothlessly, at the nurses when they bend over her bed, and clinging rapturously to their arms when they take her up. She spends most of her time in the little room off the ward that is lined with tiny cages, containing new-born babies, whose mothers lie outside. To all of them Miss McKay, Miss Horton (a plump and pretty nurse who adores babies) and all the other student nurses give due attention as to their future looks. Little pug noses are frequently and tenderly molded into more classic shape, and the mottled complexions with which the human young come into the world are anxiously watched to see that they clear up properly. The babies are kept carefully lying on their sides—lying on their backs, as so many mothers place them, is all wrong—and generally at Flower Hospital you will find them on their right sides, so the heart has plenty of room for action. Not a few of these maternity cases are charity cases from the teeming tenement house region over there but they are going to have their chance in life. And if the drive Flower Hospital is now making for funds to buy better equipment, and enlarge the maternity and children's ward is a success, there's no telling what a great effect Nurse McKay, beauty specialist, may have on the coming generation of young women.

And, of course, she doesn't neglect the looks of the boy babies, either.