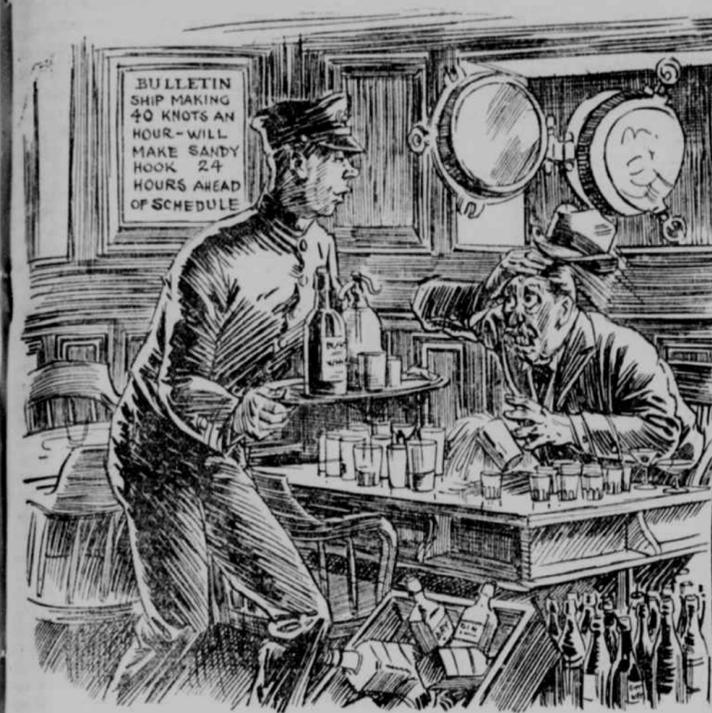


PROHIBITION, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

By HAYS MONTGOMERY

Illustrations by ALBERT LEVERING



The shorter the voyage the fewer the drinks. Captains of American liners should be careful not to break speed records, west bound

TABLEAU—A little child at the question-asking age, perched on the rail of a United States Shipping Board liner, is watching the waves go rushing by. Turning his innocent orbs toward the genial and kindly face of his father, he inquires: "Papa, what makes the big ship go?" "The bar, my son, the bar," answers the dour parent, moving off to suit the action to the word.

Bubble, Toil and Trouble With a Vengeance

Some of the other scenes in the big government show are Shakespearean in flavor. There may be seen Wayne B. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, demanding his ounce of prevention and proclaiming as learned and upright judges of the Supreme Court, the Attorney General and a personified Eighteenth Amendment. And a striking spectacle is the such family bending over a caldron of near-ter and muttering "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble."

Gilbert and Sullivan should have written the big act and laid the scene on the good ship "Pinafore," operated by the Shipping Board. The scene, of course, will be entitled "U. S. S. Pinafore or the Lass Who Loved Her Luger," and the curtain will rise on the ship's deck, where the lar'ners, "solel men, and to-morrow's initiative to their duty," are dispensing. At this point will be taken advantage of a splendid opportunity for one of those "Chorus of Nations" numbers. Enter British Ale, German Beer, French Champagne, Italian Vermouth and—amid storms of applause and a wild outburst of patriotic cheering from the audience—American Moonshine.

Enter then the ingenue, singing "For I'm called Little Claretcup, dear Little Claretcup, though I could never tell why." Then the Admiral struts proudly on and sings that he polished up his passengers so carefuller, that now he's the Ruler of the Board's Navee. And there will be the Captain's sentimental ballad sung at night on the deck, moonshine from the wings, "Fair moon . . . Say, why is everything either at sixes or at sevens?"

But that is all of the plot of the big show that can be divulged at present. To reveal more would not now be politic or politics, and besides, developments are still developing for all eyes are worth. Mr. August Busch, of the Anheuser-Busch brewing interests, continues to stand by his accusation that Uncle Sam is "incomparably the biggest bootlegger in the world," and Mr. Lasker, of the Shipping Board, to retort that Mr. Busch has a castle in Germany and a brewery in St. Louis, and hence is prejudiced. These charges of Mr. Lasker's are viewed by the "wets" as merely beating about the bush.

Passing Around the Horn Is Still the Big Idea

History tells us that the ancient glory of the merchant marine was founded on the ability of our fast clipper ships to pass around the Horn. Mr. Lasker tells us that passing around the horn still is the big idea. It is a factor, along with the little matter of a subsidy, in bringing back that ancient glory which has departed. Speed, of course, still figures, but mainly on the voyage from our shores to foreign and moister parts. It has been said by returning travelers that they were in no hot haste for the homeward-bound craft which bore them to plough through the deep for the purpose of bringing

them within the confines of the three-mile limit, or even within sight of that dear Statue of Liberty. With a good bar and good weather one condemns the modern habit of hurrying and speaks of the good old-fashioned rate of Columbus and the Pilgrims.

The Choicest Inconsistency Follows the Flag

Noting this pronounced preference in those who sail the ocean blue, the United States Shipping Board has permitted the sale of liquors, of choice liquors—so runs the testimony and advertisement—on board its vessels. All the time the flag is still there. No such device could be adopted as the adjustable yardarm on Captain Traprock's Kawa, which permitted drinking at all hours by its mechanism, which kept it always in the required position against the sun.

The floating flag has proclaimed our sovereignty and laws over the quaffing of that which caused fifteen men to take station on a dead man's chest and over the downing of neat samples of the handiwork of the Haig family and of Mr. Gordon.

If a gentleman from Czecho-Slovakia and a lady from Jugo-Slavia, immigrants, have a child while at sea on a United States Shipping Board vessel the child is American. But if a gentleman from Idaho and a lady from Vermont have a drink under the same circumstances that's un-American.

Such is the opinion of the "drys." Mr. Wheeler rises to state that the law is that "the possession and transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is pro-



UNCLE SAM PLAYS THE PART OF PECKSNIFF

"There is no deception, gentlemen. All is peace. A holy calm pervades me"

hibited anywhere within the jurisdiction of the United States irrespective of treaties," words would seem to wreck havoc with the plans of the Shipping Board.

But, not so, according to the Shipping Board. Their craft, they observe, have and will continue a wine as well as a passenger list. The two go together, they affirm.

It is Mr. Lasker's avowed intent that, until the prohibitions or somebody have the law on him, bars will remain as firm fixtures on his lines as the compass or the bridge or the larboard watch. The wine list of the steamship George Washington has been produced in evidence, and a thing of beauty it is. Could it tell a lie? Advertisements in foreign

papers that wines are purveyed on American ships have been quoted, and it is said that money-back guarantees have been given that the bars will be thrown wide open after the three-mile limit has been passed.

There are no false pretenses about it. It has been a real selling point, too. If all this fuss hadn't come up we might have looked any moment for ads featuring a sort of maritime Phoebe Snow, depicted clad in white and reposing comfortably in a steamer chair, a tall, tingling glass at her elbow.

But now the beans, so to speak, are spilled. Both "wets" and "drys" are delighting in picturing Uncle Sam as a great Pecksniffian hypocrite, whose right hand knoweth not what



If ships must be "dry" on entering American waters the stuff may be stored in armored wine cellars outside the three-mile limit

his left hand doth, or, what is worse, if it doth, don't care. The hand that rocks the cradle of youthful prohibition also pours out a hooker for the stateroom. In the bright lexicon of the Eighteenth Amendment there appears to be no such word as "ocean." The only feature of the operation of the law which seems to have been taken cognizance of at sea is the fact that American rye and moonshine whisky cost more than Scotch whisky on a Shipping Board wine list, an inverse ratio, which must upset American passengers.

The Shipping Board defense is that the seagoing bars have been forced by foreign competition. The complaint goes that our ships if "dry" would have no chance against the "wet" craft of other nations; that there is a large enough number of passengers to be reckoned with who, if our ships were at their ports, would not have sufficient pride in our flag or our ships to patronize them. The inference is that even if they had that pride they would take passage on the foreign ships and swallow it along with other things.

But the contention of the Anti-Saloon League is that no ship, American or foreign, can carry liquor to our shores, sealed or unsealed.

Nobody Wants to Stock Davy Jones's Locker

Doesn't that do away with the discrimination Mr. Lasker complains of? they ask. It's simple, say the "drys." All the ships with liquor stocks have to do when they enter the territorial waters of the United States is to pour that liquor right merrily into those territorial waters. Nothing to it.

It may come hard to some, but if they will carry rum—

However, there is a vague feeling abroad that neither the Shipping Board nor the foreign lines will take kindly to this suggestion for the disposition of their contraband. It is no consolation that such procedure would stock Davy Jones's locker better than any club's in the United States. Measures to meet such a ruling, should it become effective, undoubtedly would be taken.

Anti-Saloon League's Policy Means Floating Wine Cellars

Every line would at once establish a floating wine cellar on or about the three-mile limit. Here the great ships would heave to, and with appropriate ceremonies cache their cargoes of liquors, which would be considerable enough to provide for the return voyage. With bell buoys and fog whistles to avoid accident and the flag of the nation floating proudly from a tall mast, these seagoing cellars would become a unique and unforgettable feature of marine views.

But protection against the elements and accidents would not be sufficient. Reflect on the perils to which such huge stocks of booze would be subjected, so near within the grasp of a thirsty and a wealthy land. Every one of these cellars would of necessity have to be a veritable floating fortress, for they would be subjected to such piracy on the high seas as has not been since the days when the Spanish galleons, laden with golden ingots, became the prey of rapacious buccaners. Many a time in the dead of night the garrisons of English or French marines would have to come swarming up from their submarine quarters among the hogs and the bottles and stand by to repel boarders and bootleggers from the fleets of swift motor boats that would beset them. Ever and anon, up and down our coast, would be heard the rattle of machine guns and the crash of naval howitzers.

Godness knows what foreign entanglements such incidents would involve us in, to say nothing of severe violations of the Monroe Doctrine.

On the other hand, if these fortresses should be forbidden and it should be established that American waters are for Americans and foreign liquors are not, the Anti-Saloon suggestion that libations be poured on the three-mile limit might have to be adopted.

Imagine then the scene in the salons of the liners as they neared the American coast. On the announcement of a record day's run passengers would break into loud lamentations, changing to cries of incredulous joy on the proclamation of the chief steward that the cellaret of the ship yet contained such and such a quantity of fine liquors that must be consumed in three hours or devoted to the deep and the cause of American prohibition.

"Moet & Chandon, Scotch, Chablis, Rhine wine, sherry, cognac, beer, ale—and all at cut rates, greatly reduced prices and bargains—to be drunk or thrown overboard in three hours," the stewards would cry, amid flourishes of bugles and chimes on the ship's bells. Ah, such ship news interviews, such glad greetings at the dock as would transpire!

What's a Little Thing Like A Ruling Among Friends

In the mean time, it is pointed out that the Supreme Court has said one thing, the Attorney General's department another and Congress, that voice of the people, something else again. Just the other day the Treasury Department came through with an interpretation. Almost any moment we may have some rulings on the question from the Department of the Interior and that of Agriculture, from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and from the United States Patent Office.

Let us at all costs avoid international complications and possible conflicts. It must be remembered that in the War of 1812 the British burned Washington under the impression that they were destroying the seat of our government.

That must not happen again. They would destroy the seat of our comedy.



GOTHAM ARABIAN NIGHTS



The Sultana Sharazad Saveth Her Neck in the Nick of Time

By FREDERIC F. VAN de WATER

the good Caliph Hy-lan of the Ruddy Countenance when he determined to raise in his city a great structure."

And Shahryar quote incautiously, "What was that?" and, having committed himself, moaned feebly and sate him down to listen. Then quoth Sharazad:

"Now, it came to pass in the fifth year of the Profit that the good Caliph sat one morning on his throne of state with a finger propped against each eyelid so that sleep might not overcome him, and summoned before him his nobles and counselors.

"Then to them spake he, saying: 'Behold, O ye of the faith, five years of my rule have passed, and yet has there not been erected a monument to show to future ages my greatness and enlightenment, save, perhaps, the statue of Civic Virtue that adorneth my courtyard, and there be evil intentioned persons who insist that this is not a good likeness. Therefore, it is my will, that we erect a great building for the good of the future of my name, and spend thereupon funds of the city to the amount of fifteen millions of dinars.'

"Then ran through the assemblage the murmur of applause that ever followed the words of the wise and good Caliph, yet one of those who heard him lifted up his voice, saying:

"'Brother of the beacon light, how canst thou build when thy master builder, even Brindell Effendi, languisheth in jail, whither the Sheik Untermyer hath sent him?'

"Then quoth the Caliph, suppressing a yawn: 'As I have often thought, emirs and pashas, I have been Meyered and Untermyered, yet I endure. And it is my thought that plans for this building be drawn up, and that its height and length and breadth be noble, and that within there be places for music and chambers given over to other arts so that the mind may be diverted thereby. As

for the materials of which it is to be composed, I leave these to others even more skilled in art than I, save for the stipulation that terra cotta be not used. I don't like terra cotta. And it is also my will, and mark ye well, that when the cellar of the structure is dug, strong guards be placed about it day and night so that men, conspiring against my good Pasha Whalen, do not fill it up with ashes in his name.'

"Then when word went abroad of what the Caliph intended, the people of the city were stirred to wonder and debated as to the purpose of this monument that Hy-lan would raise to his own greatness. And some asked, 'Is it, perchance, a new mosque where the Mullah Mur-fee may sit in state and commune with the infinite?' But the Caliph only frowned, and say 'Nay.'

"And rumors flew thick until at length their evil stung the sensitive spirit of the good Caliph, so that he ceased yawning and rose in wrath in his audience chamber, and cried: 'Behold, the great building that I shall build is in the interests of the people and good government. And when the vast rooms thereof are finished and have been equipped with instruments of music and works of art, it shall be known as the palace of the Caliph's grandson. And if it be that in years to come his parents fare over the seas, leaving their offspring in the care of the great and good Caliph, it is my will that he be placed therein and cared for until their return, so that the Caliph may bring a free and refreshed mind to affairs of state. Ho-hum—scuse me—I have not had a decent night of sleep since the wife of my bosom and our daughter departed for far lands.'

Then ceased Sharazad her tale and Shahryar, who had lain upon his divan, stirred and sate upright, exclaiming:

"Bismillah! I have remained awake through one of them and, by Allah, prepare to depart. Lean over the gilloth spread for the purpose and don't muss up the carpet, my dear. By Allah, thy time hath come!"

Then replied Sharazad: "Thy remark, oh, husband of my bosom, putteth me in mind of a little story of Willi ibn Hearst, the Sheik ul Islam, and how, by the magic of Connors Bey, his aspiration grew with affliction."

And the King sighed a vast and painful sigh and sate him down again, wherat Sharazad spake:

"Thou knowest, O King, how Connors Bey sought to make Willi ibn Hearst Sultan in the place of the evil Nathan, who had reigned long at Albany. Now it came to pass that Connors Bey fared through the land that Nathan ruled, asking those in power what they thought of Willi for Sultan.

"And as often as those questioned replied 'Rotten!' Connors Bey smiled and announced to the world that he rejoiced that the great cause prospered so far past his wildest dreams.

"Then at length came one power in the land who quoth: 'Elect Willi ibn Hearst? Not in a million years.'

"And this approval so touched the heart and mind of Connors Bey that he proclaimed: 'Behold, the throne of the Sultan Nathan is too small a reward for so great a statesman. Popular approval is so overwhelming that it is my intention to make him President.'

"And Allah, the all compassionate, hearing the words of Connors Bey, sought through the land for one who would speak well of the candidacy of Willi ibn Hearst.

"'For,' quoth the Lord of the Three Worlds, 'if the people continue to oppose Willi it may be that Connors Bey will seek even higher office for him, and I will awake some morning to find myself entirely out of a job.'

Then arose snores from the divan where lay Shahryar, King of Kings, and Sharazad ceased her tale, murmuring to herself:

"Stories of Willi ibn Hearst always get him, poor dear."