

Have Rum-Joke Inventions Reached their Limit?

There's No Law Against Trick Receptacles in Which to "Bring Your Own," and So the European Novelty Manufacturers Are Now Doing a Big Business, But Flapper Rum Sleuths Are on the Trail.



Not Exactly "On the Spot" But A Little Above Two Feet.



A Best Seller—A Book Entitled "Spring Poems in Four Swallows."



Pointing Out That The Globe Is Three-Quarters Wet And The Contents Even More So.



He Doesn't Have To Go To Havana For A Drink For A Drink Is His Havana Filter.



The Toppers Used To Say "Put A Stick In It Now They Put It In The Stick."



"100 Lbs. On The Outside" "100 Proof" On The Inside.

IT WAS undoubtedly expected by the fathers of prohibition that efforts to evade the dry law would result in the invention of devices for smuggling and concealing liquor. But that the business of artful dodging of the Volstead act would be carried to the extent that it has probably was not dreamed of by those who ratified the 18th amendment.

How extensive this effort to cheat prohibition has become may be gleaned from the latest cables from Europe announcing that German and English manufacturers are building up a very lucrative trade by the manufacture of various ingenious inventions by which one can safely conceal liquor and thus have a nip on the sly. Ships arriving at the Atlantic ports have great quantities of these artifices, which can be sold owing to the fact that there is no law against their importation.

It has often been said by prohibition advocates that the citizen who drinks occasionally voted for prohibition because he had in mind the vivid pictures of misery he had seen in the corner saloon. Now, strangely enough, more out of a spirit of devilry than anything else, and without any desire to defeat the dry laws, many of this class of saloon enemies are having great fun using devices such as are pictured on this page. Girls and women, too, have found much sport in their use.

Just where the thing will stop is problematical. The implements of the strong man, the evening cigar, the garter of the young woman and the educational globe of the classroom, have been used to deceive those who are enforcing the law. Even the candy of children has been employed. One concern in New York city was raided for making whisky-filled chocolates and bonbons. At a dinner attended by men representing country-wide membership in a great profession innocent looking "lollypops," placed at the dinner plates, turned out to be well-rectified cocktails inside colored glass "candy" on a stick.

And it is business competition that has developed the devices. On the one hand there are the bootleggers racking their brains for new dodges to fool the prohibition agents. On the other hand, there are the rum sleuths lying awake nights planning means of getting into the confidence and the secret caches of the booze sellers.

Take the picture of the young woman who is standing near the globe atlas. Calling on her in her bachelor apartment, one might believe quite readily that she was a studious schoolma'am ready to put her class through a geography lesson in the morning. The chances are—if you were a stranger—that she would let you think so. But, if you were in her good graces, she would press a catch, the globe

would open and there before your astonished eyes would be as inviting a wet layout as ever "drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man."

And that behatted young woman with the book of "verses" under her arm. Would the most suspicious dry agent ever suspect what the reader is privileged to behold—that the "Four Swallows" announced on the cover are really four swallows of Scotch whisky? It suggests that the book should have been called "Omar Khayyam" so that a certain immortal line might have been changed into "a book of wine beneath the bough."

Then the girl who rolls her own and also carries her own, not exactly on the hip, but about the knee. What agent would dare search even if he suspected? And, moreover, is not the fair one safeguarded against search and seizure by the well-known permanent injunction against the invasion of individual rights? Or left?

The young woman with the 100-pound shot has with her a most handy agency for distributing cocktails at the weekly meeting of her "club." After the members have all assembled tiny glasses are passed around and the strong woman announces her act. She lifts up the shot with one hand and then, with the other

presses a spring, thus revealing to the astonished and thirsty members the parched contents of the "shot."

There is no law against a man taking a drink, but there is a provision of the Volstead act which prohibits transporting. Even the hip pocket falls under this. So, as there are times when men hanker for a wee bit when far from the security of their own firesides, this page illustrates how the thing can be done right under the noses of the prohibition agents. The cane which contains a bottle uncorked by opening the head of the stick, and the cigars which also hold a good swallow each, concealed beneath their Havana wrappers, are two very popular methods.

The enforcement of the Volstead law has resulted in one prohibition agent being cast upon the screen of national prominence. That man is Prohibition Enforcement Agent Isidor Einstein of New York city. Einstein, familiarly known as Izzy, through his ingenious and highly amusing disguises and artifices, has made himself the subject of thousands of newspaper articles which have been published in every part of the United States and not infrequently in other countries.

Izzy first made his appearance in

Brooklyn three years ago, a fat, untidy, blue-eyed, brown-haired individual, with lower lip slightly drooping and a blank expression. One reporter said: "He couldn't catch his breath." And when the word was passed that he was going to use disguises a laugh arose all over the Brooklyn federal building. But Izzy did it.

He went into a hotel down South Brooklyn way carrying a fiddle. He asked for a drink and was refused. "All

right," said Izzy. "I'll fiddle for you anyway. What's your favorite tune?" The owner answered, "The Lost Chord," and Izzy began to play. When he got through the owner was weeping.

"I'll give you a drink for that," he sobbed, and poured out a bumper from a bottle he had taken from a secret cabinet. Izzy took the whisky, poured it, apparently, down his throat, but actually into an opening in his shirt which connected with a rubber bottle hidden be-

neath, and then arrested the bartender. He entered an upstate New York hotel called the "David Harum Inn." He asked who David Harum was. The bartender told him about the "best-seller" book and its hero. He asked, "Is Harum in?" Everybody roared. "The drinks are on me," said Izzy. They were poured forth, and forth went the bartender and owner under arrest.

At the time of the anti-prohibition parade in New York, Izzy marched, carrying a placard railing against prohibition. He found ready victims who sold him "stuff" out of sympathy.

His ready wit is remarkable, as well as his knowledge of what is necessary to make a case. He entered a big cafe in New York city one night and, with Moe Smith, his partner, pretended he was a rustic seeing the sights with his city friend, Moe. He entertained so well that everyone applauded him. He sang songs and told stories. Finally he asked if he could get a drink. The owner of the place appeared and said the head waiter would serve him in the hallway.

Izzy went there and met the head waiter, who handed him a flask of whisky. But Izzy knew that the actual sale—the passage of the women—would have to be witnessed. He told the head waiter that he had no money. "My friend has it all. I'll call him." Moe came, gave the waiter the money, and the place was "pinched."

One day when Izzy and another agent were walking through Adams street, Brooklyn, they came upon a suspicious looking van. Izzy halted it and questioned the driver. He quickly found it was full of whisky valued at \$20,000. The driver, who was the owner of the load, offered Izzy \$4000 cash if he would let him drive on. Izzy arrested him and helped convict him. The man was sent to jail.

That protean person, the flapper, who turns jockey over night, apprehends burglars with the efficiency of a police detective and turns traditions topsy turvy, is now disporting in the capacity of secret rum sleuth. A force of women, with the flapper "in their midst," has been organized by Miss Georgia Hopley, the first woman dry agent appointed. These women are volunteers, recruited from clubs and society circles. One of them is Cora Frazier, 17 years old, and her home seems to be the whole of Mississippi. She has caused the imprisonment of her father, her uncle and two cousins.

According to Miss Hopley, the aid given by the secret work of the women will keep teeth in the dry law.

The World Watches Portland Make Ice Cream

(Continued From Page 4.)

nature of tub packing requires a three-change shift, the two machines are most noteworthy improvements in the ice-cream world.

What a change from the days before Christ, when little was known of ice and its uses. True the slaves of the Romans used to run up into the mountains and carry down huge loads of snow and ice to cool the wines for the banquet. But of late years we have had, first ice cream in freezers and served in dishes, then came the cone and the brick and the sandwich and now the chocolate covered cake of ice cream that seems to be taking the place of them all for small sales. The figures on file in the local industry show that the volume of business is fully 500 per cent more than in pre-war days, proving that it is progressing.

In the trade it is now realized that the ice cream manufacturer performs a great service to the farmer and dairyman. In

the summer season the dairy herds produce more than at other seasons, but the consumption of butter, cream and milk is less. There must be some way of using up this surplus. This is the ice cream manufacturer does. Some idea of his problems may be gathered from a study of the weather conditions. Comes a series of hot days and a holiday and the demand mounts past all reason for ice cream. The manufacturer must be on the job to supply it, for here is his opportunity. All the time the milk and cream is pouring into the factory and, if the weather is cold for a period the demand subsides to nearly nothing. It is the most variable business possible—a peak one day and a slump the next and the trade has to be in a position to meet the fluctuations. It does this only by having the best equipment, as in the case in Portland. Storage for the materials when the demand falls off and a nearly unlimited production range when the sales are

on the increase. It is a business to make gray hairs, but one that Weatherly conquered.

In the dairy trade it is realized that the ice-cream maker is the great stabilizer or equalizer. It is he who takes up their surplus and finds a market for it at a time when the production is at its highest and storage conditions unfavorable. Milk and butter are highly perishable. Ice cream is a commodity that has to be marketed in perfect condition or not at all. The problems are legion, but when properly handled an appreciative public places its stamp of approval on the efforts of the trade by patronage. It provides an outlet for the dairyman's produce and, by stabilizing the industry, induces further investment and helps materially in creating a prosperous community.

Weatherly unquestionably has done Portland and the northwest a service in creating his organization and his plant and business methods are such as to at-

tract much favorable attention to Portland as a progressive manufacturing city. The patented machinery in use there is now being marketed by large corporations paying a royalty to the men in the local plant who were the originators. Any further improvement would seem impossible, but it is not too much to predict that this plant, the leader in the industry, will continue to originate methods of manufacture.

Mistake Quite Natural.

A supporter of the local football team arrived at the grounds one day and saw a load of bricks. He approached the club secretary and asked, "Wouldn't half bricks have been better?"

"Half bricks?" replied the secretary. "We couldn't build a pavilion with half bricks."

"Oh! Are they for a pavilion?" said the man. "My mistake. I thought they were for the referee."