

Society

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Mrs. Ora F. McIntyre was a guest yesterday in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton McCoy have returned to their home in Portland. They have made many friends in Salem, whose best wishes go with them.

The 80th birthday of Mr. S. Levy will be celebrated today at a family dinner at the Levy home, 563 Court street, this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Moores has had as their house guest during the past week their son, Ralph Moores, of Portland.

The formal closing of a splendid season by the Salem MacDowell club will come on Thursday when Royal Dadman appears at the Grand theater under the club's auspices.

New officers for the year have been elected as follows: Mrs. W.

RUM RUNNERS OF THE COAST

Revenue Officers Wage War With Liquor Traffickers Off Atlantic Seaboard

FIVE miles off Long Island; midnight, gray fog on the bosom of a sea almost as placid as a lake. Utter silence around the vaguely-defined power-boat in which three men were but indistinct shadows as they crouched forward, eyes trying in vain to pierce the surrounding opacity, ears straining for the first alien sound.

Out of the night came something different than the lap of water against the hull—a "putt-putt," rhythmic and swelling—the unmistakable noise of an approaching motor.

One of the trio in the power boat stirred and whispered.

"OT to starboard, I make it. I think we can head them."

Sudden activity then; a motor spun; the roar of an exhaust; a white foam kicking suddenly forth beneath the bow, and the power-boat was racing toward the tail-tale sound.

Then resistance ceased. Guns dropped from the hands of the pair and, as the power-boat slid alongside, two disconsolate figures slumped into their seats, knowing the game was up.

A scene from a "movie"? Not at all. Just an incident of nights along Rum Row; another bootlegging craft fallen afoul of the Revenue. There were fifty cases of Scotch in the captured boat.

At first something faint, scarcely an outline; then a darker blotch in the foggy night took shape ahead—the other motor boat, feeling with all the speed that could be coaxed from its motor.

But the pursuer was faster, was overhauling with certainty. "Let 'em have it," came the terse command and a dazzling gleam of light shot athwart the quarry, disclosing every detail with the brightness of day.

It showed a light motor launch, low and rakish, built for speed, with a crew of two, and in the hands of each of these two, as they faced the on-coming power-boat, gleamed metal. They were armed.

Gun Play! The light beam came from the bow of the pursuer, where one of the three men stood with an electric flashlight in his hand, his arm extended far to his side—a wise precaution for he knew that the desperate pair ahead would shoot direct for the bull's-eye.

There was not fifty feet of open water between the boats when the quarry

opened fire. It was the fellow in the stern, his arm rising and falling as he pumped his automatic. The shots rang louder than the exhausts, but the bullets went wild.

He was either a poor marksman or the blinding light in his eye interfered with his aim.

No response came from the power-boat, but the steady light never for a moment failed to cover the fleeing craft. And all the time the distance lessened until not ten feet of water separated the two boats.

Then resistance ceased. Guns dropped from the hands of the pair and, as the power-boat slid alongside, two disconsolate figures slumped into their seats, knowing the game was up.

Smuggling in its roughest English days and gun-running into Cuba before the Spanish-American War faded into mediocrity when compared with this twentieth century battle between the United States Revenue service and the rum-runners. Nights of desperate deeds off shore find their way but seldom into the press.

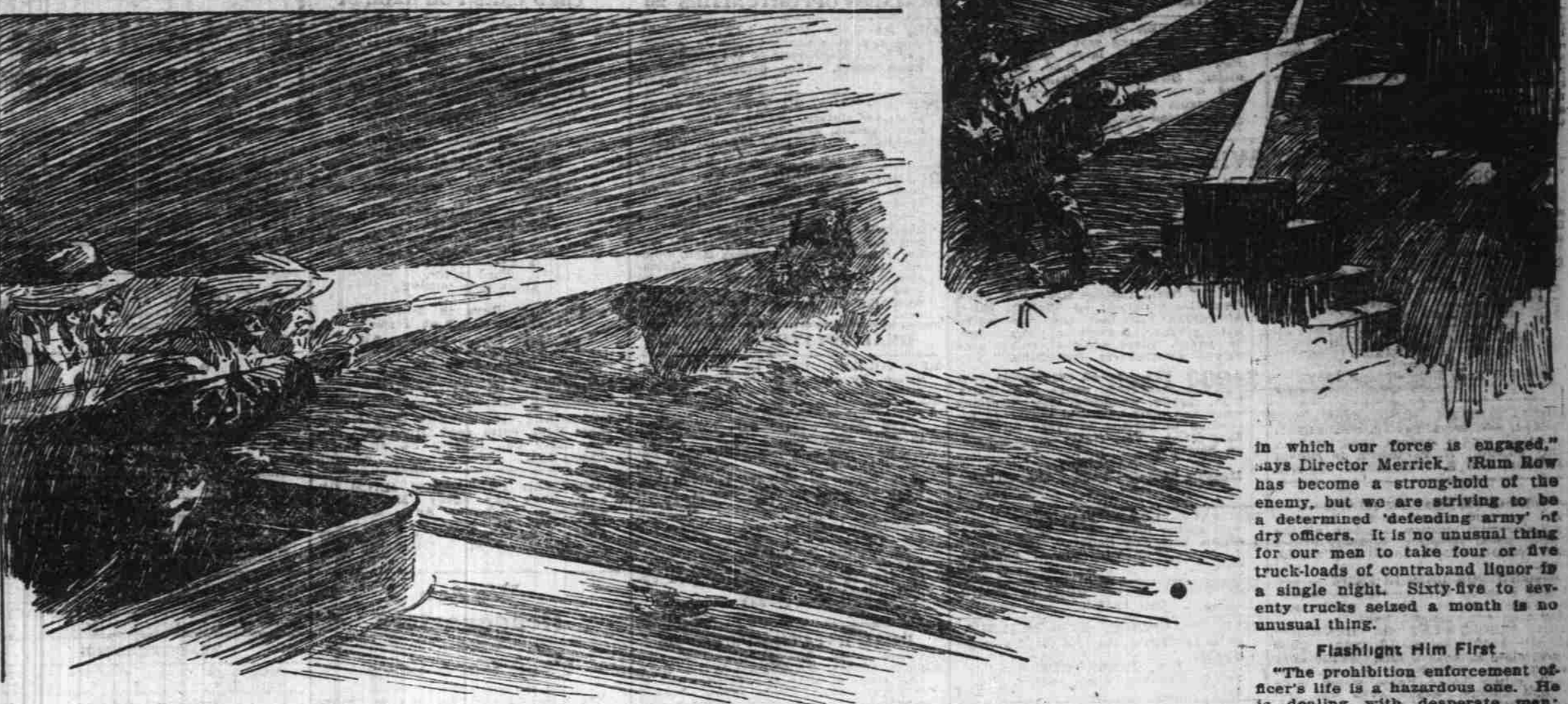
Regulations forbid the Revenue man detailing his experiences, and seldom is the rule violated. Only occasionally is the ban lifted and then, like war censorship, there is deletion of names and places.

Such is the incident described above, an accurate account but with identities, perforce, withheld. And just such incidents com-

prise the nightly life—for it is night time only when the rum-runner plies his trade—along the Atlantic Coast. Speed launches range the coast within the twelve mile limit, for international law prevents the molestation of the suspicious craft which lay to beyond the danger mark. Revenue activities are within the law—the penalty which government must pay in enforcing the laws it makes.

The prohibition enforcement officers, in their speed-boats may poke into sheltered coves, intercept any landward bound cargoes, take any action deemed necessary. Just so long as they do not trespass beyond the twelve mile limit.

During the day it is peaceful along the coast, but as night falls Rum Row takes on feverish activity. Craft of all description, from lumbering tramp steamers to rakish yachts, rouse out of daytime drowsiness. Case after case of wet goods come up from the hold to be piled along the rail, there to await the speed boats of the inshore smugglers. If it is a



dark night and a comparatively calm one the chances of active trade are good. Desperate Stakes The old lure of gold—ill-gotten gold, but gold, nevertheless—will assure brisk activity. The rum-runner is a desperate gentleman and the pay is high. The Revenue men, on the watch, know that; know well that they must be ready to fight for their lives at any time. The rum-runner may surrender his cargo of liquor without a battle, but he is far more likely to indulge in a desperate gun-fight rather than see his boat and his profits fall into the hands of the government.

Smuggling by Air Nor is the smuggling confined to sea craft. Not long ago a seaplane was caught in the trade. The machine had slipped out to Rum Row under cover of darkness and had taken aboard twenty-five cases of whiskey. Then, still protected by the night, it hummed its way shoreward and came to rest in a secluded spot near Blue Point.

Long Island. But a Revenue launch had caught the hum of the motor in the air and had followed on behind. Locating the landing spot, the word went forth to the coastal watchers. Just as the whiskey was being transferred from the seaplane to a waiting truck, the government men arrived. They surrounded the quarry in silence and then, at a given word, a glaring ring of flashlights pierced the night. The old days, when whiskey-smuggling was merely a matter of getting the cargo off the coast, loading it into any sort of a tub and taking it ashore, are gone.

Members of the prohibition enforcement squad who made small fortunes by accepting bribes from the bootleggers are rapidly being weeded out, and under Director R. Q. Merrick, Federal Director of Prohibition of New York, and other divisional directors, the personnel of the prohibition force is toiling the mark with a discipline reminiscent of war time days. "It is a real war on a small scale

in which our force is engaged," says Director Merrick. "Rum Row has become a stronghold of the enemy, but we are striving to be a determined 'defending army' of dry officers. It is no unusual thing for our men to take four or five truck-loads of contraband liquor in a single night. Sixty-five to seventy trucks seized a month is no unusual thing. Flashlight Him First "The prohibition enforcement officer's life is a hazardous one. He is dealing with desperate men; criminals who will not hesitate to use their weapons to escape. They know they face confiscation of their cargo and their property—whether a power launch or a truck—and imprisonment. Naturally they will fight. "Fortunately we are seldom called upon to use our own guns. We blind the rum-runner first and generally can bind him afterwards before he has had a chance to open up on us. There is a certain amount of psychology in that. Every Revenue man carries a flashlight as well as an automatic. He uses the flashlight first. A beam of light, coming out of the darkness and enveloping a fellow who is trying to escape from the law is disconcerting. It momentarily blinds him and it places him at the disadvantage of not knowing how numerous are his assailants or how soon a pistol shot will follow the light beam. He is an excellent target and he realizes it and generally gives up. "Flashlight him first," is the motto which we follow."

Liggett's Original

Original in name Original in design and Original in its exquisite contents



Liggett's Original Package

contains all the favorite pieces of Candy-lovers. All are generously coated with the rich Chocolate that has made Liggett's famous throughout the country.

\$1.00 per pound In half, one, two, three and five-pound sizes.

Perry Drug Store 715 South Commercial SALEM OREGON

E. Anderson, honorary president; Ada Miller Harris, president; Mrs. Phil Newmyer, vice president; Mrs. Joe Chambers, secretary; Mrs. T. H. Galloway, treasurer, and Mrs. Donald W. Riddle, auditor.

Miss Dorothy Pearce, club accompanist, who is spending the winter in San Diego, will resume her place with the club in the fall, with Professor W. H. Boyer continuing with the directorship.

SILVERTON SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Ostergaard were hosts at a clever "Friday-13th" party at their home Friday evening. Stunts of a superstitious nature and exemplifying the occasion furnished diversions for the evening. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Kleinsorge, Mrs. Georg Jacobsen, Rev. and Mrs. S. Hall, and Rev. and Mrs. Howard Mort of Independence.

SCOTT'S MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Brougher were in Salem Saturday on business.

Mrs. Gladys Perd of Seattle visited her mother, Mrs. Hugh Magee, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Flanders and daughter Evelyn are visiting in Roseburg.

Mrs. W. T. Hogg and daughter Doris went to Salem Saturday to visit with her daughter, Lorraine,

who has been quite sick, returning home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Taylor went to Portland Monday on business, returning home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Howe moved to Mill City the first of the week.

A number of members of the Oddfellows attended the rally at Salem Wednesday evening, taking with them two candidates to be initiated.

A reception was given Mr. and Mrs. George Van Arman Saturday night at the Jake Van Arman home on the Abiqua. Mrs. Van Arman were married February 28. Mrs. Van Arman was formerly Miss Harriet Parks of Molalla, and a teacher of the Brier Knob school.

Mrs. Nellie Lawrence has been ill at the Silverton hospital several weeks. Her many friends hope she will be able to be taken home soon.

The Great Divide

Little four-year old Freddie asked mother to comb his hair. She hurriedly combed in without, however, parting it.

Whereupon Freddie exclaimed: "You didn't put a crack in it, mother."

—Mrs. N. L. Smitham

Advertisement for The United States National Bank, Salem, Oregon. The ad features a large illustration of the bank's building and text describing the bank's services and safety. It states: "In choosing his bank, there is one additional thing that the prudent man wants to know in addition to its safety equipment and facilities. It is the men with whom he can talk over his affairs and receive sound advice upon them. The executives here at the United States National are men of proven judgment. Their experience covers many years in serving the business and agricultural interests of Marion County. Your experience can be combined with theirs if you are a patron here." The address is 715 South Commercial, Salem, Oregon.

Advertisement for BALSAMEA medicine. The ad features a large illustration of a man coughing into a handkerchief. Text includes: "SERIOUS LUNG TROUBLE STARTS WITH COUGHING. Physicians warn against neglecting coughs and colds and tell of the serious lung complications that may result. Leading physicians now prescribe BALSAMEA for all bronchial affections. BALSAMEA is a pure vegetable preparation made from a newly discovered plant, Dr. Benj. F. Crabtree, Anderson, Mo., writes: 'I use it exclusively for my practice and my family. It is quick, sure and safe in its action like nothing else.'"

Large advertisement for PORTLAND ELECTRIC POWER CO. featuring the slogan "THESE ARE THE MEN WITH THE Big White Light". The ad includes a photograph of several men in suits holding large light bulbs. Text includes: "They Will Daylight Your Kitchen for Seven Days Free Trial. THEY SAY: Let Us Drive Kitchen Gloom Away For You. Instead of a gloomy kitchen—full of shadows and darkness—you'll have a beautifully lighted kitchen—where the illumination is softly diffused and evenly distributed. There will be no shadows. This Daylight Kitchen Unit is installed in many thousands of the most modern homes throughout the country. It is the best unit obtainable for its purpose. PORTLAND ELECTRIC POWER CO. 237 North Liberty Street, Salem, Ore."