

Call a Cop

By Charles Francis Coe
Eminent Criminologist and Author of
"Mr. X's Gangster," "Swag," "Votes"
... and other startling crime stories.

KIDNAPERS AND RACKETEERS

ARTICLE No. 2

THE man most publicized as an underworld character now resides in Atlanta federal prison. He is the notorious Scarface. He went to prison not for bootlegging, or for racketeering, or for narcotic trafficking, or for gambling and vice rings, or for murder. He went to prison because he refused to divide with the federal government the proceeds of these modern activities. In other words, his crime was evading the income tax.

It is common knowledge that this man had a revenue in good years not far from \$150,000,000. Of that he kept vast sums and paid vast sums. It is the experience of this writer that the crook who saves 20 per cent of his gross revenue is a fortunate crook. No crook operates without protection if he operates with success. The cost of that protection is invariably his largest individual item of operating cost. My guess would be that it will average 70 per cent of the gross.

With the passing of this master gangster one man was reported to have assumed his place in the suddenly darkened sun. This man became public enemy No. 1 as soon as the original possessor of that dubious distinction relinquished it for regulation clothes and a less fattening diet. So, presumably, the new public enemy No. 1 should now be a financial giant. He should, literally, be rolling in millions. He took the place of Croesus Al Capone.

But prohibition is just about gone. The galloping gold of the "alky" fountain is missing. What becomes of the successor to the millions of his majesty the Scarface? Late reports had him fleeing toward Mexico while in his clutches writhed the victim of a sensational kidnaping. Bootlegging falls of its old profit. The king bootlegger turns to kidnaping. It seems rather obvious that our earlier suppositions are borne out by the facts.

"King" Solomon of Boston built up a revenue said to be about \$100,000 a year. He started at bootlegging. Recently he walked into hot lead that spelled fins to his career. The source of the anger which slaughtered him is generally admitted not to have been the old-time liquor feud but something attributable to newer activities of a more dire nature. Anyway, he was murdered in his own night club. Three mere boys were tried for the killing.

There is Chicago. There is Boston. A look at Detroit is interesting. Detroit became a gang center because of the proximity of Canada and handy liquor. The infamous Purple gang took root there and gave to history some of its most desperate bandits and killers.

Detroit's real start as an underworld haven was the business of running booze over the roads to Chicago. Then, as organization and protection conspired to the more complete rout of law enforcement, it ceased to be necessary to run the booze. In Chicago they cooked alcohol in tenements and brewed their own beer. Almost immediately the Purple gang became a murder trust. They hired out their killers to pull jobs in other cities.

Take St. Paul, Minn. There is a city never accused of harboring organized gangs as we have come to know them. Yet one of the recent sensational kidnapings took place there. Why? Mark my words, it was not local talent that perpetrated that crime. "The boys" were called in for that. These "boys" were recruited from the ranks of the hungry bootleggers of Chicago. Their appearance in these new crime centers proves that. They are commercial criminals. They will pull a job at a flat rate.

Kansas City is a case in point. "Pretty Boy" Floyd, who terrorized the West as a Jesse James in modern dress, started as a petty booze peddler in Kansas City. He attracted the attention of local police and left town. Shortly after he took to the smoking pistol and went violent by way of replenishing a vanished bootleg exchequer. He kidnaped sheriffs and used them as hostages to enforce his maddest will upon the people.

Police in many cities, alarmed by the spread of violent crime, are equipping to meet this condition. Armored cars, trained machine gunners and radio equipment are being adopted. These will win in the long run, not because they are efficacious in the extreme but because violent crime always defeats itself. The willingness to protect violent crime is lacking. The same cop who winked at a bottle of liquor will stand his ground over a deck of heroin or a callous murder for profit.

People know nothing of kidnapings that never get into the papers. This writer knows of three cases of successful "snatches" in New York City. In each case the victim of the kidnaping was a criminal himself. He was caught by others of his kind, ransomed for whatever he had, and turned loose to pile up another amount for future consideration. Each time these criminals, well aware of their exact positions as hostages, paid through the nose. One said to me: "Did I pay? Lay your last dime I

paid! I had thirty-five grand in bank when they took me. They got it all. Only a sucker would fight them."

Another case reported to me and verified from sources I credit involves a manufacturer of forbidden fruits who paid one hundred thousand dollars to kidnapers. These men actually marched him into his bank and stood by, pistols concealed in their pockets, while the victim got the money and handed it over in the presence of the vice president of the bank. The bank official, of course, remained unaware of the whole procedure in its true significance.

"Why not fight back?" I asked this victim. "You handed over the money but you know who got it. Why not fight?"

"I've a wife and children," he answered simply. "What's money, with their lives at stake?"

Jack "Legs" Diamond was a bootlegger. He was an interesting one in that—to the best of my knowledge—he was the first of the tribe to lay the urban problem on the suburban doorstep. His trip into the Catskill mountains wrought not only his own death but a series of crimes that left that pastoral section in the throes of terror.

Men were tortured on the highways; others were kidnaped. The country was roused to fever pitch. That section preferred applejack to the so-called liquors of their urban brothers. Jack tried to control the applejack traffic. Deprived of bootleg money, he had to replace it some way. War broke out. Jack died broke. Only recently his widow was found murdered in her bed.

"Dutch" Schultz, beer baron of New York's Bronx, found things slipping in his business. The old profits of bootlegging vanished. He was so often mentioned in connection with crimes of violence that now he is a fugitive, a cringing craven in fear for his life and a man for whom the world, upper and under, has little but scorn. But he was a millionaire when the booze bouncing was good.

There is another traffic in the underworld which has spread immeasurably during prohibition. It is the vilest, the most despicable, the most insidious of all illegal rackets. It is in narcotics.

Fundamentally, it differs from booze in two major features. First, the average man abhors it and will, as a decent citizen, do what he can to stop the traffic. So narcotic laws are enforced with comparative ease. Second, a modest fortune in the poison may be transported in a fountain pen. "Cadets," as narcotic peddlers are called, travel in fine trains, use light luggage, and attract no attention. That is a lot easier than transporting bottled goods by the case or beer by the keg.

But the narcotic traffic is great. It is growing greater. The more insidious of the bootleggers of old are turning to this to supply revenue. This is the most violent crime I know. If there is to be a death penalty it should be for the sale of narcotics. These cadets operate under an organized ring. More and more they become killers. Long terms are likely to be the order for conviction of this crime. Long terms do not deter the criminal; they make him more desperate. This is not an argument against long-term sentences. It merely explains where the violence comes from in the narcotic traffic.

New York City today is going through a series of murders at once ghastly and grotesque. In the metropolitan area some ten killings have occurred in a month. Four of the men killed were to have been witnesses in the trial of a gang leader charged with tax evasion. Each of them has since been identified with the narcotic traffic.

For several years the question most often asked me has been: "What difference does it make if gangsters murder, so long as they murder only each other?" There you have the best answer to that question I know. These victims, all purported criminals of the worst order and each presumed to be a narcotic addict and peddler, constitute the only evidence the government can use in court to destroy the vast criminal rings that racketize the nation. The underworld will tell you that all these men were murdered for what they knew; for what they might testify in court that would lend itself to corroboration.

In opening this article I pointed out that the federal charge was the wire over which Scarface tripped. It was the only one he was unable to beat. Cook county, Illinois, was his paradise. The state was helpless against him. The United States put him into prison.

I want to make a point of that again as a predicate for statements to follow. Knowing literally hundreds of criminals, I say earnestly and truthfully that every intelligent one shuns "federal raps" as he would the plague. In the old days they avoided counterfeiting because it was a federal offense. They robbed no post offices and they avoided national banks in their robberies. The one fear of confidence men has always been the mails.

"Don't write anything crooked and mail it," I heard the most infamous of them say not long ago. "Getting into the mails is getting into a federal rap. That is the hardest of all to beat. Uncle Sam never forgets. His arm goes from coast to coast. He doesn't extradite. He just locks you up wherever he finds you."

Uncle Sam, and Uncle Sam alone, is the hope for law enforcement in this trying era of transition from prohibition to repeal.

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ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

TOURISTS A CASH CROP

THAT the tourist is a profitable customer for farm produce, prepared food and spare rooms in farm homes has been discovered by thousands of farm women.

In West Virginia, twenty-eight farmers' wives have formed an organization called the Mountain State Tourists' Home. This association, fostered by the West Virginia extension service, adopted rules and regulations governing the service and uses a uniform sign which is posted in front of each member home.

Advertising folders, bearing the name and location of each member as well as the interesting sights nearby, are widely distributed in advance of each tourist season with the result that members of the association have experienced an increase in business during the six years of this co-operative effort.

More than 6,000 people stopped from one to several days at these 28 farms last year. They came from 40 states, England, Norway, Finland, Germany, India, Korea, Philippine Islands, Canal Zone and Canada.

Rates are uniform the state over, lodging being charged at \$1.50 per night for two persons, with breakfast at 25 cents per person and 50 cents each for dinner and lunch.

"Our experience is that tourists are a profitable market not only for spare rooms but for fruits, vegetables, eggs, milk, honey, meats and other things we produce right here on the farm," said Mrs. Paul Priest of Franklin, W. Va. "I buy some fruit, especially grapefruit and oranges; also cereal, tea, coffee, sugar, crackers, cocoa and spices."

"We raise our own tomatoes, tomato juice, corn, beets, apples, peaches, pears, cherries, blackberries, grape juice, chicken, eggs, mutton, veal and pork. I find tourists like our cured meats and canned goods. They have a special liking for country cured ham."

These Mountain State Tourists' Homes, scattered over the state of West Virginia, are making an effort to have city people spend their vaca-



A West Virginia Farm Home.

tions in one place. They are also pointing out the advantages of hunting and fishing, because of the large number of sportsmen who get away from the cities in the summer and fall to follow their favorite sports and who are always eager to find good accommodations.

While West Virginia scenery helps the tourist-catering business for these farm women, visitors are making a practice of stopping in the country for both lodging and meals. They find it bolder and more economical.

Altoona, Ill., hasn't much attraction insofar as the scenery is concerned, but Mrs. George Stuckey puts up two to three tourist parties a week in a spare room of the large Stuckey farm home. Located in the quiet and cool of the country it is an ideal spot to stop for the night.

Mrs. Fern Berry of Marion, Mich., sells a large amount of fresh garden truck at a nearby tourist camp. Twice a week Mrs. Berry fills the car with red beets, carrots, green onions, radishes, corn, cabbage and cucumbers. Potatoes in two-pound bags, enough for one meal, sell well as do her canned goods and horseradish. Prices are gauged according to city retail levels.

Seven acres on a side road doesn't sound attractive from a profit-making standpoint, but Mrs. Grace B. Baertsch of Baraboo, Wis., had made it, with the aid of her kitchen, giving them a living and cash in the bank. Mrs. Baertsch sells eggs, poultry and cooked food to a tourist camp some distance away during the summer months, and by good salesmanship has made many of the same people buy her eggs, which are sent by mail to their city homes, during the winter months. Her egg money runs as high as \$100 a month, even though she does not charge as much as the traffic will bear—that is, Mrs. Baertsch attempts to take a premium through the season instead of following the heavy jumps and recessions of the market.

No end of farm women, knowing their town sisters don't care to bother with big dinners on Sunday and that city people have a hankering for a good farm-cooked dinner, have made a specialty of this service. Customers are made largely by local advertising; also by using boys to pass out cards announcing the business.

Following the same thought some farmers with gardens and other sources of food such as flocks of poultry, canned meats, a small orchard or a lake on the premises, have built tourist cottages so that they not only can attract the food and outing trade, but offer sleeping accommodations for tourists and city folks who care to spend the night.

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Howe About: Points for Pastry Makers

Politicians
Germany
A Near Masterpiece

By ED HOWE

I HAVE been reading another old book telling of the days when kings were supreme. With a few courtiers distributed in various parts of the country, the old king not only owned the land, but the farmers cultivating it; if an autocrat, while out hunting, saw a pretty farm girl, he took her home with him. Once the autocrats engaged in war for thirty successive years, and few of the country people escaped becoming cannon fodder and fertilizer.

While very indignant because of the manner in which country people (my class) were once treated, a friend called, and I expressed surprise that in any age the people, always in the majority, submitted to such indignity. The caller, a lawyer, replied that the politicians of today rule the people more absolutely than did the kings of olden time. Our modern taxes, he said, are on a scale of extravagance the old autocrats never dreamed of.

The submission of the people now, the lawyer said, is more surprising than the submission of old, since we moderns have had the benefit of centuries of teaching of the relief to be obtained by revolution.

Conscription of men for military service in foreign wars is still in effect. Lately there has been brave talk among students and labor union men that they will not submit again as tamely as they did to the draft edict of King Woodrow Wilson, but, said my caller, the politicians have agents and accomplices distributed in almost every family, and the people of today are more helpless than were the people of old.

Like the Russians (said my caller, as he departed to spread poison elsewhere), we were given farms, but lately these have been taken from us by the politicians.

Germany seems determined to abandon its new republican form of government, and re-establish the old monarchy. Everything creditable in German history—and there is a great deal—dates from the days of its different kings, emperors and Kaisers; everything discreditible must be charged to the reign of its Presidents since the last monarch was chased into Holland. Here is another idea I offer the sane for what it is worth: In the serious thinking we are now doing because of the numerous monkey wrenches thrown into our machinery, the words "republic" and "democracy" should be examined with more care.

The Englishman known as Lord Macaulay I have long regarded as a more intelligent man than Gladstone, Shakespeare, or half a dozen others near the top in the English hall of fame. Many years ago he predicted the failure of democracy in the United States, because of the politicians. Our present condition is so much like the catastrophe he predicted that an intelligent American cannot read it without shame. I do not say monarchy is the remedy, but I do say democracy is not the final word in government.

I have lately read a "story" by a woman entitled: "South Moon Under." It is a little dirty in spots; otherwise I should proclaim it a masterpiece equal to the best country tales of the Scandinavians or Russians. The book is issued by Scribner; why this dignified publisher did not coax the woman to cut out the filth which weakens it, I cannot understand. Without it, "South Moon Under" would have had a life of hundreds of years. The story concerns the poorest of the Florida natives, and Pearl Buck's stories of Chinese farmers do not come anywhere near equalling it. I read it with delight at a sitting, but always regretting the author occasionally uses words in her book she certainly never uses in her conversation. Here is the best example of American realism in years almost ruined.

I am a quiet man, and not much disposed to "run around," but confess to being disturbed by the fate of that quiet man whose home and family were recently wiped out by a falling airplane.

Altogether the deaths numbered 15 (not many are wounded in airplane accidents).

The machine was tri-motored; that is, it had three separate engines. It has been claimed by the advocates of progress that if two of the three engines in such a machine should fail, the pilot could safely land with one. Three such machines fell with almost equal loss of life within as many days. One of them was carrying a basketball team hurrying to another game. Shall we keep up the speed and slaughter, or should we slow down to the safety now being recommended by God Almighty in everything else?

More nonsense is written about what is called the mind than about anything else.

Slierius said in his memoirs he was a hard fighter for his rights with women, and that he regarded such activity as proper duty. "I have known men who were too patient birds with wives," he wrote, "and thus retarded their advance as citizens. The association of men and women is warfare, and a husband should be a good soldier both in commanding and in obeying."

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Points for Pastry Makers

Above All Things, One Matter of Importance Is to Be Remembered, and After That the Rest Will Be Found Comparatively Easy.

The "fine art" of pastry making is succinctly set forth in the following article, by an acknowledged expert: The other day a woman said to me: "I just can't make pastry—I can make good cake, but I just can't make a decent pie!" "Well," I answered her, "I can guarantee to teach you to make pastry, in ten minutes, at the most." She took me up on my offer. We left the bridge table for the kitchen and within ten minutes the pastry was chilling in the refrigerator.

You know pastry really is one of the easiest things in the world to make. There is only one point which is very important, and that is not to get it too wet when you mix it. Perhaps I had better begin at the beginning, however, and tell you just exactly how I do it. I use three times as much flour as I have shortening. I prefer bread flour, myself, for pastry because it is easier to handle, but I can make it with pastry or cake flour. If I do use this kind of flour I use four times as much flour as shortening. I mix my flour and salt together in a wooden chopping bowl, add my chilled shortening and, with a double-bladed chopping knife, I cut the fat into small pieces, at the same time, of course, mixing it into the flour. Some people can mix pastry satisfactorily with the hands, but my hands are too warm. The fat should be actually in small bits throughout the flour, not thoroughly blended into a smooth mixture. Fat need not be cut as fine for pastry as for biscuits. If you prefer to use a wooden bowl you may use two knives or a fork or a wire whisk to cut in the fat. After you have cut for a few moments shake the bowl and the larger pieces of fat will come to the top and you can tell when it is thoroughly mixed.

Now you are ready to add the water, which should be cold. In warm weather ice water is preferable. Make a hole at one side of the flour, add one tablespoon of water and with a stiff knife stir in as much of the flour mixture as the water will take up. Do the same thing two or three other places in the flour mixture and then with your hands press the balls of dough and the dry mixture left in the bowl together into a smooth ball. Put in the refrigerator to chill a few minutes. Then roll out to line your pastry pan. Pastry may be rolled on a slightly floured board or directly on a metal table top. Roll from the center each way. Roll lightly and pick up your sheet of pastry after each rolling, to prevent sticking.

When I make fruit pies I mix a tablespoon of sugar with a tablespoon of flour and sprinkle over the bottom of the lined pan. I then put in my fruit and sugar in layers, dampen the edge of the lower crust, put the other crust on top, press the crusts together and cut them evenly with a scissors. If you like you may bind the edge with a thin strip of pastry or you may leave the lower crust a quarter inch larger than the upper crust and turn it back on top of the upper crust. Press the edges together tightly with your fingers or the prongs of a fork. Be sure to cut slits in the top of the pie to let the steam out and thus prevent the shrump from making its way out at the edges.

I like to bake a pastry shell on the outside of a pie pan, as it keeps a better shape. After the pastry has been trimmed around the edge with a sharp knife it should be pricked all over with a fork to prevent cracking during the baking. Pastry should have a hot oven, but after ten minutes the heat should be lowered for a fruit or custard pie. Fresh fruit pies and tarts are very popular just now. Pastry shells are filled with the sliced fresh fruit or with berries which are then covered with whipped cream or with a "glaze." Sometimes pie shells are filled with a custard filling and fresh fruit is beaten in the whipped cream which is used to cover the custard.

Quick Meal.
Lamb chops.
Baked sweet potatoes with brown butter.
Corn on the cob.
Lettuce and tomato salad.
Peach tarts. Coffee.

Here is a quick meal for that cool night which comes upon us once in a while at this season, and even for a hot night it does not take a large amount of time in a hot kitchen. Sweet potatoes, as you know, boil more quickly than white potatoes and need only to be scraped before they are put in the boiling salted water. When they are cooked peel off the

skins and dress them with brown butter, or black butter, as the French say. Corn on the cob, if the ears are small, will take only five minutes to boil, and the chops will cook in eight to ten minutes, depending upon their thickness. You may use either a french dressing or mayonnaise with the salad. Should you not have time to bake a pastry shell, stop at a nearby bakery on your way home and select any of the many delicious fresh fruit tarts now offered.

Order of Preparation.

Prepare pastry and chill.
Boil water for potatoes.
Scrape potatoes and boil.
Light oven.
Prepare salad and chill.
Prepare and sugar peaches.
Husk corn and boil water for it.
Cook chops.
Bake tart shells.
Cook corn.
Peel potatoes and dress.
Make coffee.

Raisin and Nut Pie.

1 cup sugar.
1 tablespoon butter.
2 eggs.
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg.
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
1/2 teaspoon cloves.
1 tablespoon vinegar.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
1/2 cup seeded raisins.
1/2 cup chopped nuts.

Cream the sugar and butter and the beaten egg yolks. Stir in the spices, vinegar, salt, raisins and nuts and cut and fold in the beaten egg whites. Pour into a pie plate lined with pastry and bake at 450 degrees for ten minutes, then at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes longer.

Pastry.

1 1/2 cups flour.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
1/2 cup fat.
Cold water.

Sift together the flour and salt. Cut in the fat with two case knives. For a large quantity a wooden bowl and chopping knife may be used. When fine, add at one side of the bowl one tablespoon of cold water and stir in as much of the flour and fat as the water will take up. Continue this until you have four or five balls of dough and some dry flour left in the bowl. Press together with your fingers. If all the dry flour is not taken up add a little more water. Chill and roll.

Lemon Apple Filling.

4 apples.
2 lemons, juice and grated rind.
2 cups sugar.

Pare apples and grate into saucepan. Add the juice and grated rind of the lemons and the sugar. Cook for five minutes, stirring constantly. Cool before spreading.

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The American Woman

It is too bad our American men do not fully appreciate the beauty of their women. Thus it remained for a South American to say the "American woman is the supreme feminine expression of our time."

These are the words of none other than the noted Argentine painter, Cesareo Bernado de Quiros. The artist also noticed the practical side of our ladies, for he said: "I was surprised on my arrival in New York to see the manner in which women who once had everything are accepting changed material conditions with practically no change in their brave and gay enjoyment of life. How do you Americans say it? She has 'the stuff.'"—Pathfinder Magazine.

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