

IZZIE EINSTEIN, THE NEMESIS OF BOOTLEGGERS, USES MORE DISGUISES THAN SHERLOCK HOLMES

New York Hooch Sellers Tremble When They See a Fat Man Because He May Turn Out to Be Cleverest of Blind Tiger Trappers

HAS BEEN DARKY LABORER, A "MAN ABOUT TOWN" OR GREEK TO GET EVIDENCE

Most Fanciful Stories of Fiction Detectives Pale Beside Real Exploits of "Dry" Sleuth With Sense of Humor and Long List of "Victories"

THE Bartenders' Bane—"The Scourge of the Speak-easies"—"The Terror of the Tenderloin."

These, and other alliterative titles, are the reward bestowed by an appreciative public upon the mysterious individual whose activities in the field of prohibition enforcement have made him the most feared figure in all Liquordom today.

In two years he has cut so wide a swath in the ranks of the moonshine merchants that a brisk trade has sprung up in the sale of an old photograph of him, 20,000 of which have been bought by bootleggers and saloonkeepers at a dollar each.

But Izzie Einstein—for it is no other—laughs at such measures of defense and pursues his indefatigable way, spreading jail sentences and consternation in his path.

For he is known that Izzie is a master of disguise, rivaling in his exploits such renowned but hypothetical characters as Sherlock Holmes, Arsene Lupin and Ferret, the Man of a Million Faces.

Up and down the confines of New York State he flashes, here today, there tomorrow, now placing in duress vile the proprietor of an exclusive restaurant, now pausing momentarily in a quiet hamlet to annihilate the local blind tiger.

And in all his coups there is that subtle flavor of whimsicality and caprice which endows them with a quality akin to genius. It is not enough for an artist—and Izzie is undoubtedly an artist—to perform his duty in the efficient but prosaic manner of the ordinary revenue operative.

To satisfy the esthetic demands of his soul, it is necessary that there be injected in Izzie's feats of peripatetic some element of humor, pathos, novelty or mystery.

Otherwise it is not worthy of him and he lists it among his failures, no matter how successful its material aspects.

What, for instance, would be more subtly ironical than his raid upon the Musicians' Union, above the Yorkville Casino, on Eighty-sixth street, New York City?

This place, which ran a small private bar for the benefit and convenience of its thousand-odd members, had successfully resisted the attempts of prohibition enforcement agents to get evidence, Izzie was assigned to the job and chose as his disguise the habiliments of an unemployed and needy musician.

He lingered near the front door until he struck up a conversation with one of the members.

"Where are you from?" he was asked.

"I'm a native of Pittsburgh," said Izzie pitifully, "far from home, and out of a job."

"Maybe I could get you one," said the member. "What do you want?"

"I play the trombone," replied Izzie, truthfully enough.

The musician took him upstairs, whether no revenue agent had before penetrated and found him a trombone.

"Show me what you can do," he directed.

Whereupon Izzie took the instrument and gave a very feeling rendition of "How Dry I Am."

His new-found friend was pleased with his technique, and not insensible to the delicate suggestion contained in the theme of the selection.

"Come over to the bar," he said, "and we'll have a drink to clinch it."

Each had a glass of whisky. Then Izzie did his duty.

So successful has he been in making his movements that many have refused to believe that any such person exists, declaring that his entity has been fabricated in the fertile brains of prohibition agents bent upon reducing to a minimum the number of wide-open resorts.

Izzie's Shadow Large Enough to Scare Foes

But Izzie is a real personage, a resourceful, energetic human being with the hunter's instinct pulsing within every one of his two hundred and forty-four pounds of flesh and bone.

gin and all in dangerous mood. Izzie went to a corner table, littered with dirty glasses and bread crumbs, and asked the waiter to bring him some beer.

"Beer!" said that individual, looking at Izzie contemptuously. "Beer! You'll drink gin!"

Izzie assented without appearing to take much interest in the matter one way or the other. He appeared to fall asleep in his corner until the drink was brought.

Then he rose, placed the waiter, bartender and proprietor under arrest, marched them out of the building, dismissed the awed patrons, and locked the place up, to say nothing of his owner.

On his way to the police station with his prisoner he was very nearly arrested himself by a suspicious patrolman who thought he was a bandit trying to hold up one of his friends.

The Great Drought Gave Einstein His Opportunity

Izzie has not always been a detective. Two years ago he was an obscure clerk in the postoffice, and had no expectations of being anything else. Then came the Great Drought, and many men were needed, at a good salary, to enforce the new law of the land.

Since that time Izzie has found the true field for his remarkable talents, and he has exercised them so assiduously that his arrests have numbered as many as sixty-four in a single day.

In those two years he has planned and executed 2000 raids, ranging in importance from the most insignificant "hole in the wall" to the most pretentious Broadway restaurant. No game is too large or too small for Izzie.

One night, says Izzie, he and his partner and two women operatives dressed themselves in the height of fashion, took a taxicab, and had themselves conveyed to one of the most luxurious roof gardens in New York.

Their roles were those of two wealthy out-of-town business men, bent upon an enjoyable evening.

Impressed by their affluent appearance, the cafe captain placed them at an excellent location, and they proceeded to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

After a time Izzie beckoned to the waiter and broached the subject of liquid refreshment.

"The waiter was extremely sorry, but it would be impossible to serve the gentlemen."

"But," protested Izzie, "I saw you slip that man at the next table the very same thing I am after. Come, I can't have a good time unless you fix us up."

After some further argument, the waiter retired to consult the proprietor. He returned smiling.

"If you will give me your card," he said, "something might be done."

There was an unforeseen difficulty, and one that required some quick thinking. He had no cards of his own with him, but it occurred to him at the last moment that he had in his wallet two cards left recently by callers of his office.

He accordingly produced a card, and as he handed it to the waiter he saw that the name upon it was that of a prominent Jewish rabbi.

The credentials were satisfactory, for the man was soon back, bringing with him four tea cups, in each of which was a glass of very good whisky.

Izzie and his colleagues thereupon tasted the evidence, and having assured themselves of its nature, were content for the time being to enjoy the rest of the evening.

The bill was brought, and it was found that the four cups of "tea" had cost six dollars.

Izzie summoned the proprietor.

Six Dollars for 4 Drinks? He Ought to Be Pinched

"That's an awful price for four drinks!" he said sternly.

"You ought to be glad to get it at all," retorted the proprietor, "and you won't in the future if you make so much kick about it."

"Why not?"

"Because," explained Izzie, "you are already pinched."

In the matter of disguises Izzie's taste is catholic. He has masqueraded as everything from a fireman to a



Izzie Einstein as he is without any of his numerous disguises, and a drawing of what happened when he invaded the Musicians' Union in New York in his search for bootleggers

Kaplan has been mistaken for Izzie Einstein, with results which were ludicrous or alarming, according to the nature of his surroundings. His experience in a saloon lying hard against the Five Points, on New York's Lower East Side, is told best in his own words: "I'm down at Mickey the Greek's," says Izzie Kaplan, as he recounts this episode. "I'm with friends. "We are sitting there at a table, and at the next table there are two roughnecks fighting about some money or something. I don't yet hear, see? "Pretty soon one says: 'Ten dollars nothing,' he says. 'Fifteen dollars it costs you for me to knock him off. For ten dollars he goes in the hospital only.' "Good night! It is a place where they kill somebody for fifteen dollars!" "Well, we sit there, me and my friend, and pretty soon he says: 'Izzie,' he says, 'I wonder could we get here something to drink?' "Then I look up, and there is the bartender standing close up to me. He has a picture in his hand, and he looks at me, and then at the picture, and then at me, and et cetera. Pretty soon he says: "You're Izzie Einstein, ain't it?" "He had heard my friend call me Izzie." "The Other Izzie Lost His Desire for a Drink" "Before I could say anything, up jumps the two roughnecks and comes and stands closer even than the bartender to where I am. One of them grabs the picture and says: "It's him, sure." "Then the other grabs also the picture and looks at me. He reaches down into his back pocket, but I'm out, and the bum's rush into the street, where I tear a hole in my pants. "It is hard work, looking like Izzie." However, Izzie himself is not the sort to be routed so easily. He is always well armed, and seems to know no fear, going into resorts such as Mickey the Greek's and relegating them to the limbo of things forgotten with the greatest insouciance. He went one night to a grocery on the water-front near the southernmost tip of Manhattan Island, dressed as a roustabout. It was a dive of the most noisome sort, frequented by foreign-born sailors and the seam of the shipping in the harbor, and it had a bad police record. There was a crowd of half-drunksters in the place, all drinking



up some whisky, which the purchaser suited on the spot. And Izzie did his duty. **Bathing Suit Is Good Disguise for Thirsty Sleuth** It being early yet Izzie decided to go down to Rockaway Beach and hear what the wild waves had to say. He spent some time on the sands, and then entered a restaurant and had dinner. When it was finished he called the waiter and asked for something stimulating. He was ref. flatly. Nothing doing. Izzie went back to the bathroom and "to his bathing suit again." Thus he returned to the restaurant, and his annoyance that the only place was at the table of the same w. who had served him before. However, he decided to chance it, and sitting down he ordered near beer, and indeed seemed to take him for some habitual patron of the place, for he whispered that if the gent would like to have it the house could produce something better than near-beer for his edification. Izzie accepted this offer, and was served with good brandy. Thereupon he called the proprietor and arrested him, and as an afterthought arrested the waiter also for his stupidity. The day was still young, so Izzie took the train back to Brooklyn. It was growing dark as he entered a small Greek restaurant near the apices of the Williamsburg Bridge. He had his hat tilted over one eye, and an expression of great ferocity on his face. In appearance he was a third-class politician. "Listen, boy," he told the swarthy proprietor, "Jones, a notorious ward leader, knows me. Me and him is friends, see? He says you can fix me up on some good stuff. Leave me a quart of your best." At the mention of the political subject all doubt vanished from the mind of the Greek. He brought a chair and stood upon it, from which position he reached an ancient violin case on a high shelf. He opened it, revealing two quarts of whisky and several decks of cocaine and heroin. He said Izzie one quart—

One of Izzie's favorite anecdotes is that of the diverting Fourth of July which he passed in Brooklyn.

He crossed the East River—disguised as himself this time—and made his way to a certain pharmacy which had the reputation of being a "drugless drug store." It had a large and cosmopolitan patronage, which always seemed to emerge from the place happier than when it went in.

Izzie strolled in, looked at some tooth brushes, bought a package of razor blades, and asked the clerk how business was coming along.

"Oh, so-so," said the clerk. "By the way, aren't you the new butcher who just moved in up at the next corner?"

Izzie admitted unhesitatingly that he was none other.

Amicable relations having been established, the talk became intimate and the new customer finally hinted the possession of a burning thirst. The clerk was cautious, but at last agreed to sell half a pint of whisky.

"Wait a minute," he said, "and I'll wrap it up so it won't look like a bottle."

Izzie received his parcel, paid \$4 for it, and put it in his pocket. For some reason which he cannot explain—a sixth sense of saving suspicion perhaps—he did not arrest the man at once, but turned and walked slowly toward the door.

The clerk called him back. "Take a look at that bottle," he suggested smilingly.

Izzie did so and found that it contained nothing but water. He kept his head and professed great indignation.

"It's all right," said the other, taking back the bottle, "I just wanted to test you out. Now, if you had been a revenue agent you'd have arrested me at once, but you wouldn't have had any evidence. But you're no detective, I see that now. I'll give you some real stuff, fresh from Canada."

He retired into the cellar and brought stuff—and was promptly arrested. Izzie took the violin case under his arm and continued on his way.

His next port of call was a small cafe on a much frequented street in the business section. Izzie entered and sat down, ordering buttermilk and sandwiches, and laying his case in full view on the table. After a time he made the usual request for liquor.

The waiter was dubious, but consented to ask the owner about it. The latter came and looked at Izzie, complacently munching on his sandwich.

"Oh, he's all right," he said heartily. "I know him well. He's Jack the Fiddler, that plays up at the movie place. Give him anything he wants."

The drink was forthcoming at once, and Izzie continued to eat and talk with the proprietor.

Bootleggers Learn How to "Play the Fiddler"

"Play us a tune," suggested the latter.

"I've got to go home," Izzie demurred.

"Aw, play us a tune," urged the other. "Be a sport."

"Well, all right," said Izzie, "what shall I play?"

"Oh, anything lively," was the response.

"Then I'll play 'The Revenue Man's March,'" said Izzie, and arrested him forthwith.

"It's a funny thing," says Izzie, in concluding this reminiscence, "that this fellow never stood trial. He died in jail five days later, and cheated justice."

"But the funniest thing of all is that the real Jack the Fiddler came in there about ten days after I left, and the waiters gave him the bumner's rush."

"A musician hasn't been able to get a drink in that neighborhood since!"

As irregular intervals Izzie shakes the dust from his brogans and makes flying forays into the country districts in search of game.

He was on his way to upper New York State one time on just such an expedition when he left the train at Albany, preparatory to going to a hotel for the night.

As he stood on the station platform waiting for a cab he noticed that one of the loungers was regarding him intently. Izzie immediately assumed a guileless and trusting expression.

"Stranger?" asked the other, approaching the new arrival.

"I'm from Rochester," said Izzie, "I'm from Rochester."

"How about a little something good?" suggested the native. "Some real stuff?"

"Could you get me some?" he asked.

"No," whispered Izzie, "I'll come with you to see it."

They repaired to a candy store up a side street, and the stranger piloted Izzie to the rear, where he introduced him to the proprietor.

"This is Mr. Morris Goldberg, from Chicago," he said, "and he is a personal friend of mine."

The owner of the store produced a pink sack of whisky, for which Izzie paid \$5.

Then Izzie did his duty.

Is Fire Ladder Bold When Occasion Calls

Later on the same trip he got to Birmingham, where a firemen's convention was in session. The local groceries were doing a thriving business.

Izzie obtained a uniform and mixed freely with the delegates. He discovered all the places in town where liquor was being sold and then devoted an entire day to raiding them. Eighteen scalps were added to his trophy list.

Continuing his devastating course, Izzie entered the small city of Spring Valley, N. Y.

There were two places that sold liquor there," says Izzie, "although there aren't now."

"I went into a store and bought two coffee percolators. Then I set out as a traveling salesman, to get evidence."

"At one place I offered a percolator to the proprietor for seventy-five cents. He looked it over, said he didn't think it was worth it, but he called his wife. Pretty soon the whole family was examining my wares. Then finally they bought."

"When they had paid me my money the man asked whether I would fix him some trade in return and offered to sell me a drink. I accepted and when he had served it I asked him how much it was worth."

"He did seventy-five cents. I didn't waste any time in pinching him. I can tell you!"

The identical thing took place at the other saloon in the town, and the price of the percolator and the drink was reduced to fifty cents.

To Izzie's credit is charged the long-deferred conclusion of the career of a saloonkeeper in New York City.

Several raids had failed to disclose any evidence of liquor on the premises, and no agent had succeeded in getting a drink there.

Undisturbed by these considerations, Izzie took the assignment and assumed his disguise.

He got a nondescript market wagon, and scattered in it a voluminous white apron worn by the drivers. Then he drove his equipage to the saloon in question and went in.

"Got a telephone here?" he inquired.

The man behind the bar indicated the instrument in the corner, the while his glittering eye took in every detail of the visitor's appearance. Izzie stepped to the telephone, secretly placed his little finger over the hook to keep it down, and placed the receiver at his ear.

"Where do I get my potatoes?" asked Izzie with every evidence of anxiety.

"What about them there three crates of cantaloupes?" was his next query.

In each case he listened impatiently to his ear, and when at last the dialogue came to an end he approached the bar complaining bitterly of the manifold imperfections of his boss.

"Give me something quick," said Izzie, "or I'll blow up. I'm that mad!"

He was served without hesitation, and within fifteen minutes the percolator was languishing in prison.