

"DRUG RING IN LAST THROES," JUDGE MONAGHAN SAYS, AS VICE TRUST REELS UNDER HIS BLOWS

"Treat-'em-Rough Jurist Tells of Help Given by Addicts to Rout Distributors of Narcotics and End "Peddling"

AID FROM LEGISLATURE TO STAMP OUT TRAFFIC IS NEXT MOVE IN PROGRAM

Is Pushing Campaign Single Handed and Driving "Men Higher Up" to Cover as He Sends Big Ones of Trade to Jail

PHILADELPHIA'S drug ring, the most sinister and defiant example of entrenched vice, rapidly is cracking under the sledge-hammer blows of one man.

His heart, filled with compassion by the broken, shambling army of derelicts who passed before him, hopelessly mouthing their inability to shake off the iron grasp of their conqueror, Dope, Judge John Monaghan has declared war.

And not content with the usual halting, slow movement of the wheels of justice—too often clogged by outside influence—Judge Monaghan has taken upon himself the wielding of the limits of his power.

Acting as investigator, prosecutor and then as Judge, Monaghan has started out to show to the world just how the dread drug ring works.

And to those of the "inner circle" he has shown the yawning gates of the penitentiary.

To the unfortunate addicts—he has shown a chance to reclaim themselves—to regain their places as useful members of the body politic.

"The ring is cracking," he said in a resume of conditions and results. "The octopus is in its last throes."

Drug Ring Is Showing First Signs of Fear

Already the "men higher up"—the money bulwarked overlords of the death-spreading traffic—have shown signs of trepidation, their first indication of weakness in years of constant battling with the powers of the law and of society.

Backing stinging denunciations with the lash of prison terms, "Treat-'em-Rough" Monaghan, jurist, whose name is anathema in the parlous of the underworld, has brought confusion to the ranks of the enemy.

"Peddlers"—shifty-eyed outcasts—no longer flaunt their gold-purchased "protection" on the street corners as their helpless victims beg or plead for a bit of their favorite drug.

Even the darkest corners and most secreted hiding places have become untenable. Word that "Treat-'em-Rough" means business has gone out. The overlords—the men whose money obtains the precious drugs which are to be peddled at exorbitant profit to the unfortunates—have taken in their horns.

They have admitted their fear. And when they refuse to supply the drugs—the "peddlers" have found their traffic fading from sight.

But even with victories won the battle just has started, the Judge has admitted.

When the drug traffic is crushed out, the Judge declares, three-fourths of all other crimes will have been automatically eliminated.

In his fight against the drug ring Judge Monaghan has several allies. Many strange anomalies are presented. Addicts, too far in the

ple. That stage was passed long ago. Here's a glance at some of the practical results obtained from the Judge's blows against the ring.

Joe Weiss, known as "Jew" Murphy, accused of being the biggest illicit wholesale dealer of drugs in this city, now awaiting trial under \$10,000 bail.

"Nick" Ellis, another big-scale "peddler," back in Moyamensing serving a parole after being liberated from House of Correction by alleged payment of graft.

"Izzy" Ginsberg, also back in Moyamensing serving out parole after stormy and dramatic court session, in which there also was hint of graft.

Nearly two-score bandits, burglars and petty thieves serving from two to twenty years in Eastern Penitentiary. Most of them stole to get funds for drugs.

In view of this pincering record against the traffickers the grand jury it is understood, will commend Judge Monaghan in its presentation to be made this week.

All of the men mentioned and others also were arrested on bench warrants issued by the Judge after he had become incensed at some of the dilly-dallying of magistrates and other law enforcers.

Cut Red Tape to Assure Real War Upon Ring

His drastic action brought about a cure of the red-tape evil at City Hall. Now he has been assured of real cooperation in the fight.

Tangible results are in evidence daily. Although the drug ring has increased in area it is gradually losing its force, just like a black spot when it is spread from the center out.

The tentacles of the dope octopus are being clipped," as the Judge characterizes it, "and we're gradually nearing the body."

His chambers on the sixth floor of City Hall have been the scene of many dramatic and pathetic conferences.

White-haired mothers and fathers, many from highly respectable families, constantly seek his aid in saving a son or daughter threatened with the depths of degradation on account of the drug curse.

They know that Judge Monaghan is a humanitarian. Often he has told them that his fight is aimed at the dealer and distributor, and when they are removed the scene of the crime is only an incident in his day's work.

If there were such a thing as a Judge's union he would be dropped from the organization long ago for working overtime without pay.

Hours Are Regulated by Needs, Not Schedule

From early in the morning until long after midnight he is at his desk in chambers, leaving it only to preside in court.

He works with his coat off and sleeves rolled up. At first glance he gives one the appearance of the general superintendent of an industrial plant.

Perhaps it was his training when a youth in the coal-mine regions in digging and getting at the bottom of things that is responsible for his results in turning up the fuel against the drug "lators. Who knows?"

His head appeared above a little mine of letters when a visitor stopped in yesterday.

"What first aroused your special in-

terest in the drug traffic?" he was asked.

"I found out through practical investigation," he said, "that nearly three-fourths of all crime is actuated by a desire for drugs. So I decided to try to kill more than two birds with one stone by going after the dealers and distributors."

Judge Monaghan spoke in a low voice as he told of some of his experiences in helping to wipe out the evil. There's nothing of the theatrical in his make-up. He did not search for high-sounding epigrams or picturesque phraseology in explaining the work.

There was no striking of the desk with his fist. No semblance of the ultra-reformer. There was just a slight squaring of the jaws and his teeth seemed to go a little closer together when he drove home a point.

"I got the first big break in the ring some weeks ago," said the Judge, "when a well-known addict told me where he got his dope. For months that was the question which made them hedge. They seemed to be affected with sudden loss of memory when it was bluntly put to them."

A telephone call interrupted and he received news which seemed to cheer him.

"Do you recall two or three specific cases which first attracted your attention to the evil?" he was asked.

Tried to Help Son of Phila. Business Man

"I do," he said, as he drew a cryptic diagram on a pad before him. "Just before I realized that the use of dope had prompted considerable crime I was asked by a retired business man if I couldn't do something for his son, who was aiming for the downward path on account of the excessive use of heroin."

"The young man had acted peculiarly for five years and his father didn't know what was the matter with him. I issued a warrant for his arrest and learned that he got the drug at Eighth and Christian streets."

"I can't break it off," he said, as his father and mother tried to com-



Judge Monaghan at his library

We do not know what he may do if he has his liberty at this stage."

Source of Drugs Sought to Hit Blow at Ring

"I looked into the case and also agreed it would be better for the son to remain in jail for a while. I received many reports concerning him. They were arranged to send him to a hospital, and I believe that he will eventually lose all desire for the drug."

The Judge paused a moment as he added further touches to the mysterious diagram in front of him.

"Another striking case in the early stages of our present drive was that of the son of a prominent financier. This boy, a college graduate, who enjoyed all the advantages given by parents of means, never appeared to be satisfied no matter what was done for him. He had an independent income and finally disappeared from home. I learned that he was living on North Ninth street near a restaurant which was frequented by drug addicts."

"The fact that this youth was accustomed to luxury and good living told me the story at once when I learned his location. I found that he was in the early stage of drug using and issued a warrant for him. We had a heart-to-heart talk and he willingly went to a hospital. I am confident that he will be out soon and fortified to fight any kind of drug and beat it."

For a few moments Judge Monaghan was interrupted by the call of another Judge and an Assistant District Attorney in connection with the drug curade.

"They say there is no cure," he resumed, "but to disprove that I had a case before me today. A young man who had been an addict was among others who testified before me in connection with the adjudication of an estate. His testimony was clear, concise and illuminating. In fact, he was an excellent witness. He is off the stuff for good."

The Judge's lips came together closely. "When you see a man of this type with face and body showing the ravages of drugs it makes one's blood boil. In the case of a young woman it is worse."

"Unaware that they were protecting their worst enemy, these victims, actuated by a false sense of loyalty, would not divulge the source of supply. We didn't begin to get this valuable information until the last term of court—and now we're after them and after them hard."

A new pile of mail came in as Judge Monaghan was on the verge of indignation. On the top of it was a formidable looking letter marked "strictly personal."

It looked so important that he opened it immediately. A small, very small packet dropped from the envelope. He glanced at the communication, which was brief but forceful.

It read: "Dear Judge,—I have decided to stop, and I mean it. Enclosed you will find my last shot, which I send to you to destroy. Good luck. Keep it up. 'CLAUDE CLARK.'"

"Tenth and Race."

The "shot" referred to was heroin.

Woman Gives Tip to Catch Peddlers

"I got hundreds of letters," said the Judge, "but this certainly smacks of shrewdness. I firmly believe that this woman means business. Let us hope that she has continued strength to carry out her good purpose."

A longer communication written in an old-fashioned angle hand then attracted his attention. The writer, evidently a woman, did not sign her name.

"To my mind," she wrote, "the best way to protect the addicts is to tell them where they can get drugs at

How Judge Monaghan Hopes to Crush Drug Ring

A CONTINUED crusade against dealers and distributors in all sections of the city with the aid of Federal authorities.

The next Legislature will be asked to pass a bill greatly increasing the present penalty for illegal selling of drugs.

A special squad of county detectives working in conjunction with the court will keep a constant vigil on all poolrooms and cheap restaurants where men of shady character assemble.

Welfare workers and women's organizations will aid in the work and general investigation when the presence of dope is detected in any neighborhood.

The addicts themselves, who admit they cannot overcome the drug craving, will be urged to give the names of those who supply them.

Physicians and clergymen will be asked to join the little army of investigators in an effort to rout the traffickers.

a fair price at a certain place. Peddlers would go out of business if the users knew where to get the day's order. Drugs are a blessing as well as a curse. In his name try to help the weaker ones. So-called drug cures leave the victim far worse; it would be better to shoot them."

The writer then went on in somewhat rampant fashion giving various suggestions to end the traffic.

Judge Monaghan did not give the letter serious attention.

"It serves to show the state of mind," he said, "perhaps the writer is an addict. Many confirmed drug users have a certain inconsistency in their attitude which appears to be inexplicable. Some time ago I received a letter from a boy in Reading. He told me he was coming here to buy dope as he could get it cheaper here. After he bought it he said he would tell me the names of every one who sold it to him. He appears to realize that he can't help himself in the matter."

"Fortunately, many women are giving valuable aid in crushing out the dealers. One woman, mother of a boy in West Philadelphia, came here recently to help. She said her son would not tell where he obtained heroin, and for several nights she followed him from place to place and learned just where and when he bought it. That's one of the practical ways of getting to the bottom of the whole thing."

Ways of Distributors Are Hard to Fathom

The Judge added a few more lines to the rough sketch before him.

"The mysterious and devious methods resorted to," he said, "have made the hunt for the sources of supply very difficult. One woman at the House of Correction some time ago, passed a small package of dope to another inmate through her lips as she was kissing her good-bye. Another sent a small supply to an inmate by first soaking a letter in a solution of a drug. The recipient got it by soaking the envelope again after he had received it."

"Do you believe that drugs still get into the institution?"

"With the sincere co-operation of the Department of Public Welfare and other agencies, I think it has been stopped. One emphatic proof of that is shown by the attitude of addict prisoners brought before me. Some time ago they were eager to trade in the House of Correction. Now they express no desire to go there."

"We have had cases where the drug was fastened under a line of two-cent stamps in a large and important looking letter. The man who received the letter soaked off the stamps, which held a flat deck of heroin in place."

"Long ago we discovered that drugs in small, thin vials were inserted in bananas, other fruit and cakes. After receiving such deliveries, it was noticed that a prisoner would be in a sleep and dopey mood. Detection of this method caused the traffickers to resort to more unique means."

"Some time ago an old man who used to be a heavy drinker was arrested in the neighborhood of Eighth and Christian streets. He did not live in that part of the city. I thought it strange that he should be there. We questioned him and brought out the fact that his taste had turned to drugs."

"He said that he frequently bought drugs from a man in an automobile at that point on the one occasion he said a policeman was present when he bought done in this way. But when he reached Tenth and Christian streets another policeman took the dope away from him."

"I never learned what the policeman did with it."

How Drugs Are Given to Helpless Addicts

"The wholesale dealer, we have learned, used to meet his distributors at Eighth and Christian streets and parcel out the requests or stacks of dope to the distributors."

"Each distributor had a route, just like a milkman. His customers knew the exact minute that he would reach a certain point and they were always on hand when he came along, and had the exact amount of money ready to slip it quickly and get their supply. The distributor worked quickly and never paused to talk with a customer."

At the Darion and Vine dope station it worked along the same lines, but a little more crudely. The customers were sitting out at points which approached the entire Tenderloin and after obtaining their supply went to their dark homes in that district to use it.

The wholesalers have now switched the distribution point to the retailers and the customers have also learned throughout the mysterious means of communication practiced by the addicts just where to hit at the new sources of distribution. But they are changing frequently and often the ever-widening circle will be outside the city entirely.



"The ring will be wiped out"

fort him. He asked me to send him somewhere, as it would be useless for him to make promises and then have his freedom. I talked to him as a brother and then sent him to a hospital near this city. I get frequent reports regarding his condition. He is gradually coming round all right."

The Judge couldn't suppress a smile of satisfaction at the memory.

"The son of a clergyman of high standing here was another case which stirred my activity," he added, "and made me realize that all sorts of subterranean methods were being resorted

to by the dealers in order to keep victims in their clutches.

"The boy was serving a short term in prison for using heroin and a man who posed as a welfare worker told the father that steps could be taken to liberate his son providing his father was willing. The clergyman immediately got in touch with me. As the son had been a long user of drugs the clergyman and his wife were greatly agitated over the matter. 'My wife and I have talked it over,' said the man, 'and we have decided it would be best to let the boy stay where he is for the present.



Judge John Monaghan

Passport. Peddlers would come peddling...
I got their days earlier, and in time would learn that truth and...
dear Judge, in his name, try to help the weaker ones. Let them see the ease.

Letter from a drug addict



Judge Monaghan at his desk planning drug war