

Padlocks Click Yet Glasses Clink--but Somewhere Else

And Thus the Merry Game of Beating Prohibition Goes
On Right Here in Essex—Yes, Even
in Newark

Back in the teens of the century were born camouflage and prohibition, and what playmates they've grown to be! Ring-around-the-Rosie and Tag, You're It seems to be the favorite sport, and nosetwiddling the padlock men one of Newark's chief exercises.

A stroll through the streets will show what a thorough job the prohibition people are doing in the way of plastering up windows with placards and distributing hardware. Padlocks and "Closed for violation of the prohibition laws" signs are much in evidence, and yet matters aren't too difficult for those who refuse to enter into the campaign for strict law enforcement.

Once the padlock is on, the "club," as many a saloon today is called, moves on to another "club-house." Ninety-nine times out of 100, the new site is as near the old place as real estate negotiations permit. That, of course, is so that members won't have to go too far in search of new quarters.

In Roseville.

There are instances and instances. Take that place up in Roseville, for example:

It's a three-story building on a good corner location. Three stores face one street, two on the side street. Originally, the corner store was an old time saloon, but it was "knocked off." Came the padlock and the boss moved into the back room, entrance to which was on the side street. There he was able to operate unmolested long enough for the padlock period on the corner store to expire. Then he was raided again.

With the padlock off the original site of business and a new one coming on the back room, the boss moved his possessions back to the old stand. Raided again and padlocked, he moved into an adjoining store of the same building and today he's on the corner again.

It's a key place now and only recognized "members" can gain admission.

There's another place in Vallsburgh that's been playing tag with the padlock the last few years. Here, there and back is its routine; padlocks may come, padlocks may go, but business seems to go on forever.

There are two other places nearer the center of the city that have had their little fun with the government. One has moved directly next door to the padlocked place; the other has outfitted a new building just across the street from its old stand, this despite that Federal Judge Fake continues to establish new padlock records. Many other instances could be cited.

Hard on the Landlord.

Padlocks thus become just so much hardware. They are discouraging only the landlords, who have to sacrifice a year's rental if the court does not consent to let a bond be posted, guaranteeing that the prohibition law will not be violated if the padlock is removed before the padlock period expires. In a number of instances, cautious property owners have included in their leases clauses which void the deal if the dry laws are violated.

"Key-places" are in high favor at present. "In this street I know of ten 'key-places,'" boasted one chap. Technically, they are known as "clubs," and one must be a "member" to be able to get in. A card goes with membership privileges of the "clubs" that don't pass out latch keys to members. Once in possession of either, you stand a pretty good chance of being treated as a member.

The Jones Law.

The initial scare of the Jones law in Newark appears to be over and the timid souls who trembled at the thought of serving five years in prison and paying \$10,000 in fines are going ahead. Except that the recent drive on beer has caused a dilemma.

A story is told about a far-seeing

chap deciding to bring to Newark an old-fashioned beer garden, within lunch-hour walking distance of Broad and Market streets. Only beer, the real stuff, was to be sold.

As it goes, everything is set. A truck loaded with half-barrels of good beer is standing inside the gates of the brewery, awaiting its trip to the garden. But, sad to relate, just outside the brewery property are stationed prohibition agents, working on twenty-four shifts.

So, little Bohemia is still dry—terribly dry.

Three-Year Term For Counterfeiter

New Yorker's Sentence Is
Among Those Given by
Federal Judge Here

Federal Judge Fake this afternoon imposed a sentence of three years in Atlanta Penitentiary upon John Friscia of 212 Thirteenth street, New York. Friscia pleaded guilty to a charge of counterfeiting.

He was caught May 11 in a trap set by Secret Service Agent Garvey and Police Inspector Underwood of Jersey City, when merchants of that city were being flooded with spurious bills. Friscia passed a \$10 counterfeit bill in a Jersey City store and was chased and caught.

On his person were found twelve \$10 bills and three \$20 bills, all counterfeit. He was alleged to be working with a New York gang of counterfeiters who were producing greenbacks in large quantities.

John T. (Chick) Callahan of Sayreville made another appearance in Federal Court today. This time he, George Clark, William Nash, James and John Mullen, Joseph Altman and Henry Harrington pleaded not guilty to a charge of transportation of liquor.

Group of Thirteen.

The seven are a part of a group of thirteen named in an indictment for transportation. The six others are being sought. The indictment charges the thirteen with transportation of 300 cases of liquor by motor boat and truck to a point in the vicinity of Sayreville, where federal agents closed in.

Judge Fake put David Schoenberg and Max and Thomas Sanders, brothers, all of The Bronx, on probation. The three pleaded guilty to an indictment charging them with sending fraudulent financial statements through the mails in connection with stores they operated in New Rochelle and Trenton. The trio served time and were released recently from Atlanta penitentiary on a similar indictment returned in New York.