

GREAT NATIONAL MANAGE

Narcotic Dealers Seek Ruin of America.

SAFETY ONLY IN ETERNAL VIGILANCE

International Scoundrels Who Sell Whisky, Opium and Other Drugs Not So Much Interested in Personal Profit as in America's Downfall.

New York Evening Telegram. The confession of Paul Larson, convicted member of an organization of foreign drug smugglers, has added another convincing proof of the theory of a number of authorities, Federal and municipal, engaged in running it down that the main object behind the traffic is the destruction of the United States and the enslaving of its people through wakening of its moral fibre, and not the greed of money, as is popularly supposed.

Armed with a copy of this confession, the writer sought out Larson, intent, if possible, on getting him to amplify it. Larson did so calmly, earnestly and straightforwardly. His disclosures were sensational and they constitute a cause for genuine alarm. If it were suddenly proved that a foreign, long established government was plotting our downfall the average American would be angry, yes, more than that—mad. But here, said Larson, is something more powerful and harder to fight than any government. From his description it is far more insidious, more secretive, more damnable—a group of fiends working under cover to undermine us through the horrifying agency of heroine, opium, cocaine, morphine, hashish and other soul destroying drugs.

The pacifist propaganda spread by Germany before and during the late war is child's play compared to this danger.

"It is generally believed," said Larson, "that money is the root of the drug traffic. Perhaps it is, but it is only that money that can be gotten through the control of this land. The 'higher-ups' back of the game think nothing of millions. Would you believe that the confiscation of \$2,500,000 worth of narcotics by New York customs authorities in one day last year only produced a laugh on their part?" he asked.

Money No Object. "It is a fact. Almost every paper you pick up carries a story showing the confiscation of drugs with values ranging anywhere between \$25,000 to \$200,000, and often much more. Does it stop it? Continued apprehension of carriers shows that it does not.

"Lately, I'll confess, it is slowing up. But unless intense vigilance is exercised it will be renewed and in ever-increasing volume."

"Will you be specific and tell me," the writer asked, "where the seat of this traffic is and who is back of it?" "The seat," he replied, "is in the Far East and the bulk of it is backed by Japanese subjects. Most of the raw material is shipped from that country to Germany, where it is sold to manufacturers. Then it is repurchased, not by the Japanese themselves, but by their agents, and then distributed.

"My knowledge came from ten years of experience and it is concurred in by every agent. We believe it is their plan to demoralize the United States and to make easy prey of her.

"Be sceptical as you will. It may not be in your day or in mine that the climax will come, but unless you continue to stand guard your descendants will see the day. The 'higher-ups' are not dealing alone in years, but in centuries."

"Lulled into a sense of security by insincere praise about how wonderful you people are as regards your standards of conventional and high civilization you are being undermined by these same interests."

"The United States is the ultimate destination of all the illicit drug traffic."

Here Larson took the writer's pencil and sketched a crude map of the world, showing routes over which the drugs go.

Base in Far East. "With the Far East as the general base and Japan as the specific," he

SPOONING ACCORDING TO HOYLE.



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Of course, this is the Chicago officially correct position, but it appears rather passe for the variety of flapper from other cities, and our cops are more lenient or tender hearted or something. Anyhow, though this idea of the proper way to spoon may be a hit in Chicago it would make the young uns of our city and surrounding territory laugh themselves to death.

continued, "the raw stuff goes to Germany, some through regular channels, owing to the rigidity of the German customs examination, and the balance through Holland, where it is comparatively easy to elude the authorities. Then it is put on fast trains in such form as to fool the frontier guards of Germany, who are not so keen as the customs guards.

"After its manufacture it is taken aboard other trains bound for Italy and other Mediterranean ports, thence to Gibraltar, which is, after all, the outlet for the whole trade. Much of it finds its way into South America, where huge quantities are carried from train to train, from ship to ship, into Mexico and finally into the United States. Of course, some of it is sold en route, but the amount is negligible when compared to the quantity that gets into this country.

"Take my own case. I was in Rio de Janeiro where I began carrying the stuff. I knew it was being done by others, but I 'hid off' up to that time. Then the proposition they approached me with was so attractive that all I could think of was the amount of money I would get. I got away with the 'job' and landed the stuff on the west coast of North America. I received \$5,000 for the work.

"That is a lot of money to a seaman, but I soon became used to it. I spent it with abandon. Wine, women—you know the line. In fact I have made and spent several fortunes.

"I later learned that these same drug agents had had me under surveillance for a long time before they approached me. I suppose I was an innocent looking boy then and less likely to attract suspicion.

Becomes an 'Agent.' "As I increased in adeptness in 'putting the stuff over' I was shifted to more important cities until I became at last an agent at this, the most important point in the world, but that is getting ahead.

"During my years at sea it was the habit of the agent to hand the 'dope' to the carrier in containers calculated to keep it from spoiling. These were concealed about one person, usually in a leather bag, tied with pemecah, which was worn under the outer clothing."

"Were you required to hand over any

money as a bond to insure safe delivery?" he was asked. "No," he answered. "The agent knew the name of our ship, nearly always a sailing vessel, the day of our departure, our destination and the probable date of our arrival. We were given a countersign, and when it was properly given we were required to hand over the stuff to the person giving it. Seldom did we know who it was."

"After I became located I learned the reason why these shore men were changed so often. It was to prevent their becoming a target of suspicion. In this manner, I suppose, I have been shifted to every large 'drug' port in the world."

"Did you ever use any of the drugs you handled?" the writer asked. "Not me," Larson answered with a snip. "I have my right senses. Not infrequently agents used to ask us to 'try out the drugs' to ascertain their strength. Few of us ever did so, the way addicts do. We used simple, harmless tests.

Never Used Drugs. "We needed our wits at all times was probably one reason why we did not take it, and again we saw its effect on others."

"Why did you carry it after that?" he was asked. "For the first time Larson looked away from the writer. After a moment's silence he exclaimed: "Big money, boy; big money and good times! It makes me forget a lot of things we should not have forgotten. And you'll find that that is what killed the conscience of every one who engages in crime, from the crooked trust head to the petty thief on the street. It is responsible for my being in custody, which is, by the way, the first time in my career."

Speaking of personal things, Larson said he was born in Schleswig twenty-six years ago. He explained that it was in that part of the province which voted last year to become reunited to Denmark. At the age of fourteen he became a sailor, and it was on his second trip that he began to carry drugs.

In the years which followed he studied in his spare time so as to pass the mate's examination, which he did,

Larson speaks five languages. He is of powerful build, weighs 215 pounds, is six feet two inches tall and mild mannered.

His parents are dead. For the capture of Larson and the six men taken with him, Dr Carleton Simon, special deputy police commissioner in charge of the narcotic division, says the credit belongs almost wholly to Milton Moffat, a detective whose slight build and extremely youthful appearance completely fooled the towering Larson, as well as Frank Kiernan.

How the Catch Was Made. Kiernan handled the drugs on the west side of the city and Larson on the east side, as well as the Bowery district, and to nail both of the principals in one haul, seven other carriers and \$50,000 worth of narcotics is in the minds of police heads somewhat of a feat.

Discussing this case Dr. Simon said that Kiernan, a chef in a restaurant at No. 1129 Broadway, had been under surveillance by Moffat for days. The detective frequented the restaurant, dressed as an ordinary sailor, night and day, often simulating intoxication.

Detective Frederick Buckley, who assisted Moffat, drifted in one night and acted as if he had taken too much liquor. This was in accordance with plans. As soon as Moffat saw Buckley he told Kiernan that he was going to "frisk the drunk." Kiernan stood by and watched.

When Moffat returned to where the chef was standing he exhibited Buckley's watch and several other articles. This convinced Kiernan that Moffat was crooked and he immediately began to place confidence in him.

Later came the introduction to Larson, and it was immediately proved to Moffat that Larson had a wide acquaintance with procurers, sellers, buyers and addicts, especially in the vicinity of the Seamen's Church institution, in South street. Larson was never out of surveillance afterward until he was arrested with the others on May 23, when Moffat told Larson that he had a buyer for a large amount.

Final Plans Arranged. Larson had been previously approached by the five sailors of the steamer Mount Clay, of the United American Lines, and told they had a quantity of "dope" they wanted to find a buyer for. Larson arranged to have them see Kiernan, and Moffat at the same time arranged to have his buyer on hand as soon as the sailors were out of the way.

Moffat's buyer, however, proved to be practically the whole of the Narcotic Squad from Dr. Simon down. Seven men, including Kiernan and Larson were taken. The others were Bruno Schmidt, twenty-seven; Knutt Sennes, thirty-five; John Alexson, Hans Diehm, twenty-seven, members of the crew of the Mount Clay, and Arthur Thompson, twenty-six, a bus boy.

In the chef's locker at the restaurant where the raid occurred Dr. Simon's men found \$50,000 worth of drugs and about \$3,000 more was picked up when two men were arrested in the Seamen's Church institution at No. 25 South street.

Larson, Schmidt, and Diehm gave the prosecution considerable assistance, and although, it was without any promise of clemency on the part of the state, they received only three months in the workhouse. The others, however, Kiernan, Sennes, Thompson and Alexson, were sent to the penitentiary for two years. All of the sentences were pronounced Friday.

In accordance with the Miller-Jones bill, enacted recently by congress, all the fortunes will be deported when their sentences expire.

Dr. Simon, discussing the work of his division, said that he is working in harmonious co-operation with the special agents of the treasury department and with the customs officials here.

"Without this," he added, "our work here would be seriously handicapped. Together we are strangling the traffic, and the Jones-Miller bill, which was recently signed by President Harding, will prove another big factor in wiping out the invidious practice altogether."

The Jones-Miller bill establishes a federal narcotic board composed of the heads of the state, treasury and commerce departments, who will permit only such quantity of crude opium and coca leaves as may be found necessary for medicinal and other legitimate purposes.

Dr. Simon a Real Leader. "Any alien convicted of violating the act, which provides a penalty of a fine of \$5,000 or ten years' imprisonment, also will be deported upon the expiration of his sentence."

Dr. Simon is the real head of the Narcotic Division, and not simply the appointed head. His men say he is a hard worker, not content with planning things. He is always somewhere on the ground when the action takes place. Three o'clock in the morning not infrequently finds him in his office working out plans for the capture of carriers. He told the writer that he was fifty years old, but his appearance seems to belie his words. The reason for it, however, is that Dr. Simon is an athlete. For six years he held the world's championship at surf casting and in his youth was a star runner.

Since he took over the executive office he now holds, about a year and a half ago, Dr. Simon has made New York the western clearing house for information concerning agents, carriers and addicts of the drug traffic. Hundreds of letters reach the office every week requesting information about different characters to make convictions sure.

be it anywhere in the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, New South Wales, the Philippines and certain of the European countries, his record, photograph and fingerprints are immediately sent to New York. Here they are catalogued and classified.

Recently a man was picked up in Seattle and it was believed that in some way he was connected with the traffic, although nothing was found on him that would enable the prosecutor to convict him. He got in touch with Commissioner Simons and was able when the case came up to hand the presiding magistrate a record showing that the man was wanted in a half dozen cities and had been arrested no less than twenty-seven times because of being implicated in procuring and distributing drugs.

And it is the same with every city in the United States. They know where they can get reliable information concerning any addict, agent or carrier that was even fingerprinted.

A Contemptible Trick.—The announcement in the last issue of The Herald of Mr. Kenneth McCutcheon's alleged marriage to a young lady in Ellmore, S. C., was an unfortunate mistake. Some of Mr. McCutcheon's friends broadcasted the news as a joke and one of the principals, in a thoughtful

moment, gave the news to a Herald representative. The news was accepted in good faith and published in regular order. The paper had been printed before The Herald found out that it had been misinformed. The newspaper must depend on the public for its news and occasionally it is imposed upon by persons who have no conception of the newspaper's responsibility to its readers. There was no foundation for the rumor and this explanation is made in justice to Mr. McCutcheon and ourselves.—Dillon Herald.

Anderson, June 15.—The poor old K. K. K's have to stand for many things, and today they have to stand for a communication signed by a lipstick. A young man of this city received a mailed communication today stating that he was "running around too much. We will get you if you don't watch out." The letter was signed K. K. K. The letter was written on scented stationery, and perhaps the sender thought that the K. K. K. signed by a lipstick would look just like blood—well it looked just as natural as when the dear creatures paste it upon their lips. The young man has reported the matter to the post office authorities, and an investigation has been started.

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UNION CHIEFS MEET TO DISCUSS WAGE REDUCTION.



This picture shows members of the various railway labor unions assembled in Cincinnati to discuss the reduction of wages to rail workers. The threatened reduction has caused serious discussion among the brotherhoods. From left to right are, E. H. Fitzgerald, Frank Paquin, Timothy Healy, Edward Tegmeyer, W. H. Johnson, D. Mott, E. L. Oliver, Edward J. Evans, H. J. Carr, J. W. Burns, President, B. M. Jewell and W. F. Brown, the last two have their coats on at the table.