

A History of Sin and Vice:

Lancaster—The Fallen Angel

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In a community remarkable for its many churches and the reputed piety of its citizenry, the very thought of sin and vice is improbable. In this time of social disintegration and family dysfunction, it is not uncommon to hear pious folk express their frustrations over the current state of affairs by referring wistfully back to the “good old days,” those days when Lancaster’s God-fearing churchgoing citizens kept Satan and his legions at bay. Lancaster, the epitome of conservatism, by heritage, tradition, and reputation was solidly on the side of the good guys and opposed to anything evil, impious, indiscreet — or even pleasurable. Unfortunately, all that is a myth, for Lancaster always has been only a pitchfork’s length from devilish activity and where sin lurks everywhere.

Despite what many like to believe, there isn’t much correlation of the number of churches with the extent of sin and vice. In 1885 Lancaster had 35 churches. Five years later there were 38 churches. Two more congregations appeared by 1895, and in 1900 Lancaster could boast 45 churches. This number increased to 51 by 1905, and soared to 59 by 1910. In 1913, the year Dr. Clifford Twombly discovered our fair city had 44 houses of prostitution within six blocks of Penn Square, 62 churches and synagogues were doing their best to save souls.

Let us look at some of the reasons Lancaster was a “wide open” town in the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century. The city had 8,417 persons in 1840 but ten years later 12,369 were counted by the census taker. In 1900 the city population had soared to 41,459. In any community the increase of population generally results in a rise in crime and its attendant evils, sin

and vice. German and Irish immigration brought many persons to Lancaster in the middle and late nineteenth century. Unlike earlier immigrants who were for the greater part middle-class artisans that practiced their trades in Lancaster, many of the newer residents competed for the available laboring or semi-skilled jobs. Life was difficult for the large families. Women and children were obliged to find work in the local factories. The 1870 Industrial Census revealed the cotton mills on South Prince Street employed 575 women and 308 children. The women and children worked twelve hours a day, six days a week for which the women received about \$3.25 per week. Cigar and cork cutting factories employed large numbers of women and children, and by the beginning of the twentieth century the silk mills and umbrella factories employed hundreds more women. With a large population of poorly-paid women and children, it is remarkable more vice was not practiced. Certain sections of the city featured one or more saloons on nearly every block. Dance halls flourished in Lancaster.

Although Calvinistic and holiness churches frowned on such behavior, they generally were not concerned beyond the behavior of their own parishioners. Sin and vice were regarded as inevitable among the lower classes, and the mission of the church was to maintain an oasis of probity and piety within the congregation. An attitude of "men will be men" seemed to prevail in Lancaster. Lest we be led to believe the rural countryside was free from the cancer of vice and sin, the records of the Lancaster County Court state otherwise. Upright gentlemen of Lancaster could visit the towns along the Susquehanna River, but bawdyhouses were to be found scattered throughout the county.

During the 1880s an effort was made in Lancaster to form a Law and Order Society. The stated object was to "to secure, by all proper means, the enforcement of the laws against Sunday traffic of whatever nature and character the same may be, and of all such laws and ordinances as may from time to time exist in this Commonwealth relating to the liquor traffic and immorality, and to encourage and assist the authorities in the maintenance and enforcement of the same." Memberships were to be not less than one dollar, and all members were directed to report to the executive committee all violations of the laws governing liquor and morality. This organization died an early death, probably from frustration in trying to arouse the interest of the authorities.

In 1899 the Reverend Charles Knox arrived in Lancaster. When prostitutes were arrested, which was a rarity, they usually were back on the street in no time, offering their services, and showing no remorse or signs of rehabilitation. The Rev. Mr. Knox opened a branch of the Door of Hope at 214 East Lemon Street, with Addie Briscoe as its matron, and Laura Pont as nurse. Mr. Knox also operated the "Strangers' Mission" at 237 West Lemon Street which served homeless women. After several years Mr. Knox left Lancaster and no more was heard of the Door of Hope.

In 1907 the Rev. Dr. Clifford Twombly came to Lancaster from Me-

sachusetts to accept the rectorship of Saint James's Episcopal Church. This historic church numbered among its parishioners many of the community's prominent old families whose members were to be found actively involved in Lancaster charities and other humanitarian endeavors. Dr. Twombly was a "social activist." He was incensed to find so many of the townspeople engaged in immorality. He campaigned for increasing the wages for working women, and cutting back the twelve-hour day. He fought against child labor. He was outraged at the amount of drunkenness in Lancaster.

Dr. Twombly began poking into every corner of the city. He soon discovered prostitution was rampant, that young women and girls openly solicited sex on Lancaster streets and in the numerous dance halls. He found that gambling took place in many saloons and vice dens. He was horrified at the cheap, shoddy flesh shows at the Fulton Theatre. Dr. Twombly even ventured out to the Lancaster County Agricultural Fairgrounds to discover lewd shows and gambling, not to mention prostitutes on the prowl among the pink-cheeked rural youth.

The good rector now tried to enlist the law enforcement authorities without success. The response generally was, "This sort of thing has been going on for a long time, and there is little we can do to stop it. The girls are back on the street right away. We don't have enough police to watch all of them. Go back to your church, Dr. Twombly, and preach to your congregation." Dr. Twombly was not about to be put off that way.

He staked out a well-known brothel on Water Street, and noted who came to the house. Soon he became aware that a large expensive motorcar drove up several times a week, and a distinguished-looking gentleman got out and entered the house. Two young women arrived about the same time. After a time the gentleman would leave as did the women. After this had gone on for some weeks, Dr. Twombly approached the young women and told them he was aware of their activities and that he could have them prosecuted. However, if they would cooperate with him, he would see that they were not implicated. The nervous young ladies agreed to cooperate, whereupon Dr. Twombly had them swear on an affidavit who they were servicing, how much he paid them, and the names of the other persons who frequented the house. One of the young ladies worked at the umbrella factory and the other was an assistant housekeeper at the Children's Home on South Ann Street. The affidavit was notarized by Squire McGrann. The gentleman who arrived in the limousine was the head of one of Lancaster's larger manufacturing businesses. The 1924 *Klein History of Lancaster County*, biographical section, describes the gentleman thus: "On the long roster of honored names of Lancaster County . . . the name of ——— stands among the leaders . . . a citizen whose benevolences were far wider than his diversions, and a man whose every relation in life measured up to the loftiest standards; he was representative of the best American manhood." This paragon of virtue paid the girls five dollars for each

enhancement of his manhood which was considerably more than they received from men whose standards were not quite so lofty. Other men named in the affidavit included the son of a prominent innkeeper and the son of a well-known merchant. Armed with the affidavit, Dr. Twombly called upon the district attorney who changed his usual response when Dr. Twombly threatened to go public in the newspapers. The brothel was closed up by the police. Still, there was a reluctance among the law enforcement authorities to carry out any kind of campaign to clean up prostitution.

Dr. Twombly now seized upon the power of the pulpit. He began a series of sermons which were tolerated with good humor as being quixotic inasmuch as the "better sort" were not involved. Soon it became apparent the rector was serious and nothing was going to stop him. His next step was to organize a new Law and Order Society, one that could not be cowed by an apathetic public and resistant law enforcement agency. The first meeting was held 23 November 1912. The organization was perfected in 1913, and stated as its purpose "the suppression and elimination of unlawful, immoral, and corrupting conditions and agencies in the community, and other benevolent undertakings along kindred lines." The Society was incorporated in 1915. Dr. Twombly no longer was regarded as a harmless crusader tilting at windmills. Now threats were made on his life, police were called to guard him from attack, and even some of his congregation turned against him. (Probably more for his crusading for better working conditions for women.) He was offered a distinguished professorship at a theological seminary which he declined because he was in the midst of a campaign to eradicate vice from Lancaster.

Dr. Twombly made it clear from the start that the facts gathered by the Society had to be absolutely accurate. False accusations and rumors that proved groundless would destroy the Law and Order Society. He was consulted frequently by other cities that wanted to clean out vice. Dr. Twombly had much to do with cleaning up motion pictures that showed inappropriate scenes.

The Law and Order Society began issuing annual reports in 1914. The first was quite an "eye-opener" for Lancastrians accustomed to think in terms of "we-they." In addition to surveying the extent of prostitution in Lancaster, Dr. Twombly calculated three to five thousand men and boys—even school boys—patronized the prostitutes whose madams grossed as much as \$9,000 a week. One establishment was located across the street from the Boys' High School, and Dr. Twombly suspected the proximity to many men and boys was not accidental. Police accepted drinks and other bribes from the keepers of the houses. The report stated that on Saturday nights the prostitutes walked in a procession up and down North Queen Street. Prior to urban renewal this was the hotel, theatre, and barroom section. Panderers and pimps plied their trade openly, and taxi drivers knew where to direct their passengers.

The report condemned the Fulton Opera House for its Saturday morning burlesque shows that attracted as many as twelve hundred boys and men.

Considering the seating capacity of the Fulton Opera House, the balconies must have been crammed with men and boys. The Law and Order Society discovered these performances were accompanied by "profanation of the holiest relationship in life." The report had difficulty in saying "sex."

Taking a look at the County Fair midway, the report revealed there were "obscene muscle dances" in one or more shows on the midway, and as many as 150 young boys were counted at a single show lasting fifteen minutes. It was noted this activity increased dramatically on days when school children were admitted free. The numerous carnivals and traveling shows that appeared in Lancaster during the warm weather all catered to the base desires of boys and men, and encouraged vice of the most vile kind, according to the eagle-eyed members of the Law and Order Society.

Lancaster's dance halls came in for their share of condemnation. The halls, "unsupervised and unregulated, were the recruiting grounds of vice and the ruination of young girlhood in many instances. Agents of vice often were seen among the dancers." Drunkenness was a common occurrence in the dance halls where liquor and beer were obtained easily.

At least 30 per cent of the motion pictures shown in Lancaster were judged by the Law and Order Society to be a direct incentive to immorality.

Another target of the Law and Order Society was the mingling of juvenile offenders with hardened criminals. Modern social studies teachers with the assistance of the Lancaster Bar Association bring their students to the courthouse to observe justice in action. However, in 1914 the Law and Order Society was outraged to find youngsters watching and listening intently as the most sordid details of vice and corruption were mentioned.

As the Law and Order Society weighed in on Lancaster's morality, it became apparent the task required more than the sharp eyes of a handful of public-spirited citizens. An agent was employed to keep an eye on what was going on in Lancaster. He checked magazine stands and motion picture houses and dance halls. He kept an accurate record of who was sinning and where. A large collection of his notebooks rests in the archives of the Lancaster County Historical Society. One must admire the persistence and tenacity of the Law and Order Society agents as they went about their unpopular business.

With the arrival of Prohibition in the early 1920s, it appeared the work of the Law and Order Society would be assisted greatly by the removal of alcohol as a social problem. Alas, Prohibition in Lancaster compounded the problem! With organized crime brought in by out-of-town mobsters, the situation seemed about to overwhelm the little band of vice and immorality crusaders, but they didn't waiver and kept to a steadfast course. The city police were useless because most of them were on the payroll of one or the other mobs. The top officials of the police department and the constables were involved with the mobs. One county court judge was inclined to look the other way, and in his own way, contributed to the immorality of our fair city. Even

prostitution, which the Law and Order Society had realized significant success in eliminating, now was connected with a mob, and instead of Lancaster's own fallen women, whole bands of prostitutes were rotated among Pennsylvania cities every few weeks. Heroically, the Law and Order Society strove to battle the forces of vice. While the membership of the Society always was small excellent leaders such as Dr. Twombly, Dr. Edwin M. Hartman, Dr. H.M.J. Klein, John J. Evans, Ruth Sener, Alfred Jones, Mary Kepler, Milton T. Garvin, William H. Hager, Dr. Charles D. Spotts, and Dr. Twombly's successor as rector of St. James's, the Rev. Canon Robert Batchelder, provided the muscle required to turn Lancaster from being a wide-open town to a community where vice rarely raised its ugly head, and when it did, it was nipped in the bud. One obstacle faced by the Society, and one it never quite overcame, was the apathy and even hostility of many Lancaster clergymen. The leaders of the Society tried to enlist the support, both moral and financial, of Lancaster's churches. Support came from the more liberal mainline churches but the more conservative clergymen, with few exceptions, looked upon vice as an inevitable condition that grew out of original sin and the depraved state of humanity. The "better sort" would enjoy the blessings of eternity and the others would suffer eternal punishment at the hands of a wrathful God. The more liberal clergy had few illusions about the potential for human depravity, but considered it part of their mission to aid the downtrodden, rescue the fallen women, raise the level of compassion among employers, and generally make life on this earth more humane and civilized.

Throughout the 1930s the Law and Order Society pressed on, evaluating the voluminous reports of its agent, and tackling vice head on. Although Prohibition ended in 1933, the new laws eliminated the old-time saloon. Prostitution went underground, and considerably more effort was required to make the necessary liaisons. Cheap obscene magazines were the major target of the Society now. Lists compiled by the agent were published for the direction of the district attorney. One such list was titled *List of 104 Magazines*. It contained rather colorful titles such as:

Spicy Adventure Stories	Gay Broadway
Spicy Detective Stories	10-Story Book
Spicy Mystery Stories	La Patee Stories
Real Boudoir Tales	Gay Parisienne
Breezy Romances	Spicy Stories
Real Breezy Romances	General Sex Knowledge
Real French Capers	French Scandals
Real Stolen Sweets	The Nudist
Real Tempting Tales	New York Nights
Tempting Tales	Paris Nights
Sizzling Romances	Pep Stories
Stolen Sweets	Snappy

Bedtime Stories
Snappy Romances

French Night Life Series
Saucy Stories and Scandals

What would the agent of the Law and Order Society have thought had he visited one of Lancaster's latter-day pornography shops? Perhaps the Society closed out its affairs too soon.

By 1934, twenty years after the Law and Order Society started its crusade against vice, the Society wondered how successful were its efforts to wipe out prostitution. An investigator from the American Social Hygiene Association was sent to Lancaster for a week during which time he was to pose as a traveling salesman intent upon finding "some action." He visited all the hotel desk clerks, bartenders, taxi drivers, bell boys, and "former" prostitutes. The standard response to his efforts to seek the services of a prostitute, according to his report, was that the Law and Order Society had made it too troublesome for the ladies to practice their profession. On a few occasions he was able to persuade several "repentant" madams to state a price for "some action." The going rate in 1934 was \$2.50 without referral, or \$3.00 if referred by a taxi driver, desk clerk, or ambitious bartender. Testimony in criminal court cases during the 1970s indicates the minimum rate has risen to \$50, thanks to inflation and rising expectations.

The investigator in 1934 coded the persons and places he visited, but on the copy of his report now in the archives of the Lancaster County Historical Society names and places were written in. One prostitute who survived many arrests had the same name as a lovely, dignified and socially prominent matron, much to the dowager's extreme embarrassment. One woman who figured in all manner of unsavory affairs including prostitution allegedly was a passenger in the motorcar used in the 1927 abduction of police lieutenant Elwood Gainor who refused to be a party to the corruption that was prevalent in the city police bureau. His integrity resulted in his murder by gangland characters. His murder never was solved although the investigation took several bizarre turns.

Contrary to what many naive young men might believe, not all prostitutes looked like the creatures spread across *Playboy* centerfolds. Col. Harry E. Balmer tells of one lady of the streets who, when she died in her upstairs apartment on South Prince Street, had to be lifted out the window by a crane and lowered to the sidewalk, so heavy was that nymph. The 1934 Report describes some of the prostitutes as having missing front teeth, dark splotches on the skin, stringy hair, misshapen lips, and thick, ugly bodies.

When the investigator pressed a taxi driver for a referral, the driver informed the investigator that the brother of the manager of the Yellow Cab branch in Lancaster had a "house" at Eden where he often delivered fares seeking release from the cares of the world. The "resort" at Eden was a road house, and was notorious but the Law and Order Society was powerless to mount an assault upon Manheim Township, especially a place called Eden.

Another place where Lancastrians could find action was in Columbia, but again, the Society was restricted to vice in Lancaster. Columbia, the investigator learned, not only was on the "circuit" for bands of prostitutes, but one "Shorty" Bretigan allegedly controlled the illicit traffic. This was before the anti-trustbusters turned their sights on monopolistic practices in vice.

The investigator in 1934 may have been satisfied the Law and Order Society had done its work thoroughly, but court records suggest the population had not undergone a wholesale act of repentance. In 1934 arrests were made for 14 cases of rape, 15 cases of sodomy, 9 cases of prostitution, 30 cases of adultery, 32 cases of other moral offenses, and 3 murders. The year before, 1933, there were 20 arrests for prostitution. On 4 August 1934 Grace Gerlitzke, Ethel Rineer, Rudolf Neudorf, Allen Geist, Charles Adams, and city policeman Charles E. Myers were arrested for operating an "immoral show" in which nude dancing was featured. The policeman lost his job. A month before Judge Oliver Schaeffer closed the Northern Market Cafe because it featured indecent and immoral activities. During the 1930s Lancaster County judges usually sent first-offender prostitutes to the House of Good Shepherd. In October 1934 Thomas and Ethel Taylor were prosecuted for operating a bawdyhouse, and were sentenced to six months in jail and a \$25 fine. Gus Skillas was arrested for pandering.

During World War II prostitution in Lancaster revived as girls and young women sought out in sleazy bars the many soldiers and sailors on leave. The military police and the Navy shore patrol watched over places with bad reputations, and cooperated with the local police in halting the activities of most prostitutes. An infamous bar at the southwest corner of North Queen and West Chestnut Streets attracted most of the attention of the authorities. There did not appear to be any organized ring of prostitutes in Lancaster at this time. Indeed, the authorities discovered that teen-age girls they arrested often considered their actions "their patriotic duty" and expected no compensation.

Tourists flocking to Lancaster County to gawk at the Amish filled local hotels and motels starting in the 1950s. Seemingly, some of the visitors believed entertainment in the form of prostitution was a necessary part of any trip away from home. Local authorities quickly disabused tourists of the notion prostitution would be tolerated in Lancaster County, which is not to say vice activities never occur but when they do, those involved risk much and receive little sympathy if caught.

The crusade begun by Dr. Twombly ended gradually as a result of the success of the Law and Order Society, and the retirement of the rector in May 1939. This good and decent man contributed greatly to the historic role of St. James's in the life of the Lancaster community, but his greatest monument was the virtual elimination of vice — particularly organized vice — in twentieth-century Lancaster. Dr. Twombly retired to his home in New England, and on 29 December 1942 he passed into dreamless sleep.

Thirty years later, the officers of the Law and Order Society decided their efforts had been successful, and that the mission of the Society had been fulfilled. On 20 July 1972, with the Methodist minister and chaplain of Conestoga View, Charles E. Wonderley, vice-president of the Society presiding, formal action was taken to dissolve the Society. The other members included the Rev. Dr. Charles D. Spotts, the Rev. Robert Turner, James E.F. Heider, the Rev. Robert C. Batchelder, Russell B. Hershey, and the Rev. J. William Arnold. The Society's complete files were turned over to the Lancaster County Council of Churches, and then to the Lancaster County Historical Society archives, which is the source of the material contained in this essay.

This essay was presented by the author at the annual meeting of the Lancaster County Historical Society on 11 May 1993.

Appendix

EXCERPTS FROM THE 1934 PROSTITUTION SURVEY

Case E-3

About 5:45 p.m. I visited this three-story brick building (36 South Lime Street) in search of a prostitute, "H," to whom I had been referred by Bill, a colored bell boy at the Stevens House.

I found the name "H" on the middle bell, rang it, and receiving no response, proceeded to the second floor rear. After knocking on the door, a young woman responded. I said, "H, Bill sent me." She promptly invited me into a small housekeeping apartment, told me to make myself comfortable while she disrobed. ["H" was apparently American, 30 years of age, five feet six inches height, 125 pounds, black bobbed hair, dark eyes, thin face, fair complexion, even yellow teeth, wore black silk dress.] She began to undress and I said, "Bill told me that you had no phone so I merely thought I'd stop over, get acquainted and arrange to return about eight or nine." She said, "As long as you are here, why not do it now." I answered, "Because I have a dinner appointment. By the way, how much do you charge?" She answered, "\$2.00 is my price, but I have to charge you \$3.00 this time because the bell boy sent you. You see he gets a dollar. Next time you come it will be only \$2.00." I asked, "Do you go to the hotel, too, for that price?" She answered, "Yes. I could come to your hotel if you prefer. Are you at the Stevens House or at the Brunswick?" I said, "Can a guest get away with it there?" She answered, "I've been at both places plenty times. All the boys know me. They always get me when a fellow needs a friend." She became very insistent that I remain.

I told her I would return later and left.

Case A-2

About 11 p.m. I visited this so-called "beer joint," the Northern Market Cafe, 330 North Queen Street, which bears a very bad reputation in town. According to information I received it is frequented by many young women of the "charity" (free prostitutes) type; and also commercial prostitutes. On Monday night dancing takes place and quite naturally attracts a large patronage.

Many cars were parked near the premises and upon looking into the barroom I could see that the premises was exceedingly well patronized. Just as I was about to enter, I stopped a young man and said, "Is this the Northern Market Cafe?" He answered, "Yes, sir, this is the spot." I then explained to him that I had been directed here but by mistake had gone into (another place). He said, "Jim's? That's a morgue. This is the place!" I said, "It looks lively. Plenty of young folks, but I doubt it will interest me much. Somebody told me I could get fixed up here. I doubt it." He said, "There's plenty of broads if you got a car. Come on in. I'll introduce you around."

We entered, and I found the barroom crowded. Lined against the small bar were groups of young men, two deep, clamoring for beer. Not one appeared to be over eighteen years of age. The bartender, George W. Dorsheimer, and his brother, to whom I was later introduced, were kept busily engaged "filling up the glasses," and distributing peanuts and pretzels to the hungry and thirsty mob.

The long narrow room (dance hall) was literally crowded to capacity. The semi-private booth-like compartments along the south wall had from three to four young couples in each of them. The small tables scattered near the north wall of the room were crowded, and the adjacent drinking room was also filled. It was judged that fully one hundred young people were present; the girls and boys ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-one, the younger predominating. At the far end of the room a three-piece string ensemble furnished the dance music. The couples danced upon a sanded floor, and it was not unusual to see girls and fellows apparently unknown to each other dance together. By and large the dancing was orderly, but when the popular "blues numbers" were played indecent and suggestive movements were flagrantly executed.

My companion, a Mr. Dieter, informed me that it was not necessary for "a feller to bring a girl along," as [*sic*] it was "easy to pick one up." I said, "Where are all the hookers?" He answered, "Wait a minute. I'll introduce you to one." He then pointed to a girl dancing with a fellow, stated she was a prostitute, and finally called her over to where we were standing. She was introduced as Irene ———. He did not hesitate to inform her that I wanted "a girl." She said, "I'll go out on a date with you. Do you want to go now?" I asked, "Where?" She answered, "We can get a room at the Central Hotel,

20-26 West Chestnut Street, for a dollar." She then quoted her price at \$3.00. [According to the report, she refused to have anything to do with "perverted sex."] I said, "Do you think we can get into the Central Hotel?" She replied, "Why not? It's open, ain't it?" I answered, "I merely thought that because things are so strict in town, we might be turned down." She said, "I know Gus Skillas who runs it. It's a nice clean place." I made an excuse and told Irene I would decide later. She begged to be excused while she went over to dance with "a friend."

After she had left, Mr. Dieter said, "Didn't you like her?" I answered, "She's nothing to crow about. I'd much prefer to go to a regular place where you can go in and pick 'em out." He said, "There was one but it was raided last night. All the boys in town go to Columbia. It's a little town twelve miles from here. There are plenty of joints over there. Columbia today is the way Lancaster was fifteen years ago, wide open. Wait, here comes Fern. She ranks here as hostess. She used to run a joint in town. I'll ask her. She knows where the best joint is if anybody does."

Mr. Dieter than said, "Hey, Fern, just a minute." Fern came over and I was introduced to her. [Fern was American, 45 years of age, five feet five inches height, 150 pounds weight, medium brown bobbed hair, brown eyes, high cheek bones, aquiline nose, uneven white teeth, heavily powdered and rouged, well developed.] Dieter made no apologies, spared no words. He merely said, "Fern, my friend wants to get fixed up, can you take care of him?" Fern answered, "I can see you after ten o'clock. I can't leave until then." I said, "That's too late for me." Fern said, "Why don't you take him over to 126 North Mulberry Street. Clara ——— always has three or four nice girls. I don't know if she's open though on account of the raid the other night."

Dieter admitted that he had forgotten about Clara's resort and added, "It's a five dollar place. You don't want to go for that, do you?" I said, "No, not tonight, but I'll go over and see her tomorrow. I'll have more money then."

Case A-11

About 2:00 p.m. I visited this large roadhouse, the Engleside Inn, located just beyond the Lancaster city limits. I found it to be a large stone building conducted as an inn. I sought admittance to the dining room, found the door locked, and proceeded to the bar, where I was greeted by a man named Archie ———. I informed him that I had been attending to some business in the vicinity and asked where I could get a drink and this place was suggested. Archie was a very affable sort, exceedingly loquacious, and tried to be very hospitable to me. I inaugurated the conversation by confiding in him that I had been in town for the past three days or more, and was unable to find anything more exciting to do than an occasional visit to the movies. He said, "This is one h--- of a town. I don't blame you one single moment to be disgusted

with it. It's my hometown and I can't say a word in praise of the G-- d--- place." I said, "Why should it be this way? I travel through Pennsylvania; every town is wide open but this." He answered, "We're cursed here with a lot of reformers; the churches are running this town. There's a G-- d--- Law and Order League or whatever they call it, and a couple of ministers who always stick their long noses into somebody's business." I asked, "Who are these fellows?" He replied, "Oh, one's name is Twombly." I said, "Have you always been located down here?" He answered, "No, I was bootlegging for fourteen years and I got this joint afterwards. I'll just show you the kind of people we've got here. And yet the town is sporty itself, that is the individual. Figure this out. Every day there were six hundred racing forms delivered to Lancaster. Now you take, for instance, that there's two people for each one of these forms. That's putting it at the lowest possible average. That means that there's twelve hundred people every day who are betting on the ponies. Yet they won't let a bookie run. They're complaining all the time about the bookies, and if you want to place a bet you've got to send it to Harrisburg. Get this, pick up either of our two [daily] papers. The editor of one comes out every now and then with a blast against horse racing, and writes editorials against it, and his papers every day have the entries and results printed right in them, and the editor, who I know personally, always is over at Pimlico or Havre de Grace at the races.

"I'll give you another instance. I told you I was a bootlegger for fourteen years. I sold more booze than anybody in town. I brought it in from Canada, ran it, and had men working for me. At the same time I had a hotel, the Old Spring Garden Hotel at Walnut and Mulberry Streets. I supplied the 'big people' including the newspaper people in town with all the liquor they could use, and then out of a clear sky there's an editorial giving me the works, telling the world I'm the biggest bootlegger in town. I called up the owner, and he said not to get too hot and bothered by it, that it was the editor's job to publish it because it was news.

"Now if you want to go to a really swell joint, there's only one around, and that's over at Eden. I supply them with all the liquor. It's a good clean spot. Three nice broads, and you are absolutely safe." I asked, "Is it protected?" He answered, "No, they don't need it over there, it's a liberal town." I said, "I heard of that place. I was going to venture out there the other night but nobody seemed to know its exact location." He replied, "Well, I'll tell you what you do, and when you go over to Lancaster, you tell any of the boys at the Pennsylvania Railroad station, the taxi chauffeurs, that you want to go to Peg's place. The taxi drivers take all the men there. The joint is owned by a guy named Mike. His brother runs the taxicab company.