

# Home, Sweet Home-Brew

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Illustrated by HERB ROTH



MOTHER'S IN THE KITCHEN  
WASHING OUT THE JUGS

SOMEONE hazards the guess that the four major items of domestic expenditure in American households are malt, grapes, bottles and caps.

Perhaps they do not rank first but certainly they hold a high place in the family budget. A Rotary Club poet in Cooperstown, N. Y., thus translates this great American household industry, built on the cookstove and the kitchen sink, into song:

*Mother's in the kitchen  
Washing out the jugs;  
Sister's in the pantry  
Bottling the suds;  
Father's in the cellar  
Mixing up the hops;  
Johnny's on the front porch  
Watching for the cops.*

But first it is necessary for Father to get the makin's. Upon that necessity has been built up one of the great industries of America—an industry almost as great in the amount of money it absorbs every year as the moving pictures.

This has nothing to do with the celebrated profession of the bootlegger: it is outlawed. The trade in the materials for home brew and wine and liquor making, however, is not. It is, indeed, on the great Volstead frontier but it is apparently on the legal side and is carried on by some of the most respectable and driest citizens of the country. The making of these products is lawful. Their sale is lawful.

## Dry Profiteers in Wetness

THESE commodities when they become unlawful. But that is after they have entered the home and passed out of the currents of trade. The trade itself is safe, and, to all appearances, permanent.

It runs far in the hundreds of millions. About \$136,000,000 a year for homemade beer. About \$220,000,000 a year for wine. About \$100,000,000 a year for hard liquor and other concoctions. About \$100,000,000 a year for carbonated beverages, flavors and syrups to use with hard liquors and about \$50,000,000 in machinery for serving it all.

There we have about \$600,000,000 spent on intoxicants, not included in the much larger sums which are expended on bootleg booze.

It looks very much as if the wet half of the population is busy making wet goods and the dry half is busy selling it the ingredients and machinery. It looks



SISTER'S IN THE PANTRY  
BOTTLING THE SUDS

also as if, under the influence of the Volstead Law, America has been made as dry as before prohibition.

Prohibition, says a prominent dry leader, is now practically out of the woods. It really seems as if there were nothing left to be done now but for the people to stop drinking.

In 1896 two historic figures destined to play major rôles in the great drama of prohibition appeared upon the scene in America. One was William J. Bryan. The other was Henning Wennersten.

Bryan, with his eloquence, was destined to light in this country, under the protection of the law, the great blaze of prohibition.

Wennersten, with a little can of malt syrup in a Chicago shop, was destined to train upon the flames a gigantic stream of home brew.

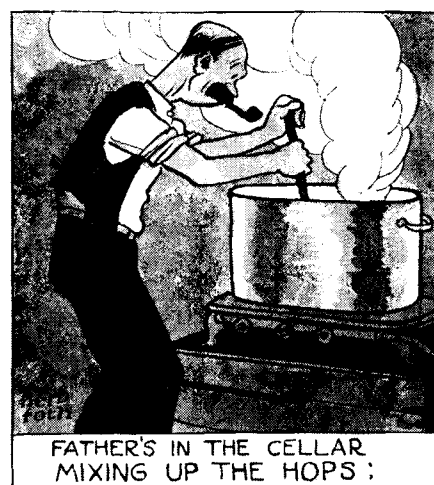
And now it is difficult to know which we have the most of—prohibition or home brew. Whose light burns the brighter: Bryan's or Wennersten's?

Only a few months ago the latter took over as an additional plant the buildings of the old Citizens' Brewery in Chicago in Archer Street, put in a great 400-gallon brew kettle and four monster evaporators, and thus added to his plant capacity another 10,000,000 pounds of malt syrup a year.

Maybe you don't know what that means in terms of beer. It means that anybody with a very small amount of trouble can turn it into 80,000,000 pint bottles. And that from an addition to just one factory!

As a matter of fact, there are many other manufacturers of this product. I have seen a list of 104 such concerns.

The center around which this trade revolves is the malt and hop store or the home bottler's supply store, with crocks and bottle caps and rubber tubing and pyramids of malt-syrup cans



FATHER'S IN THE CELLAR  
MIXING UP THE HOPS

in the window and inside the glint of copper of the stills for sale. However:

"Look at the daily papers!" exclaims Mr. Volstead. "You will observe that where you saw pages of advertisements for malt syrups you now see only an occasional display. Look in the windows of the stores. Remember the displays of malt syrup. Where are they today?" And then the redoubtable Andy answers himself, "THEY ARE GONE."

## Queer Anti-Saloon Specialists

I HAVE questioned Anti-Saloon League superintendents in several states. Most of them give me the same assurance. One in particular solemnly advises that he has spent two years looking for such a store in his state without success.

When an Anti-Saloon League specialist begins to deal with facts and figures he is an amazing phenomenon. For instance, Dr. Schumaker gravely announces that before prohibition there were 25,000,000 drinkers and that now there are only 1,000,000 steady drinkers and 3,000,000 occasional drinkers. And Bishop Lawrence tells us that for several years he has been traveling up and down the land, that he is out from six in the morning until midnight and that he has seen but one drunken man.

Well, a few years ago malt syrup was sold only in these little malt-syrup stores. That is, there were about 500 or 600 outlets for these goods. Today it is sold in 100,000 stores. Only recently a concern specializing in such things offered to reach for me in a mail campaign 100,000 dealers in malt syrup and hops and 25,000 dealers in home-brew apparatus.

The independent malt stores have increased in number. In New York City alone I have seen a list of 500 such



JOHNNY'S ON THE FRONT PORCH  
WATCHING FOR THE COPS

places. There are 800 in New York State, 300 in New Jersey, 300 in Ohio, 100 in Connecticut, and 200 in Indiana, in spite of the almost savage dryness of that state. But today the independent malt store is almost the smallest part of this huge business.

The chain stores have taken over the traffic in malt syrup. One chain, the Kroger Grocery Company, is reported by the trade journal in that field to have handled 50 carloads of malt syrup last year and to be planning to dispose of 100 carloads this year. And this concern operates 3,800 groceries.

Atlantic and Pacific Stores carry it extensively. Out in Stanton, Mich., a gentleman walked into an A. & P. store and bought a dozen cans of malt syrup. Then he pulled back his coat and exhibited his badge, announcing himself as a prohibition-enforcement officer. He arrested the manager and that gentleman was convicted. The case was appealed, but I have not heard the result yet. Other A. & P. stores have been similarly attacked. Piggly-Wiggly stores in many places handle it.

A great many people wonder how this trade manages to exist apparently generally unmolested. The truth is that the industry has now become a big business and, like all big business, it is organized.

There are two trade associations of national scope, and in almost every city and state there are local and state associations. One is called the National Association of Malt Syrup Manufacturers and is made up of the producers. The other is called the Interstate Food Products Association and is made up of retailers and wholesalers.

And there is a trade journal. In fact, there were two until they consolidated. One was called Sips—a beautiful and highly descriptive characterization of the business. The other is the Malt Age. The Malt Age has absorbed Sips—devoured it or perhaps drunk it down. It is now called Malt Age and Sips. It is a monthly, well supplied with advertising and apparently quite prosperous.

## A Jolly Gang of Cooks

THE two associations have their headquarters, with an indefatigable gentleman as national attorney, in Iowa—dry Iowa of all places.

Now the courts have held that there is nothing inherently illegal in a can of malt syrup or a pound of sugar or a basket of grapes. But if you sell these things to a man for the express purpose of making alcohol, then the law is vio-



lated. The guilt or innocence of the transaction lies wholly in the intent.

The whole industry therefore has decided that it is in the food business, not the beverage business. It has got a ruling from the Patent Office that malt syrup is a food.

The National Malt Syrup Manufacturers' Association met last year in the Old Colony Club in Chicago and adopted a set of rules to govern producers in their advertising. Advertising copy writers, they resolved, must be instructed to subvert the beverage idea and emphasize the food field. The words "hops" and "hop flavored" must not be used. And the offering of premiums by dealers of bottle caps and corks, etc., must be discouraged. Right away one unruly manufacturer incurred the wrath of his brothers by publishing a big ad, proclaiming the food virtues of his malt syrup but illustrating it with a picture of a drunken camel leading an equally drunken quartet in singing Sweet Adeline.

And the resolutions themselves, when announced, appeared prominently displayed on one page of the Malt Age while on the opposite page appeared a full-page advertisement of REX, THE KING OF BOTTLE STOPPERS.

### Non-beverage Beverages

**A**N ILLUMINATING series of articles has appeared in the Malt Age instructing retailers how "to make their business trouble-proof."

One manufacturer has issued a booklet of recipes illustrating uses of malt syrup in cooking. The dealers are instructed to get that booklet and to bind it securely in leather and chain it to their counters. If a prohibition agent should wander into the store, made suspicious by the display of bottles and rubber tubing and corking machines, and inquire as to the nature of the business, all the dealer has to do is to exhibit the book of recipes. If a man buys six inches of rubber tubing and an alcohol gauge, why, just hand him a folder of recipes, and there is clinching evidence that the dealer supposed he was buying them to use in making biscuits.

If there could be any doubt about malt syrup being for food and not for beverage purposes, the names on the labels should settle the matter: Gesundheit Malt, Old Heidelberg, Double Dutch,

Mixit, Old Wurzburg, Leistbrau, Bismarck, Nitecap, Pilzenbaur and so on through scores of brands.

Many of the dealers take all this quite seriously. The proprietor of the only malt-syrup store in Sacramento said he had quit making a window display.

"Some people are so thick," said he, "that when they see a display like that they think it is some kind of home-brew outfit."

But the editor of the Malt Age, who doubtless has a sense of humor, cannot suppress a giggle. In the same issue with one installment of his instructions he snickers in a moment of humorous relaxation:

"The outsider cannot figure out why during the warm months people should consume so much bread and bakery goods. You who are in the business of course wink an eye like the camel on a certain malt-syrup trade-mark and without sticking out your tongue turn your thoughts to other subjects."

In another issue a wag points out facetiously why all the strange paraphernalia appear in malt-syrup stores. The malt, he smiles, is for kitchen purposes, and there is nothing like that old hop flavor in the muffins. The bottle caps and cappers are for people who put up ketchup. The rubber hose is for motorists who like to borrow gas from another fellow's tank. The gauge is not for alcohol but for testing gasoline.

All these carefully devised defenses have enabled the malt stores to evade the grip of the prohibition bugaboo. And that in spite of many attacks.

In Rhode Island the clerk of one malt-syrup store was arrested and convicted. But he was held up as a horrible example to the rest of the trade by the association as an instance of what happens to a man who refuses to follow instructions. He gave with his sale of syrup directions for making beer.

In most places these prosecutions have not been very successful. Occasionally a prohibition agent is afflicted with delusions of grandeur. One in West Virginia assumed the rôle of legislator and issued a ukase proclaiming malt syrup a beverage. However, he clarified his decree later by announcing that it is a beverage when sold to make beer, but it is not a beverage when sold for cooking purposes. Thus the same product is a beverage and is not a beverage.

In Kentucky one enforcement officer notified the wholesalers to stop the sale of malt syrup. When questioned he said he was acting under orders from the United States district attorney. But that gentleman disclaimed all responsibility.

In Mississippi the W. C. T. U. went on the warpath and notified dealers in Jackson to quit selling this wicked beverage-nonbeverage. It threw a scare into the grocery stores of Jackson, Natchez, Vicksburg and other dry Mississippi towns. But so far as prosecutions go little headway has been made.

### A Man's Castle is His Brewery

**A**NTI-SALOON LEAGUE officials confess that practically nothing has been done by prohibition officials against the trade, and there is a kind of admission that nothing can be done. There is no way of reaching the stores whose sales are apparently legal and of course no way of reaching the homes.

One Anti-Saloon man writes me that it could be stopped if the courts would proceed on the theory that a man's home is entitled to no respect when he makes home brew; that then it ceases to be a home and becomes a brewery. If such a ruling were adopted, America would become almost at a stroke the world's great homeless country, and instead the land of breweries, wineries and distilleries.

In Alabama, the home of that great dry superpatriot Tom Heflin, a bill was introduced to destroy the malt-syrup business by imposing a tax of 25 cents on each pound. It was passed in one house, but defeated in the other. And the same thing happened in Mississippi.

On the other hand, the home brewers have had some rather definite protection from the great dry United States Government itself. The Federal Trade Commission ordered one manufacturer to stop using the word "import" and "Bavarian" on its label as an imposition on trusting home brewers. And the Malt Syrup Lobby has been trying to push a bill to prohibit any producer from using the words Malt Syrup on any product not composed wholly of barley.

Thus the great industry which Mr. Volstead assures us is rapidly disap-

pearing grows in volume, popularity, security under the law and in organization. Just how big is it?

The production of malt syrup in 1926 was 438,000,000 pounds and last year it was 450,000,000 pounds. Allowing 10 per cent for baking and other uses, we have enough malt syrup to make 810,000,000 gallons, or almost 6,500,000,000 pint bottles of beer—and this is a greater output than the product of all the 10,000 soft-drink makers in the United States.

Another estimate is that made by Mr. Hugh F. Fox of the United States Brewers' Association, based on the disappearance of the hop crop. He has kindly brought this up to date for me.

The hop crop of 1926 was 29,428,000 pounds. To this must be added imports of 471,173 pounds. This makes a total of 29,899,173 pounds of hops. The export up to August, 1927, was 13,480,272 pounds. Therefore there was left for making beer 16,418,901 pounds of hops. The uses of this crop for other purposes are so infinitesimal they need not be considered.

Now, it is estimated that 3,279,249 pounds of this was used for making near-beer. That leaves 13,139,652 pounds of hops to be accounted for. What became of them?

### Our National Home-Brew Ledger

**H**OP-CROP merchants declare the whole crops of 1925 and 1926 were consumed in the current seasons. The hop crop of 1927, which was larger than that of 1926, has already almost disappeared. There is no doubt this commodity went into the making of beer, mostly in the homes. Allowing three fourths of a pound to each barrel, we have a total of more than 17,519,000 barrels or about 613,104,500 gallons.

Malt-syrup men think Mr. Fox's estimate is too low. Most of the brewers also think it under the truth. Certainly it is conservative. It undoubtedly does not account for the disappearance of all the malt syrup.

But if we assume that some of this malt syrup goes into home distilling and a large volume into illegal breweries, we still have enough left to make more beer than Mr. Fox estimates. The brewery workers' union calculates that about 840,000,000 gallons are made each year. However, (Continued on page 47)



What can a poor dry agent do? Malt syrup's for the kitchen, hops for muffins, caps for ketchup. But hose? For borrowing gasoline, stupid





Miss Howes dashed straight for Mr. Fulp, who was rolling on the turf, trying to get his breath back

# Poet and Plumber

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN

*In this unromantic age how could a poet and a plumber come to fight a duel at dawn?*

IT ISN'T as if I hadn't seen goings-on at country clubs either. Ten years around 'em, as locker-room attendant, on grill service, understeward. But generally it's the usual thing—light-hearted members trying to jump the goldfish pool and mistaking the distance, or letting on they're porpoises and splashing about the plunge in their dinner clothes, or showing how much they think of some retiring president by putting meringue on his bald head. All playful and friendly and nobody's feelings hurt. One smiles, winks an eye.

This affair between young Mr. Gandy and young Mr. Fulp was not of that sort, and while it is not for me to criticize, still I must say it was something which might have happened in an institution for the mentally unsound and nowhere else. Silly, sir, unsporting, unclubby. At least, I had seen nothing like it in any of the high-class places where I'd been before.

True, the South Adnock Country Club is quite different from Ekwanok or Apawamis or Chevy Chase. It is small-town, provincial, a bit crude. Only a nine-hole course and a converted farmhouse for quarters, with me acting as steward, chef, janitor or what have you. Not quite what I have been used to. But one has one's ups and downs, as the saying is, and when one is getting along the downs come oftener than the ups. One may have a failing too, sir. So we takes what we can get.

AT FIRST it came a little hard, after taking care of gentlemen who knew what was what: personages, some of them, whose names are household words in the land—captains of industry,

statesmen, famous legal lights, actors of note. And here— Well, Mr. Cubbins, the grocer; Dr. Fink, the druggist; Attorney Ross Cates; Mr. Tuttle, manager of the chair factory; Mr. Hub Gandy, the plumber. All decent fellows in their way. Even Mr. Gandy has his good points, I suppose, and is successful in his line, I understand, with so many putting in these new oil heaters and ice machines. An excellent master plumber, I have no doubt, but with an odd idea of what constitutes humor, sir. Very odd.

Then, as compensation, I discovered that among our members was Ethan Allen Fulp, the poet. Gave me quite a thrill, sir, if you understand what I mean.

There have been writers at some of the clubs in which I have served, but one finds them everywhere. I remember a novelist who was quite well known. Very fussy about having his knickers pressed. And a playwright who was always going under the shower with his glasses on and then shouting for me. Also the editor of a popular magazine, extremely temperamental. But, until I came here, no poets.

Perhaps you will understand me better, sir, if I explain that some of my people were employed on the estate of the late Lord Tennyson. Oh, in humble capacities. A great-uncle of mine was footman in the household. So we have the poetic tradition, as it were, in our blood. And in my leisure moments I often read poetry myself: Tennyson, of course, and lines to fit the mood. When I feel valiant, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*:

*Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.*

If sentimental, Locksley Hall; or of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat; when saddened by the passing of some friend, "a hand that can be clasped no more"; or if low in spirit after a period of indulgence, "I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar." Solace, inspiration, anything one needs.

So I have come to regard all poets highly, to feel that they are of a race apart, born in a golden clime; beings to be cherished, shielded, let to walk alone.

Fancy my surprise, then, when I picked up in the club reading-room here a book which bore on the cover the title *Liltings*, and discovered that the author was no other than the rather stout young man with the dark eyes and the sleek black hair. Naturally I gave him every attention.

But I am pained to state that the members of the South Adnock Country Club fail to appreciate poetic genius—utterly. And in particular young Mr. Gandy, the plumber.

Finding me with the book on hand one day, he remarked: "How does that hit you, Soapy?"

"Why, sir, as poetry," said I.

"Huh!" said he. "If that's poetry, then Kipling wasn't onto his job."

"We are agreed, sir," I told him. "Kipling was not."

"Some kiddie, ain't you, Soapy?" says he. "When our friend Stuffie comes in tell him to shake a leg and get out on the first tee and not hold up the four-some any longer'n he can help."

Stuffie is Mr. Gandy's name for Mr. Fulp, short for Stuffed Poet, a coarse suggestion that he is overweight. And it was Mr. Gandy who first called me Soapy, for no good reason. But a lot of that sort of thing goes on at clubs of this kind, as perhaps you know: a species of rough give-and-take, usually on a friendly basis.

But the exchanges between these two were not of that kind. I could see that from the start. There was an underlying bitterness, as well as scorn, contempt; and unavoidably so, for they were as unlike as two human beings of the same race could well be. Where Mr. Fulp is somewhat short and plump, Mr. Gandy is tall, lean, bony. Mr. Fulp