

OREGON MOONSHINERS HEAVY FORESTS AND HILLS GIVE SHELTER TO "STILL" WORKERS

Exciting Experience of Revenue Agents in Running Down Illicit Distillers—Battered "Stills" and Supply of Whisky at Customs-House Tell Story of Capture Made in Secluded Oregon Spots—Notorious Moonshiners Taken in Oregon Backwoods.

WHILE Oregon is not listed in Uncle Sam's book as one of the leading "moonshine" states of the Union, the revenue department here has had no easy time in the past weeding out wayward distillers and keeping "moonshine" whisky at Mountain Dew, as it is better known, from the market. And thereon hangs many an interesting experience.

A look at the "still-room" in the basement of the Custom-house shows a dozen battered and broken "stills," and a plentiful supply of outlaw booze in various stages of decay, telling many stories of the State's struggles in the Oregon backwoods. Some of the spirits on display is about a half-dozen X proof by this time, while some of the rest is of comparatively recent brew, having been taken in raids on outlaw distillers in recent months.

The moonshiner operates in Oregon for two reasons: First, because whisky and brandy manufacturing does not require much energy and is inexpensive, and second, because the whisky can readily be sold at a price many times greater than the cost. The moonshiner generally is a man who believes it is his right to make liquor without interference from the Government. Unfortunately for the moonshiner, the Government has been unable to see the matter in the same light, and the result has been that Oregon has donated liberally to the supply of moonshine prisoners in the federal penitentiaries.

In catching them by numerous tricks, revenue agents have had experiences here which would make some of the escapades of the Southern moonshine raiders seem tame.

The real old-time moonshine corn and molasses whisky has already been a scarcity in Oregon, because of the scarcity and high price of corn, but fruit is so plentiful and cheap that moonshine brandies have rarely been out of the market.

The main part of moonshining in Oregon dates back from eight to 20 years, when roads, revenue agents and whisky were all scarce in the backwoods, and during which time the manufacture of the outlaw spirits was not such a dangerous vocation as it is present. As roads have been built, the districts more thickly settled and revenue agents more skillful and plentiful, the conditions have changed, until now the amount of moonshine whisky manufactured in Oregon is small, if any at all. The Government agents say there is none—surely it to say there is none they know about. Conditions are just as favorable at present for the manufacture of moonshine spirits as they were in the earlier days, but the business is more conducted with chances. The Government, by experience, has learned how to trace moonshiners, and the vocation leaves too many footprints to make it possible for the operators to continue as long as they have done, apparently no matter how well protected and how far away from civilization.

Moonshiner Faces Many Dangers. In the first place the moonshiner has to get his still and unless he is an expert in the work he is unable to make it himself to answer the delicate question of brewing the whisky or brandy. The services of the tinsmith is the first step which leaves open a trace for the keen scent of revenue agents. The second danger is in taking the "still" to the scene of action, which must be on a stream of water. If everything goes well in getting the plant started, then comes the danger of being traced by the "still" being traced by the sediment in the stream or by the wind blowing the "still" into the nostrils of revenue agents or their friends. There is danger in buying corn or fruit and there is danger of the revenue agents coming upon the still by accident.

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THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL ARE NO LONGER HEWING WOOD AND DRAWING WATER.

travagance. The Tillers of the Soil are no longer Hewing Wood and Drawing Water. They are now hewing Holes in the Atmosphere and drawing Gasoline. Not many years ago the Simple Agriculturist drove into Town in a South Bend Wagon with Red Roses painted on the Dash-Board and stopped at the Bank long enough to tie a Chattel Mortgage on his Cow, with Interest at 2 Per cent a Month, payable in Advance. Nowadays he comes slipping up in a This Year's Model of the Koko-mobile, with Torpedo Body, Ford-Deere and Red Cushions and draws out his Balance so that he can get Extra Tires and a Speedometer. Every Hired Hand has become a Chauffeur and the Jay that used to wear Gosh-ding-its and drive an \$50 Pelter now wears Goggles and drives a Roadster with four Lamps hung out in front of it.

"Why are you annoyed by these Evidence of Prosperity?" asked the Official. "The humble Farmer has been the Goat for 2000 Years. Now he is catching Even by burning up the Turn-plike while the City People who feel sorry for him are sleeping on the Fire Escapes and saving up to see the Moving Pictures."

"You do not grasp the full Horror of the Situation," said the President of the Bank.

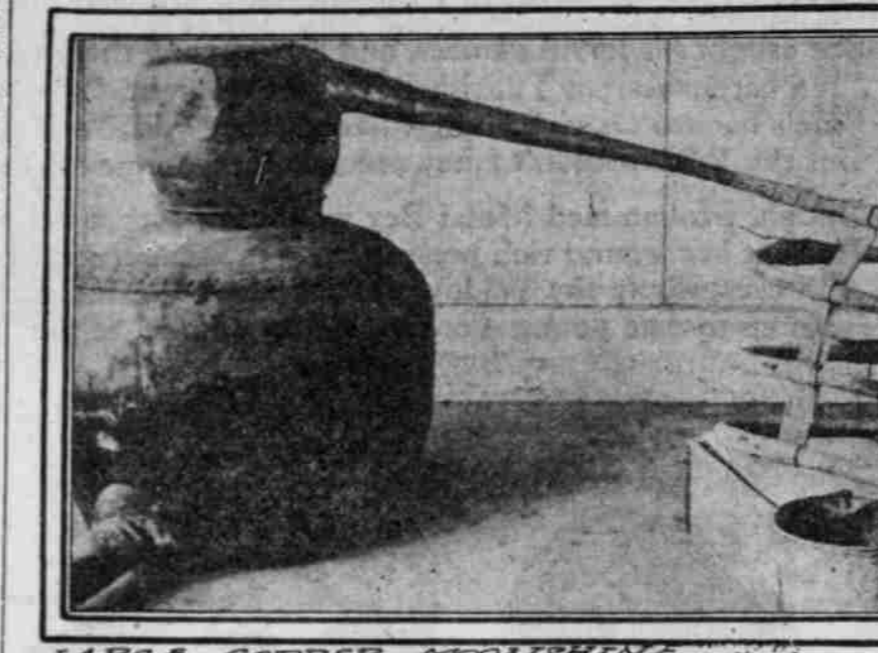
"If all the Reubs withdraw their Deposits in order to buy these expensive \$1200 Cars, our Reserve will be so depleted and Normal Conditions so badly disturbed that possibly I will have to Cancel my Order for that \$2000 French Limousine which I picked out at the New York Show."

Whatupon he resumed his Weeping. Moral: It is Time to call a Halt.

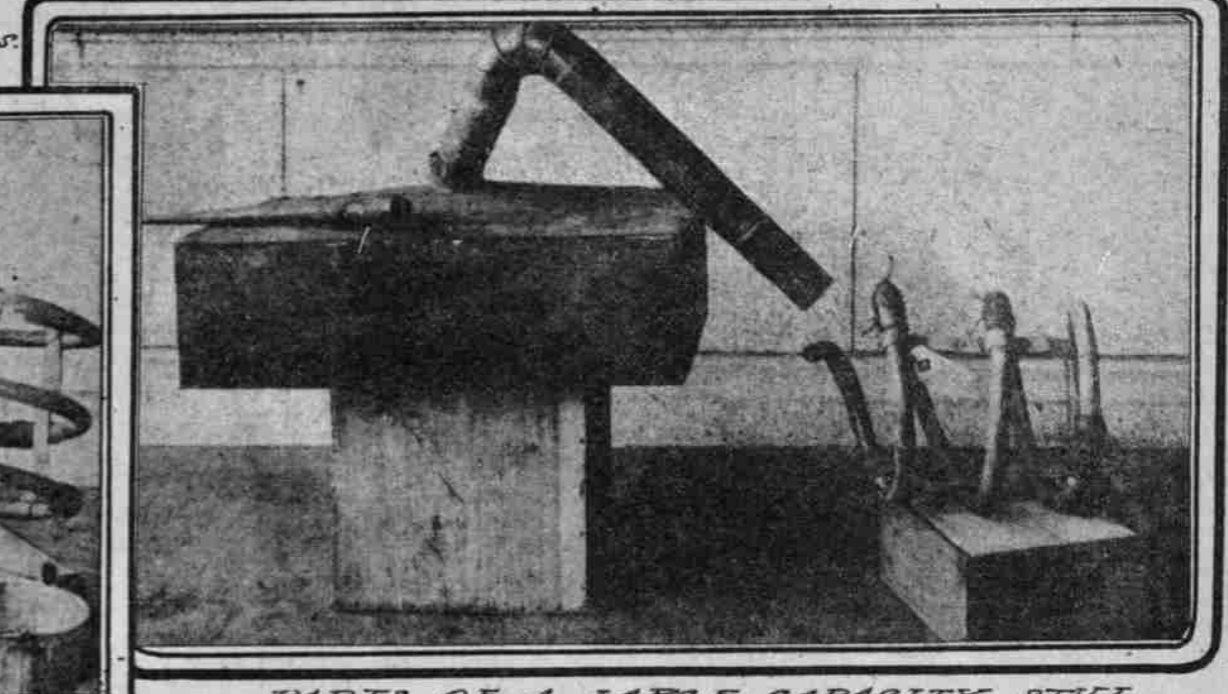
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THE "GOOSE-NECK" WHICH CATCHES THE VAPOR FROM THE MASH.



LARGE COPPER MOONSHINE STILL SEIZED IN LANE COUNTY.



PARTS OF A LARGE CAPACITY STILL CONFISCATED IN EASTERN OREGON.

country and the chances for enlisting and farming and the two in time became intimate. Minto's first progress was decidedly cautious, as his ears tickled with stories he had heard about Davis' disregard for the lives of revenue agents and intruders in general. The two men were seated on a bank of dirt drawing pictures of the road and surroundings, when Minto reached around Davis and grabbed a long, ugly-looking Bowie-knife from Davis' hip and explained to Minto that he was under arrest. Davis, in Southern style, realizing that he was caught, did not resist and did not talk. He let the officers slip out things for themselves. Going to his cabin, they began looking around, but found no trace of a still until they went up the sidehill into the thick brush where they uncovered a well-constructed distillery, with the fumes of whisky still fresh in the air.

They then returned to Davis' cabin and discovered odd conditions which they learned later were the results of an old romance. They found the corners of the cabin well provided with Winchester and ammunition. In one of the rooms they found a Chinese woman and two half-breed children. With their presence hinged a tale. About 15 years before that time, it was learned, Davis had first entered the Snake River district. He had made his way to the Snake River by stage to Wild Goose Rapids. On the stage had been, besides Davis, three wealthy Chinese mining men and a Chinese girl who had been stolen and was being taken to the mining camps for a slave. The party had started across the Snake River in a boat, when Davis suddenly whipped out a gun and took charge of the situation. On the Oregon side of the river he took the girl and sent the Chinaman back across the river. He made his way into the mountains and built his cabin, keeping the Chinese woman in the house.

She had remained with him for 14 years, when the moonshine raid was made, and had two handsome children. They were all broken-hearted when Davis was taken away.

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NEW FABLES IN SLANG.

1—THE 1911 FABLE OF THE FLAT-DWELLER AND LIFE IN THE OPEN. 2—THE 1911 FABLE OF THE LOCAL PIERPONT WHO WAS TROUBLED IN SPIRIT AND NOT WITHOUT CAUSE.



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enough whisky in a month or two to last him the entire year. After getting his brew complete he stows his supply away in the ground and very carefully hides his still. He is then willing that revenue agents look his place over because there is no sign of moonshining. During his life time he grows his corn and lays in his stores for another season of brewing. He generally selects the middle of winter for his work when it is not so easy for revenue agents to trace him either

by the streams, or roads or the scent. Sometimes people in the woods make the whisky or brandy for their own use as medicine but Uncle Sam is just as strict with them as with the market moonshiner. Revenue agents say the days of the moonshiner in the West are about over with but nevertheless the agents are continually on the watch and admit that at any time they may round up more of the outlaw distillers, perhaps right here in the city.

Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes

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swinging his lantern and peering down into the hole.

"These are coins of Charles the First," said he, holding out the few which had been in the box; "you see we were right in fixing our date for the Ritual."

"We may find something else of Charles the First," I cried, as the probable meaning of the first two questions of the Ritual broke suddenly upon me. "Let me see the contents of the bag which you fished from the mere."

"I've ascended to his study, and he laid the debris before me. I could understand his regarding it as of small importance when I looked at it, for the metal was almost black and the ring, but it had been bent and twisted out of its original shape."

"You must bear in mind," said I, "that the royal party made head in England even after the death of the King, and that when they at last fled they probably left many of their most precious possessions buried behind them, with the intention of returning for them in more peaceful times."

"My ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, was a prominent Cavalier, and the right-hand man of Charles the Second in his wanderings," said my friend.

"Ah, indeed?" I answered. "Well, work was in the form of a double stone; but it had been bent and twisted out of its original shape."

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"Precisely. Consider what the Ritual says. How does it run? "Whose was it?" "His who is gone?" That was after the execution of Charles. Then, "Who shall have it?" "He who will come." That was Charles the Second, whose advent was already foreseen. There can, I think, be no doubt that this battered and shapeless disembrace circled the brow of the royal Stuarts."

"And how came it in the pond?"

"Ah, that is a question that will take some time to answer. And with that I sketched out to him the whole long chain of surmises and of proof which I had constructed. The twilight had closed in and the moon was shining brightly in the sky before my narrative was finished."

"And how was it then that Charles did no good, as you shall probably remember?" asked Musgrave, pushing back the relic into its linen bag.

"Ah, there you lay your finger upon the one point upon which you shall never be able to clear up. It is likely that the Musgrave who held the secret died in the interval, and by some oversight left this guide to his descendant without explaining the meaning of it. From that day to this it has been handed down from father to son, until at last it came within reach of a man who tore its secret out of it and lost his life in the venture."

"And that's the story of the Musgrave Ritual, Watson. They have the crown laid down at Hursthouse—though they have had some legal bother and a considerable sum to pay before they were allowed to retain it. And that if our ancestor's name they would be happy to show it to you. Of the woman nothing was ever heard, and the probability is that she got away on her flight to England, and carried her and the memory of her crime to some land beyond the sea."

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Strange Sights on New York Streets

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willing to take the Heavenly Pilot on board to bring you to a safe harbor. There is no doubt that sin pays wages, but the wages of sin is death. If you believe that the Savior endured the cross, despised the shame, to set you free from your sin, and if you accept him, you are saved. As they sung "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" it was easy to slip back, and God knows I want to make good."

And the prayers—they may not be couched in orthodox language, but they are the real thing. One woman near me stood up and prayed, "God, you know what I was. I am doing all I can. It's up to you now. I am trusting you. I know you won't fail me."

When I first went in I thought maybe I could give a quarter. By the time I had been there a halfhour I had dug up a dollar bill instead of the quarter, and before the meeting was over I had decided that a dollar bill would feel lonesome without another to keep it company.

Here is what got to my pocketbook:

"Brother Walker wants your prayers to help him get a job. His need is great. If we had any money I would have helped him. He is trusting the Lord. When I saw him today he and his wife and their child had not had anything to eat today nor yesterday, but both he and his wife are full of courage and faith. It is hard on her, but she is going to have a baby soon. Pray for him and ask the Lord to send him to some one who will give him work."

After the meeting I said to the leader: "Is not that an exceptional case you mention?" "Oh, no," he answered, "we have hundreds of such cases. Sometimes it makes me sick at heart to think that I can do nothing to relieve them. They don't want charity. What they want is work. Sometimes it is by the merest accident that I learn the people I visit are suffering from hunger. They are too proud to let it be known. I often think of the wealth of our rich people and how a mere pittance of what they waste would be life itself to some of those with whom we come in contact."

A few doors from this little mission on Twenty-ninth street is the Old Heidelberg, the meeting place of the street-walkers and their all-too-willing prey. New York is like a painting by an impressionist. In places the colors are laid on vivid and raw. Everywhere you see violent contrast. Wall street and the moss-grown stones in Trinity churchyard—luxury and vice-wealth and the Hudson—Broadway and the Bowery—the Elston tubes and the horsecars.

FRED LOCKLEY.