

MOUNTAIN GIRLS AS "MOONSHINE" PEDDLERS



bang!—rife reports echoed through the mountains. A bullet had whizzed by Marshal Blair's ear. The officials returned the fire, and there was a lively fusillade for several seconds, in the midst of which Deputy Marshal Day fell to the ground, blood flowing from a wound.

This stopped the battle temporarily. While his comrades were removing the wounded officer the "moonshiners" escaped. The government officials were looking for them at last accounts.

But this is not the only woman "moonshiner" who has braved the officers. In Folk county, North Carolina, a girl of 22 ran a still. It was way up in an isolated mountain section, far, it was thought, beyond the reach of government sleuths.

From the mountain came a steady stream of corn-brew. Revenue officers scratched their heads. Clue after clue was run out, but still Betsy Simms distilled unmolested. It is the custom of officers, when all other clues fail, to follow mountain streams. A still must be where there is plenty of running water.

They wended their way up the mountain, zig-zagged about, examining hollows, seemingly in vain. But one day they saw smoke curling beyond the trees. "There," said one. "They cooked—and at that moment a girl appeared. 'Give chase,'" shouted the deputy. They ran. The girl turned and with the agility of a flying Daphne led the way through the forest. A cry rang out. It was her signal for help. A moment and five men, armed to the teeth, appeared.

"Don't ye lay a hand on that gal," one said. "It's all right. You've got the goods; but we'll give you \$25, and she'll turn up at Columbia to 'pear at the next court term."

SCHOOL CHILDREN AGENTS OF ILLICIT STILL IN KENTUCKY HIGHLANDS

FROM a cloudless sky poured the golden morning sunshine. It penetrated the wildest glens of the Cumberland mountains and danced over the rugged mountain roads.

Coming down the road, on this particular morning, were two typical Kentucky mountain girls who might have been anywhere from 10 to 14 years old. Evidently they were going to school. Slung over their shoulders were coarse burlap bags, such as the school children of the section use for carrying their books and lunch.

The two were poorly dressed and bare-foot, for even in the mountains the warmth of summer still lingered into fall. Their calico gowns were patched and not overly clean.

Swinging along up the mountain road, meeting them, came a tall, broad-shouldered man, also roughly dressed. As he neared the girls the elder stepped in front of him and—audacious little creature—boldly winked. Then she tapped the bag on her shoulder significantly.

"Eh?" he said, surprised.

"S-s-h. Want some?" she tapped the bag again.

"Yes," he replied, "but what?" Raising herself on tiptoe, she whispered in his ear.

In a moment the deal was completed; she had taken the money he gave and he had been given a quart of "moonshine" whisky.

"But wait there—not so fast, my little miss—didn't know I'm a government inspector, did you? Just come along with me and show me where this stuff came from."

Whether the "moonshiners" believe that by making their children the purveyors of the whisky they may escape detection, or whether they realize that the little ones win more custom, inspectors say that more children are sent out each day more of the illegal liquor is sold.

Although government sleuths have driven the wily "moonshiners" to such straits, the sympathy of their neighbors in the mountains has not decreased. By "moonshining" and many mountain villagers make "moonshining" is regarded as a legitimate business, and government inspectors are regarded, when it is safe to do so, as marks for guns.

There are many persons in such sections, primi-

tive in their instincts and thirsty enough to violate the law, ready to buy the liquor when there is a knock at the door, and a child stands there, school bag over the shoulder—albeit a school bag that sags suspiciously with weight.

This, the newest and most startling development of the "moonshine" traffic in mountain fastnesses, follows what the government officials thought was a virtual suppression of "moonshining." Last fall they announced that they had stamped out the illegal business. But they have found that illegal distilling is no sooner stopped in one section than other stills,

mushroom-like, spring up almost overnight in another.

During recent years a number of women have been arrested on charges of "moonshining." Some of them had evaded the search of revenue agents for many moons.

High up in the fastnesses of the mountains, hidden by trees and often behind a fortress of rocks, one who knows may find the still. In a little shed there is all the apparatus for making whisky. There are the great still of sheet copper, the tubes, or "worm," and barrels standing in rows. There, with a fire go-



The Family of a Kentucky "Moonshiner."



ing, a visitor might see a woman, gun in hand. Perhaps daughters are about her; probably there are men helpers.

Not long ago a woman named Pouts held a posse of government officials at bay. A woman of 27, good to look upon and of undoubted pluck, she defied all the authorities of the law.

She ran her still in the heart of the Beaver Creek district, on the Knott-Floyd-Letcher line. When a child she spent most of her time in the small shanty along the creek where her father distilled whisky. With other children she went to the mountain school, and she grew up to be a tall, brave, determined woman.

Several years ago her father died. The young woman took charge of the home. She knew how to distill whisky, and she began a career as "moonshiner." It was not long before her whisky, like a certain city's beer, became famous. It was the best whisky made in the mountains, all declared. Business boomed.

She took pride in her whisky and made money. It is said that the production from a still of eighty gallons a week averages about \$90. Week by week the woman counted her \$70 profit. And then the government learned of her. She was warned to quit "moonshining," but sent back a defiant refusal.

So one morning last summer, just as the sun over the mountain peaks was reaching out his arms of flame, a determined body of men marched up the mountain. Along the rugged road United States Marshal Blair led the way. In time they reached the neighborhood of the still. Everything was quiet. Cautiously they crept forward. Then—bang! bang!

They were in earnest—besides they were armed. The deputies took their word. True to the agreement, Betsy did turn up. The investigations revealed such an extent of traffic on her part that the judge sentenced her to jail for four months.

About this time last year Mrs. Adaline Rose, one of the most notorious "moonshiners" in southeastern Kentucky, was pardoned from prison by President Roosevelt.

Women of the mountains in the "moonshining" belt have long been noted for their bravery. Often they have stood by their men, and they handle a gun as well as their lovers, husbands or sons. Handsome and lithe-limbed when young many are, but hard work soon effaces the beauty bestowed by the beneficent mountain air and sunshine and they soon show the signs of age.

"Moonshiners" are taking more pains than ever to conceal their stills," declared a revenue officer in the Kentucky mountains recently. "These cost from \$10 to \$200; the men will undergo arrest without fuss, but they mind the loss of the still. The 'moonshiner' believes that he has a right to make whisky, and that his children should sell it. He cannot understand a law which would prohibit him. Many children, on the way to school, will offer bottled 'moonshine' for sale. They seem to have no sense that they are doing wrong. They come up to one and whisper, 'Moonshine.'

"Moonshining" must be suppressed by impressing the children as they grow up that the business is wrong and illegal. The parents are unconsciously unscrupulous. They do not realize the harm they are doing to their children—and the children become as daring and defiant as the boldest distiller."

WONDERFUL DRESS OF WONDERFUL MEN



Count Tolstoy's Peasant Costume.



G.B. Shaw Affects Green Suit of Shaggy Cloth.



As Joaquin Miller Travels.



How the Kaiser Shelters His Deformed Arm.

IF SOME effort or work of yours should, all of a sudden, make good, as Byron's "Don Juan" woke him up to find himself famous—if the world, tomorrow morning, should discover what you are: known all your life, that you are a real, all-wool, yard-wide genius, do you think you could resist the fell temptation to adorn your neck with a lowering poet tie, as Byron did; or to dash

into green clothes, as Shaw does; or to dive into some one or more of the innumerable eccentricities which genius manifests in its attire?

If you could refrain, the gold medal is awaiting you, as one of the noble exceptions to a frailty such as humanity love, to use as her hallmark for famous men.

THERE'S our great and good friend, the kaiser. Many of us believe him a genius; many others believe him a near-genius. But nature seems to use her hallmark on both brands, whether the specimens be the late George Francis Train, with his bitter antipathy for all hats, or the British parliamentarian, who would hesitate between his headgear and the Magna Charta, if he were forced to choose between them.

Have you ever seen a photograph, or any other likeness, for that matter, of Kaiser Wilhelm which failed to hide to some extent his left arm? Can you recall any other man of prominence who still clings to the antiquated Spanish cloak, or uses a muff in

yet whose consistent genius impels him to wear habitually the smock of the poorest peasant.

There are very few geniuses, rich or poor, who are willing to put their philosophies to the test of miserable garb. Least of all, that human riddle, Bernard Shaw, whose socialism in words is to be measured by the acre. When he was poor—and he was very poor—Shaw was notorious as having the most disreputable hat in England. Now that he is rich, he wears the finest he can find, a specialty that would link him to the base level of mediocrity were it not for the circumstance that he insists on wearing green clothes of a peculiar rough texture and, not too well made.

If we wander among the poets, even with Walt Whitman dead and his open-neck shirt gone the way of all eccentricities, he left a successor in the picturesque person of Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, who persists in adhering to the slouch hat of the frontiersman and the poet, and to the loose shirt and the boots that typify the vagrant, untrammeled fancy of his muse.

For years Mark Twain, that incarnation of the humor of common sense, could not be reproached with any peculiarity of dress. But, as he evolved into the Grand Old Man of American Letters, he went the original Grand Old Man, Gladstone, on better choosing a hallmark for his genius in characteristic fashion.

Gladstone, Twain concedes, did all the wood chopping the forestry service could approve of. Twain thanks his lucky stars he has hung on into this later generation, when there isn't any wood to chop, and the overworked, physical-cultured world needs a shining example of ease and comfort.

So he wears all summer long, only the whitest of white linen or flannel suits—and he doesn't care who likes it and who doesn't. Invite him to dinner some evening, and see whether he doesn't turn up among the black clawhammers in Virginia white, from head to foot. He says it symbolical of his innocence—ought to be.

King Edward, until the last horn blew for his coronation, was the world's foremost exponent of English tweeds. Reason: he resolved, years ago, to make that particular British industry a success; and the hold that tweeds still have upon the fashion is ample proof of his power and of the practical utility of his fad.

SULTAN WEARS MAIL COAT

The sultan of Turkey owns a fur-trimmed overcoat, which is the most familiar, and the most disreputable overcoat in his dominions, for it never changes and he wears it when Mark Twain would be ready to shed even his linen. He likes it because it is lined with chain mail, through which the bullet or the dagger of the ubiquitous assassin cannot penetrate.

The king of Italy, whose head scarcely reaches his queen's shoulder, does his best to look regal. He is distinguished in any assembly, if you look closely, by his very high-heeled shoes. It is the same fad that characterized Louis XIV, the little grand monarch of France centuries ago.

There are years notorious as a very top, and Charles Dickens, for all his unequalled eye for the ludicrous, was himself a marked man wherever he went by the flapping patterns of his necktie.

As for lady authors, the sex's devotion to fashion has been their saving virtue. The exceptions?—Sue! They have vitriolic pens when you get them real mad.