

these districts. The men never know at what moment they may be bitten by one of these deadly poisonous snakes. In the swamps of Florida officers often encounter wild cats, panthers, and even bears. When these are fired upon to defend themselves, the natives are warned and often the expedition comes to naught.

Revenue officers must work practically alone; for they cannot count on the assistance of County and State officials, as in many instances these men look to the mountain districts for votes. Even when cases are brought to court, the juries are often prejudiced, and as a result convictions are many times indefinitely delayed.

Often moonshiners are backed by influential citizens who furnish them with the necessary outfit, send them grain, find markets for their liquor, and then divide the proceeds with the mountaineers.

If a moonshiner working for another person comes up for trial, much money is spent defending him, and as a result it is very difficult to get a conviction. The moonshiners are perfectly willing to enter into such an arrangement; for they do not suffer much if the still is appropriated by officers, and have little to fear if they

are hauled into court. They simply capitalize their skill at making whisky. This of course makes it doubly difficult for a revenue officer; for even after he has located a still and brought its operator to trial he is not sure but that all his labor will be wiped away by a biased jury.

There is not a revenue man in the Southern States who does not see more real service and fighting in five years than a regular army officer does in twenty. If a revenue officer is killed or wounded in discharge of his duty, his widow is not pensioned. The widow of an army officer is.

Smithtown's Doom Sounded

TYPICAL of the settlements that grow up and band together in defiance of law was Smithtown, Stokes County, North Carolina. It wasn't an incorporated village at all, but a gathering of families headed by the Smith family, from which it took its name. Within a radius of two miles there were about fifty dwellings, all squat, tumbledown affairs, surrounded by a pack of hounds and dirty faced children. The settlement was

Continued on page 13

should be more like the glance of a White Sister through a grated window than the wink of a Held.

This is wisdom. There are reasons for these things, both psychic and physiological, into which we cannot go if we would without colored charts and lantern slides. The Twentieth Century Girl, even in her gentlemanliest aspect, must abjure the cap and bells and hold to the fan, shading her face and hiding the laugh that may tremble on her lips. Her eyes, dim with a thousand dreams, may look sidewise over the edge at the always guessing man. This is Art.

Human Nature in the Dining Room

THOSE who make a study of human nature in dining rooms sacred to the broiled chop and other shellfish cannot fail to note at times the presence of couples who seem in the grasp of some temperamental upheaval that keeps them at odds with their surroundings.

The man is pale and stern above his purple necktie, the girl agitated under her aureoled pompadour. In such cases the trained waiter brings raw oysters, the only known food that may be eaten safely with sobs as an accompaniment. No sooner are the condiments adjusted than the young woman begins to weep into the shells as she empties them, and in another instant the scene changes before your very eyes from a Gibson picture to a marine view.

And the girl wins! When she powders her nose, sniffs, and looks into the mirror, she passes under the wire and the flag falls. The man, still pale and stern and purple, but cowed by a moral force which he does not comprehend, looks nobly at the label of the catsup bottle. As they go out an invisible choir chants the Halleluiahs chorus.

Now, this is life done into miniature, and it illustrates the mistake a woman makes when she takes anything emotional in a light way, or even pretends to do so. Had this pompadoured victress possessed a comprehension of humor, she would have been obsessed by a sense of the ridiculous. She would not choose a restaurant for a quarrel. She could not associate oysters and tears. She might be bantering, scornful, mocking, might laugh till the lambs came home gamboling gaily to be made into broiled chops; but she would never win the game. In plays and books you may see the other situation pictured; but in life woman weeps for what she gets. This is what sends so many women suffragettes who want a little extra pocket money far more than they do a vote. This is Truth!

There are women that have achieved things in art and science and the world of commerce who claim that they regard husbands merely as a side line. Those with an abnormal sense of humor assert that they do not take men seriously at all.

This is only another form of the fascinating Sphinx pose before alluded to, which may be called the Veiled Soul; for it must not be forgotten that the humorous woman laughs at herself in her mannish sleeve.

Rational, Unfunny Girls

THE unfunny girl who looks at life more practically knows that to have all the things she wants, the frocks and frills, the feasts and flowers, and to have annexed a man trained to pay the bills, is more lasting joy than cackling over some fantastic phase in the human vaudeville.

These rational women may know nothing of Bernard Shaw's theories concerning the feminine pursuit of man, and may actually never have heard of sex conflicts; but they are engaged in actually living out the plan to the best advantage. They do not rate laughter as an important factor in the scheme. They are very busy.

They gain the inestimable privilege of being loved. The woman with humor does not. Her own sex does not understand her, and the other sex misunderstands her. And there is a good reason for this. Feminine humor has a way of degenerating as it becomes pronounced. The jest easily breaks into the jeer and the sally into a sneer without being meant that way. The quip is likely to hurt more often than it heals. Feminine humor is rarely kind, as that of man is often. Sometimes, with infinite mystery, it grows side by side with delicacy and pathos. The late H. C. Bunner and Jerome Jerome give ample proof in their pages of this entrancing mystery.

Man's reasoning power possibly controls his sense of fun. Woman's runs amuck. A woman bank director, struck with the likeness of the unmatched officers to a vaudeville quartet, would giggle out at an important meeting around a portentous conference table with heavy legs. A man dons the motley, as he does his dinner coat, when the time comes for it. He is methodic, almost automatic, in both his joys and his grief.

"Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy, walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud," wrote Whitman in one of his cheery moods. The woman who gets the funny viewpoint of existence may derive a certain something out of the span that her sisters miss; but if there is one thing she does not get it is sympathy.

She needs the veil well about her dimples when she enters the bullfight that is called Life. So many of her brothers and her sisters know it only as a deadly serious affair filled with trials, setbacks, disappointments, emotional stresses, that they have piled one after the other into the pack upon their shoulders, lacking the buoyancy of spirit to cast it off. To such as these the jester seems a sorry clown, and the woman who dares to smile in a world where the heartbeat of suffering humanity marks time to that last furrow in the earth will never keep slow step with the rest of the marchers.

Men must work; but they are allowed to laugh as well. Women must weep to win. Better a victory with tears than the tin crown of Lonely Land where the women with humor dwell,—the few rare specimens almost as extinct as the bongo, for which even the mightiest of big game hunters has lately searched in vain in Eastern jungles.

FEMININE HUMOR

By Kate Masterson

THE disposition to be funny is said to have ruined the aspirations of more than one political dignitary in recent history. A statesman cannot afford to be a cut-up, and the strongest tendency observed in an ordinarily cheerful looking man who attains high office is a careful modulation of the twinkle in his eye.

This is the one light that the great and the near-great can put under a bushel with advantage. Laughter, it would appear, is not for the gods, nor for the goddesses. Women, through an unwritten dictum which it might be interesting to trace through dusty tomes and aisles of grouchy marble ladies of the antique, are forbidden the divine right to be merry, although the privilege of tears has been freely accorded them ever since Eve got her first bullying from Adam after the little whirl with the serpent.

There is no Queen Cole mentioned in the song, and if the good lady existed she was probably crying her eyes out in some other part of the palace because of the pronounced pipe and bowl proclivities of her lord. And there were other jolly gentlemen that we read of in history, Emperors and beggars, knaves and saints; but the laughter of no famous girl rings through the ages. The bacchantes were gay as they danced and sang and wreathed beautiful rose garlands about their friends; but not one of them apparently did anything more remarkable than to stub her toe on the stony classic sward.

There are wise and witty sayings enough, quoted from the past and gone lips of women noted for their cleverness; but they sound rather tame to us today and are tinged with a stately dignity and elegance that compares not at all with our profane modern fun.

Wit was among the aristocratic accomplishments in the old times, and many a tomb in Westminster numbers its possession by the one beneath, long since still to the smiling and the weeping. Whatever this mystery called humor is and in whatever remote brain cell it abides, it is far different from the wit of the salons, which frequently stung and proved a barb of serious consequence in the robes of monarchs. Humor bubbles out of a mule's hind leg with more cheering eloquence in one quick kick than ever emanated from all the epigrams that have been handed to us between limp leather covers since the Flood made damage sales possible.

Women's Lack of the Sense

WOMEN have lacked in humor from the beginning, and even a sense of humor is denied to most of them. Adam parted from a rib, and Eve gave him the laugh, according to general belief. He kept it. But there are a vast lot of male humans who know nothing whatever of life's funny side. In discrediting women with ability to grin pleasantly, it is unfair to bestow the blue ribbon of mirth on the masculine population at large. Butlers are never known to smile, burglars rarely see a joke, and so on, through many of the old and dishonorable professions, there is a certain dignified sadness which is never found wanting in all languages under the sun.

A few rare women souls are gifted or cursed with this note of humorous perception, and most of them spend their lives trying to live down the guilty secret. As babies they enjoy life more maybe than the ones who cannot see the point of the joke that lurks in the end of a



She Must Abjure Cap and Bells and Hold to the Fan.

pin; but, as they grow through a giggling girlhood, the fact dawns upon them that in this great Sex plan, this duel of the He and She that is called life, the glad girl with an overkeen perception of the joy of living is not for this earth or this age or people. She may be all right for a mural decoration among dancing nymphs or fays or on the outside of a jug; but this is about as far as artists or sculptors will let her go. The Mona Lisa might have laughed once; but she never will now. She must go on making character through the ages to come in the rôle that accident probably forced upon her.

Niobe all tears, the Madonna all tenderness, the Venus all beauty, these are the types to which we must turn our eyes. In all probability the Winged Victory laughed and for this she lost her head! The eternal differences must be preserved, and, although the tradition of woman's sadness may be lifting like a cloud from the present age, it will take a few more centuries to give us a Liberty Enlightening the World with her smile.

How to Be a Lady

ONE of the chief commands laid upon girls at birth by their fairy godmothers is that to a great extent they must appall and hold off man with their reserve, their mystery, their something that is called—Goodness! Even very little boys start out while they are in knickerbockers to solve this mystery, this eternal riddle, this question that the great Cat of the desert still propounds with crumbling lips, unanswered by the stars that have had fifty centuries in which to call the bluff.

For, of course, this mystery, this veil, is to all intents and purposes a mirage, more potent and wonderful than any reality could be. The Eastern women still drape their faces as we do the windows of our homes, so that every careless passerby may not contemplate the inner life.

When civilization was invented, it rent this silken mask and substituted one of lace. Etiquette and prunes were discovered, and girls were taught at the boarding schools to simper.

To be a lady, then, she must be pensive if not melancholy, and religious as possible. She embroidered on a harp or harped on an embroidery frame, if we are to believe the old portraits. A crouching greyhound suggested a certain fine interest in sport.

This gave us the old fashioned woman, who in these manlier days we are likely to look back to with a certain pitying awe. But these girls with the big hats who loved to drape themselves over sundials, like lovely sea lions, were subtle enough in their own way. Becky Sharp would have found her way into the smart set to-day; but she would never have done it by laughter.

She mastered one truth early in life, and that is that among the few poor weapons that Fate has counted out to her sex there is none so marvelous as the tear in subduing the Man tiger, teaching him to jump through hoops, eat from the hand, beg for sugar, roll over, and play dead.

And as the tear remains the most deadly feminine bomb in the arsenal, then even our faulty logic will teach us that the landscape must always have that hazy Corot mist which might augur an approaching storm. The sun may break through in occasional sparkles as though educated at a modern school of repressive acting; but it