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For Fall and Winter 1910-1911



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officers became cut off from his companions. He was no sooner alone than three outlaws charged upon him. The officer turned and ran for his life, with the moonshiners on his heels hoping to take him without a shot, in order not to attract the attention of other revenue men. The officer, with great presence of mind, dodged into one of the moonshiner houses where there were two or three women and children.

With these as protection he opened fire on the moonshiners. They could not return it for fear of wounding or killing their own wives and children. It was not many minutes until the lone officer was rescued; but his clever bit of work had saved his life.

So all the morning the war was waged, the moonshiners firing from ambush and the officers charging whenever opportunity offered. By nine o'clock thirty-five prisoners were being held at the wagons. Separating the women and children, the officers started at noon for Mount Airy with twelve prisoners. While on the way they were ambushed three times; but the flanking parties kept the officers in the wagons from harm.

The following day they were tried before a Commissioner and were bound over until district court at Greensboro. From here they were sentenced to the federal prison at Atlanta, where they are to-day.

Several other raids were made later. At one of these one of the officers was shot from ambush. Rewards were offered for the men dead or alive, and other raids followed until all were captured.

Thus Smithtown fell.

It was found that Jim Smith, the leader, was worth fifteen thousand dollars.

Women as Helpers

IN all the raids women are a most important factor. The wives, sisters, and daughters of moonshiners are even more bitter against the officers than the men themselves. When a lawbreaker is taken on a raiding expedition the women often seize the guns of the officers so that the moonshiners may have an opportunity to make a dash for liberty, or leap to the attack themselves. Even when they can do nothing else, they claw and bite the officers like wild animals, all the time hurling at them the vilest oaths imaginable.

Women are used to advantage all the time in making illegitimate whisky. During the day they often watch the still, keeping up the heat, while their husbands go about their small work of farming. When officers are known to be in the neighborhood and close watch is being kept on the men, a woman will be seen to come out of the house with a pail in her hand and saunter off along a bypath as if going to one of the neighbors. When she thinks all eyes are off her she may turn sharply aside and dodge into a clump of bushes or into a ravine, where she puts out the fire under the still or closes up the mouth of the cave or hides all traces of the still, as she can usually do in a few minutes.

So the war goes on, the "shiners" against the "revenooers." In the mountainous States

rarely does a day go by that some still is not captured. But with all that moonshining is constantly increasing. From July 1, 1909, to May this year, the office at Atlanta, Georgia, raided more than seven hundred illicit distilleries.

Each year the part played in the drama by revenue officers becomes more and more dangerous, as the moonshiner gets better guns, sharper tactics, and a more vengeful spirit.

Against all this the revenue officer must contend in fact, his life always in the balance, while the coarse oathed and often murderous minded mountaineer is glorified in fiction.

HOW TO LOOK PLEASANT

BY her gracious and cordial manner the wife of a Western Senator has long charmed those so fortunate as to attend her delightful "functions."

On one such occasion a close friend was alluding to the hostess' graceful method of making everyone feel at home. "How on earth do you manage to do it?" the friend asked.

"Oh, it's easy enough," replied the woman with the engaging manner. "As each guest approaches to shake hands, I just pretend to myself that the person I am going to speak to is some one I like."

HOW SHE WAS RELATED

YOU say, Madam," said the bespectacled lawyer to the woman in the witness chair, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that? Just how you are related to the defendant?"

The witness beamed upon the court and replied, "Well, it's just like this. His first wife's cousin and my second husband's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then, again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother married twin sisters. I ain't never figured out just how close related we are; but I've always looked on him as a sort of cousin."

"Quite so," answered the lawyer. "Your explanations are perfectly satisfactory."

PUZZLED BY WIRELESS

MISTAH JENKINS," asked an old negro of Atlanta of his employer, "would yo' be so good, sah, as to explain to me 'bout this wireless telegraph business I hears 'em a talkin' 'bout?"

"Why, certainly, Henry," responded the employer, "though I can do so only in a general way, as I myself know little of the subject. The thing consists in sending messages through the air instead of over wires."

"Yassah," said Henry, "I knows 'bout dat; but, sah, what beats me is how dey fasten the air to the poles!"

Pantswick of the Laughing Devil

Continued from page 7

no! The aeroplane was making for the seaward side, they were keeping off shore, with the wind quartering as it was from sou'east, swinging round him, coming close, as if curious about the dim light. He could have shouted for joy, standing chattering there in the lamproom.

"By George! I got to give them bullies the number. They'll scoot past in a second. The lights'll burn—or go hang now!"

He gave his peajacket a vicious twist, stuffing it into the holes to hold back the oil. Forever ruined now, that coat was! And his trousers burning up!

"They don't nobody have such luck! Fat chance the department's got o' payin' me for 'em! There she blows!"

He sprang away, stumbling over something, and nearly followed his forgotten lantern, which clattered down through the trapdoor. He was outside grasping the rail of the narrow gallery, where the icy blast fairly strangled the yell in his throat. He could hear the motor of the aeroplane; she buzzed along like a great bumblebee. And he heard the men talking out there in the night. His flesh crept with the strangeness of it, and he lifted his voice, making a trumpet of his hands.

"Lighthouse Number Nine! Barnegat! An' all's well!" he bellowed.

The whistling of the wind through the aeroplane drowned the answering cry. The aeroplane swept past, hardly a pistolshot away. He saw the men sitting like statues, one with his arms outstretched, staring

ahead. He caught a whiff of petrol on the wind, and the head man cursed him, "Rotten light! Ought to be fired!"

"Ought I now?" Devlin gasped.

But the officer sitting just behind him cried out. Devlin saw only the flash of the specter-white face. What he said was lost in a blur of canvas of the great spreading wing. The war aeroplane sped on her way south, and Devlin turned away.

Numb and frozen, with tear blinded eyes, he stumbled through the door into the lamproom—and into a dense cloud of smoke.

The room was full of it. The lamp in the center burned dimly red. The smoke came up bitter, black, choking him. The place writhed in tongues of flame, blue and pale red demons, filled with fire. He backed away, at first not fully comprehending.

"That's what I get for kicking the lamp over, like a fool!" he gasped, groping for the door. "It ketchtd the oil spilled round—"

On the outer gallery he stood, blankly staring, as the situation dawned upon him. "Now I have gone an' done it—final!"

HE was not a heroic figure, Keeper Dan Devlin, shivering, choking, in the night and the gale in his ludicrous undress and great sea boots; but he faced death, defiant against odds, as he had faced the inspector. Danny had never heard of those eminent stage characters, Nicomède or Robert Macaire, he was more like a comical Figaro perched on a pyre of his own making; but

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