

## OYSTER BAY "STILL" DID BIG BUSINESS

MASON COUNTY SHERIFF CONFISCATES PLANT AFTER RAID LAST WEEK.

(From the Mason County Journal.)

After having the C. H. Nelson ranch on Oyster Bay under surveillance for some time and noting indications that the occupants were getting restive Sheriff Potts secured warrants Tuesday and raided the place.

He found evidence that several truck loads of stuff had been taken away during the night and that the principals had flown but he took Mrs. Melvina Knighten and her son Earl into custody. However, on a hearing before Justice Ward Wednesday evening, on the charge of trafficking in whiskey, that particular charge could not be sustained against these parties and they were discharged.

Mrs. Knighten gave considerable information, although having been on the place but two weeks, and in the employ of the principals as housekeeper. She claimed to know nothing about the business but admitted that she had some suspicion of what was going on under her nose.

The son Earl was only a visitor for a few days and his claim of having no interest in the affair was considered true. The real principals are claimed to be Wylie Knighten, another son, and two men named Byrd and Bagley. Mrs. Knighten said they had gone away with truck loads of stuff and were somewhere in Oregon, and still going strong.

Sheriff Potts found in the house 15 sacks of yellow corn meal, one sack of white corn meal, six sacks of bottles and one box of corks, which were confiscated and brought back to town. The woman stated that the men had patrolled the place with guns the night before, expecting a raid and when Sheriff Potts and his son Frank Potts, stepped out in the road to hold up the young man driving in an automobile the latter tried to rush them and only slowed up when guns were drawn by the officers. Evidently the "main guys" were readers of novels of the Southern "moonshiners."

But the innocent looking hog

house standing in the middle of a two-acre field proved to be the distillery, although it was nothing out of the ordinary to the casual observer. The real worm and also all of the hogs had been hastily trucked away, but there remained a 150-gallon tank, which had but recently been emptied of its brew, probably of about 1,000 quarts, and was doubtless on the market, and also 10 barrels of the "mask" ready to put into the vat when business took a danger turn.

Last winter Byrd and another man from Seattle drifted into town in a big automobile looking for a farm to rent and were directed to the Nelson place. Here they and other strange men have spent the winter, coming and going frequently, mainly in the night and doing considerable heavy trucking, judging from the cut-up condition of the county roads in that vicinity.

It appears that the headquarters of the outfit were in Seattle and that the bulk of the liquor was taken there in trucks but a good share also went to Aberdeen and other towns in that direction, where one or more parties were interested in the business. It is not thought that any of the product of this big still was sold in this county, the local bootleggers getting their supplies from small stills or from sources outside of Mason county.

This is the fourth still landed in Mason county since Sheriff Potts took charge of the office in January, the other three being taken in conjunction with internal revenue officers and the parties arrested are out under bonds awaiting trial before the federal court. The operations were mainly on a small scale, but this last still was evidently doing a large and prosperous business and making "hogs" pay while it lasted.

**Arrive With 316th Engineers.**  
Thurston county boys who landed at New York last week with the 316th Engineers, 91st Division, and are now at Camp Merritt, N. J., awaiting transportation to Camp Lewis for discharge, are Daniel S. Brewster, Olympia; Andrew Riley, Rochester, and Thad Martin, Tenino.

**Tenino Soldiers Return.**  
Several Tenino boys have returned from overseas recently and have been either discharged or are at Camp Lewis awaiting demobilization. They include Jefferson Howe, Hubert Rose, Harry McAlpin, Asa Phillips, Ray J. Nicola and Ben Myers.

## COUNTRY IS RAPIDLY ADJUSTING TO PEACE

NEW YORK BANK, NOTING IMPROVEMENT, SAYS CONDITIONS ARE SOUND.

Adjustment in general towards a peace basis is proceeding more rapidly than anticipated by the most sanguine, says a market letter in the initial issue of Commerce Monthly, a journal of commerce and finance published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York. Present temporary curtailment of production is described as a pause before the wheels of industry start for civilian production.

It is also asserted that a misleading impression as to the unemployment situation has been produced by the prominence given to figures on the subject. Instead of being phenomenally high, these figures are said to be so low that they require an explanation in view of the season of the year and the readjustment now going on.

The letter says that unemployment figures have been kept at comparatively low levels through war losses, influenza deaths and the replacement of women in industry by demobilized soldiers; also by the fact that immigration has not brought the normal increment of labor during the war. It continues:

"While a temporary curtailment of production in many so-called staple lines has taken place, in the main this does not represent a decline in the production of staples, but the stoppage of manufactures designed for military purposes. Woolen and steel mills normally manufacture staple products, but khaki and heavy artillery are not staples. The present lull is the pause before the wheels start for civilian production. The five uncertain months which have passed without symptoms of a serious financial or industrial malady have proved the fundamental soundness of the United States. An undercurrent of improvement can already be detected. While very slight, it is sufficient to justify an attitude of conservative optimism on the part of the business community."

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## RED-HEADED GIRL DIVISION HOODOO

EVERY TIME SHE APPEARED REGIMENT RECEIVED ORDERS TO MOVE

(From "The Watch on the Rhine," Official Paper, Third Division, American Army of Occupation.)

She was red-headed—as red-headed as Julius Caesar is said to have been—and heaven knows she never could have won a prize in a beauty contest. But she had charms more endearing and more enduring than beauty. She knew her general orders and could make hot chocolate. Yea, ho, what chocolate she could make! Hot and syrupy with lashuns of milk in it, the kind your girl used to make over a spirit lamp when you spazlerened home with her from the theater.

And it was no fault of hers that we got orders to move every time she came to the outfit. But she got to be a sort of superstition with us.

God knows where she belonged back home or how old she was, or what she did for a living on the outside. We didn't care. She was an angel of mercy to us, just as truly as the Red Cross sister and the doughnut-making Salvation Army lassie.

We first made her acquaintance at Courbin, a French town where part of the Third division billeted ages and ages ago. She made hot chocolate for us one evening in a rolling "Y" canteen. We were 15 kilometers behind the lines and were supposed to be resting. But the very night that Miss Red made the chocolate, we got orders to move up to the Vesle river. And the whole world knows what happened there.

When she rejoined us we were billeted in the Gondrecourt area, resting again for 30 minutes. She made chocolate for us on a Sunday night and 24 hours later we were pounding the macadam in the direction of St. Mihiel.

Weeks later we were camped in a great woods near Souilly, where the Huns bombed us every night, waiting for orders—that did not come—to go to Metz, as we thought. But Miss Red came—and she made hot chocolate. Then we knew that we would soon be on our way. And we were—to a hotter place than Metz—the Argonne front.

The last time we saw her, to date, we were resting in the Bar-le-Duc area, waiting for the signing of the armistice. When she appeared we laughed and told her about our superstition regarding her and moving. She laughed, too, that genuine, hearty laugh that made us forget momentarily such things as burnt slum, the top-kick and all other woes. She appreciated the joke, but assured us that this time she was not a bird, of ill-omen. We were scheduled for a long rest. She knew.

That was on Monday. By 7 a. m. Tuesday we had taken the first step on our 200-mile hike to the Rhine.

If you tell the boys that red hair brings good luck, they'll laugh at you. Nevertheless they adore Miss Red and oh! how they did guzzle that hot chocolate!

Army lasses, and the "Y" girls with their hot chocolate and songs. For it is with heiz schokolade that the "Y" sisterhood will always be associated in the mind of the American soldier.

There was a "Y" lady in the Third division who had no coffee boiler for heating the water. Still she managed to ladle out hot chocolate to the soldiers. It was a mystery how she accomplished the miracle until one day a K. P. was seen carrying a pail of steaming wasser to the "Y" wagon. This "Y" girl—she was known as "Toots" among the boys—always questioned the K. P. most particularly if the water was really hot. One day the K. P. became a little peeved.

"Hot!" he exclaimed. "It's hotter'n hell!" Toots laughed joyously.

After that, whenever Toots chanced to pass the K. P.'s outfit she called for "Hotter'n Hell" and "Hotter'n Hell" always ran out to shake hands with her. It was the first time over here that any woman had noticed him and he acquired a swelled head over it. He used to boast how he was going to marry Toots and take her west to "Woway."

One day Toots was running up a French road in an auto, with some officers, and happened to pass "Hotter'n Hell's" kitchen. She stopped the car and called for her old friend. But "Hotter'n Hell" was not there to answer the call. He would never answer it again—a G. I. can had got him on the last front.

But if you ever saw a woman broken up by bad news, it was that same "Y" Toots.

a number of friends at dinner Sunday, celebrating their first wedding anniversary.



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