

The Bootleg Pirate

SHIPS engaged in the carrying of hooch from the Bahamas, Bermuda and Hayti to New York and other seaports on the Atlantic coast are warned to beware a long, low, rakish craft flying the skull and crossbones and parking a mean gas engine with a spiteful sputter.

She carries eight villainous-looking pirates who will stop at nothing, and the things this pirate ship and crew have done to honest bootlegging craft in the past few weeks, you don't know the half of it, dearie.

The sharp staccato of her engine as it pops viciously here and there on the sad sea waves strikes terror to the hearts of the honest fisher-folk who are sailing home in a zig-zag course with a quart on the table and a good song ringing clear.

The pirate ship preys exclusively on rum-running brigs, and she is so fast that she can overtake several in one day. Those rum-runners who do not heave to often have to heave three or four or as many as the pirates demand.

Captains Kidd and Morgan were buccaneers who didn't know how to buck when compared with the new rum pirate.

The pirates work on the theory that after whiskey leaves the Bahamas it belongs to anybody, and it is neither illegal nor a sin to steal it. They have as good a right to it as anybody.

In the olden days the pirates were rough in their work and dealt a good deal in bloodshed.

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest. Yo-ho! and a bottle of bootleg" is the new cry of the genteel pirates of to-day. They board an innocent bootlegging craft, but they do not force the captain, crew and passengers to walk the plank. Nothing so crude as that.

They make the captain bring up a bottle of the cargo, and then they make all hands, from the captain down, take a good swig out of the bottle. In a few minutes, when they are all unconscious, the pirates relieve the ship of her cargo and sail gaily away over the bounding main, leaving the poor people to float around on the ocean until the effects of their drink has worn off. Of course, it is necessary to waste a bottle of licker this way, and a bottle of licker means something nowadays, but it is better than pulling a lot of rough stuff.

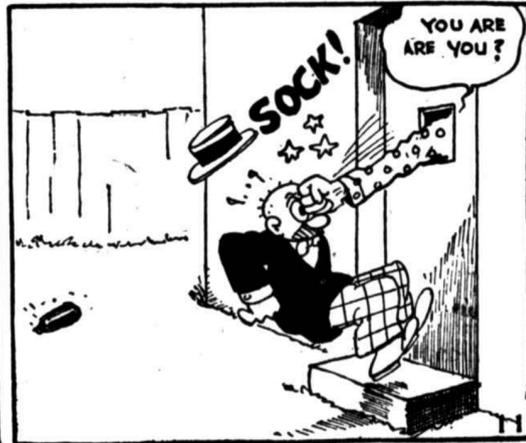
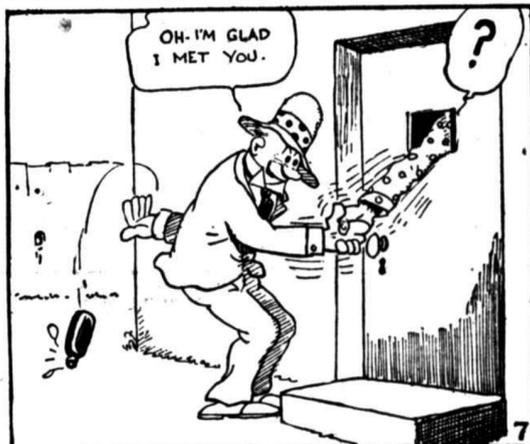
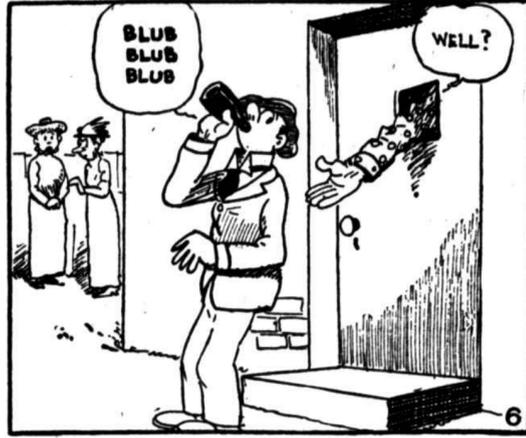
Besides, when the crew is left alive, they can work the boat back to the Bahamas and get another cargo.

Powerful sixteen-foot launches of the dry navy are scouring the ocean for the pirate, also the pirate's victims, and developments may be expected.

Eddie's Friends

John Gets a Black Eye

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We Are Discovered for \$7250

By Lisle Bell.

IT cost Chris Columbus exactly \$7,250 to discover America, according to the statistics of a German scientist, whose curiosity got the better of him as the result of the war.

In other words, what it costs to build a cozy bungalow on Long Island, or what it costs in one year for the upkeep of one motor car or two wives—that's what the captain of the Pinta, the Quinto and the Santa Maria had to lay out for his little overseas jaunt.

Doubtless he thought it was cheap at the price, especially in view of the fact that he didn't have to pay it out of his own pocket and had a good queen as a backer. Many a producer theatrical man, with a better backer than Columbus had, can't even discover a soubrette—let alone a continent.

All things considered, Queen Is got her earrings' worth. Columbus wasn't held up at quarantine for a couple of hours, and none of his steerage passengers were compelled to disembark at Ellis Island, but, in the main, his experiences were those of any traveller lighting on these shores for the first time.

The Indians held the position which is now held by the customs inspectors, and went through Chris's trunks with a fine tooth comb—or whatever it was that the Indians used in place of a fine tooth comb.

They learned that the old captain had brought over some real Scotch, but he slipped them two bottles and they winked at the rest. Thus Columbus established a precedent which has been observed ever since.

The German scientist who figured out just how much the Queen of Spain was set back by the cruise has failed to give an itemized bill, but no doubt Columbus handed her a bill of lading which took her breath away.

Among the items which we have reason to believe Columbus tacked on to the bill were the following:

- To one egg, used in demonstrating that the world is round \$0.60
- To taxi fares, to and from the royal palace 17.80
- To dinner with wine, to which I staked Ferdinand 8.50
- To new suit, with which to go riding with Queen Is 42.00
- To Berlitz course, learning Spanish 60.00
- Steamer rug 9.80
- Tips to royal chamberlain75
- Tips to hall boys at the palace60

Yes and No---

NO, Silas, ping pong was not a Chinese statesman. Ping pong was a game, popular some years ago, and you had to have complete control of your mind in order to play it; therefore I conclude that you would not have made a good ping pong player. Perhaps your forte is rummy, it being a good game for simple-minded people. Try it—I did.

Yes, Hardnose, the average life of a coin, according to statistics, is twenty-five years, but according to experience it's only about twenty-five minutes. Coin collecting is a great hobby, but collecting crowds is more in some people's line. With a face like yours collecting a crowd ought to be easy!

Yes, Nibsy, the average flapper does look like she's all dressed up and no place to go but to bed. She hasn't much to remove when she does retire, but if she don't remove that you know she's pulled a "bloomer"—or hasn't pulled a bloomer, whichever way you look at it—if she forgets to pull her curtains down. As a matter of fact chickens shouldn't have feathers on their legs anyway.

Yes, Tunerville, guess we'll have to rename it the U. S. "Slipping Board"—unless Congress puts a nail in the board so the members can't back-slide. Some day we'll have a merchant marine—about the time air-passenger and freight lines are permanently established. About the only time you see the American flag on the high C's is when they sing the "Star Spangled Banner."

A Few Good Ones

THE film producer was trying to persuade a super to wrestle with a lion.

"You needn't be afraid," he said. "The beast is perfectly tame. He's never tasted raw meat."

"No, perhaps not," said the perspiring actor; "but that doesn't mean that he may not be full of curiosity."

"If you tell a man anything it goes in at one ear and out at the other," she remarked.

"And if you tell a woman anything," he countered, "it goes in at both ears and out of her mouth."

A LITTLE Baltimore girl, aged seven, was not long ago visiting some cousins in Baltimore County. One afternoon a momentous announcement was made to these little cousins.

"Children," said the nurse, with becoming gravity, "you have a new brother—a new baby brother."

Whereupon the Baltimore child laughed and clapped her hands and extended her heartiest congratulations to her cousins.

"And now, children," said she, in her turn, "you must run and tell your mamma!"

MRS. CORNELL gave a luncheon, and, observing that one of the guests had eaten all her portion of ice cream, she said: "My dear Miss Lane, do let me give you some more of the ice cream."

"Well, thanks," said the young woman; "I will take some more, but only just a mouthful, please."

"Hilda," said Mrs. Cornell to her maid, "All Miss Lane's plate."

"DON'T bother, my dear Snoggs, one wishes to answer one's telephone oneself sometimes," said Mortimer Mudge, doing so, one night. (Telephones are a great convenience. Playwrights and I could hardly do without them.)

"Yes, this is Mr. Mudge. . . . Eh, well, you flatter me—let us say, A great detective. But pardon me, madame, let me make myself more presentable." He set down the receiver, put on his coat and smoothed his hair.

"Pray proceed, madame. . . . What! . . . No! Really! . . . Pon my soul! . . . By my halldom! . . . Sixty-second and Fifth avenue? Yes, at once." And he hung up the receiver.

I did not ask Mudge about it. One doesn't.

Nor did Mudge's interest continue after the conversation ended. He yawned several times.

"Well, Doctor, I find myself sleepy for the first time this week. I hate to rush you off this way, but—"

I assured him I did not mind in the least. I was delighted to find my insomnia treatment was taking effect.

But he must have suffered a

Mudge Meets the Dark Lady

By Rhoda Montade.

relapse, for not half an hour later, as I chanced to be strolling along Fifth avenue, near Sixty-second street, I think it was, whom should I meet but the great detective himself!

Like many patients, especially insomniacs, he seemed irritated at our encounter, though it may have been a natural displeasure at finding I could pierce his disguise—B31, Athletic Young Man, I think it was.

Of course, I paid no attention to his irritation, being, indeed, alarmed at the effects of his relapse. He was obviously unnerved. He talked to himself.

"Just as I thought," he would mutter. "I might have known it." And when I mentioned his recent sleepiness and asked what had awakened him he would only groan, "Oh, what's the use!" He also glared at me in the most savage manner, I determined not to desert him.

We had been standing on the corner all this time. Suddenly he groaned again, "Oh, what's the use!" And with that his mood changed. I have never seen a more complete transition. He became again Mortimer Mudge, the ushane, the punctil-

ious, the prince of detectives, my—I say it with pride—friend! He then politely asked me if I would mind stepping around the corner to purchase some cigars. I was a long time finding a cigar store.

When I returned I noticed from some distance off that Mudge had been joined by some one. It was a female, if I am not mistaken, tightly cloaked. I thought it best not to interrupt, but to observe unseen in case Mudge's insomnia again made him feverish.

"No, madame, I never take grudge cases, even for so charming a personage as yourself." Here he bowed, ever courteous as he was.

"But," the lady—for she must have been a lady or Mortimer Mudge would never have lent her ear—"But," she protested, "just think what will happen! Already he may be committing this dastardly deed! I have not told you—I scarcely dared say it even of him, who has wrong my very soul—I have not told you that I found scraps of paper—oh how can I tell you!—and on one of them were the words: 'Ah, no, Evadne—whom could

love you like I!' And on another: 'There, against a sunset sea, she came to be whom had been her enemy. But love had found a way. And as they stood there—' Oh, I can't go on! He wrote these!" She sobbed bitterly.

I could see Mudge's figure stiffen. "Madame," his voice rang out, "or may I call you miss?—say no more. Mortimer Mudge takes your case. For he of whom you have spoken—I respect your motive in concealing it from me—he can be no other than a scenario writer! Mortimer Mudge is with you to the death!"

I did not see Mudge again for more than two weeks. Either he was not when I called or his man informed me that he was sleeping.

Finally, one Thursday—his man's night off—I entered Mudge's office to find him conversing with a lady. She was most elegant, refined and genteel, as well as highly beautiful, of Swedish extraction, evidently—jet black hair, heavy eyebrows and piercing black eyes.

Mudge was again in Athletic Young Man disguise, which

warned me that there was detective business on hand, and I was not surprised therefore when he failed to introduce me.

"It is far worse than you suspect, my dear Bridget," he was saying as I entered; "far, far worse. He is uttering the most blood-curdling threats. And the plot is being thickened; as he says these things a female voice repeats them after him—a voice harsh and cracked with hatred."

"Oh, I cannot believe it, I cannot! I had only thought to stop him from writing this terrible thing—"

"Restrain yourself, madame," said Mudge with a glance at me, "your agony is mine. And yet I fear he has gone from scenarios to worse, if possible. I honor you for not believing this of him. And yet you must be convinced—come with me to the apartment where I have installed the detectophone. There, with your own ears, you shall hear him and this wretched female plotting against a life—your life, I make no doubt. And you," turning to me, "you may come with us. We shall need a witness."

It was to an ultra-fashionable

quarter of the city, needless to say, that Mudge led us, and to an expensive apartment, adjoining, he told us, the room where the plotters were. Mudge's apartment was bare except for the detectophone receiver. Mudge listened first.

"Buckets of blood! Buckets of blood!" he said, repeating what he heard. "Evidently the password. 'Pieces of eight,' another. 'Cut her throat!' and the female repeats after him 'Cut her throat!' You see, madame, what these demons are plotting? Is it not terrible? But enough—listen for yourself." And he handed her the receiver.

I shall never forget the look on the lady's face as she listened. What she heard I shall never know, but it must have been something ghastly. It must have driven her insane, for with a wild cry she threw down the receiver and sprang at Mudge. He fled. She pursued. I picked up the receiver and listened.

The villainous pair had ceased their threats and were evidently billing and cooing.

"Pretty Polly," the man's voice would say, and the high voice would reply, "Pretty Paul."

But Mudge would never tell me the outcome of the affair.