

How To Tame a Tiger

(Continued from Page 2.)

"That sure was thoughtful of Sam," remarked the other barkeepers as they went and did likewise.

Meanwhile, Jughead Joe and his associates did a land-office business with their half-pint flasks. "De Lawd heps dem what heps demselves," they said. Instead of waiting for customers they went out after the trade and began to solicit orders for immediate personal delivery. Competition grew keen and even threatened to be noisy. Alec—"Smart Alec," he was called—thought it would be a stroke of genius to give trading-stamps. "Huh, dis is jes' like gittin' money from home."

"What Ails Old Matt?"

Nobody knew what happened to make old Matt Wharton mad and break up their playhouse. Keeping his own counsel he imported a couple of detectives. They had been at work for three months, submitted their reports, and vanished before old Matt called his mass meeting and organized the law enforcement league. The executive committee meant business and the detectives supplied ample evidence. Old Matt chuckled to himself as he read their accurate statements, item by item:

"October 21—Sam Joyner sold whisky in coffee cups to John K. Ellis, Edward L. Bemis, Sturat Moore"—prominent citizens who would hate it like blazes but would be forced to tell the truth when put upon the witness stand.

His instructions to the detectives had been to secure reliable evidence against those offenders who were supposed to have a pull.

"Don't bother about the negroes—catch the white man. Break up the white man and the negroes will quit."

Got the Goods On Them.

The detectives reported in tabulated form the name of the offender, date of sale, witnesses and other persons by whom the facts might be proven. Among those present were many prudent gentlemen who had slipped in to get a little drink on the sly. Two or three names in particular delighted old Matt—his intimate friends and depositors. "Gee! Won't they kick! But they won't lie!"

The cellar-door enterprise had been worked to the queen's taste and a trap laid. This proved easy, for Jughead Joe, Jim Sawyer, and Alec had grown careless and greedy enough to snap at any bait. Secrecy was cast aside and they made little or no pretense of concealment. Sam Joyner frequently left the cellar door wide open for more convenient transaction of business. He even sold to casual strangers without requiring a certificate of character. All of this made plain sailing for the detectives.

Old Matt arranged his grand coup for Saturday night. As soon as dark fell several men presented themselves at the cellar door and bought their flasks from Sam Joyner himself. Saturday being rush night Sam tended the cellar in person.

Setting the Trap

Old Matt chose a dozen men to be taken into confidence at the last minute—men of standing and veracity whose words would pass unchallenged in the courts. These were provided with five-dollar bills and one-dollar bills, and a careful memorandum kept of the number on each note. Some of them bought from Joe, some from Alec and some from Jim; some dealt direct with Sam Joyner. When a five-dollar bill was used the purchaser followed the negro to Sam and got his change. The same course was pursued with other tiger

men who conducted the same character of business. It was a complicated scheme, but old Matt had worked it to a finish.

It was manifest he could do nothing through the city authorities. He might force a perfunctory raid, of which the tiger men would get thirty days' written notice, so he arranged a different program, with a justice of the peace for a star performer. The costs would amount to a pretty penny.

"Wait at your office until eight o'clock," he said to the justice.

Like a Thief in the Night

The calamity occurred so suddenly that no one had time to get ready, which is awkward for a blind tiger. The affidavits and warrants were skillfully drawn in advance. The justice of the peace had only to set his hand and seal upon them.

Twenty raiding parties, each with its clearly defined object, slipped away at once. They caught Sam Joyner at his cellar door, in the act of handing out a flask. The purchaser was held as a witness. Upstairs they took charge of Sam's barkeeper, two porters, and a number of men seated at the table. Having made a list, these customers were allowed to go. Some of the coffee cups had not been touched, others had sugar, water, and whisky in the bottom. Behind the bar they found the tub of ice water full of beer bottles—no imitation. In the cash drawer and in Sam's pockets were the bank notes which had been paid to his negro salesmen.

Joe and Alec and Jim, taken red-handed and confronted by men to whom they had sold, began to beg. Then they broke down and confessed.

With thirty-four affidavits against him Sam Joyner's bond aggregated eighty-five hundred dollars, which he promptly gave. Sixteen other blind tigers, with an average of eleven affidavits against them, made brisk business for the justice of the peace. He said nothing but sawed wood, fixing bonds for the fortunate and writing commitments to jail for those who had no friends. "Bail or jail—one or the other—talk quick."

Sat Up and Took Notice

It was daylight, Sunday morning, before Matthew Wharton got home. He went straight to sleep. The tigersmen sat up and thought. It was time to sit up and think; with those affidavits, those witnesses, and three thousand dollars' worth of whisky seized in his cellar Sam Joyner had a think coming to him. Charlie Kent helped him consider.

"This puts me in bad," said Charlie.

"Yes, but just look at me," retorted Sam.

"You oughter been careful," mumbled Charlie.

"You oughter told me about this," growled Sam.

"I'll lose my job," said Charlie.

"I'll lose my whisky," said Sam.

The situation made them very unhappy.

They consulted Watson King, although the lawyer gave them little cause for cheer, and on the following Wednesday, in spite of every effort to stave it off, Sam did stand trial. He demanded a jury trial, which promptly convicted him. The justice promptly sentenced him to pay a fine of five hundred dollars and to ninety days in jail. Sam grew dizzy with promptness.

"Your Honor, we are ready in the next case," announced Judge Bowman, for the prosecution.

"State against S. L. Joyner, selling liquor. Are you ready Mr. King?" That justice of the peace had a voice that