

# LATEST ACT OF THE MELODRAMA OF "MOONSHINING"

## Picturesque Outlaw Forced out of Business by Local Option and Public Sentiment

Who has not heard or read—even if he has never sampled it—of "moonshine" whiskey, and of its picturesque, lawless maker, the "moonshiner"? For years the "moonshiner" has been the hero of song and story, a roughly romantic figure, appealing strongly to the popular imagination. Thrilling melodramas have been built around him; dime novels have been filled with his adventures.

His readiness to die in defense of what he regards as his inalienable right to pursue happiness and the nimble dollar by the distillation of "mountain dew," has won admiration for his "wounded-heroism," even from those who had no sympathy with his illicit business.

But now, if the internal revenue men are not over sanguine, the "moonshiner" is near the end of his career. In a few years, it is asserted, he will be as extinct as the dodo.

With him will end as thrilling a serial story, of romance and adventure as ever passed into history.

David A. Gates, chief of the national government's internal revenue agents, believes that the next ten years will witness the final passing of the "moonshiner."

This will not be, Mr. Gates admits, so much because of the activity and devotion of the revenue men, though these qualities are unquestioned, as because of the change in popular sentiment in the regions where the "moonshiner" is making his last stand.

Fast is the "moonshiner," who has always heretofore had the sympathy and tacit support of the communities in which he lived, is gradually being legislated out of existence by those very communities.

The states which have been his stronghold are, one after another, "going dry." They are discovering that the liquor question, in the rural districts at least, is inextricably tangled up with the negro problem.

The country people are afraid of the drunken negro. Outrages, which have roused the entire south and resulted in lynchings innumerable, have been traced, in many cases, to the mountain still.

For it is there that the negro dives for his supplies, and it is "moonshine" that drives the vicious, lawless negro of the country districts mad. The people have decided that the "moonshiner" must go; and, that being the case, there is very little doubt that he is going.

For more than fifty years—since Uncle Sam set himself seriously to the suppression of the mountain still—it has been war to the death between the "revenue" and the "moonshiner," and neither side was particular as to how many deaths resulted.

Probably the first "moonshiners," though their names had not then been coined, were those who fermented the whiskey rebellion in Western Pennsylvania during the early years of Washington's administration, a revolt that was only broken up when federal troops took the field.

These were the only "moonshiners" for whose suppression an army has been called into service, but there has been for years a sort of guerrilla warfare between the makers of illicit whiskey and the armed revenue officers, which will only cease when the "moonshiner" is extinct.

He is in the class with the buffalo in that he is "going out," but with this difference—that there is no effort being made to prevent it. Game preservation laws do not extend to him. "Moonshining" is an ancient industry, and it is only comparatively recently that it has ceased to be an honorable one.

When our grandfathers were young men a great many of them owned and operated private distilleries. The promiscuous making and sale of whiskey was as honorable and right in those days as the raising and selling of hogs.

Country gentlemen all had their stills. Each man made as much whiskey each season as he had corn to spare for, saved what he wanted for family use and sold the rest at about thirty cents a gallon—a grade of whiskey, by the way, that now costs from \$4 to \$6 a gallon.

When the government forbade this sort of "every-man-his-own-distillery" scheme, the better and law-abiding class submitted gracefully to the inevitable. But the forest free lances, knowing little and caring less for law, took to the industry, which meant big returns for little outlay of capital or labor, and began the manufacture by stealth, generally at night and at secret places. Hence the term "moonshiner."

While there have been some illicit liquor manufacturers in the cities, the real stronghold of the industry has been in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas.

The "moonshiner" is essentially a product of the hills. His face is rarely seen in the market place. He is convinced that his business is not illegal. He believes thoroughly in his God-given right to make whiskey, and he regards it as an infringement of his liberties as an American citizen to break his still or lay the heavy hand of taxation on the spirit which he manufactures. And in defense of that right he is ready to die.

At the same time, he realizes that discretion is the better part of valor, and he builds his still with a view to concealment. It must be where there is water in abundance, however, so he chooses a deep gully or ravine, or the banks of a creek running down a mountain-side—the more out of the way, the more inaccessible the better.



As a means of livelihood, the "moonshiner" whiskey industry is fairly profitable. It requires little capital. The "moonshiner's" plant is, as a rule, simplicity itself. An illicit still can be made as cheap as \$10, with the furnace built in a primitive fashion of rock and clay, and the "worm" adapted from a gun barrel. It may cost, on the other hand, as high as \$500 if the "moonshiner" takes sufficient pride in his business. The usual investment is, perhaps, \$200 or \$250.

The stills are crude affairs, of course, as compared with the elaborate machinery of the big distilleries. But an average sized still will make to produce eighty gallons of marketable whiskey a week, which sells readily at \$1.10 or \$1.20 a gallon.

That means an income of \$80 a week from materials costing about \$20.

Seventy dollars a week would mean a princely income for those parts. If the men worked steadily, they don't. No "moonshiner" worthy of the name would demean himself by working when he had any money in his pocket. Moreover, there are times when they can't work for lack of water, and times when they don't work for fear of the "revenuers."

So he sells it to his neighbors—to the poor white, whose throat has been made callous to the burning fluid by familiarity, or to the negro landlord who cannot get it too strong. A little perhaps he sends to the towns, and sells to the negro dive-keeper—and that results in trouble and lawlessness on the part of the consumer.

As to classes of men who have been "moonshiners" these latter years, they have been mostly a worthless, thriftless lot, too lazy to raise cotton and seeing no fun in farming.

The "moonshiner" of to-day is not at all a romantic figure. He is very much like any other denizen of the outskirts of civilization. His clothing is poor and shabby. A more intimate acquaintance with soap and water would do greatly to his advantage. A hair cut would make another man of him, and a shave would probably break him a stranger to his own family.

He is a desperate man, ready to die in defense of what he claims as his God-given right to make whiskey, but he takes no chances with life or liberty. At the first hint of danger, he is flight or fight, according to circumstances. If it is fight, it is fight to a not made for length of days for the revenue agent.

The "revenuers" is a good deal more people back of them, are doing what

of a hero in his way than the "moonshiner." He rides into the wilderness, and sometimes he doesn't come back. His calling is as dangerous as that of the soldier, and he gets none of the soldier's glory.

If he is killed, his wife is not pensioned by a grateful country. On the contrary, if any provision is made for his widow and his fatherless children, it is in the form of a grudging allowance which must be authorized by special act of congress.

He rides armed, of course, with the best and most modern weapons, but he carries continually in expectation of ambush, knowing that everywhere he is watched by hostile guns; that the moment the "moonshiner" thinks his still or his person is in danger he will shoot.

Until the "moonshiner" shoots the "revenuers" may not. By that time it is sometimes too late. There is considerable advantage in the first shot, and that advantage the rules of the service deny the revenue agent.

He must wait for the other fellow to fire first as a rule, he does not have to wait long, but once fired on, he can fire as often as he likes and as accurately as he is able.

Since 1874 fifty-four of the government's revenue agents have been killed, and ninety-four wounded in fights with "moonshiners," many of them never seeing the man who fired the shot. This does not include marshals and deputy marshals who were killed in making arrests.

John Carter, a posse man, killed in a raid in the Smoky Mountain district, along the border line between North Carolina and Tennessee, in 1904, was the last of the government officers to lose his life in such a fight.

Back to her home in Jackson county, Kentucky, recently went Mrs. Adeline Rose, having been released from jail through the clemency of President Roosevelt. Her sentence of six months coupled with a fine of \$1,000, did not convince her that "moonshining" was wrong. She announced her intention of abandoning the pursuit, however, because she had become convinced that she could no longer evade the "revenuers."

For seventeen years the woman acknowledged she had been a noted "moonshiner" in the Kentucky mountains. Through her career there ran a thread of trouble and tragedy. When her husband was killed by a feudist, she continued his illicit business. Frequently the staid guard with a Winchester rifle while the moon she employed worked at the still in a deep ravine. She is non-committal as to whether she ever shot a "revenuer," but she says that the idea of letting human blood was always repugnant to her.

But from present indications it is soon to be a case of Othello's occupation gone. The state legislature, with the people back of them, are doing what

was raided in Germantown, Philadelphia. It occupied a second-story front room, and fourteen barrels of "mash" were found there fermenting.

However, this sort of illicit distilling, as it is carried on in cellars and attics of the city, is a very different affair from "moonshining." It is as prosaic as soap boiling and little or no danger attends the raids.

But the "moonshiner," the rugged, picturesque hero of the craggy mountain side, with his primitive still hidden in the underbrush, first cousin to the cowboy, in the estimation of the small boy, and next of kin to the feudist—who, by the way, has been found both among the "moonshiners" and under the banners of the "revenuers" for the sole purpose of lawfully slaying his enemy—is doomed.

His day is past, because the people to whose toleration he owed his existence have ceased to tolerate him. They no longer regard him as merely a technical lawbreaker, a rather to be admired rebel against an unjust law, but as a serious menace to the entire community in that it is from him directly or indirectly that the negro element gets most of its liquor, under the influence of which it becomes a hideous danger to the entire community.

"Moonshining" is being uprooted in its own stronghold, and by the work of its own people.

### SCIATICA CURED.

Mrs. Chas. F. Haley Restored By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I was utterly helpless with sciatica. I could not move in bed without aid. Doctors treated me, but I did not improve. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and to-day am a well woman." This tribute to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is made by Mrs. Charles F. Haley, of Yarmouth, N.S. Two years ago she suffered most severely from an attack of sciatica, and for several months was an invalid confined to her bed. She further states: "It is impossible for me to describe the pain from which I suffered. I endeavored to continue my profession as a music teacher, but was forced to give it up. The doctor said the trouble was sciatica, but his treatment did not help me. I could scarcely take a step without the most acute pain shooting through my back and down the limb. Finally I took to my bed and lay there perfectly helpless, and could not move without aid. The pain was never absent. I consulted another doctor, but with no better results, and I began to think I would always be a sufferer. One day a friend who was in to see me asked why I did not take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and on her advice I decided to do so. The result was beyond my most hopeful expectations. All the pains and aches disappeared and I have never since been troubled with sciatica. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the trouble from which I suffered."

When the blood is poor the nerves are starved; then comes the agony of sciatica, neuralgia, or perhaps partial paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, which feeds the starved nerves, drives out pain and restores health. It is because these pills actually make new blood that they cure such common ailments as rheumatism, anaemia, backaches and headaches, heart palpitation, indigestion and the painful irregularities of growing girls and women. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Housework and marketing is part of the education of a Belgian girl. She is taught these subjects in the public schools.

Hundreds of women are employed in the secret service of Germany.

### DAILY MEMORANDA.

City Council, 8 p.m.  
Roller Rink every afternoon and evening.  
Missionary Rally, St. George's P.M.  
Woodland Theatre, afternoon evening.  
Princess Theatre—Moving Picture Illustrated Songs.  
"I'm Married Now," Grand House, 8.15 p.m.  
This day in history—Battle of Tewkesbury, 1471.  
Social Five Dance, Whig Hall, 8.30 o'clock. Crosby and O'Connell Orchestra.  
Formal Opening of George Mill New Hat and Fur Store to afternoon and evening music.  
At the Bion Theatre, to-morrow—Comedy, "The House Boat," also "The Wood Lark of Canada."

### WHIG TELEPHONES

243—Business Office.  
229—Editorial Rooms.  
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Legal Forms, all kinds, at Whig's Daily Whig is always on Gibson's Drug Store, Market Street, Open till late each evening.

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Doesn't it stand to reason that nature herself has in herself a cure for our ills—and doesn't it stand to reason that nature rebels at many of the nauseous so-called remedies that pass as cures for stomach ailments? Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets are nature's cure in very deed, because they're purely vegetable and are extracted from one of the most luscious fruits that grow—and what a boon they have proved themselves to be! It's best expressed in the hundreds of unsolicited testimonials that could be printed—

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USE DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT FOR SKIN ERUPTIONS 35c  
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Open all the way down the front. Slip on and off like a coat. The bosom fits better and doesn't get rumpled. Made in styles for business or dress wear. Doesn't cost any more than the old uncomfortable kind. Fast colors in the newest patterns or plain white. W.P.R. Makes, Berlin, Canada.



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Scarfs, Muffs, Coats, Caps, Robes.

Everything to keep them warm. Come in and examine. No obligation to buy.

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Primrose Cream Cheese  
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Importers Of Fine Groceries

Not Likely To Play.  
Manager Con. Millan received for this morning from Frederick Haws, manager of the Alexandria football team, asking for a there on Saturday, 26th, of the urday following. The Bay boys and the American rules to govern our youths know nothing whatever.

Railway men, at Montreal, are tating for the inauguration of a ty-four-hour day on eastern railways by driving hair pins into brains.

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