

# When the Moonshine Queen "Dared" the Police to Take Her

Well---They  
Just  
Carried  
Her Off  
as She  
Was,  
and Now the  
Crusading Order  
Against  
Beautiful  
Bootleggers Is  
"Treat 'em  
Rough"

Ann Dwyer,  
Called by  
Washington  
Police the  
"Moonshine  
Queen," Who  
Failed as  
"Lady  
Godiva."



"Kicking and Squealing, Miss Dwyer Was Bundled Into These Coverings and Thus Dragged Away to Court."

**A**NNIE, the queen of the moonshiners, and Bertha, the beautiful bootlegger, are no mere jokes. They are facts. Pretty girls are operating "stills" in their front parlors. Fashionably dressed women in limousines are superseding men as rum-runners. Flappers with quarts concealed in hat boxes are making home deliveries. Some are "on their own," others are hired by booze syndicates which prefer them to men. So numerous and bold are the bootlegging Berthas that "treat 'em rough" orders, applying to women suspects, have been issued by prohibition enforcement officials.

The principal hot-bed of the lady liquor dealers, according to records of the Department of Justice, is Washington. In the nation's cosmopolitan capital, where backwoods and aristocracy mix and frequently blend, the "honey bees," as the police call them, do a rushing trade.

It was in Washington that prohibition agents tried to arrest Miss Ann Dwyer, who, they had been "tipped," was conducting a "speak easy," specializing in corn whiskey.

When two agents crashed in the door of Miss Dwyer's apartment, they assert they found a copper pot bubbling merrily. Into the next room they rushed—and stopped suddenly. Miss Dwyer stood before them in very scant attire. She had seen them from the window, darted into the bedroom and stripped off nearly all her clothes.

"There!" she defied them spitefully. "You can't take me to the station house this way and I'm not going to put on a stitch!"

The officers were nonplussed. Outside it was bright noon. Their "wagon" was an open car. They seemed deadlocked between forcing a Lady Godiva ride on Miss Dwyer or leaving her at home with the copper pot and its fragrant contents. They decided on a "blanket rush." They pulled off their coats. Kicking and squealing, Miss Dwyer was bundled into these coverings and thus dragged away to court. Even there she still refused to put on more raiment. The officers proposed to take her before the United States Commissioner in an overcoat. The Commissioner didn't like the idea. He wanted Miss Dwyer to wear something that fit just a little bit closer. Finally she was prevailed upon to don a bathing suit. In this she was given a preliminary hearing.

The case of Miss Dwyer was difficult, admittedly, for the Washington agents to handle. But even more difficult, they say, are the instances of a number of society women of limited purse but unquestioned prestige who, wink the wise boys, have taken to moonshining—and prosperity.

Mrs. Alice W. Hodgkins, a beautiful and popular matron in Washington society, was arrested by three dry slugs who charged that she bought whiskey by the barrel, bottled it herself and kept it stored

in a fashionable apartment which she called her "warehouse."

For years Mrs. Hodgkins has moved in exclusive Washington circles. Her hotel suite is flanked by the apartments of congressmen and high government officials. Her gowns, her jewels and her smart town car are the envy of many a senator's wife. She had the entree everywhere until Officers Davis, Rose and Hines suddenly accused her of bootlegging on a large scale.

Hines was introduced to her one evening as an out-of-town business man with a large thirst. He asked her to sell him a case of Scotch, he stated in his sworn charge, and she drove him to the "warehouse" and let him pick his brand. A few nights later he visited her again, accompanied by Rose and Davis. This time they carried marked money, which, they have sworn, she accepted in payment for purchased liquor. They arrested her.

"We have an airtight case against her," they asserted, "if we can just get it to trial."

"Ridiculous!" laughed Mrs. Hodgkins, after she had promptly given bond. "It's just a frame-up by some jealous busybody of a woman. I am not agitated about it even a little bit."

Getting women to trial is one matter; getting convictions is quite another. They "vamp" the juries, say the officers, or else a male confederate will shoulder the blame and the woman will go scot free.

They are even harder to catch than they are to convict. Officers patrolling the national "runway" between Washington and Baltimore hesitate to stop expensive limousines driven by modish beauties, or with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel, while inlaid lounges on the cushioned seats within.

Yet these are the very cars which frequently are loaded with case on case of aged whiskey and fine wines. One touring car stopped on the outskirts of Washington was driven by a pretty girl and swarmed with children. When the prohibition sleuth finally pried half a dozen youngsters out of the back, he found they had been sitting on sixteen cases of Scotch whiskey.

Children are a favorite camouflage for the women rum-runners. If they have none of their own, they borrow the neighbor's. Mothers gladly lend their kiddies for a "ride in the country," never dreaming that the kindly friend wants them only as a means to beat the blockade.

Nothing so mild as children is used by some of

Miss Dwyer Appeared in Court Attired in a Bathing Suit



Just Part of a Day's Haul of Liquor Taken by National Revenue Officers from Young Women of the "Bertha the Beautiful Bootlegger" Type.

the bootlegging Berthas. After looking down gun-barrels held in dainty but deadly fingers, Washington dry agents have learned not to trust women motorists any more than to ignore them.

One motorcycle officer sped his machine even with a high-powered car on the Baltimore road and yelled to the driver to stop. She was a woman. Another woman sat in the back of the car, where she had spread the laprobe over a bulky heap that first attracted the officer's attention.

As the officer swung from his machine, the woman in the back of the car jerked out an automatic and fired. At the same instant, the driver stepped hard onto the accelerator. The car leaped away and the policeman was left moaning on the ground with a bullet hole through his collar bone.

Besides women rum-runners and women distillers, Washington has "delivery girls" hired by prosperous gentlemen who occupy easy chairs in luxurious offices, book orders wholesale and retail, dispatch

their messengers to the warehouse and thence to the customer's—and never so much as touch a corkscrew themselves.

Washington "insiders" give an interesting picture of the methods of these bootleggers de luxe. By a pre-arranged code, callers never mention whiskey by name. It is always "I've called about a little matter," or "two little matters," or "a case I want to talk to you about." Thus is the clue given in respect to quantity.

The gentlemen in the easy chair punches a button. From another office appears a trim young girl with a notebook and a pencil. She takes down name and address. An hour or so later she appears at the front door of the customer. Perhaps she bears a brief case. Perhaps she swings a hat box from her arm. She may even bend under the burden of a traveling bag. But never, to the uninformed eye, does she look suspicious.

"We know that women are proving invaluable allies to the men in violating the prohibition law," says Commissioner R. A. Haynes. "But we find ourselves

wofully handicapped in dealing with them. The trouble is that it is just as difficult to secure a conviction of a woman for the violation of the prohibition law as it is for the violation of any other law. Again, the large percentage of officers are naturally cautious about arresting a woman when to all visual evidence she is in no way violating the law."

Commissioner Haynes declares the increase of women bootleggers has made a situation which will have to be handled by the superintendents of the various districts, working in harmony with the local authorities wherever possible.

In Washington, for example, Chief Inspector Clifford L. Grant has issued orders to his men guarding incoming roads to stop every automobile, regardless of the appearance of respectability of the passengers. Insist upon search before passing the car, he charged them.

"Treat the women bootleggers with no more consideration than you do the men," is his edict.