

"They'll Never Take Me Alive!"

How the Unconquerable "Maiden Moonshiner" of Kentucky, Intrenched in the Rocky Hills, Has Faced Single Handed the United States Government Officers, and Is Accused of Wounding, Perhaps Mortally, One of the Attacking Party.



WHERE MARY FOUTS BARRICADED HERSELF FOR BATTLE

Down behind a natural fortress of huge bowlders in eastern Kentucky a woman who has not yet seen her thirtieth birthday is calmly, intrepidly and successfully defying the mighty government of the United States.

A few days ago, single-handed, she beat back a posse of the best revenue officers Uncle Sam could muster. Her aim is true and her belief in her sovereign right to make her own brand of whisky from her own corn is supreme and immovable.

Mary Fouts, aged 27, is America's only moonshine maid, and she is a moonshiner by birth, inclination and training. Her father was a moonshiner before her, and the several ramifications of her family hold records for battle with revenue officers that any mountaineer might envy.

For 40 years the Beaver Creek district, on the Knot-Floyd-Letcher border, has been a moonshine stronghold, the scene of many a pitched battle between moonshiners and government officials. Blood of both sides has stained its narrow ravines and picturesque mountain paths. If a record of lives sold for the mountain brew had been kept doubtless the greater number of notches would have been cut by Uncle Sam. But when it came to this woman, this tall, stalwart, calm-eyed, sure-aiming young woman on her native heath, Uncle Sam was baffled. Chivalry died hard, even when backed by law and justice, and to send his picked shots against a woman was more than even Uncle Sam wanted to do. In time the clash had to come, yet the women won against the law and its armed officers.

Mary Fouts was born in the rude home where she now distills what is said to be the best brand of whisky obtainable in all Kentucky. Her baby eyes studied the still, and her baby ears learned to catch quick, ominous whispers. Just as the child of the proverbial artist accepts poverty as the price of parental genius, as the child of the king believes that royalty can do no wrong, so this child of the mountains believed that making whisky without government consent was the inalienable right of hill people.

Her parents were ambitious for the little Mary, however, and sent her to school, where she proved exceptionally bright, and acquired an amount of "book learning" which dazzled her humble relatives. But she never forgot her love of the mountain life and never lost her grip on mountain traditions.

When other girls were writing notes to each other or making paper dolls Mary Fouts was drawing pictures of stills, and finally she presented to her astonished teacher a perfect reproduction of a still, including the "worm" which she had evolved from some odd bits of copper that came her way.

During her twelfth year, when home on her vacation, she made a "run" of very fair moonshine whisky in an old coffee boiler in her mother's kitchen. At 16, her education finished, Mary Fouts declared against muslin frocks and cross-road dances. She wanted the free life of hazardous life of the moonshiner.

A woman moonshiner! Even bold Kentucky gasped.

Women there were who had protected their "men," and fought for their "men" and even died with their "men"—but a woman who wanted to be a leader of men in moonshining, well, that was going some!

A few years later, Mary Fouts came into her own. Her father died, and

she became the head of his household and the manipulator of his famous still.

And what was more, Mary Fouts made a whisky of no mean reputation. She raised her own crop of corn and coaxed it as only a farmer who loves his growing things can coax. And then she made it into the right sort of whisky, pure and unadulterated.

"I would not adulterate my whisky for any price, nor for the whole world," said Miss Fouts in a recent interview—and she meant it. No head of a great food factory ever regarded the output of his establishment with greater reverence and pride and affection than does Mary Fouts the product of her illicit still. And down there in Kentucky when a man wants the real thing in whisky he demands Mary Fouts' whisky, willingly paying the higher price asked for her brand.

Now, of course, the United States government, with its mighty system of officers and spies, was not ignorant of Mary Fouts and her calm, unwavering violation of the laws. But how to reach Mary Fouts without sacrificing national pride by spilling the blood of a woman who sinned only because she thought it no sin, but her right, was a problem even for a great government. If Mary Fouts would kindly sneak out of her stronghold and murder a man in cold blood, then the law might take its course. But Mary Fouts was distressingly peaceable and industrious. She attended strictly to her own business.

Mary Fouts did not come to town nor haunt highways. But she certainly did know how to guard her property, particularly her still. This had a natural barricade of rocks, and behind this barricade Mary Fouts kept a collection of Winchester and ammunition which meant a fight to a finish—and it is a sorry thing for a posse of men to find themselves fighting against one intrepid woman who had been guilty of no greater offense than turning the product of her own land into cash according to the methods followed by her ancestors for generations. And of these ancestors she was as proud as the scions of English nobility of the ancestors who fought under William the Conqueror.

But something had to be done. There were seven counts against Miss Fouts. The government felt that patience, even with a fair woman, had ceased to be a virtue. The dignity of the law must be maintained, without bloodshed if possible, with bloodshed if necessary. But first diplomacy.

A revenue officer sent to Miss Fouts by a trusted friend to the moonshiner this message in writing:

"Meet us at the schoolhouse on Beaver Creek Thursday and promise you will never violate the law, never moonshine any more, and we will see to it that you are fully pardoned for all."

"I will never meet you," was her curt reply, and to her mother she said:

"There's no use talking—I will keep this still going in spite of all the government. It is a duty to you I mean to fulfill. Father stills all his life and stilled good whisky. There is no reason why we shouldn't keep up the family reputation. They will never take me alive," she is said to have added.

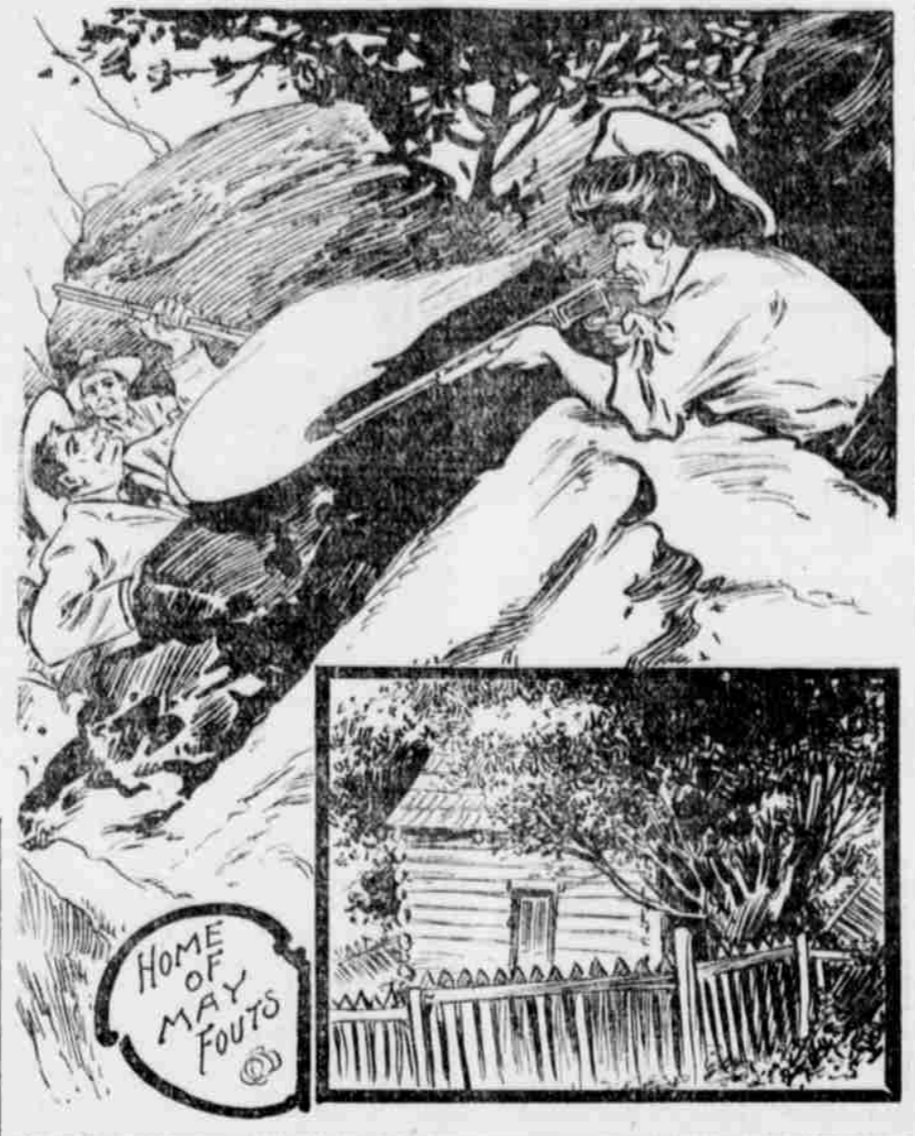
For, you see, Mary Fouts, for all her contempt of government and the law, is no rude mountain woman of uncouth bearing and rougher speech. She

is the embodiment of the twentieth century business woman—a bloom in Kentucky hills.

So the quaint old Fouts homestead was put in a state of siege. The Winchester were cleaned, loaded and made ready. The revenue men were sure to come after that bold defiance.

And come they did, headed by United States Marshal F. M. Blair, one of the most determined and successful men in the revenue service. With him was a picked posse—and before him, well barricaded by a natural breastwork of impenetrable rock, was Mary Fouts, the moonshine maid, with Winchester and ammunition enough to stand off an army.

According to the officers' story they pressed forward, and then Mary Fouts fired. She deliberately, say the revenue men, opened the fight and made it possible for the revenue men to do their duty. They returned the fire to a man, but Mary Fouts was safe behind the bowlders. Onward they pressed, and for half an hour the minute, one-sided battle raged, then De-



ty Marshal Hiram Day fell sorely wounded, and was carried away on a stretcher by his baffled companions.

What will happen to Mary Fouts depends upon the outcome of Day's wound. If it prove fatal, as the doctor's verdict, Mary Fouts will have to face a charge of murder without the mitigating plea of self-defense, and Uncle Sam's sense of chivalry will not be violated. But at the time of writing, Mary Fouts, the moonshine maid, reigns undisturbed in the Kentucky hills, calmly "stilling" the corn-cold brew that is the pride and joy of Kentucky connoisseurs.

OFFICER BUTTONS GOWN.

New York Patrolman Aids a Pretty Miss Out of Difficulty.

A young woman came out of one of the residences facing Washington square, New York city, garbed in a princess gown. She hesitated a moment, looking doubtfully at the loafers on the park benches and forlornly up Fifth avenue. Then she went over to Policeman George Donnelly, who was standing at the corner gazing with an official eye upon the grass.

"I beg your pardon, but will you do me a favor?" she said, with slightly heightened color.

"Sure, miss," replied the officer in his best manner.

"Will you please button my dress for me?" she entreated, in apparent calmness.

"What?" gasped Donnelly.

"I said, would you please button my dress? These princess affairs are so tight that I just can't get my arms up. There are three buttons I cannot reach."

She turned her back on the policeman, and his staring gaze traveled to a point midway between her shoulder blades and stopped. There he saw some lace, a thin line of blue ribbon, and—

"Certainly, miss," said the guardian of the law when he realized the necessity, and he began tugging at his gloves.

"Oh, I am so sorry to trouble you," the young woman said, "but there wasn't a soul in the house, and I am very anxious to get uptown."

"No trouble at all," the policeman insisted, and stuffing his gloves in his pocket he took a firm grip and started to work.

"My fingers are all thumbs," said Donnelly.

"Yes, that's the trouble," replied the girl, encouragingly. "One button comes loose while you try to fasten the next one."

"I'll have it in just a minute." And then, after some more endeavor, the policeman straightened up with an air of satisfaction.

"Thank you very, very much, officer," said Miss Washington Square, composedly. "I knew I could depend upon you." Then she pushed her way through a crowd that had collected and climbed upon a waiting stage.

Donnelly mopped his heated brow.

"It's a gay life," said he. "Well, the city hires me to proscribe order and decency, and I guess I done it that time."

MARRIAGE BY PHOTOGRAPH.

Some Defensive Movements Undertaken by Japanese in America.

The Asahi Shimbun has an article which throws an interesting light on the question alluded to in our last issue, namely, marriages by photograph between Japanese residing in America and their countrywomen in Japan. It appears that two movements of a self-defensive nature have recently been organized by Japanese residents in the United States.

The first is a crusade against gambling by the Chinese, a vice which is indulged in on such a scale and which involves such evil results that the presence of Orientals in general becomes objectionable in the eyes of American citizens. Japanese agitation for the suppression of this vice prom-

ises to have the result of clearly differentiating them from its practice.

The second movement has for its immediate outcome this idea of nullity by photograph. There are about 100,000 Japanese in the United States, and fully 90 per cent. of them lead single lives. Such a condition was tolerable so long as a settler's object consisted merely in earning as fast as possible enough to return home. But in view of the anti-Oriental spirit now prevailing in the United States, the Japanese residents see that the only practical remedy lies in becoming permanent settlers, and in carrying out that program a wife is a prime essential.

To return to Japan, however, for the purpose of providing himself with a wife means not only that a man would have to incur great expense, but also that it would be more than doubtful whether he could re-enter the states subsequently. Therefore, the only feasible alternative is to get a wife over from Japan without going to fetch her.

All this appears to have been anticipated very cleverly by the well-known Mr. Shimamura, a prominent Christian. Some time ago he established in the Koishikawa suburb of Tokyo an institution called the Ryokokai, which may be freely translated Self-Help society.

The inmates of this institution, mostly graduates from girls' high schools, receive education in all subjects likely to be of practical utility, such as housekeeping, cooking, sewing, typewriting, etc. In fact they are expressly equipped to be the wives of Japanese settlers in the United States.

It is between this institution and the Japanese settlers that photographs have been exchanged, and by this means the settlers are enabled to obtain helpmates whose qualifications and record are known and whose appearance is rendered familiar by the photographs. The idea is that if the settlers thus marry and bring up families, their sons will become naturalized American citizens, and by degrees the anti-Japanese feeling in the United States will die out. The conception seems eminently practical and useful, nor can we doubt for a moment that the Japanese authorities in Tokyo will refrain from interfering with the program.—Japanese Weekly Mail.

Horses with Mustaches.

"I've got a rarity, a horse with a mustache," said a caddy.

The horse doctor looked the ungainly animal over.

"It is a rarity," he said, "a mustache so highly developed. Lots of horses have incipient, Chinese-like mustaches, but your nag has the mustache of a grenadier—a regular soup strainer, eh?"

"Mayhaw and the other leading authorities lay it down that a mustache is the surest sign of a low-bred horse. Certainly no one can dispute your animal's claim to low breeding."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Hero of Petticoat Pass

By J. O. Fagan

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The shortest route between the high veldt and the Leydenburg gold fields winds through a long kloof or gorge which, once upon a time, was the scene of a very remarkable battle. On account of the sulphurous smells from numerous hot springs and the weird electrical discharges, visible at night between its ironstone cliffs and pinnacles, the kloof itself was originally known as Satan's Firebox. But later when, in the war with the Macatees, the Boers were routed and one night pursued by a regiment of Kafirs, fled screaming through the kloof, the name was significantly changed to Petticoat pass.

But, although the pass was usually interesting, its inhabitants were vastly more so. Between the southern gateway at Steelport and its northern outlet, near Leydenburg, a wonderfully intelligent race of baboons has lived for centuries high up among the iron-clad precipices. In course of time the white hunter came along with his deadly rifle and occasionally plucked one of them off the rocks, just for the fun of the thing, and when the Kafirs took a notion to poison them for the sake of their teeth, then the baboons defended themselves. In a word, they began to throw stones. So long as the wagons and the horsemen kept moving all was well, but when they loitered or stopped the whirring of pebbles through the air, and occasionally the appearance of enormous bowlders cut loose from the crags above and shot down through the air like cannon balls, never failed to remind the loiterers that they were trespassers.

In their intercourse with the outside world the baboons made no distinction between black and white until one day an event took place that practically closed the pass to the black races forever.

At the Steelport end of the pass the Kafirs began to encroach. They built huts and planted gardens on the fertile slopes near the portal. With angry demonstrations the baboons protested, but the Kafirs were indifferent to the clamor. But when the sugar cane ripened the baboons in the night time swooped down from the crags and helped themselves to what they considered their rightful share of the harvest, whereupon the Kafirs, who thoroughly understood the peculiarities of baboon nature, played upon them a villainous trick.

One day, in plain sight of their enemies, who were watching them from the heights above, the Kafirs brought a number of large calabashes filled with a poisonous liquid and placed them in a row in one of the gardens. Then they went through the form of pretending to wash their faces with the stuff, after which they left the calabashes in the gardens and departed. Watching their opportunity, the baboons came down to investigate the business and, being unable to restrain their hereditary impulse to imitate the proceedings of others, they forthwith washed their faces in the poison and scampered away again. In a short time the venom began to work, the flesh fell from their faces, and finally a number of them died in great agony.

For many days afterwards travelers through the kloof reported an extraordinary state of affairs. There was much excitement and jabbering and much pitiful crying and calling to each other from cliff to cliff. But when the period of mourning was over the baboons settled down to business—the business of war. The preparations they made for hostilities with the Kafirs were astonishing. Baboons were summoned from far and near, and the population in the kloof was soon doubled. They divided themselves into companies under leaders. They worked like beavers, and before long huge cairns of stones appeared at intervals along the route, and at places where the crags rose almost perpendicularly from the roadway great bowlders were rolled to the edge of the precipices, and even ledges were undermined and made ready to slide down and overwhelm the invaders.

From the day when these arrangements were completed the baboons paid no attention whatever to white men, and after two or three unfortunate Kafirs had been stoned to death and torn to pieces the black race gave Petticoat pass an extremely wide berth. Consequently, the spider-like watchers up in their fastnesses had a long time to wait, but the whirligig of time brings about its opportunities for revenge, even to baboons.

Just outside the Steelport end of the pass Max Pincus, a German trader, conducted a small store for the accommodation of travelers. On the day the baboons were poisoned, Max was riding through the kloof, and came across a little boy baboon, whose face was terribly burned by the action of the acid. The little fellow was crying piteously, and Max took him up in his arms and carried him to the store, where Max's mother, who had some knowledge of remedies, doctoring him so successfully that his eyesight was saved. For several months her curious little patient was very shy and wild, but the good woman was indefatigable in her efforts to tame

him, and finally she was rewarded with astonishing success. As the young baboon grew up he became very much attached to his benefactress, and there was no mistaking his gratitude.

But one morning, to the great surprise of Mother Pincus, a young lady baboon came down from the hills and began to make love to Stoffel. Nearly a week passed before she finally triumphed and led him away.

The following morning, however, he returned, and after watching him for a day or two, Mother Pincus concluded that considerable business was mixed up with his love affair. Indeed, the Boers, who relate almost incredible stories about the intelligence of these colored baboons, claim that the embassy of the maiden was merely a trick to seduce him from his allegiance to his benefactress and that, on his first visit to the kloof, Stoffel was immediately appointed to the leadership of the baboon army on account of his preeminent intelligence and knowledge of the outside world.

One day a horseman galloped up to the store and reported that war had broken out between the Boers and the Macatees and that the baboons in the pass were evidently aware of the fact, for swarms of them were coming down from the heights and were preparing for trouble. Ten days later the Boers were defeated with considerable loss at Johannes Kop and, encouraged by the tidings, the Mapock Kafirs flew to arms and rushed up the valley towards Steelport, burning and slaying. At their approach the women and children on the farms fled in terror, and just before nightfall nearly 100 of these panic-stricken refugees entered the pass, with a large commando of Kafirs close at their heels.

The story of the encounter that followed between the baboons and the Kafirs is derived partly from the account of the Boer women, but principally from a survey of the battle field on the following day. A few of



the hindmost of the refugees had already been captured when, in passing through a narrow defile, the Kafirs were assailed by a fierce rain of stones from the surrounding cliffs. Undismayed, the Kafir horde pressed on, but the roadway beneath them had been undermined, and when enormous bowlders, falling hundreds of feet through the air, smashed through the thin crust, great pits were laid bare, into which the Kafirs floundered, and were then mercilessly pelted with fusillades of sharp-pointed rocks. But the real fighting occurred when the Kafirs, filled with dismay at the carnage that ensued in the pits, endeavored to retreat.

On the following morning a very pathetic sequel to the battle occurred when Stoffel, grievously wounded, dragged himself back to his old home at the store. It was a painful and useless journey, for the buildings had been burned to the ground and nothing remained but the smoldering embers. But Stoffel had come home for a definite purpose. He at once began to scrape and dig among the ruins until he succeeded in finding a few rags and a small bottle containing some liquid. Tenderly he stanchd the flow of blood with the rags and emptied some of the fluid into the wound. Feeling no better from the application, he sought other rags and another bottle. His faith in the remedy was supreme. In this way his eyes had been cured, and in many other cases he had witnessed the successful application of rags and bottles. But, growing weaker and weaker, his thoughts naturally turned to his kind foster-mother. Despairingly, he glanced from side to side. Many a time he had watched for her home-coming. Then he tucked his pitiful face under his forearm and curled himself up, just like a dog going to sleep. Looking down upon him you could have counted the almost imperceptible heart beats under the gray, shaggy covering—one, two, three—and then Stoffel, the hero of Petticoat pass, was dead.