

Our Big Export Trade.

Analysis of the returns of foreign trade of the United States during the last fiscal year reveals some interesting features. Among other things it is seen that there was a large increase in exports of manufactured American goods, a most desirable tendency, which has been pronounced for years. Thus sales abroad of agricultural implements - were \$24,300,000, against \$16,000,000 in 1900; carriages, cars and other vehicles, \$22,000,000, against \$9,900,000; chemicals, drugs, dyes and medicines, \$20,800,000, against \$12,000,000; manufacture of iron and steel, \$184,000,000, against \$122,000,000; leather and manufactures of, \$40,700,000, against \$27,300,000, and so on. The average total export of manufactures ready for consumption was, for a five-year term, \$329,000,000 for the period ended with 1900 and \$480,000,000 for that ended with 1907, and in 1908 was \$488,500,000. These figures tell their own story of increase in nearly every line, the only item in which there was little if any gain being the export of cotton goods. As this is the great cotton-producing country of the world, our failure to get a better foothold in the cotton-goods markets is discomfiting. The dispatches alluding to this showing point out that the sales abroad are largely the result of a foreign demand that finds here the most convenient source of supply, and that they do not represent "aggressive commercial activity" on the part of American producers. But, declares the Troy (N. Y.) Times, there is growing appreciation of the desirability of foreign markets, especially to maintain industrial equilibrium at home, and presently, no doubt, there will be an arousing to more aggressiveness.

Airship No Joke.

Only a little while ago it was the fashion to joke about airships which fly like a turtle and swim like a monkey. In the past few months achievements in aviation and ballooning have been chronicled in rapid succession. Count Zeppelin's motor balloon for 12 hours carried 14 men among the hills of Switzerland, and for a day or two drew attention away from aeroplanes. The "human interest" of Count Zeppelin's success lies in the fact that he has given half his life and all his fortune to his experiments. Henry Farman won the Ardenburg prize for staying in the air 15 minutes on an aeroplane. Bleriot remained in the air eight minutes on an aeroplane, and traveled five miles. Almost the same day the June Bug, an aeroplane made at Hammondsport, N. Y., by the Aerial Experiment association, went a mile and described a complete circle. Before the summer is done the government will have tested the machines of the Wright brothers, Mr. A. M. Herring, and others. Prof. Langley's experiments, which in apparent results came to nothing, may bear fruit after his death, like the work of many a man at whom the Philistines have scoffed. For his aerodrome, which has been locked up in the Smithsonian institution, has become interesting again to the war department since the success of other mechanical birds. Langley's great difficulty was with engines, but the building of light, powerful motors has made much progress since his experiments. All the great governments are interested in airships, and inventors are being supported as never before by public and private money and encouragement.

The old proverb has it that nothing succeeds like success. In view of what is happening to Count Zeppelin perhaps it may become necessary to remodel the saying so as to make it read that nothing succeeds like failure. The destruction of the count's flying machine proved the very best sort of advertisement, and has resulted in the offer of great sums of money to enable him to continue his experiments, while hosts of sympathetic persons have overwhelmed him with gifts of all kinds, including wines, cigars, sweetmeats, groceries, and even neckties and other articles of personal use or adornment. In fact, there is room for some belief that the thing is being overdone. The attention lavished on the count has aroused the jealousy of rivals, and some of them are rather pointedly reminding the German public that in the matter of aeronautics there are others.

More than 65 per cent. of the 800,000,000 feet of logs cut annually in Maine at the present time is spruce, and much of the rest is hemlock, cedar and other woods than pine, and yet Maine shows no tendency to call herself the Spruce-tree state.

The toadstool is figuring with gruesome frequency in the news of the day. The safest rule in gathering supposed mushrooms is: When in doubt, don't; and even when sure, don't be too sure.

Bishop Potter always prided himself on his clear and distinct utterance. Once at the opening of a big new church in Philadelphia, he seriously questioned a reporter's plea that he had not heard the sermon, but was convinced and considerably gave up his manuscript.

It is this way: The enemies of the shah of Persia are his enemies and so are his "friends." What kind of a show does that give a man?

"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 Attaching 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 Knott-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 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 woman 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 distastefully 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 Winchesters 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

GOLD-BEARING CARPET.

Floor Coverings that Grow Valuable with Age.

A requisition has come to the treasury department at Washington from the San Francisco mint asking that a new carpet be placed in the adjusting room, as the one there now has been worn out after ten years' service. In ordinary instances such a requisition would excite no unusual interest on the part of the treasury officials, but in this case great care has to be taken in removing the old carpet, for it has become more valuable with each day's service, because it is literally lined with gold dust.

The old carpet will be burned, and it is expected that between \$4,000 and \$5,000 will be realized from the ashes. In the adjusting room at San Francisco files are used to trim the surplus gold from rough pieces. The gold is first run off into blanks and then stamped, so it frequently happens that a piece is a trifle over weight or uneven. The files are then brought into

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 stilled 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

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

The second movement has for its immediate outcome this idea of nuptials 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,



HOME OF MARY FOUTS

contempt of government and the law. It 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 Winchesters 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 Winchesters 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 mimic, one-sided battle raged, then Deputy 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 predicts, 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-crooked brew that is the pride and joy of Kentucky connoisseurs.

MARRIAGE BY PHOTOGRAPH.

Some Defensive Movements Undertaken by Japanese in America.

The Asahi Shimibun 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 gamb-

SHE GOT HER BEAR.

Prodded Him Out with Scissors, Then Tomhawked Him.

As for that grit of women—meaning Indian women—which has been celebrated in a well-known book, there is a story which is good evidence of their physical courage.

A dealer in skins tells of a squaw who was walking along on her snowshoes one day when her small boy saw a bear buried up under the snow in his winter sleep. She could not kill him where she was, so she lashed a pair of scissors to a sapling, prodded him out, and smashed his head in with her tomhawk.

"I gave her ten dollars for the skin," writes the dealer, "so it wasn't a bad morning's work. Another ingenious piece of hunting that I remember was accomplished by an Indian who found two moose in a yard—that is, the snow clearing which the animals make when the frosts are breaking up and the snow is too sharp and brittle for their comfort. "He crept up and got the female

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READY REASONING. One Guess About Venus of Milo Proved to Be Wrong.

They stood before the reproduction of the Venus of Melos. "Her hands must have been beautiful," said one. "Very," assented the other. "I wonder what position they were in?" "I have a theory that she was represented as busied at her toilet. One hand probably held a small mirror."

SOUNDS REASONABLE.



Karl—Papa, I suppose the soldiers have to learn to stand on one leg because they might have one foot shot off in war.

An Artist's Generosity.

The famous painter Corot and his sister were joint owners of some house property in the Faubourg Poissonnerie. One day one of the tenants—a tailor—came to Corot and said he could not pay his rent. "What can I do for you?" asked Corot. "I cannot intercede for you with my sister, because I am not on good terms with my family." (As a matter of fact, Corot was regarded as a "failure" by his family.) "However," he added, "here is the money to pay the rent, only don't let anyone know I have given it to you."

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 stout strainer, eh?"

Troubles Minimized.

A clever man turns great troubles into little ones and little ones into none at all.—Chinese.

Food as an Heirloom.

Conversation in the railway carriage had slowed down a bit. "O, I say," remarked Bluffer to his brother commercial in an endeavor to reawaken interest, "did you chaps hear that old Goldman, the proprietor of the Slowtown Station restaurant, has just died?"

Learn This To-Day.

Most of the things left undone in this world are left undone because the people that could do 'em don't know it.—Mary Tappan Wright.

Too Hard to Answer.

"Look here, my friend," said a traveling man to the hotel clerk, "I want to ask you something." "What is it?" "Why is it that you people always holler 'front' whenever you want a bell boy?" "Why do we holler 'front' Why, because—er—simply because it's— Look here, young feller, do you want to know more about this business than I do?"

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Cheerful, Anyhow.

"Hello, sport; I haven't seen you for 20 years. How are you getting on?" "Oh, I'm a multi-millionaire. And you?" "Oh, I'm a multi-failure."

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