

WHAT TO DO WITH THE QUEEN OF MOONSHINERS PUZZLES U. S. OFFICIALS

Authorities Feel They Must Have Recourse to Strenuous Action to Restrain Betsy Simms.

YOUNG, FEARLESS, AND IDOL OF OUTLAWS

In Prison for Dealing in Whisky That Had Paid No Revenue, She Severely Cuts Jailer in Attempt to Escape—Three Indictments Now Against Her.

Much as has been written of the ways and doings of the mountaineers of North Carolina, any person at all familiar with the lives of the inhabitants of that romantic region cannot but feel that the half has not been told.

Loyal to a degree that holds life worth nothing if a friend can be served, an enemy punished or a traitor put to death, the mountaineer is typical of a state of existence the world has long outgrown.

The average man of more sedate temperament and cooler blood leaves the avenging of his wrongs to courts of law and the judgment of his fellows, but in the mountains each man is a court of law unto himself, and is not satisfied with the slow methods of justice with which other communities are conversant.

It has been found a matter of monumental difficulty to impress upon these people that there is wrong in the making of "moonshine" whisky. To them the product of the corn they grow is theirs, whether it is converted into the staff of life or the delectable liquid of the worm and still. The efforts of the "revenuers" to put a stop to the distilling of the juice of the corn necessarily, therefore, are not looked upon with favor, and conflicts with the officers of the law are frequent. Just now the federal officials have a complication to deal with which is more than usually knotty.

"Queen" New in Jail. The best looking gal in the mountains! Betsy Sims, "Queen of the Moonshiners," is languishing in the big and lonesome jail at Columbus, the high-up little mountain town which is the county seat of Polk, one of the smallest and most isolated of the North Carolina counties. What to do with her is the problem puzzling the authorities.

Betsy, though only 22, is as daring and well versed a woman, both in the ways of making whisky and of sell-

ing it, as one could find in that wild country, even in a full day's ride, and she is as pretty as she is adroit and daring, with a killing pair of eyes, bright and well-filled cheeks and hair which defies conventionalities, Betsy has cut no little figure in Polk county since she was 16, for even at that early age she began her work as a seller of contraband whisky. She made herself such a figure, in fact, that even the older moonshiners began to look up to her and in their rude way to idolize the plucky girl, who had been bred all her life to think the selling of whisky was an act of the very best sort, and that the "revenuers" were a race of people who deserved only death and who were sent to as oppressors of the people. Such is the faith which is literally the backbone of Betsy's point of view, so that of her moonshiner companions, who

make corn whisky in the shaded and well-hidden hollows in the mountains, through which run streams whose waters are always just cool enough to give the distillery worms the right touch.

Capture of Betsy.
Betsy has year by year become more and more daring, and more beautiful. A few months ago she became extremely bold in her sales of whisky, going to and from the stills, sometimes alone, and sometimes with male companions. Finally the state authorities decided it was time to stop her, so they sent three deputy sheriffs for Betsy. The deputies had the good fortune to find her, on foot, and very near the South Carolina line, which she knows perfectly well. When she saw the three deputies coming, she knew they were not her friends, and made a bold dash for the line. As a sprinter she is a success, and her running was like that of the Grecian girls who competed in the ancient Olympian games. The deputies did not stop to admire, however, but gave chase and dashed across the state line, coming up with and taking hold of the stout and charming Betsy about a hundred yards over in South Carolina.

Betsy was nearly out of breath from the run, but had voice enough left to give a signal, which brought out of the thick bushes near by five tough-looking moonshiners, any one of whom was ready and willing to die for Betsy any time. Betsy had a good-sized revolver slung about her waist, and very poorly concealed by a checked apron, but her moonshine friends made no concealment whatever of the pistols which they had in hand, and while they fingered these, they parleyed with the detaining deputies, letting them understand that they were willing to pay cash for Betsy's appearance in "cot," and that they were "willin'" to put up \$25 in greenbacks if Betsy could be set

whisky, and so it came about that then and during the remainder of the month of April Betsy sold nine barrels of the stuff, some of it in Polk county, some in Rutherford, and some over the line in South Carolina. But, although she kept in touch with her business all the while, she showed up at the term of Polk county superior court the second week in May, escorted always by a party of her moonshiner friends. She wore a different dress and a different hat on each of three days, this being the most important event in her existence to date.

Got Cases Continued.
There were three indictments against her, but she contrived, on one plea or another, and by means of a tremendous lot of swearing by moonshiner friends, to get the case continued, always putting up a cash bond for appearance. She thus invested \$200. Then the attention of the judge was directed more particularly toward her, and he found the extent of her work and the damage she was doing in parts of two states, in her open violation of the law. She must have felt in the very air that something was wrong,

prang upon the jailer, who had a bad quarter of an hour, for not only was Betsy a good wrestler, but a star hair-puller and scratcher. Not satisfied with these accomplishments, she whipped out a knife and cut the jailer five times. He was compelled to knock her down and then to tie her burning a hole therein, through which the matter was at once reported to the judge, who ordered that she be placed in the strongest cell and closely watched, and at the next term of court she will be indicted for an assault with intent to kill, not to speak of another indictment for attempt to escape. Some of her moonshiner friends have in a quiet way made threats that she will not stay in jail long, but the county authorities say they can hold her.

Betsy's exploit in the jail has given her an added importance and value among her associates.

Poor Marksmen in Mexico.
A recent unfortunate occurrence in army circles in Mexico indicates that marksmanship may be still further developed to advantage. It seems that



THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE PURSUED BY "REVNUERS" IN A MOONSHINERS CAMP

for when the judge took his seat on the morning of the fourth day Betsy failed to show up. The judge issued a bench warrant for her, and she was found at the home of a moonshiner not far from the little town, brought back and tried, and the judge decided to make an example of the bold young creature by sending her to jail at Columbus for four months.

Astonished the Moonshiners.
The moonshiners were simply paralyzed by the sentence, for some of them thought that Betsy bore a charmed life, so to speak, and one of them, in an outburst of admiration, had said on the third day that she would "come clear," and that "no judge an' no jury can tech her, in my min'." But Betsy had not quite reached the limit of her resources. The jail at Columbus is an old-fashioned barn of a structure, three stories high and of brick, and is generally slimly tenanted. It happened that when Betsy first entered its walls a man was there on his way to the penitentiary to serve 12 months for the practice of the gentle art of manslaughter, he having in some kind of mix-up slain a fellow-moonshiner with a knife, and "gittin' off light," as the other side of the case put it. Betsy was put on the second floor of the jail, this prisoner whose name is Chalmers, being on the floor above. A rather rude flight of steps leads from the second to the third floor, through a well-locked trap-door of wood.

How She Broke Jail.
The weather was cool, and there was a fire in Betsy's room. She did not feel equal to the task of getting out of jail unaided, so she sought the companionship of Chalmers. They talked to each other, commonplace while the jailer was anywhere within hearing, but business when he was out of the way, the business being the best means of getting out. Betsy was the more resourceful of the two, and so, taking a "chunk of fire," she went up the stairway and set fire to the trap-door, Chalmers descended. He and Betsy, after passing the compliments of the day, for they were acquainted, decided on the mode of action, and then Chalmers fell to work to make a hole through the side of the jail, while Betsy made a rope out of blankets and bedding, and arranged such goods and chattels as she had with her in shape for quick removal. Chalmers, with true gallantry, decided that it was best for him to go through the hole first, thus testing the latter, and, incidentally, the rope below. Out he got and flitted away.

Nearly Vanquishes Jailer.
Betsy was going, too, but as she was half-way through the hole she felt the rude hands of the jailer upon her, and was hauled back into the room. This aroused her fighting instinct to the limit, and like a lioness she

prang upon the jailer, who had a bad quarter of an hour, for not only was Betsy a good wrestler, but a star hair-puller and scratcher. Not satisfied with these accomplishments, she whipped out a knife and cut the jailer five times. He was compelled to knock her down and then to tie her burning a hole therein, through which the matter was at once reported to the judge, who ordered that she be placed in the strongest cell and closely watched, and at the next term of court she will be indicted for an assault with intent to kill, not to speak of another indictment for attempt to escape. Some of her moonshiner friends have in a quiet way made threats that she will not stay in jail long, but the county authorities say they can hold her.

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When Greek Meets Greek.
Broadway was very interesting to the tenderfoot from the west, but she hadn't expected to find such a demonstrative new friend there as she ran across recently. On one of the busiest corners, where the crossing is as dangerous and as difficult as any mountain pass was in the old days, she was walking into the jaws of death with the fearlessness and confidence of ignorance. She was snatched almost impudently from the passing dangers by a mounted policeman, who, by the way, wasn't mounted at the time. His horse, a fine, spirited specimen of the equine race, was patiently standing at the corner by the curb, watching the passing throng and his master. Said master hurriedly thrust the dazed tenderfoot to the sidewalk out of harm's way. She bumped into the horse. Both were surprised, and both begged pardon in their own ways. The girl said, rapturously:

"Oh, you beauty!"

The horse whinnied softly, as if she were an old and beloved friend, rubbing his nose against her sleeve. Then the girl started across the street once more. When she was half way over, she felt a light touch on her shoulder; and at the same time heard several men laughing. In surprise, she looked to see what could be happening. There stood the policeman's beautiful steed looking pleadingly at her. The next instant she had that horse's head in her arms and her face against his glossy head, tears of pleasure in her eyes. Around this odd pair flowed the stream of traffic, for this was a busy center, but many people stopped to see the strange sight. The next instant the gruff officer had brusquely called to the horse, and when the horse failed to come to his call he quite rudely grasped the rein and took the horse away from the tableau, which immediately dissolved as the girl went her way with moist eyes, a happy smile and a longing in her heart for her beloved home in the far west and the horse she loved so well.

Reason of His Grudge.
And it was good and sufficient, according to his construction.

Too Much So.
"Why do you call that precious bulldog of your lawyer?"

MON SMONK
Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget for a Time.

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PASSES BEEF BILL

HOUSE ADOPTED COMPROMISE INSPECTION MEASURE.

IS SENT BACK TO THE SENATE

Williams and De Armond Enlivened the Debate—Minority Leader Rebukes "Muck Raking" at Expense of Chairman Wadsworth.

WASHINGTON—"I move to suspend the rules, discharge the committee of the whole house on the state of union from the consideration of the senate amendments to the agricultural appropriation bill, disagree to all the amendments except No. 29 with the amendment recommended by the committee on agriculture and ask for a conference with the senate on the disagreeing votes."

Interest was shown in every part of the house when Mr. Wadsworth made the above motion soon after reporting the agricultural appropriation with the compromise amendment relating to meat inspection.

Mr. Wadsworth, in explaining the changes made in the substitute for the original meat inspection amendment, said that the changes were mostly in verbiage and then took them up seriatim. He called attention to the elimination of the court review clause and the date of inspection.

In a semi-humorous vein, Mr. Williams of Mississippi said: "We must, under the rules of the house, vote this proposed legislation up just as it comes to us, nursed by the speaker and the president and approved of by the committee, because the committee on agriculture could not well do anything except approve after these two great ruling authorities had spoken; we must vote it up or vote it down."

"As a broad general principle, Mr. Speaker, all sanitary legislation ought to be paid for by the public. The reason for that rule is that nobody is as a rule responsible for unsanitary conditions. When the bubonic plague or yellow fever invade the country, everybody knows that nobody wants to be the vehicle of the transfer of these dangerous diseases. Nobody wants to catch them for the purpose of giving them to other people. That is the reason of the rule that the public ought to pay the expense, but the very reason points out the exception. Sometimes an unsanitary condition is brought about by the voluntary action of the evildoers. Whenever that is the case, then the expense of curing the condition which has been brought about by their acts ought to be borne by them (applause), and I for one had hoped that the thundering in the index about making the evildoers stand the expense of curing their own evildoing would be followed up more strenuously than it has been."

"Now, I wish to add this: There has been some muckraking in connection with this matter, and I want to pay my individual tribute to a member of this house. I think that in this particular legislation he has been mistaken, especially upon the point of not making the evildoers pay for curing the evil condition brought about by their own action. There has been some muckraking in which there has been a disposition to charge all sorts of wrong motives upon the gentleman from New York (Mr. Wadsworth), the chairman of the committee on agriculture. I served with him for eight or ten years upon a committee of this house. I have known him to cast more votes against his own interests than any man in this house. He is a worthy son of a noble sire and an honest man if God makes honest men; and I believe he does."

With fine sarcasm Mr. DeArmond said it would be an awful injustice to compel a millionaire packer through whose establishments the agents of the government went, compelled to swath their noses and clothes with disinfectants, to pay 5 cents for the inspection of a beef and 3 cents for a hog or sheep in order that his products might go through interstate and foreign commerce and be sold." Satirically he said that would be an outrage.

Mr. Adams of Wisconsin, whose efforts to bring about harmony between conflicting interests, has been crowned with success, closed the debate.

The amendment was then adopted. A vigorous conference was held at the desk between the speaker, Mr. Williams and Mr. Wadsworth. The speaker later appointed Messrs. Wadsworth, Scott and Lamb conferees.

Fight for Iowa Man.

WASHINGTON—Congressman Haugen of Iowa started in Thursday to make a fight against a senate amendment in the naval appropriation bill which promotes certain persons over Prof. Milton Updegraff of Decorah, who is engaged as one of the professors at the Naval academy, but on assurance of Mr. Foss that the house would insist on its disagreement he did not press the matter.

The Lady in the Moon.

A German astronomer has discovered that the man in the moon is a woman. "Hair, eyes, mouth, nose, chin, and bust," says he, "may all be distinctly observed. In fact, the only thing that makes one doubt the accuracy of his observation is that he saw not one woman but two.—London Telegraph.

Harvest by Electric Light.

Harvesting by electric light has been introduced in Australia.

...Road to Weaville, can be found in
...A remarkable little book,
...There's a reason,
...their own names and prescribe it to
...Postum in place of tea and coffee in
...Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
...Name given
...Postum, in fact I
...my friends and patients to leave off
...I have advised a great many of
...flavor and the deep brown color
...uses which gives it the proper rich
...allow the Postum to boil fall 15 min-
...butter in the pot when boiling and
...tion—but now we put a little bit of
...did not make it according to direc-
...second week—that was because we
...When we began using Postum it
...to me I must let it alone.
...caused severe irritation and proved
...a small quantity of coffee which
...on one or two occasions when I tried
...suddenly no heart palpitation except
...and since that time I have had ab-
...tea and coffee, using Postum instead
...rightened me and I gave up both
...most fatal attack of heart trouble
...Finally one day a severe and al-
...tion of the heart every day.
...injuring me although I had palpa-
...really did not exactly believe it was
...I had used coffee for years and
...perfection:
...A physician speaks of his own ex-
...the fact.
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MAKING A BURNING HOLE THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR



BETSY SIMS

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free now and 'pear at Columbus next term."

Deputies Made Terms.
The deputies thought it wise to temporize, and decided to take the cash, which the moonshiners gallantly put up, and Betsy retired with them, looking back archly at the officers, her charming eyes sparkling with defiance and the roses in her cheeks deepening until they were like peonies. Her face was framed in a pink sunbonnet of the type which is worn on week days by all the mountain girls.

Betsy did not let her daring and her adventures and with her capture, but the very next day her moonshine friends showed up with \$150, they having sold a horse for that sum. There was a "big meetin'" not far away, and it was thought it would be a good time to buy an extra lot of

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