

MOONSHINE MAID DEFIES GOVERNMENT

Pretty Mary Fouts, 27, Operates "Still" in Eastern Kentucky.

BATTLES FOR RIGHTS.

SKIRMISH BETWEEN WOMAN HIDDEN BEHIND ROCKS AND REVENUE MEN RESULTS, PROBABLY FATALITY.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 3.—Down behind a natural fortress of huge boulders 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 whiskey from her own corn is supreme and immovable.

Mary Fouts, aged twenty-seven, 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 forty 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 greatest 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 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 whiskey 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 at the price of parental genius, as the child of the king believes that royalty can do no wrong, so this child of the mountains believes that making whiskey without government consent was the inalienable rights 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 in school 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 whiskey in an old coffee boiler in her mother's kitchen. At sixteen, her education finished, Mary Fouts declared against muslin frocks and crossroads 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 the famous still.

And what was more, Mary Fouts made a whiskey 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 whiskey, pure and unadulterated.

"I would not adulterate my whiskey 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 whiskey he demands Mary Fouts' whiskey, 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 knew 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

tion 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 of the moonshiner this message in writing:

"Meet us at the school house 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 whiskey. 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 U. S. 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 Miss 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 boulders. Onward they pressed, and for half an hour the mimic, one-sided battle raged. They 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 injury. It is prove fatal, as the doctors predict, 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 colored brew that is the pride and the joy of Kentucky connoisseurs.

**\$6,000,000 PAID
TO HARVEST HANDS**
Northwest Wheat Crop 60,000,000 Bushels.

Spokane, Oct. 3.—Farmers in Washington, Oregon and Idaho paid \$6,000,000 this season to 60,000 men to harvest a wheat crop estimated to reach 60,000,000 bushels. Twenty-two hundred and fifty combined harvester machines, operated by steam, gasoline and horses and mules, were required to denude the land.

NAVAL MEN MAY SPEAK.

Chicago, Oct. 3.—General Nelson A. Miles and Admiral Schley may take the stump through the Hoosier state for Bryan and Kern, according to advice reaching Chicago from Laporte, Ind. It is known that attempts have been made to induce the war heroes to campaign for the Democratic national ticket, but the Democratic National Speakers' Committee has not been officially advised as to the result of the negotiations.

EELS TIE UP PLANT.

Waltham, Oct. 3.—A dozen big eels put the mills of the Boston Manufacturing Company in Waltham out of commission yesterday for several hours, and the 1,000 employees had to loaf until they were cleaned out of the pipes.

PLEASE PREPARE PIES.

400 Pies Needed to Treat the Soldiers of the 10th U. S. Infy.

Those desiring to contribute to the feast will please notify the headquarters of the Young Men's Business club, telephone No. 2330, as soon as possible in order to give some idea of the number coming in.

The pies can be left at any of the following places not later than 8:30 on the morning of Oct. 8th:

Jones Hardware Co., 10th and N. streets.
Bee Hive Grocery, 1017, 1019 Main street.
Shofer's Grocery, 3rd and W. Main street.
Eggemeyer's Grocery, 4th and Main streets.
Pantry Grocery, 16th and Main St.
Charles Benlage Grocery, 401 11th street.
Schuman & Sieck Grocery, 203 Richmond avenue.
James J. Mulligan Grocery, 1 Sheridan street.
MILITARY COMMITTEE.
Oct 2&5

EARL REFUSES \$5,000 WEEKLY FOR SINGING

Shaftesbury Apparently Don't Need Money.

New York, Oct. 3.—A London special to the Sun says: "The Earl of Shaftesbury has declined an offer of \$5,000 weekly for a 30 weeks' concert tour in America."

The Earl sang a solo recently in St. James' church at Shaftesbury, on the occasion of the dedication of a new organ thereby revealing to the public what his friends have long known that he is the possessor of an exceptional tenor voice which has been carefully trained. Thereupon the above offer was made to the Earl and he was assured that everything would be done to sustain his dignity and exalted rank.

After considering the offer the Earl politely refused to accept it.

MAXINE OBJECTS.

Will Fight Husband's Suit for Divorce.

Reno, Nev., Oct. 3.—Maxine Elliott, wife of Nat. C. Goodwin, the actor, will contest his suit for divorce, filed here. This was made known when her appearance was entered through her attorney in the district court.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY

You Are Entitled To the Best

your hard-earned money can get. Make your dollars go twice as far in buying your

**Suits, Top Coats
Cravenettes
and Overcoats**

\$10

No More No Less

Every garment is new and up to the minute, and at an actual saving of \$5.00.

OUR HATS AT \$1 and \$2 will agreeably surprise you. An investigation will certainly prove of mutual benefit.

Fred's SUITS OVERCOATS \$10
710 Main Street


For perfect negatives, "TANK DEVELOPER"

whether films or plates, use a Let us show you how easy it is to turn your vacation exposures into perfect negatives. Kodak Film Tanks, Premp Film Tanks, Eastman Plate Tanks—all sizes in stock.

W. H. ROSS DRUG CO., 804 Main, Richmond.

There is no medicine so safe and at the same time so pleasant to take as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the positive cure for all diseases arising from stomach trouble. The price is very reasonable—50c and \$1.

Kodol For Indigestion. Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.



Neff & Nusbaum

"There's Goin' to Be A Fall Festibal"

In Richmond, Oct. 6, 7, 8.

There will be all kinds of exhibits and attractive displays that you will enjoy looking at. Don't fail to see the

ELEGANT DISPLAY OF ...FALL FOOTWEAR...

AT NEFF & NUSBAUM'S

We have used every possible means to ascertain the shoe requirements for Fall and Winter, and are prepared to meet the demands of the trade.

We Will Not Sell Shoddy Shoes

We can't afford to. Our trade always wants **Good Solid Shoes** and that's the kind we sell. We have **preached quality** so long that we couldn't sell anything but **Good Shoes**.

We have exclusive sale of some of the **Best Lines of Shoes** in the United States.



FOR MEN

The Walk Over \$3.50 to \$6.00
The Ralston Health..... \$4.00
N. & N. Specials..... \$2.50 to \$3.50
All Solid Work Shoes \$1.50 and up
Waterproof, Reg. Cut \$2.50 to \$5.00
Waterproof, High Cut \$3.50 to \$7.50

FOR WOMEN

Dorothy Dodd \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00
Red Cross \$4.00
Irving Drew \$2.50 to \$3.50
School and Street Shoes, all solid... \$1.50 and up
Tan and Wine Colors \$3.00 and \$3.50
Cravenette Tops \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00

If it's good honest STAPLE SHOES or the very NEWEST STYLES and patterns you want, we have them and guarantee you COMFORT, FIT AND STYLE and at a REASONABLE COST. We cordially invite you to make our store Headquarters during the Festival or at any time. Leave your packages, arrange to meet your friends here. Make use of our REST ROOM, and its conveniences which we have provided specially for our out of town customers.

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—THE HOME OF THE BEST SHOES—

"Not the best because the largest, but the largest because the best"