Gossip of the State Capital

Raleigh, Dec. 18.—The place was the broad corridor on the upper deck of the Federal Building here. Hardoy was the big door of the court room. The corridor was jammed with moonshiners, their friends and their enemies, a motly mixture. Outside the weather was cold, and looking down one could see another swarm of the same sort of people on the sidewalk, not one in twenty having on an overcoat, while collars were at a discount and so were clean shirts. Here and there were black faces, some of principals and some of witnesses. On each face there was a sort of question mark, yet nobody seemed worried. They drifted into the court room and they drifted out. There sat the judge in his robes, looking strangely like one of those paintings you see of the great Napoleon at St. Helena. There were the droning tones of the lawyers, the not too loud calls of the cryer, the reading by the clerk, a comment, in the quietest of all quiet fashions by the judge himself, a few broken remarks by the district attorney. The mill had ground one more grist, and out of the hopper mell a convict bound for the Atlanta penitentiary, a shifty-looking moonshiner, whose face, manner and garb bespoke his calling with very great accuracy. Here came another case and this time the distinguished gentleman who occupied the star part of defendant got six months in a county jail. Fines were imposed in most cases, in addition to imprisonment, and to be sure the costs were tacked on, the latter making quite a respectable sum. While there was interest in a way in what was going on, there was no tension within the court room or without it; nothing dramatic; no nervousness; never a suggestion of a plea for mercy or for any clasping of the hands; tears, and that sort of thing; not even melodrama, but plain business. Moonshiners were on trial and theits was a long one. Click, click, went the machine and off went another head, so to speak. It was little Saint Guillotine form.

As the convicted men passed out through the throng, under guard, there were no expressions of sympathy from the associates, and everything was commonplace in the extreme. Yet there was an undercurrent of pride that a sentence was to the penitentiary, and rather a lowering of dignity if one got a jail sentence. Revenue officers, deputy marshals, perhaps some detectives, kept a wary eye on everything going on, but they were as quiet as the rest of the assemblage. There was plenty of false swearing by moonshiner witnesses upon the least occasion, but this is an old, old story, for of course there is plenty of it wherever there are moonshiners. They get used to lying about the stills, which are such perverters of the morals of a neighborhood, that it is perfectly natural for the lying to be kept up afterwards.

Suddenly in bustled two revenue officers with an air of something doing. They were just back from a raid and at earliest daylight had swooped down upon a lot of men who were making liquor for Christmas in a lonely place some thirty miles from Raleigh, having been led very near it by a well-to-do citizen, who wanted to break up a still which was contributing no little damage to his community, making his employes drunk and keeping them from doing proper work. The citizen who gave the information, of course, knew the danger which informers run at the hands of the moonshiners and their allies, for the torch, the maiming of animals, and other kinds of damage are instruments of revenge used not infrequently, not to speak of lesser forms of annoyance of suspects. Hence the revenue people make it a point to keep the identity of informers a profound secret. Ten dollars goes to any one who will give accurate information leading to the discovery of an illicit distillery.

One revenu officer is telling that they came near getting the men at the still as they were trying to carry it off, but that they got away in the timber, not stopping when pistols were in a raid Whirsletaolenhrdlutaol were fired in the air. Among the listeners are two officers who were in a raid by night last summer in which two posses, sent from different parts of the State to capture a big moonshine outfit, came upon each other in the dark, and a very accurate fusillade took place, resulting in the wounding of some half a dozen of the men. One of the wounded deputies is yet upon crutches, but the other, at first thought to be desperately hurt, is on active duty again. They listened to the story of the capture with no little interest. The moonshiners paid relatively little attention, as they regard such things as quite mater of course; "all in a lifetime," as one of them put it.

A deputy, with years of experience behind him, was questioned about the making of the stills which the moonshiners use. He said that a lot of the material used in this part of the country comes from Franklinton, where the copper plates and rivets are to be had. It must not be thought that the moonshiners, except in extremely rare cases, make stills. They buy them from people in their neighborhood who have become expert as makers. One of the latter told a revenue officer that last June he had made eighteen stills and sold them all at a good profit. This man had a wooden shape or form, upon which he built up his copper sheets so as to make the still, and if the latter was to be larger than his form he put in some kegs or barrels so as to give a larger dimension. This man had a very adroit way of making the worms of stills. He made copper pipe, or else bought it, filled it with sand and then fastened one end to a stump, wrapped it round and round, unfastened the bottom end and stripped it off. He had previously filled the tube with dry sand, this keeping it in shape and also preventing any cracking. Thus, in some secret place in the woods, or in an occasional blacksmith's shop, the building of stills goes on. A revenue officer remarked that he had visited the place in Franklinton where the plates for the stills were sold and had found in a basement a lot of this material. Of course it could not be seized, as it was very innocent copper. The seller was told that it was not at all against the law to sell it, but was notified he might at any time be wanted as a witness against the man who bought it, since its use was most apparent.

The cluster of denuties went on to talk about the manufacture of whiskey itself. They say that they find from moonshiners that the reason why the latter have abandoned the use of concentrated lye which used to be found in the shape of empty cans around every moonshine plant. Is that customers objected to this stuff. The moonshiners used it to soak corn in, in order to eat off the outer part, the strong stuff oozing it away, but now they buy meal and malt and find that this gives less trouble, while creating a good more and also makes whiskey which will pass muster. It need to be said that the concentrated lye gave "bead" to the whiskey at all events it had come to be very objectionable indeed to the gentlemen who like the corn juice and no longer are the empty lye cans found littered about any distillery.

The fancy of the moonshiner and any of his kind for corn liquor is very deeply set. A deputy said that while bringing a moonshiner to Raleigh they stopped at a restaurant to get a bite to eat and had some very good oysters. In order to get the view of the moonshiner towards his favorite beverage, the officer asked him which he would prefer that morning, a drink of some very good old rye, then in possession and duly passed through the Raleigh dispensary, or whether he would prefer some of the stuff right out of the little still down on the branch. There was not an instant's hesitation in the reply that he would take some of the latter every time and he asked that it be given to him quickly. A moonshiner said when asked about this incident by the writer that he would have done the same thing, for, said he, "We have got so used to drinking the stuff, me and the other boys make, that we don't care for any other kind. You would be the same way if you had drank it all your life. I can't stand red liquor. I got a little white corn in the dispensary that was tolerably good, but it don't taste exactly like the stuff we fellers make. It don't seem to hit you just right."

Time was when quite a number of moonshiners' wives and occasionally some of their children, too, were seen about the court room, but this time they have been conspicuous by their absence. The women and the children are as indifferent as the men and I have never known one to weep during the trial of a father or during or at his conviction, or when he was sent away to the penitentiary or jail. Come to think of it, the moonshiners must be quite a lot of stoics and their womenkind absolutely devoid of anything approaching what we would call emotion or sentiment. To them the holiday period is one to be utilized in the preparation of whiskey, to be ready for that part of the world which drinks; to be slipped out from the still in all sorts of jugs, perhaps slung across the back of a raw-boned mule, ballancing each other in gunnysacks; stuck in a wagon under a load of fodder, or hidden in various and sundry other ways.

The revenue officers are very prompt to say that moonshining is by no means decreasing in North Carolina. They are equally prompt to say that county officials are much more than languid in their aid in enforcing the State law, for now, for the first time, North Carolina has laid its hand upon the moonshiner; not a heavy hand, it is true, but a very light one as yet, thanks to those sheriffs who are perhaps thinking of possible votes and prospective enmities, and who think it so good not to investigate or see or hear too much and leave these matters to the revenue officers, who, as some of them have said got pay for doing this sort of work. It has been said that one or two sheriffs have put their apathy on the ground that it is a lowering of dignity to be running down moonshiners; so the revenue department gets precious little co-operation along this line.

There are illicit distilleries in ravines, along the branches; sometimes in the dense woods; once in a while in a dwelling house; sometimes in an outbuilding, apparently used for other purposes, and in some very few cases a cellar has been made for this purpose, though cellars are rare at ordinary houses in the country. Some moonshiners keep well back from the roads, while others come daringly near them, forgetting the injunction of the late Dr. George W. Blacknall, of blessed memory who, when in the service, most politely suggested to these gentlemen that "they keep back a little from the road." Revenue officers say that as a matter of fact moonshiners are now more daring and resourceful than before. No matter how many of their places are "pinched," others instantly spring up. It is true that punishment in a severe form has a tendency to stop the practice in that particular neighborhood, for a while at least, but it would be interesting to know what percentage of the prisoners who pass through the hopper are convicted and sent to prison return to moonshining again. One officer said he thought 75 per cent, did this, the remainder being either convinced that they would get worse punishment for a second offense or else picking up some trade and going into something decent for a livelihood. As a community-poisoner a moonshine still is one of the greatest successes. Not many months ago there were brought to Raleigh two little boys, aged 4 and 6 years, whose father, a moonshiner, had gotten drunk and frozen to death in a swamp near his place of business, while their mother had ended her life in the county home. These boys had never heard a prayer until they were brought here, had never seen the inside of any church or Sunday school, had never heard a good word, never even dreamed of such a thing as Santa Claus, and could curse in a style which would meet the approval or the oldest and toughest sailor-man. When the writer asked one of them where he picked all this up his reply was terse but sufficient. The little fellow (the older of the two) said "Mam and pap done it." These boys chewed tobacco, or used snuff in place of it, and could drink moonshine whiskey with impunity. It required a course of treatment in which fresh water, decent clothing, kind words, affection and not a few other things were blended to put them in shape so that they could take their proper place in this world of ours. After this course of treatment they were adopted, and no man would now take them to be the same little vagabonds, utter waifs and strays, they were when they first saw this town, and got the first real human touch and good words. This is the "seamy side" of moonshining, and shows what that part of the underworld in North Carolina means.

Anything and everything in regard to the liquor traffic, regular or irregular, through the saloons or through the dispensary, is just now of very intense human interest in North Carolina. Total prohibition is coming. Will it be a failure or will it not? Can a law be enacted so sweeping and so thorough that it will eliminate the blind tiger, the club which furnishes liquor to its members, and all that sort of thing, for these are the weak points which need most to be guarded? Of course no law can be passed which will prevent a private citizen from obtaining from without the State liquor for his personal use, but a gentleman with long experience in the liquor business says he feels sure a law can be drafted which will prevent private individuals from getting whiskey ostensibly for their own use and then selling it. The writer referred the other day to the fact that as far as human foreknowledge goes just now, it looks like the first of July, 1909, will mark the passing of the saloon and the dispensary in this State; that is provided the matter does not come up until the next regular session of the Legislature, but that a special session, held, let us say in January or February, 1908, would almost certainly, as things now look, take up this liquor question and enact a law which would eliminate dispensary and saloon by say July 1st following. The dispensary people seem to have a very good idea of this fact, and the men who sell liquor to the dispensaries and to saloons seem to realize it quite fully. They remark "North Carolina is going dry." A gentleman who certainly ought to know asserts that the wholesalers do not care, and that the latter are not going into the fight against prohibition and are not putting up any money for it. It is very evident that a great many eyes are on Raleigh just now to see the outcome of the prohibition-dispensary contest here at the capital, where the Governor, so ardent a prohibitionist, may almost be said to be leading the fight to make the place dry.

I attended and reported the anti-saloon convention a little more than 25 years ago, held in the city hall. Chief Justice Merrimon and some other distinguished gentlemen participated in the fight then, which failed because the State was not ready for it. It is asserted now that conditions are vastly different. The fact that there are only six distilleries in this entire revenue district is rather a revelation. There were seven, but one of these was confiscated during the past few days for the grossest sort of frauds. Really the regular ditilleries have, in a great many cases, practiced frauds of all kinds upon the government. Once in a while there has been collusion with store-keepers. Some places have run day and night. Some have made many times more whiskey than they ever reported, and in all sorts of ways there have been schemes to beat the government. Thus, after a fashion, such plants have been rivals of the moonshiners, paying the government half at the outside of what should be paid and of course turning out much more whiskey than the moonshiners with their sorry plants can usually make.

So the thing goes on; the moonshiner rides or drives over to the store; buys his meal and malt; makes his "mash;" turns out his pine-top whiskey, white and bitter, and with "claws" on it, and while it is yet hot from the still here comes the gentleman who craves it. Some of these are straight men who will not give the moonshiner away, but others have to be looked after and buried in various ways, as they are known to be shifty and have to be given due consideration, or they will be very apt to turn informer and indirectly perhaps through several persons, give the revenue officers a "tip" as to where the still is, so that on some crisp night, not a great while before Christmas, while mother is watching at the ill-kept cabin, with the kids asleep, for any unusual sights or sounds, and while father is down on the spring branch, running off some liquor, aided by two or three friends, there comes a sudden rustle in the bushes, a sharp cry of "Halt!" and piess your soul there are the revenue officers. If the moonshiners can they run, but if it is too close for them up go their hands and they are led away to the nearest town, or perhaps guarded in the woods for some hours, though this but rarely while with their "devils," the revenue officers cut the still, smashing it full of triangular holes and battering it so it looks like the smokestack of a war vessel after a sharp engagement. The news flies that the revenue officers have got the outfit, and the gentlemanly operators, including father, mother hears it at the cabin. Perhaps the revenue officers pass by the latter in order to give father an oportunity to say good-bye. There isn't anything pathetic about his farewell, as both father and mother are far too commonplace to throw the least bit of sentiment into either the meeting or the parting. A little later, after father is gone, some of the neighbors drop in and in a more or less mild way wonder at mother's failure to catch on to the coming of the "revenuers," alike dreaded and hated. Mother declares she didn't hear a thing and had no suspicion, and then they begin to wonder who gave the thing away; in other words who was the informer. Perhaps they find out; usually they don't. If they do find out then there is trouble for that person, varying all the way from burning the informant's barn to cutting his harness to pieces, or in some way injuring his horses or cattle, or perhaps in the way of petty annoyances, all done very secretly and in the most underhand fashion. Father by and by goes to Raleigh and the jury has a whack at him. He perhaps gets 18 months "in the pen." Meanwhile mother and the kids scuffle along, apparently doing just about as well as if father were on hand, perhaps a trifle better, though to be sure nothing is ever well done by these people. Time passes and father returns. He has seen the world; is a sort of a globe-trotter; has been all the way to Atlanta; is a sort of hero in his neighborhood, and around the fireside tells of his adventures, something like our dear old friend, Robinson Crusoe, or our equally beloved story-teller, Sinbad, the Sailor, must have narrated their thrilling stories in the log-ago. Maybe father reforms and becomes decent; maybe he doesn't and keeps on moonshining. Mother in her fashion sticks to him just the same, and his house is of course full of children and dogs. It is a wild life and the very wilderness and unlawfulness of it gives it an air of adventure and hence a certain charm to these people. Unlawfulness, by the way, charms not a few people of much higher intellect and better surroundings than moonshiners.

South's Wealthiest Woman Dead.

New Orleans Dispatch, 4th.

Mrs. Mary Louise Morgan Whitney, reputed to be the wealthiest woman in the South, died at her home here to-night, aged 75 years. She had been ill about two months.

Mrs. Whitney was the widow of the late Charles A. Whitney, who with her father was one of the builders of Morgan's, Louisiana and Texas Railroad, now one of the principal links in the Southern Pacific Railway.

It goes to the root of disease, strengthens and invigorates. Its life-giving qualities are not contained in any other remedy. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea has stood the severest test—time. For thirty years the surest remedy. 35c., Tea or Tablets. R. H. Jordan & Co.

Could You See

How Schlitz beer is brewed, you would never buy any other.

You would see plate glass rooms, filled with filtered air, where we cool it.

You would see glass-lined tanks where we age it so long that it cannot cause biliousness.

How we filter it through white wood pulp. How we sterilize every bottle. How cleanliness is carried to extremes.

You would realize better how much purity means if you saw the methods we use, and the amount we spend, to attain it.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
Common beer is sometimes substituted for Schlitz.
To avoid being imposed upon, see that the cork or crown is branded

Schlitz
The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

All orders sent to Whitlow and Perrow, Old Phone, 366, Middlesboro, Kentucky, will receive prompt attention.

5

ROWDY CUSTOMER TAMED.

He is Thrown Into a Glass Window and Gets Cut Considerably—Was Tanked Up a Little Too Much.

Special to The Observer.

Winston-Salem, Jan. 5.—There was an abundance of excitement on Fourth street, in the vicinity of the Smokers' Den, about 9 o'clock last night. The crashing of the glass in the front door of the Smokers' Den was heard for some distance and drew a large crowd, who, upon investigation, learned that a fight had taken place there between the clerk and a customer, and that the customer had been thrown against the door.

It seems that Charles Groner, a well-known white man, who appeared to be under the influence of whiskey, entered the store and began to operate the slot machine for cigars. He fell out with the machine and accused it of cheating him. It is stated that he abused the machine very badly, applying several insulting epithets to it. Mr. Marvin Walker, the clerk, remonstrated with Groner to be a little more careful in his abuse of the machine, for his loud talking was not pleasant to ears of his other customers.

Groner is said to have let up on the machine at this juncture and began to talk of Mr. Walker in the same manner that he had been talking to the machine. Growing tired of the wholesale abuse, which was heaped upon him without any apparent cause, save for the whiskey that was in his customer, Mr. Walker picked up a goodsized stick, which was lying in the store, and dealt Groner a blow on the top of the head, making a painful scalp wound, and knocking Groner against the glass in the door.

When this was done Patrolman Fulk appeared upon the scene and prevented any further trouble between the two men. Groner accompanied the officer to police headquarters, where his wound was dressed by Dr. D. N. Dalton.

Walker gave a $25 bond for his appearance before the recorder to-morrow morning.

MARRIAGES.

DEFIED DOG AND GOT BRIDE.

Mr. William S. Vestal, of Graham, Steals Miss Mildred V. Fripp From Her Father's Home by Placing a Ladder to Her Window and the Knot is Tied Safely.

Special to The Observer.

Reidsville, Jan. 5.—Reidsville was the scene of a marriage with more than a tinge of romance Thursday morning at 6 o'clock, at the Huffines Hotel. Wednesday afternoon ex-Postmaster J. F. Wray received a message from his friend, Mr. William S. Vestal, of Graham, asking him to procure a marriage license for him and meet him at the hotel here early next morning. Mr. Wray drove to Wentworth, after supper and secured the license and waited at the hotel with Squire W. D. Hightower. Mr. Vestal arrived with Miss Mildred V. Fripp, a beautiful young woman. The ceremony was performed immediately, and the couple took an early train for Greensboro to await tidings from home.

The elopement of the couple was a most exciting affair. Thursday morning at 2:30 o'clock Mr. Vestal placed a ladder up to the window of Miss Fripp's room and she and he were soon in a buggy coming to Reidsville, in great haste. In his effort to effect her escape from her residence he came in contact with a furious bull dog in the back yard of the Fripp home, and the game came near being frustrated.

The reasons for the parental objections are not known, but the old saying that "love leads a way" has been verified again in the case of Mr. Vestal and his bride, who is one of the handsomest young women who has ever been wedded in Reidsville.

A Runaway Marriage at Durham.

Special to The Observer.

Durham, Jan. 5.—This morning a runaway marriage was solemnized in the eastern part of the city. The contracting parties were Mr. Edward J. Clayton, of Person county, and Miss Katie Bowling, daughter of Mr. J. A. Bowling, of East Durham. The license for this marriage was issued more than two weeks ago and the marriage was first set for a week ago, but was postponed for some reason. The groom-to-be arrived in the city last night and while the matter was kept very quiet the facts leaked out yesterday.

Sunday Marriage of Croatans Attracts Big Crowd.

Special to The Observer.

Lumberton, Jan. 5.—A marriage ceremony which attracted quite a large crowd was solemnized here this morning at 11 o'clock in the law office of D. P. Shaw, G. T. Cox, justice of the peace, officiating. The contracting parties were Croatans, the woman being 43 years of age and the man 23.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

All advertisements inserted in this column at rate of ten cents per line of six words. No ad. taken for less than 20 cents. Cash in advance.

WANTED

WANTED—Experienced lady stenographer desires position. Address "B. L. R.," care Observer.

WANTED—A first-class barber at once. Must be strictly sober. Good thing for the right man. Address Cecil Broom, Waxhaw, N. C., for particulars.

WANTED for U. S. Army, able-bodied, unmarried men, between ages of 18 and 35, citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English. Men wanted now for service in Cuba and the Philippines. For information apply to Recruiting Officer, 15 West Trade St., Charlotte, N. C.; 204 South Main St., Asheville, N. C.; Bank Building, Hickory, N. C.; 138½ North Main St., Salisbury, N. C.; 414½ Liberty St., Winston-Salem, N. C.; Kendall Building, Columbia, S. C.; Hoyt-Haworth and Conyer's Building, Greenville, S. C.; Glenn Building, Spartanburg, S. C.

WANTED—Salesman for building material. Must be acquainted with trade in North and South Carolina. Write Box 76, Charlotte.

WANTED—Clothing salesmen to travel western North Carolina. None need apply unless experienced in the line and familiar with the territory. The Southern Clothing Mfg. Co., Richmond, Va.

WANTED—Position as assistant bookkeeper, cashier or general office work. By a young lady of 10 years' experience; can furnish first-class reference. Address Miss F. Garrett, 421 21st St., Park Place, Norfolk, Va.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—One 80 to 100-horse Corliss engine, boiler and heater. Must be moved quick, prices to suit. Quick removal. Address Cotton Mill, care Observer.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Stock of groceries, horse, wagon and harness. Address "W," care Observer.

FOR SALE—Eighteen good, tough mules, cheap. R. F. Rivenbar & Co., Contractors, Salisbury Road.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Best modern house in city at price. Leased to desirable party wanting furnishings. Address "E. S.," Observer.

FOR RENT—Two front rooms over Yorke Bros. & Rogers' store. Hot and cold water, bath and toilet. G. W. Bryan.

FOR RENT—Three connecting rooms for light housekeeping, and one furnished room; modern conveniences. Apply 9 E. 8th St.

FOR RENT—Furnished nine-room residence, East Boulevard, Dilworth; all modern conveniences. Price $40. Mrs. C. Furber Jones.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROKEN STONE—am now prepared to furnish and deliver broken stone, screened any size required, for concrete work of all kinds. Stone very hard, and breaks into most desirable shapes for good, strong concrete construction. Fred Oliver, Charlotte, N. C. 'Phone 104.

ENROLLMENT Chaitz' dancing school in Davidson hall Tuesday night 8 o'clock. All styles waltzes and dances taught.

GET A LIFE scholarship in King's Business College, Charlotte, N. C. Save $5 on one course of $10 on combined by registering at winter opening, Jan. 2d and 3d, 1908.

STOLEN—From First Presbyterian church yard, bpree and buggy. Mare, white star in forehead, right hind leg white. Liberal reward for return. H. C. Dotger, Charlotte, N. C. 'Phone 562.

MISS MINNIE COCHRAN has removed from her former place of business on the square, and may now be found at her residence, Ninth and College streets, where orders for stamping and fancy work will receive prompt attention. Telephone 761.

The Stove Season

is here, as these cool evenings testify. We have just what you wish, from the large Base Burner for your hall to the Oil Stove for your bath room.

Give us your order now.

J. N. McCausland & Co.

Stove Dealers, Roofing Contractors.

221 South Tryon St.

She was the pride of the country 'round,
Envied by other girls was she;
In beauty and health she did abound
By taking Rocky Mountain Tea. R. H. Jordan & Co.

1ST PRIZE

$50.00 worth of goods; winning number 8,284.

2d prize, $35.00 worth of goods; winning number 10,958.

3d prize $15.00 worth of goods; winning number 7,044.

Customers holding duplicate of the above numbers will please call and make selection of anything to the amount of the above prizes in the store.

GARIBALDI, BRUNS & DIXON

Headquarters for Holiday Goods.

This advertisement won the prize of $25.00 offered by Mrs. Joe Person for the best written advertisement:

Effects of Bad Blood

Spirits Droop.
That Tired Feeling
Recurs Constantly.
Appetite Goes Back on You.
Blood is Poor.
That's Nature's Way of Telling You That You Need

Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy.

It's An Ideal Tonic.
Bracing, Strengthening, Exhilarating.
Purifies and Enriches the Blood.
Tones Up the Whole System.
Soon Makes You Feel Like Yourself Again.
For Sale at All Drug Stores.

MRS. JOE PERSON

Charlotte, N. C.