

GIRL DRY AGENT NOT YET 21; SAYS SHE LOVES WORK

Isabella Premm, Although
Shot At, Says It's Fun—
Target of Bribe.

New York, July 24.—She is as brave as any grizzled adventurer of bygone days—brave as the hero of pirate fiction, but instead of smuggling she makes it her business to apprehend smugglers.

She carries a pistol while on duty—a real one, loaded. Furthermore, she is not yet twenty-one. And she is pretty.

She is Miss Isabella Premm, of Bayshore, L. I.

"I'm out of the service for a time," she said, "so I may tell a little of my experiences as a prohibition agent. It's good policy to keep mum when you're at work, for it's to your advantage to keep your identity secret. Besides, it's obeying orders."

"There were many things to do. I kept track of boats going in and out of various inlets, skirting the shoreline at night in my automobile. I kept sharp watch on the seamen who I knew could pilot boats along the coast after dark; watched trucks and certain 'suspect' small barges that came in and followed my bootlegger 'friends' around when I thought it would be most inconvenient for them. And, oh! what fun it was!"

"And do you know"—here she laughed, her bright hazel eyes twinkling—"those rum-runners and bootleggers took just as much interest in me as I did in them? Oh, how they hated me! It was too funny."

"They shot at me several times. Poor shots!" — contemptuously. "Their nerves aren't steady—and no wonder."

"One gallant captain threatened to throw me overboard if I dared go search his ship."

"Go right ahead, for I'm coming aboard," I said.

"And I did. He didn't!"

"Another incident that was really funny—at least to me—was when a bootlegger mistook a woman standing on one of the docks for me and pushed her into the shallow water. Well, it was another bootlegger's wife. Next day when I saw the man I congratulated him, and he admitted that he wished it had been 'some one else.'"

"How did I happen to enter the work? Well, after I'd been graduated from a private school I made up my mind that I never, never could endure working indoors, office work or teaching. I'd rather work on a freight train! I heard of this position, applied for it, got it, and began work just as soon as I could."

"As if I would!" Miss Premm finished scornfully.

"It's my belief that any person who would stoop to such a dishonorable thing would deserve to get hit some way or other. I'm old-fashioned enough to believe that honesty is the best policy. I wish the bootleggers would take that to heart."

PRIZE FOR PREMIER'S WIFE'S BOOK.

Budapest, July 24.—The Hungarian Academy recently awarded its literary prize to Margarete Bethlen, wife of Premier Bethlen, for her romance, "Ein Leben."

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MAINED VETERAN

Example of After-War Heroism

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He was born at Saint-Laurent-sur-Conron, where his father was school teacher until his death in 1912. The son then succeeded to his father's position, holding it until he left in 1914 in the 25th Infantry. He took part in the battle of the Marne from September 1 to 10, and later fought at Eparges. He received the rank of corporal, grenadier on April 12, 1915. Wounded in the face and arms on June 20, 1915, in the Argonne, he passed two months in a hospital and then returned to teach his school. In the following March he returned to the ranks with the 8th Infantry, and on June 15, 1916, while experimenting with a new kind of grenade the explosion occurred which resulted in the loss of both hands.

As he sits at his desk correcting papers with the artificial hands, which he learned to use only after a long and patient struggle, he presents a silent lesson which his pupils do not soon forget.

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A GOOD RECORD

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By "BUD" FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—JEFF MAY BE SHORT ON KNOWLEDGE—BUT HE'S LONG ON CAUTION

HERE WE ARE OUT IN THE BIG FIGHT AT THIS SWELL HOTEL YOU INTERESTED GOING TO AND NO MONEY! HOW ARE WE GONNA PAY OUR BILL?

IT'S A CINCH! I'VE GOT A GREAT SCHEME TO MAKE SOME DOUGH.

INTERESTING IF TRUE!

THERE'LL BE 5000 SAPS SITTING ON THOSE HOT BOARDS IN THE HOT JULY SUN. WE'LL GET A LITTLE SHOP INSIDE THE GROUNDS AND FILL IT UP WITH BUCKETS OF ICE WATER!

AFTER THESE BIRDS HAVE BEEN SITTING ON THOSE BOARDS FOR FIVE ROUNDS THEIR TONGUES WILL BE TOUCHING THEIR KNEES! THEN WE'LL GO AROUND WITH BUCKETS OF ICE WATER FROM OUR SHOP AND CHARGE ONE TRUCK A GARGLE

IT'S A GREAT SCHEME OF MUTT'S! I'LL GO DOWN NOW AND GET BUCKETS FOR OUR SHOP!

EXTRÉE POOPER!

FULLER AND MEEGEE SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS IN SING-SING FOR BUCKET SHOPPING.

YOU GOTTA GET ANOTHER PARTNER, MUTT! I GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH BUCKET SHOPS!

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BE CAREFUL, MADAM

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Note carefully the name and wrapper

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