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ALCOHOL, DRUGS AND PROHIBITION LAW

INTRICACIES OF NEW STATE
STATUTE ARE MANY AND
SADLY BEWILDERING

BEVERAGES ALONE ARE HIT

Almost Any Amount of Forbidden Al-
coholic Stuff May Be Sold if not
Designed for Straight Drink

While the prohibition law, in force in Oregon since the first of the year, provides that no "beverage" containing more than half of one percent of alcohol may be sold; there is nothing in the law that will stop the purchaser of a mixture of one part carbolic acid and 1000 parts alcohol. And if the purchaser of this latter mixture wants to drink it, nobody will be thrown into jail and prosecuted for the selling of it—though the drinker may go to the hospital or the morgue.

On the other hand, if a druggist sells a pint of ethyl alcohol for a "rub," and the purchaser goes out around the corner and drinks it, the druggist making the sale may be arrested and fined for violating the provisions of the law.

There are eighteen mixtures of alcohol and other things which may be put up by any druggist and sold without making it necessary for the druggist to take out a federal retail liquor license, and the sale of which will not violate the Oregon prohibition law; but in order to get the alcohol to be so used, the druggist will have to go personally to the wholesale house in Portland and sign an affidavit swearing that he desires the stuff solely for medicinal or mechanical purposes.

And, furthermore, each druggist may buy twenty-four quarts of beer and two quarts of hard booze every month, and may use this amount of forbidden luxury in compounding prescriptions to his customers. But the druggist cannot get more than the 24 and two quarts in any one month.

In other words, with the exception of ministers of the gospel, nobody in Oregon may now legally buy more than 24 quarts of beer and two quarts of hard booze a month. And after buying this booze, nobody but druggists can sell it again—and the druggist can sell it again—sell it as medicine, to be taken in small doses, and not to be imbibed as a beverage.

And it is on the word "beverage" that almost the entire prohibition law hinges. The intent of the law is to curtail very considerably the consumption of alcoholic beverages in the state. Anybody who attempts to sell, give away or otherwise dispose of alcoholic beverages is liable to get into trouble. But medicines containing alcohol are a different matter—if they are not taken as beverages. At least such is the ruling of district attorneys and lawyers who have studied the law.

These are general ideas applies to the sale of ethyl alcohol, only the provisions of the law are more strict in regard to it. The person who sells alcoholic medicine isn't blamed if the buyer takes the medicine as a drink; but the person who sells ethyl alcohol is blamed if the buyer drinks it. Why the distinction was made is one of the prohibition mysteries—but it is there. No bond is required of the druggist who sells standard medicines that contain a high percentage of alcohol, and no penalty is attached if the purchaser abuses the intentions of the druggist by drinking them. But a bond is required for the sale of ethyl alcohol, and a penalty hangs over the druggist if customers buying ethyl alcohol drink it.

The United States Treasury Department, which has charge of the collection of internal revenue, has issued instructions to druggists regarding the sale of alcoholic compounds. Copies of these instructions may be obtained from Internal Revenue Collector Milton Miller, at Portland, and they contain—aside from a review of the federal statutes—a list of 18 compounds are household remedies, and others are mere mixtures that make the alcohol unsuited to drinking purposes. The aim of the federal government is similar to the aim of the Oregon law—only it is more simply expressed. It is not the intention of Uncle Sam to permit anybody to sell alcohol for beverage purposes without taking out a federal license. But alcohol for use as a "rub," or for other medicinal purposes, may be sold in practically unlimited quantities without a federal license.

However, strict compliance with the federal law will not protect the seller—or the buyer—from the workings of the Oregon law. And there is no chance to make Uncle Sam defend one for violating the Oregon law. While the purpose of the two sets of statutes is very similar, the chief point of difference between them comes in the strict prohibition of the Oregon law to the purchase of more than certain amounts of alcohol or alcoholic compounds.

The only way to be safe under the Oregon law is to become a real pro-

THE REASON WHY

Correspondent Wants to Know Something; Here's the Answer

Editor, Courier: I would be much obliged if you would tell me why different papers, in printing articles about the same person, so often spell the names of the principal characters concerned differently. I do not mean this inquiry as a criticism; I am simply seeking information.

SUBSCRIBER.

To the above letter the Courier would give two answers. First, in regard to the Courier. This paper makes every effort to get names right the first time, and believes that it usually succeeds. And believing a name to be right as published, the Courier sticks to that spelling of the name every time afterwards when it has occasion to use it.

In regard to other papers, the Courier supposes that the same system is followed. Papers usually try to get things right the first time, and then "stay with them." Which reminds us of a certain eastern paper that once printed the announcement of a certain man's death. The man came in a couple of days later and said he thought the report was a mistake, and asked the editor to correct it.

"No sir," said the editor, looking at the man who didn't die. "No sir. This paper said you were dead, and dead you shall stay as far as this paper is concerned. We will not say that we made a mistake, but out of deference to your feelings we'll simply refuse to mention you again in our columns."

Newspapers try to get things right—and when they don't they dislike to say anything more about the subject.

MANY ATTEND FUNERAL

Last Honors Paid Memory of Mrs. E. G. Starkweather on Tuesday

Many friends and admirers of the late Mrs. Eliza Gordon Starkweather attended the funeral services held over the remains at the First Baptist church Tuesday afternoon, and paid a final tribute to the woman they all knew and loved. Mrs. Starkweather has been a resident of Oregon since 1846, and died at Concord on Sunday, at the age of 85.

As one of the earliest pioneers of the state, she journeyed across the plains in the summer of 1846, arriving in Oregon in October of that year. She was born in 1831 at Vernon, Jennings county, Indiana, and with her father moved to Missouri in 1845. She was married to William A. Starkweather in September, 1853, at Mollala.

The first home of the couple was in Linn county, where they took up a donation land claim. Later they returned to Mollala and in 1861 moved to Oregon City where they lived four years while Mr. Starkweather served as register of the United States land office. Since 1865 her home has been at Concord station.

She is survived by two sons, W. L. Starkweather and H. G. Starkweather, both of Concord, and two daughters, Mrs. Ella Whipple, of Canby, and Mrs. Ida Derry, of Concord, as well as 12 grandchildren.

Oregon's Sunday "blue law" having been held valid by United States judges, we can now go to the movies on the Sabbath and know that we are breaking no moral statutes. It is nice to have it settled.

WAR'S END FORETOLD

Trouble on West Coast also Seen by Marine Corps Prophet

"The war will end on July 26, 1916. On October 12, 1916, San Francisco will be bombarded and destroyed by a hostile fleet."

Gunnery Sergeant Thomas G. Sterrett, United States Marine Corps, makes this dire prophecy, not from any advance military knowledge, but from the fact that he is a seer. Sterrett is a seer with no girls between, and his comrades in the Marine Corps think him something of a forecaster. Sterrett first gained fame when, in 1892, he predicted a new railway station for Kansas City. In 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915, he foretold with unerring accuracy the overflow of the Allegheny's banks and the flooding of Pittsburgh's downtown section.

Prohibitionist, and to him constantly "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." Because even the purchaser of the permitted 24 and 2 may get into difficulty if he gives a friend a "wee nip." The only persons who may keep the drought are regular licensed physicians and pastors—and physicians can only prescribe liquor in medicinal doses or compounds, and to the extent of their individual 24 and 2 quarts, or to the extent of the 24 and 2 quarts, or to the extent of the 24 and 2 quarts, or to the extent of the 24 and 2 quarts.

Druggists, about whom will wage the heat of any warfare that breaks out as a result of the new law, will do well to consult the district attorney about the fine points of the prohibition statutes. They will receive other aid from their wholesale supply houses, and from federal officials. All other people had better leave the tempting glass alone, and then there won't be any chance for a mix-up.

CITY TO BATTLE FOR IT'S POWER

MAYOR HACKETT CALLS UPON
COUNCIL TO DEVELOP OLD
RIGHTS TO THE FALLS

ELECTRIC PLANT IS SOUGHT

Head of Administration Springs Surprise in Message to Co-Workers for Community's Welfare

Mayor E. C. Hackett, new head of the county seat's affairs, set off an unexpected pile of dynamite Monday night when he read his message to the council of Oregon City. The city dads were lying back lazily in their chairs, listening to perfunctory remarks by the new executive on his plans for an administration. Councilman Templeton was reading the charter, and Councilman Van Auker was blinking his eyes sleepily, when it happened. But as soon as the councilmen realized the purport of the new mayor's words they sat up straight and paid strict attention to business.

Mr. Hackett advocated an immediate clearing away of the tangle over the city's water rights at the falls, and suggested that it would be well, as soon as the municipality could afford it, to construct and operate a municipal power and lighting plant.

That was all. But it started something.

Oregon City has not been accustomed to having its city fathers or its mayor allude with more than usual emphasis to the possibilities that are slumbering at the south end of the city. It is true that some faint vista of the future was given the last council during the fight over the sale of the old filtration plant to the Hawley Pulp & Paper company; but until Mr. Hackett sprang the municipal power and lighting plant, nobody has ever very violently suggested that Oregon City might make use of its heritage and make money from it.

Recorder Livy Stipp, of a bygone administration, once delved into the subject of Oregon City's water rights and told the council that there was something wrong while going after. But Mr. Stipp's dream was put to sleep in committee pigeon-holes time after time, and no effort was ever made to find out if Oregon City really had power rights, and if it could develop them and utilize them. The Honorable Christian Schuebel, self-styled "city attorney," made some effort to revive the matter a month or so ago, and following that it was remarked in the papers and in the council that a "friendly suit" had been started in the courts to determine the city's water rights—but nobody took the "friendly suit" very seriously.

And then came Mayor Hackett, and first crack out of the box, told the council that he had every reason to believe that the city had valuable water rights, and that he hoped to see these rights determined at once. Mr. Hackett said in his speech that he had heard, or had been told, that some sort of a suit to clear the tangle was on the legal ways, but the way he referred to it showed that he didn't think a whole lot of the action in the Honorable Christian Schuebel took a belated interest just before his term of office might be expected to expire. Mr. Hackett urged the council to do something—and then he threw out that portentous remark about a municipal hydro-electric plant, which might be utilized to light the city's streets and homes.

No wonder the council sat up and stopped its doze and its blinking. This quiet man Hackett, hardly having warmed the mayor's chair beneath him was calling upon the council to see to it that SOMETHING BE DONE to determine if Oregon City had any water rights, and was also telling the council that if it was found that the city had rights, it might be well to utilize them for the public good. Mayor Hackett spoke of Detroit as a city that had a municipal lighting plant, and his words were of the kind that showed he MEANT BUSINESS.

No wonder the council paused. Those who had heretofore "stalled" all efforts towards developing the city's water power looked from one to the other, as much as to say "Can this thing be true?" New councilmen, not yet intimately familiar with the blighting influence that has blocked all former efforts at developing the water power which the city undoubtedly has, hung on the mayor's words with profound interest and respect. Old councilmen who have thought that the people ought to have the benefit of the city's rights let a new hope shine in their faces.

It appeared that this man Hackett meant to be mayor and do something. The Courier trusts so. And so do hundreds of people in Oregon City, who annually see a good share of their taxes poured into the coffers of a power company that sits entrenched and grins at the city while it uses the water that the city ought to be using itself, and for the power thus used charges the city a plenty for arc and incandescent lights on the streets. The water power is there—there is

ALBRIGHT IN RACE

Man Well Known Throughout County
Seeks Sheriff's Place



John F. Albright

John F. Albright, well known as a fisherman throughout the county, and now serving his third term on the Oregon City council, has announced himself a candidate for the republican nomination for sheriff. Mr. Albright was a candidate at the last election, but lost the nomination by a narrow margin. He believes that he will have better luck this time.

Mr. Albright has always been intensely interested in public affairs, and as chairman of the special elevator committee of the council had much to do with the successful construction and operation of Oregon City's municipal free elevator. He has always been opposed to special interests, and in the county seat council has championed the working people. He has a strong following, and will rally many votes to his banner at the forthcoming primaries. He has radical ideas about the manner in which the sheriff's office should be run, and believes that much economizing might be practiced without impairing the efficiency of the office in any way.

JOHN SHEPHERD DIES

Pioneer Who Crossed Plains in Youth
Recalls Adventures of Trip

John Shepherd died Monday noon, December 27th, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Grace Hinton, near Tualatin, and was laid by the side of his wife in the Mountain View cemetery at Oregon City on the following Wednesday.

He was born in Ripley county, Indiana, January 15th, 1842, thus being nearly 74 years of age at the time of his death. He clearly recalled crossing the plains in 1851 with his parents in a small company on their way to the Oregon country.

The one time boy immigrant chose for his life companion Miss Mary Lee, born where Lewis now is, the day after her parents arrived from the East.

For years after his marriage John Shepherd owned and steadily improved a good farm in Washington county, but a sudden hemorrhage of the lungs sent him, finally, to the east of the mountains, where he partially regained his health, often serving as court interpreter between the Indians and the White Man. He also engaged in sawmilling.

Though always pronounced in his religious views as he saw the right, he nevertheless made a great many friends, and was well known throughout a large part of both Oregon and Washington. He was but once married. He left one son, Ross Shepherd, of Willamette; and two daughters, Mrs. Iva Cantrell, living near Oregon City; and Mrs. Hinton.

PROPERTY CHANGES HANDS

O. W. R. & N. Terminates Lease on
Hot Lake Sanitarium

Hot Lake, Ore., Jan. 6: The popular health resort was today taken possession of by F. L. Myers, of the La Grande national bank on behalf of the \$250,000 bond issue. The management of the sanitarium will continue in the hands of Dr. G. W. Tape.

The usual influx of guests after the holiday season is already making itself felt, the attendance being greater than a year ago. With improvements continually being made, Hot Lake anticipates a very prosperous future.

No question of that. In former years a foolish (?) council agreed that maybe some of it wasn't there, and leased a part of what was left for the city—but able attorneys say that the power is there. The city has a right-of-way to water in the basin, and it may appropriate all of the water that it needs—aside from that to which it already has rights. This much developed during the struggle the city had to retain its flume and pumps at the filtration plant site. And now Mayor Hackett urges immediate action in discovering the total extent of the city's rights, and then talks of a municipal power and lighting plant.

Good for Hackett—he seems to be a real man.

Mayor Hackett now is asking for a city prosecutor who can and who will look after the city's legal interests in this matter, as well as in other matters. He is looking for a man who understands the question, who is familiar with the legal intricacies of the past, and who can and will FIGHT for the city's rights. Here's hoping he gets that man, for it will mean much to the future of Oregon City.

And in connection with all that, why do you suppose it is that the Honorable Christian Schuebel, "friend of the people," wants to hang onto his job, even though he be an unwelcome guest at the councilmanic feast?

WOW! ZIP! ZOWIE! COUNCIL IN RIOT

"LOAFER" SHOUTS TEMPLETON
"LIAR" REPLIES BURKE,
AND OTHERS JOIN

POLITICAL DEBTS NOT PAID

Harmony Sought by Hackett Dissolves
into Thin and Heated Air at
First Regular Gathering

The war in Europe might as well stop right now. It has nothing on Oregon City's council after the first regular meeting of the year, held Wednesday night in the city hall. And all former councils are dimmed as vaudeville performances. What they had to offer was "small town stuff," slapstick comedy of the council circuit variety. What the new council offered to a room crowded with spectators Wednesday night was altogether different—it was high class buffoonery, a performance that kept the witnesses in an uproar all the time in fact it was as shocking a display as any body of city fathers ever put up.

The fireworks began soon after the opening of the session. Mayor Hackett appointed Councilman Andrews a member of the committee on fire and water—the only committee appointment that Andrews gets. Mr. Metzner then rose and called his honor's attention to the fact that he had not re-appointed the elevator committee.

Councilman Roake rose to remark that the elevator was certainly public property, and that he saw no reason for cluttering up the council with useless committees. Maybe he would have said more; certainly Mr. Metzner would have said more, only Recorder Loder then choked off trouble by reading the Live Wires' harmony message.

But harmony wasn't there. The finance committee reported that it had held up two bills, one from the fire chief for flushing hose and hydrants, and one from the elevator committee for an electric heater in the elevator. Mr. Roake opined that it was the regular duty of the fire chief to flush hydrants, that that was what he was paid ten dollars a month for. As to the heater in the elevator, Mr. Roake professed ignorance of its ever having been authorized.

Councilman Albright, who hadn't come in when the elevator committee was abolished, and who thought that there was such a thing, recalled to the council that last year the elevator committee had been given power to act in regard to the heater, and that it had bought the cheapest one in the market.

Nobody explained the flushing of the hydrants—which was done to clear the old water from the pumping station from the mains when South Fork water was turned in. The council allowed the bill for the heater in the elevator, but passed the buck for fifteen dollars worth to the fire chief for flushing the hydrants.

Routine business then calmed the troubled currents of the meeting for a few minutes, and gave the council a chance to accept the bond of the new chief of police and to approve the assessment for sewer district No. 10. Then the Honorable Christian Schuebel renewed his plea for the codification of the city ordinances.

Mayor Hackett thought maybe the ordinances could be indexed by the recorder. Councilman Cox moved that the ordinances be codified according to the Schuebel plan. Councilman Roake wanted to know if there was any allowance in the budget for paying for the codification, which somebody guessed would cost \$500. Bringing up the budget reminded Mayor Hackett that the council ought to meet in a "business session" soon to discuss the budget. Mr. Schuebel guessed that codifying the ordinance would cost a dollar a page. Mr. Roake remarked that probably it would cost more to publish them this time than it did before, and thought estimates ought to be obtained. Mr. Schuebel said it wouldn't cost as much this time, because the city would only need about 25 copies. Mr. Templeton suggested that codifying the ordinances be included with the regular city printing, and suggested that bids for the whole job be sought. At the suggestion of the mayor Mr. Cox withdrew his motion, and substituted one to the effect that the finance committee get bids on the city printing and on codifying the ordinances, and report at the next meeting. The motion carried.

Mayor Hackett then announced that the next meeting would be next Wednesday, and would be a "business session" to talk things over.

And then the real riot started.

"We have come now to the appointment of officers for the ensuing year," said the mayor. "I am of the opinion that under the new amendment, adopted at the last election, I have no power to appoint either a city prosecutor or a city recorder, so I will appoint neither. For street superintendent I desire to appoint one of our leading citizens, a large property owner, and a man well equipped for

the place. I desire to appoint Mr. F. C. Burke."

Absolute silence reigned for a few seconds, and then Mr. Templeton uncurred himself from his chair, cleared his throat, and spoke:

"I wish to say that I am in opposition to the appointment of Mr. Burke," he said. "I am opposed to the appointment of Mr. Burke because he is an impractical man, more fond of talking when at work than of working. He would be expensive to the city. I have been familiar with the street work in this city for the last two years, and I have seen a great deal of work done and a great deal of talking and loafing done; but this man Burke can do more talking and more loafing than all the rest of the men put together. We have in Mr. Babcock a good man, a taxpayer, an experienced man, an obliging man and a good worker, so why should we change?"

F. C. Burke, who had flushed to the roots of his hair during Mr. Templeton's expression of opinion, was on his feet in an instant.

"Mr. Mayor," he shouted, "every word that man has just uttered is a falsehood. He told me only recently that there wasn't a man who did more work than I did on the street. He told me that when I was putting the crown on Fifth street. What that man has said is one of the basest falsehoods ever uttered in this council chamber, it is a dirty lie. Street Superintendent Babcock will bear me out, he told me I was a hard working man."

Councilman Metzner then unlimbered his 42-centimeter gun. "I am of the same opinion as Mr. Templeton in this matter," he said. "When this man Burke was supposed to be inspecting a certain street he was away off somewhere else, talking and loafing. He was always jumping on what Harry Jones did, but any work that other contractors did was always all right, even if they just threw gravel into a ditch with their fingers."

George Randall, one of the spectators to the interchange of compliments, then butted into the battle with the remark that: "I am a taxpayer and a property owner, and I for one think Mr. Burke would make a good street superintendent. I think it would be better to have him, than to put bums on the street who would maybe earn one dollar but get two and a quarter from the city."

Councilman Cox tried to spring a compromise candidate, by suggesting City Engineer Miller for a combination engineer and street superintendent.

"You may say that the charter doesn't permit us to combine the jobs," said Cox. "But this council has done lots of things against the charter that have not been to the city's interests, so why not do something that would be a benefit to the city?"

City Engineer Miller said that Councilman Van Auker had asked him if he would take the street job at \$75 a month, with five dollars a day additional for any engineering work that might be necessary. "I would be willing to do that," said Mr. Miller, "but I am not anxious to do it; and I would only do it on the agreement that I get no less than \$100 a month from January to May, and not less than \$125 a month from May to January."

"I can get a man who will be engineer and street superintendent for \$100 a month all the year round, and he's a good man, too—none better in this city or this county," shouted Mr. Templeton.

"The charter reads that the mayor is to appoint a street superintendent, and I have appointed one. It is up to you to act on the appointment," said Mr. Hackett.

"You talk about economy," interjected Albright. "Where's the economy in firing a man who gets \$75 a month and appointing one who wants \$100 or \$125?"

"Gentlemen, I wish I understood that I am not seeking this job," said City Engineer Miller. "Mr. Van Auker asked me if I would take it, and I gave him my answer. But I also said that I wouldn't take the job if it was going to take the bread and butter out of any other man's mouth."

Then, turning to the mayor, Mr. Templeton fired the crowning shot of the evening.

"You say you want economy," he shouted. "You don't want economy! You want to pay your dirty, miserable political debts!"

"I move the appointment of Mr. Burke be confirmed," said Mr. Albright.

"Huh?" The word came from Mr. Templeton in a snort. Somebody seconded the motion, but before the vote was put Street Commissioner Babcock got the floor.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I don't want the job. I've got enough to live on, and you're not going to take the bread and butter from my mouth. When you vote, don't think of me."

"All those in favor of confirming the appointment will please rise," said his honor. Councilman Roake, whom Mr. Hackett elected by deciding a tie vote, rose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want to explain my vote. When I was elected to the council I promised Mr. Hackett that I would support his nominations, for I believe that he would name good men. So I vote in favor of confirming his appointment."

"Those opposed will rise," said the chair. Mr. Hackett glared at the council and at his supporters who hadn't voted. "Well," he said, "if the council

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WATER CART IS LATE IN COUNTY

PROHIBITION LAW HITS SNAG
AS IT CROSSES LINE BE-
YOND MILWAUKIE

SHERIFF "DOESN'T KNOW" IT

Five of Seven Saloons Close on Time,
but Two of Clackamas Thirst
Parlors Put Clocks Back

Last year Clackamas county had seven saloons, and this year it had two—four a while. Even the Enterprise saw the humor of the situation, and joked Sheriff William J. Wilson about it on its front page. And when the Enterprise will "kid" its pet sheriff, it is a safe bet that there is a lurking cause for the joke somewhere.

According to the Enterprise the prohibition law went into effect promptly at midnight, and at half past eleven on the last night of the old year one of the Milwaukee saloons went out of business. The Enterprise added that the other two were "crowded" at midnight, but remarked that the patrons soon dispersed, and that when the new year dawned there wasn't even an illegal brewery sign in evidence.

Which is awfully funny. Down at Milwaukee eighty-four hours after the prohibition law went into effect there were no less than five "illegal" signs looming over the landscape, four of them advertising the products of one brewery, and one of them lauding the virtues of the beer put out by another. Also there were three signs with the forbidden word "Bar" emblazoned upon them.

Having read the Enterprise and its funny stuff about the sheriff, a Courier reporter asked William J. Wilson on Monday evening what time he left Milwaukee New Year's Eve.

"I don't know," answered the sheriff. "What time did the Milwaukee dumps close up?" was the next question.

"I don't know," answered the sheriff. "What about the brewery signs at Milwaukee?" was the next interrogatory. "I don't know," said the sheriff, and then as an afterthought he added: "I told 'em to take the signs down, if they don't do that it is up to the owner of the building, it isn't up to me."

"I don't know" is hardly the answer for a prohibition sheriff to give on these dry days. The law says that a peace officer who doesn't do his duty is guilty of something-or-other, and stands liable to pay a handsome fine. But Billy Wilson should worry—as he has before now expressed it: "I have a lot of friends in the northern part of the county and the people in Milwaukee think I'm all right."

They probably do—and they probably did New Year's morning—in the wee sma' hours, when as the Enterprise says, the Milwaukee resorts were crowded, but the crowds soon dispersed.

"Soon dispersed" is one of those cute phrases that is open to considerable interpretation. In one instance it was two o'clock—two hours after midnight, when the crowd dispersed. In another instance it was just as late as that, if not later. One of the Milwaukee saloons, however, did close on time—but it left its signs up; and eighty-four hours after the prohibition law had gone into effect they were still proclaiming in vivid blue, white and yellow, that the building they decorated was the Milwaukee Bar, "Jim's Place," and that Weinhard and other beer and refreshment was to be had within.

But the sheriff "don't know." Fritz Boysen painted out his signs after the crowd "dispersed" New Year's morning, and he also scratched the word "liquor" off one of the plate glass windows of the front of his establishment. The sign, instead of reading "Family Liquor Store" read "Family Store" for awhile. And then Fritz got another bunch, and all the gold paint came off. Fritz evidently tried to comply with the law—which is saying something.

The water wagon reached Clackamas county all right, but it arrived late. At midnight crowds came out from Portland and fought to get into the Belle and the Friars' Club. Quite a number got in, but it is said they drank "near beer" unless they brought better stuff with them. And some of them had better stuff. Approximately two dozen automobiles were parked in between the trees at th Friar's Club, but they all got out safely before dawn.

And at dawn the sheriff was sleeping peacefully. He says somebody brought him home from Milwaukee in an automobile, but that it got so cold in the auto that he climbed out at Gladstone and walked the rest of the way up the track to keep warm. Maybe that was why the Enterprise got so funny about the way the water wagon came to Clackamas county, and maybe that is why the sheriff answered "don't know" to the query as to when he left Milwaukee, and what he left there.