BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

. CHAP WHO TOOK BOTTLE LEAVES CLUES BEHIND *

* * * * * * * Community Choral society was .

Mike Long, the barber, appear- issued this week by Mrs. Jack Eied in "Jim" Merrill's Barbecue mer, president. the other morning looking for a The group will meet next at bottle of bay rum which he cached the home of Mrs. C. E. Saunders away behind the counter during on the government reservation to the last cold snap to prevent it discuss its next production. Mrs. from freezing. Saunders plans to visit Portland

"I don't find it." said "Jim." to obtain music for the club. "Maybe some one drank it.'

"Oh, no," said Mike. "If a fellow was to drink that he would go nuts."

fellow who got it."

POLICE WAKE STRANGER

guide him to his own room.

VISITORS IN DISTRICT Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sawyer en-"Shucks," said "Jim" "that ex- tertained Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Applains where it went. I know the plegate of Hackensack, N. J., recently Since the men had not seen each other for 25 years. they had plenty of reminiscing. When Mack Burton of Bonne- The Applegates were on their

GROUP WANTS SINGERS

membership of the Cascade Locks

ville went to sleep one night this way to Seattle to visit a son, Uniweek in Portland, at the Arcade versity of Washington student. hotel, he thought he was in the Dinner guests recently at the right room. But he wasn't. E. Jack Sawyer home were Mr. and Bemer, whose room it was, dis- Mrs. E. S. Lacombe and nephew, covered the stranger in his bed, Mr. and Mr. A. G. Weinheimer called police to wake Burton, and Mr. Weinheimer's father, all of Odell, Ore.

OREGON PRODUCTS

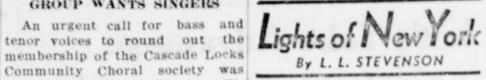
Complete Line Rasmussen & Co. Paint

OREGON **Douglas Fir Lumber**

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Curlous things happen in the City of the Seven Million. For instance: Ira Wolfert, dramatic critic of the North American Newspaper Alliance, with his wife was awaiting the opening curtain of "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles," when a friend touched Mrs. Wolfert on the shoulder and asked her if she had lost her purse. Hasty investigation showed that she had, The friend explained that she had boarded an Eighth avenue subway train and happened to see the purse under the seat. Opening it, she found Mrs. Wolfert's name, Knowing where her friends would be, she followed them to the Guild theater and made restoration-and saw the play with the Wolferts. Incidentally, the purse contained all the current funds of the family. . .

After all this time, I've found an ally in the crusade against red fingernalls. He is William H. Allen, secretary of the municipal civil service commission. He holds that red fingernails remind him of the "blood of a dead horse." He has issued no orders against such feminine adornments in his department but refuses to give dictation to the five or six stenographers who serve him, if their fingernalls are that deep red. Also he regards fresh air and exercise as better than make up. His attitude has caused quite a lot of talk among the girls in his department. But there is a noticeable paleness of both fingernalls and faces. . . .

In the opinion of William P. Mulrooney, who has just completed two years as head of the state liquor control board, New York has the most liberal and the best enforced liquor law of any state in the Union. There are defects, of course, he admits, holding that perfection in handling liquor will never be reached. Incidentally, Chairman Mulrooney is a teetotaler and always has been. That, after 37 years in the police department, he should be in the liquor business is a constant surprise to him. In the last two years, the state has collected \$43,000,000 in liquor licenses.

Not so long ago, the news broke that an investigation had disclosed that a downtown financial club had run, afoul of the liquor laws because the stuff that went into the highballs and was served straight, lacked authority. There was no prosecution, however, Chairman Mulrooney explained why. The guilt was not on the house committee or those connected with the bar. It seems that the night watchman and porters liked their liquor, and to conceal their takings, had added water to the bottled goods. . . .

. . .



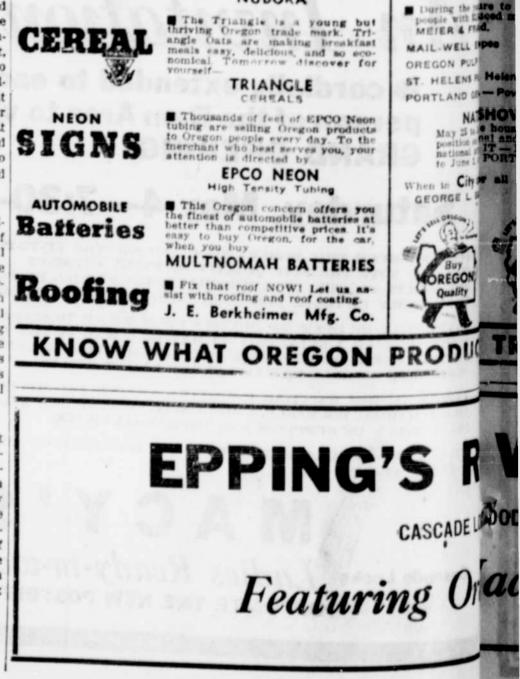


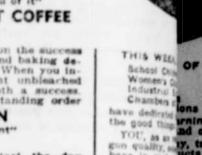


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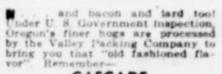
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CASCADE LOCKS, OREGON

An announcement by William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., commissioner of markets, indicates that a colorful bit of metropolitan life is to come to an end at last. The announcement concerns push-carts of which there are about 4,000 scattered all over the city. Instead of allowing them to continue to park in the streets, Commissioner Morgan is planning on putting the merchants under cover and thus making small shopkeepers of them.

The start, according to present plans, is to be made on Park avenue, between One Hundred Eleventh and One Hundred Fifteenth streets, about June 1. The New York Central railroad runs above ground there and the railroad elevated structure will serve as a roof for 467 stalls, each 7 by 8 feet. The cost will be \$200,000 and in return the city will receive \$3.50 a week rental from each merchant.

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A want ad will get results.