

The momentum once started went on to a finish. The next step: establishment of a saloon!

A worthy farmer living several miles from the village applied for the license. No doubt Mr. B. felt that selling liquor over a counter would be far easier than moving hay or digging potatoes, be immensely more remunerative, and perhaps more fun too, who knows. Before telephones, automobiles, electric milkers, refrigerators, electric lights and all the other labor-saving inventions, life on a farm could be often only drudgery from early morning till late at night.

So, no doubt encouraged by his family who might have hankered for the bright lights, Mr. B. moved his wife and children to town, rented a small house on West Main, then hired a vacant store for the new enterprise--a saloon.

From that moment I am sure errands for mothers were never done so willingly, or such far fetched excuses offered to "go over town" as we young people provided. We couldn't wait to see what all this innovation was about. We heard our elders discussing the situation on every corner with such remarks as "a good thing--progressive;" "it's a free country, let people drink if they want to;" "a shame and a disgrace on our village;" "the Devil has an entering wedge," etc. etc.

The first thing our curious eyes viewed was the erection of swinging doors across the entrance of the old store. These doors went neither to the ceiling nor to the floor. Over the top one could see the crown of a cap or hat if worn by a tall man. Beneath could be distinguished a shoe and the cuff or a pair of pants. We knew that these belonged to workmen who were