

A Story of a Jug, a Five Dollar Bill and the Police Department

This is a bootlegging story told by a street car conductor. It has not been verified by the police.

At Jackson, Monday night, a man with a jug boarded the Lansing interurban.

“Better be careful” warned the conductor, “a plain clothes officer rides this car back to Lansing.”

“I’ll take a chance,” replied the man with the jug.

When the car was well on its way a fellow sat down near the man with the jug.

“Want to sell that?” Asked the newcomer.

“No I guess not,” said the man with the jug.

“Give you \$4 for it.”

“It is worth more than that.”

“I’ll make it five.”

“You can have it.”

The jug □ its weight showed it was well filled □ was exchanged for a crisp five dollar bill.

The car reached Lansing.

“Better come with me,” invited the new owner of the jug to the possessor of the five-dollar bill.

“Can’t do it. Must hurry home.”

“I guess not” was the rejoinder as the holder of the well filled jug flashed a shining badge

They walked to the police station.

“Lock him up,” ordered Chief Cole. “Charge him with bootlegging.”

“Nothing doing,” said the original possessor of the jug. “You better find out what is in the jug.”

It was vinegar.

The plain clothes man demanded his five-dollar bill back.

“It was a legal sale,” insisted the holder of the bill. And he departed with his wealth.

Later that evening a prominent member of the police board who is noted for the size of his collar was seen leaving the city hall with a well filled jug of similar dimensions.

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