

A GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN THE MIDDLE WEST MANY YEARS AGO DARKENED THE SUN

The grasshopper plague which is devastating a large area of farm country in Northern Nebraska, Southeastern South Dakota and Northeastern Iowa recalls the great grasshopper invasion of the Mid-West in 1874 to the Kansas Official.

When the grasshoppers came late in July and early in August in 1874, we lived in 512 Kansas avenue, and ran the Seitz hotel. The hoppers landed in a swarm about 2 p.m. We had notice for two or three days to look out for them. It took them three days to clean the cottonwood trees in the Turner garden next door; they also took all the grapevine leaves on their back porch, which was a wild grapevine with heavy and large sized leaves.

My mother had a vegetable garden in our back yard and there we had lettuce, radishes, red beets, turnips and carrots. We got busy and covered the vegetable beds with gunny sacks and rag carpets and tied them down with brickbats. Mother gave me a large piece of rag carpet to cover a large bed of red and white radishes, but I overlooked an open seam about one and a half inches long in the rag carpet, as the hoppers came in droves of thousands. I put 2x4 timbers on the edges of the carpet, with bricks to hold them down. Well, we had prided ourselves on our quick work and that we still had a garden of vegetables.

Next day I was sent out to get the radishes for dinner. I discovered that not a radish, not even a top, was left. The hoppers found the hole in the carpet and made a cleaning and the boarders had to go without radishes for dinner. All we found under the carpet were holes in the ground where there should have been radishes.

We were one of the unfortunate, and did not cover our well and the hoppers ruined the well in two days. We had to fill the well with dirt. The health department of the city came and made an inspection and ordered the well filled up, and a great many others like ourselves, lost out on the well water for drinking. It was only a year or so later when we got the city water, if I remember rightly. All the stores had to have the airways in front cleared, as hoppers got down in the space and could not get out, and so died. People then put heavy tar building paper under the iron gratings—no other paper would keep them out

as the hoppers ate holes in any paper except tarred.

It took only a few days for hoppers to clean the leaves off of trees, and every tree looked like the dead of winter. Joe Deagan, a farmer who hauled hay to market on 6th and Kansas avenue, brought in a load of very green slough grass hay, and the hoppers just covered this wagon load of hay and ate it. They did not bother any other hay on the market; the sough grass was heavy, freshly cut, and they took to it.

All white linen pillow cases, sheets, or anything that had any starch or stiffening in the cloth could not be put on clotheslines. If they did not put holes in the cloth they would ruin it with tobacco juice, as the kids in our day would say; which stain was brown and after washing green, and was fast and would not come out or be boiled out. I know, as I had three or four white shirts stained by the hoppers' tobacco juice, and my mother did everything to take out the stains which was impossible.

The Sante Fe railroad took out only half sized freight trains, as they could not make what was know as Rock Creek Hill on account of the greased tracks caused by dead hoppers smashed on the rails.

The Official man can commend the foregoing story by the late Mr. Seitz as gospel truth. That was the year of our advent to Kansas, having landed in Topeka in March 1874, with two sisters, to join our father, who emigrated from Georgia the year before, to establish his printshop in "bleeding" Kansas.

When the grasshoppers came, though the sun was shining to sizzling heat, the skies were overcast with a cloud that caused no little excitement. People rushed from their homes and stores along the one business street (Kansas avenue) were deserted. No warning had been broadcast of the hopper invasion. All sorts of guesses were bandied as to what it all meant while the great clouds moved slowly over the prairie. Then, as the insects drew closer to earth, the sheen of their wings added to the wonderment. Soon the advance guard, scattered and dropped to the earth there [and there] explained the approaching blanket that dimmed the sun's glare—grasshoppers by the millions! Grasshoppers everywhere.

GRANDPA BLAMED FOR SPOILING BABY

(New York Sun)
Two young mothers of Yonkers and New Rochelle met one day, as a result of one of those involved parties which are more possible in Manhattan than anywhere else in this free country, and began comparing notes. "What I'm gladdest about," said the mother from New Rochelle, "is that I made my husband move out into the suburbs for the summer. When I see that baby of mine and realize that instead of being cooped up in a tiny, hot elevator apartment she has a big yard all to herself, with shade trees in it, and robins hopping around, I could sing for joy."

"I feel like singing these days, too," said the Yonkers mother, "but for a different reason. Not that I haven't a yard with robins in it for my baby, and not that I'm not pleased that I have. But what makes me want to sing is the realization that my baby's grandfather completed his annual three weeks' vacation and got back to work long enough before the hot weather set in to permit me to put the baby back on a routine for which, for a time, I was terribly afraid he had completely spoiled her."

The New Rochelle mother suddenly shivered.

"Heavens" she cried, "My baby's grandfather is coming for a visit and he's going to arrive in August."

A Cynic says a man starts getting bald after middle life and bawled out right after the honeymoon.

LONG MAP FOR RIVER

St. Louis Mo., August 27—After two years of work, Capt. Tom Posey, a river pilot has completed a map of the Mississippi River. The map, 277 feet long, traces the river from St. Paul to McCall's flat, 18 miles below New Orleans. The map is drawn in colors. Posey worked on the map while piloting a boat. He gathered his material by riding packets and towboats.

TINTED TOENAILS AMUSE WALKER

Cannes, France, Aug. 31—Feminine toes with each toenail tinted a different color, peeping out of sandals are among the sights that have amused Mayor Walker at the Miramar bar at Monte Carlo.

On the Wrong Side
Little Jack, living out in the suburbs, who after hearing a visitor side with his father against his mother on a disputed point in bridge, remarked that he guessed "that man won't be invited to our house again," reminds one of the story of the small boy meeting his grandmother for the first time, as told by the Texas Ranger. "So you are my grandmother?" he asked, making a swift, youthful appraisal. "Yes, dear," replied the gentle old lady; "on your father's side." "Well," volunteered the boy confidentially, "I'll tell you right now you're on the wrong side."

LONDON BRIDGE DEDICATION WAS 100 YEARS AGO

One hundred years ago, says "The London Daily Telegraph," the first of the public walked over the new London Bridge, a path which millions have since trod. On August 1, 1831 King William IV. bringing Queen Adelaide with him, dedicated the bridge to the use of the citizens.

The Sailor King was no orator and three sentences sufficed for him. Incidentally, he forgot to declare the bridge open. But he did toast "the source from which this vast improvement sprang—the trade and commerce of the City of London."

He walked the full length of the bridge to witness at the South end a great event of that auspicious day the ascent of a balloon bearing two daring aeronauts. This after narrowly escaping the pinnacle of St. Saviour's Church, "appeared soaring above all earthly dangers."

There was a notable water pageant the royal barge being rowed from Somerset House through continuous lines of barges and craft of all kinds moored head-on to the stream; firing of cannon and flights of rockets and peals from the church bells, luncheon in a huge marquee extending over one-half the length of the bridge; and to close all King William moved among the people, scattering commemorative medals.

Down-stream, some thirty yards distant, Old London Bridge kept its place. Long and low, it had served the city since the remote days of King John. In three years it was cleared away. The bones of Peter of Colechurch, its renowned builder, were found in the crypt of his bridge chapel, and were so little honored that they were flung with other debris into the sea.

Waterloo Bridge had been opened in 1817, Southwark Bridge also new was nearer and Westminster, more distant had its bridge; but the need for a better river crossing on or near the ancient site had long been urgent. Years passed in wrangling before decision to rebuild was arrived at John Rennie who designed the London Bridge, which stands today, meantime died, and his son, Sir John Rennie, carried it to completion.

Among the competing projects were a traffic tunnel under the river bed, twin bridges allowing one drawbridge always to be down, and various hideous high-level iron structures, giving sixty feet clear space above the waterway. Happily London was spared these monstrosities. A service of the new steamboats, used free ferries, was also proposed as a substitute for the much-wanted bridge.

LONG DISTANCE BRIDGE GAME STILL GOING

Superior, Wis., Aug 28—The 1,000,000-point bridge game which started in Superior ten years and eight months ago is nearing its finish, with ne player already beyond the required mark.

Bernard Lee, one of the original players, has died since the game started. His brother, George, who first substituted for him, is now in China, but a daughter of the other players in the game has become old enough to take a hand.

Mrs. F. O. Lindquist was the first to reach the 1,000,000-point total. Her husband still must make about 5,000 points, while Mrs. Bernard Lee needs only 2,000 more points.

THE PATH
(From the Christian Science Monitor)
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There winds a path across a hill, A way that calls when days are still And dewdrops glisten in the sun On canopies where spiders spun. Adventure beckons round each bend; One wishes not to reach the end, But amble on the peaceful way To meet at last—but who can say? Perhaps a vista through the trees, Or misty vale, where fancy sees A place to while sweet hours away And come again some other day.

SHIRT COLORS IN POLITICS APPARENT

Shirt color as a political symbol is mainly modern. Italian history has the famous instance of Garibaldi's red-shirted legions, and the contemporary prevalence of the Fascist black shirts is possibly less appealing to the imagination, but not less important to the world. Now it is drab and sombre London that has adapted the blue shirt as an oriflamme, in opposition to the red flag of Communism.

Commander Locker-Lampson is the father of the "Blue Shirts," who organized amidst scenes of wild enthusiasm on Friday evening in Exeter Hall, London, probably the most commodious assembly building in Europe and comparable with the Philadelphia Municipal Auditorium. They already sing the "Song of the Blue Shirts," which no doubt lacks the wit and finished lyricism of the delightful poems written by Commander Locker-Lampson's father. An Admiral, a Brigadier-General and several members of Parliament were on hand to support the leader in urging the vast gathering to pledge themselves to fight Communism and Soviet propaganda.

Not only were the men decorated with the emblematic blue, but hundreds of London girls wore dresses of the approved colors. To belong to "Blue Shirts," however it is not obligatory to wear that particular garment. A bit of blue ribbon in the buttonhole serves to announce the wearer's adherence to anti-Communist principles. Fifty years ago the Blue Ribbon Army, denoted by a trifle of ribbon in the buttonhole, was a very numerous and widely diffused total abstinence organization. Commander Locker-Lampson is a distinguished naval officer, fifty years old and full of energy to push the "Blue Shirts."

SELF HELP IN TIME OF NEED GREATLY NEEDED

Self-help and unselfish co-operation was strong in times of apparent need. Frankfort-on-the-Main, like so many other German towns, writes a correspondent of "The Christian Science Monitor," furnishes a shining example. Kitchens on a unique, co-operative basis have been organized there by a woman, which provide extraordinarily cheap meals for needy unemployed.

In the process of slum clearance several new labor settlements have been built into which the families moved from their old quarters. The question of food soon became pressing, as many of the tenants were unemployed. The organization which had built one of the settlements, engaged the services of a capable woman who devised a method by which meals could be supplied at a low cost.

Cooking vessels were procured from public stores and established in empty rooms belonging to the organization. Food supplies were bought at the co-operative stores at cheap prices. Unemployed men and women prepare and cook the meals, which are simple, but nourishing. A liter is sold for ten pennings and suffices to feed a small family. The actual cost is twenty-five pennings, and the question arose how the difference was to be covered.

The tenants of the settlement formed a "Society for Unemployed Kitchens," and raised a small subscription. The organization which owned the settlement promised to contribute the same amount of money collected from the tenants. And thus by co-operation the difference in price was met.

GLORIA ON WAY TO HOLLYWOOD

New York, N. Y., Sept. 1—Gloria Swanson is on the way to Hollywood within only 48 pieces of baggage. A taxi caravan was necessary to get them to the station.

Since Bernard Shaw returned home from his trip over to Russia, Winston Churchill has been trying to trip him up with a triphammer.

MISSING LINK FOUND AGAIN

London, Aug. 28—After spending the night in a London police station the so-called "Missing Link" has been found again.

The "Missing Link" is the skull of "Taung," named for the place in Bechuanaland, where Prof. Raymond Dart, South African anthropologist, dug it up in 1925. It was described by scientists as representing something between the ape and prehistoric man.

The professor's wife left the "Missing Link" in a taxicab.

It wandered around London until the driver discovered it and handed it to the police. It will go back to South Africa with Mrs. Dart tomorrow.

STUDENT WORKS WAY AROUND THE GLOBE

Vernon, Texas, Sept. 1—Allan Carney, University of Missouri student, has returned home after working his way entirely around the world as a newspaper reporter. The trip required a year, and Carney and his companion, Sutton Christian, were held as stowaways for a time in French Somaliland. Christian remained in Sahngai to work on the China Press.

You'd think a sermon twenty-four hours long would put the Lord to sleep.

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