

# OLD TIMERS TELL OF HAVOC WROUGHT IN KANSAS YEARS AGO BY GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE

(New York Sun)

A man who lived in Kansas in 1874, when grasshoppers stripped corn fields of their growing stalks, ate the leaves off the cottonwood trees and stopped trains because the rails became so slippery that the locomotives couldn't pull the cars, has just returned from a visit in South Dakota, where he witnessed the devastation wrought by the recent grasshopper plague.

"In the first place," says Thomas Drake, who still does considerable globe trotting at the age of 78, whenever you read about the damage an army of grasshoppers can do, believe it. Believe every word of it, and if that isn't satisfactory add to it and it will still be true. I know, because I've witnessed four of their visitations; three in the West and one right here in the East."

Mr. Drake, who spends most of his time between his jaunts, as he calls his trips around the continent, at the home of his daughter in Washington Heights, is a native New Yorker who while a very young man heeded Horace Greeley's advice. He first explored the Dakota country and then drifted to Kansas, where he was living when he experienced his first grasshopper experience. That was in 1874.

"We had been told that hordes of the pests were on their way east and the reports said that in some places they were blotting out the sun. That was hard for me to believe," he said, "and I couldn't make it seem possible that they could do any great amount of damage, no matter how many there were."

"I was living about thirty miles west of Kansas City, Kansas, then, not very far from the line of the Santa Fe Railroad. Some of the old timers had previous experiences with grasshoppers and they knew what they were in for. There wasn't much that could be done except to wait."

"Well, about the second or third

day after we had the warning they arrived. The air was black with them. You could hardly take a step without crushing a dozen or two under your feet. They went through corn and hop fields like fire.

"It was about noon when they first appeared. About the middle of the afternoon a train came along from Kansas City. There was a slight grade and a curve near my place and the tracks became so slippery with grasshoppers that the engine couldn't pull. If I'm not mistaken that train stayed right there for two days or until the hoppers had cleaned up every edible thing in sight and had moved on.

"For miles around there wasn't a living piece of vegetation. The grasshoppers had even dropped into open wells in such numbers that the water wasn't fit to drink, and merchants had to close their stores because they couldn't open the doors for fear the hoppers would get in and eat up the goods."

Along in 1907 or '08 I was on a business trip in Oklahoma when an army of hoppers came along. They did plenty of damage, but nothing to compare with the trouble they'd caused in '74 when scores of farmers went absolutely broke because of the devastation of growing crops.

"This summer I reached South Dakota shortly after the hoppers had ended their visit, and of all the sorry country I've ever seen that South Dakota country was it. Even the pictures don't do it justice. If fire had gone over it no more complete job could have been done.

"But between the Federal Government and the State it looks as if they've found a way to fight Mr. Grasshopper. They're using poison to kill the millions of eggs that have been left behind by the invaders. Two and half gallons of poison are mixed with thirteen gallons of water and 100 pounds of bran. The whole solution is

then scattered over the fields. Of course, the damage has been done for this year, but it should be different next year.

"You know, as a matter of fact, they had a grasshopper plague upstate here in New York about twenty-five or thirty years ago, and I was here when they were doing their damage. Hundreds of fruit trees were stripped and considerable corn was damaged, but a cool spell came along at the right time and stopped them. They say a grasshopper won't eat if the temperature is below 65.

"While I was out there," Mr. Drake continued, "I heard that in Colorado farmers were gathering grasshoppers in sacks and putting them away for turkey and chicken feed. Where there are plenty of chickens or turkeys there are likely to be few hoppers. Out among the Indians there is a saying that certain tribesmen once considered grasshoppers quite a delicacy. They used to catch them and dry them until they were hard and then grind them up into a sort of flour, with which for such as cared to try it. I never cared to try it."

## HOT ROAST BEEF SANDWICHES

Arrange sliced roast beef on buttered bread from which crust has been removed. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and grated horseradish. Cover with second slice of bread and pour gravy over sandwich. Serve with mustard pickle or slice Bermuda onion.

And speaking of sandwiches, here are a few suggestions to help you in making them:

When making a number of sandwiches of fancy shapes you can get the most out of a loaf of sandwich bread by cutting lengthwise of the loaf.

For toasted sandwiches, spread the filling lightly between the slices of bread and butter the outside.

Butter for spreading on sandwiches should not be melted. Cream it until very light and easy to spread.

One may not be rich or famous or handsome, but think of the joy or having good sense.

# FAMOUS MEXICAN SHRINE IS FOUNDED ON MIRACLE

Guadalupe Hidalgo, Mexico, March 6.—In all the history of religious shrines probably none is so intimately woven with the performance of miracles as the present cathedral at Guadalupe.

The shrine was built directly as the result of a legendary vision and on the exact spot where it is said to have occurred. More than 400 years ago, according to the stories, on a bright December day, a poor Indian peasant, one Juan Diego, trudged toward a nearby village to offer his players in the chapel of the Franciscan Fathers.

Walking slowly over the Hill of Tepeyac, a rocky barren peak overlooking Mexico City, Diego was suddenly confronted by a beautiful woman who told him she was the Blessed Virgin. She bade him have no fear and expressed her wish that a shrine in her honor be erected on the spot. The peasant also was commanded to report his meeting to the bishop.

## Is Disbelieved

That worthy either refused Diego an audience or heard and disbelieved him, for the incident was forgotten by all but the worshipful peasant. The next day the Virgin appeared again at the same place and this time commanded Diego to go to the top of the barrel hill and bring her roses. Skeptical but also fearful Juan mounted the summit of the hill and found himself in a beautiful garden resplendent with roses. Returning with the roses in his blanket the Virgin pressed the flowers to her breast and then told him to proceed again to the bishop and offer the blossoms. He repeated his story to the bishop and spread the roses on the ground. And when he held up his blanket, a rough, coarse-cloth mantle, the Indian and the pious father beheld painted on it the image of the Virgin Mary.

The bishop forthwith ordered that a chapel be built on the spot of the meeting and the magnificent stone edifice that stands there now is the outgrowth of that first humble shrine. On the impressive altar of bronze and gold in the present shrine still may be seen the Indian peasant's blanket.

# HIS BUG FOR NUMBERS HAS A HAPPY RESULT

New York, March 6.—The ability to remember numbers which has been developed to so remarkable a degree by a New York policeman that he is able to detect instantly stolen automobiles and has been instrumental in this manner in the recovery of over 250 machines is, to say the least, unusual. There is, however, another New Yorker who for many years has made a hobby of the same faculty, and the mental exercise has just been tested and proved its usefulness.

This man, returning from the theatre a few nights ago, drove the lady he had escorted to the show to the door of her Park Avenue apartment and then proceeded to his own home in the same taxicab. The drive was a somewhat long one, and the lone occupant of the cab, for no reason whatever, found himself staring at the driver's license placed inside of a small frame at the back of the driver's seat.

The following morning he was awakened by an early phone call. His companion of the preceding evening was on the wire to inquire whether he had happened to notice in the cab which took them to their respective homes a diamond brooch which she discovered to be missing. She had noticed the gem on leaving the theatre and therefore was convinced that it had been lost in the taxi. Her escort had not found the gem, but, much to the lady's amazement, told her that he remembered the driver's license number. A call to police headquarters resulted in some quick detective work and the jewel was recovered before the driver had a chance to decide what he was going to do about it.

You can tell how long he has been a writer by the amount of hair he pulls when the printer makes a mistake in his stuff.

# PITRE CASE TO BE TRIED ON MARCH 21

Bathurst March 4.—Judge McLatchey was here on Thursday attending a meeting of the Gloucester jury board, composed of himself, Sheriff Poirier and B. C. Mullins, county secretary. At this meeting, the jury of the County Court, which is to set here on March 21, was selected, also the jury for the Circuit Court, which opens on March 22.

Chief Justice Barry will preside over the March term of the Circuit Court, when Norman Joseph "Rufus" Pitre, of Bathurst, will be retried for the murder of George G. Smith, aged South Tetagouche merchant.

Good digestion doth wait on appetite, and it also doth wait on a good more pilgrims than any other shrine complex.

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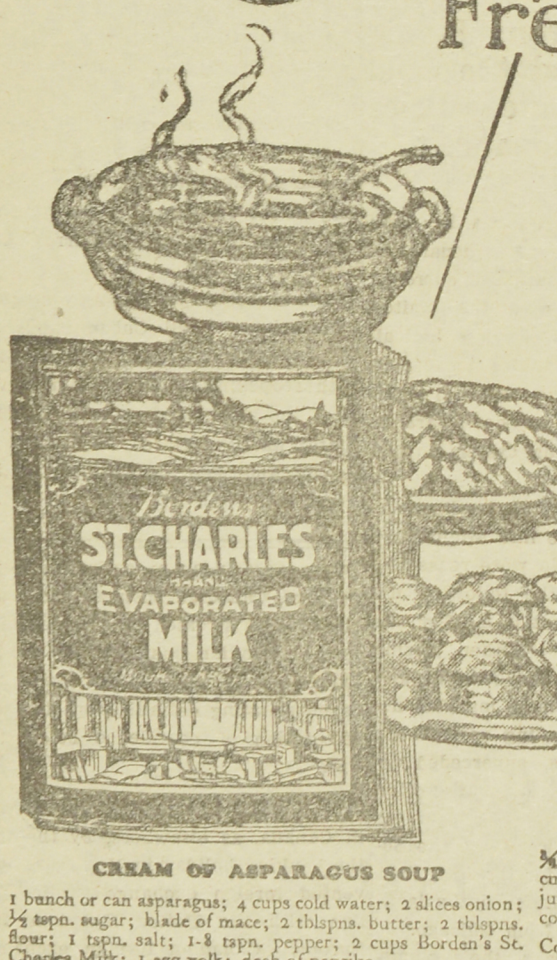
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### CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP

1 bunch or can asparagus; 4 cups cold water; 2 slices onion; 1/2 tspn. sugar; blade of mace; 2 tblspns. butter; 2 tblspns. flour; 1 tspn. salt; 1-8 tspn. pepper; 2 cups Borden's St. Charles Milk; 1 egg yolk; dash of paprika.

If fresh asparagus used, remove tips and cook them in a little boiling salted water until tender; if canned, cut off tips and lay aside. Cut up stalks. Cover with cold water. Add onion, sugar, and mace. Cook until tender. Strain through sieve, pressing asparagus well to extract flavor. Melt butter in saucepan and stir in flour. Add salt, pepper, and asparagus pieces. Continue stirring until thickened. Add one and a half cups St. Charles Milk and the asparagus tips. Bring to boiling point, and simmer five minutes. Combine beaten egg yolk with the remaining milk and add to mixture. Let come to boil. Serve each portion with a dash of paprika over top.

### POP-OVERS

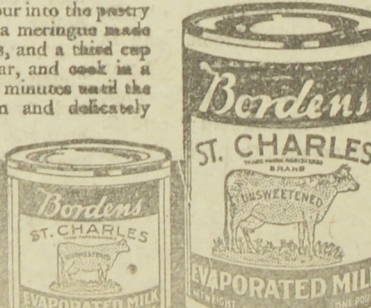
3 eggs; 1 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk; 2 cups flour; 1/2 small tspn. salt; 1 cup water.

Beat the eggs ten minutes and then add the milk. Gradually add the flour, sifted, and the salt. Beat until absolutely smooth. Turn into hot, well-oiled gem pans and bake quickly.

### LEMON MERINGUE PIE

3/4 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk; 3/4 cup hot water; 1 1/2 cups sugar; 4 1/2 tblspns. corn starch; 1 tspn. butter; 2 eggs; juice 2 lemons; grated rind 1 lemon; few grains salt; 1 cooked pastry shell.

Combine the milk and water in a double boiler top, add the sugar and cornstarch, thoroughly mixed together, and cook fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks light, combine them with a little of the hot milk, stir into the thickened mixture and cook five minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Then add the salt and when somewhat cooled stir in the lemon juice and rind, pour into the pastry shell, heap with a meringue made of two egg whites, and a third cup of powdered sugar, and cook in a slow oven for ten minutes until the meringue is firm and delicately browned.



# ST. CHARLES MILK

(Unsweetened)