

Bypaths of Kansas History

HAYS IN 1877

From the Hays *City Sentinel*, October 19, 1877.

The following is an anecdote of old Ben Wade of Ohio, told by every relic of '67. This year was an exceptionally dry one even for that period, and a recurrence of the same at this day would be considered an absolute drought. The population of Hays and other frontier towns was made up almost entirely of roughs; and when Ben Wade, Jr., struck our city he was naturally struck with the extreme dryness and the unruly characters of our citizens. He dedicated a letter descriptive of the country to old Ben and wound up by saying "all this country lacks is water and good society." Came the answer in a few days, containing the following sententious comment: "Only lacks water and good society, eh? Well, that's all hell lacks!"

SCHOOL LUNCHEES 100 YEARS AGO

From the Topeka *Daily Commonwealth*, October 4, 1877.

St. Nicholas, and many other eastern papers and magazines are now discussing the subject of food for school children, more especially with reference to noon lunch. It seems to be generally conceded that children in school need very nutritious food, and how to get it for them in the short time allowed for noon recess without forcing them to study again on full stomachs, is a question of interest to parents. In discussing the matter the Sanitarians suggests that the best way out of the difficulty would be for arrangements to be made in every school house to give such scholars at noon a large bowl of rich nutritious soup, which could be furnished by the janitor at an expense of five cents a bowl to each child. For children who have a long distance to go home, this would seem to be an excellent plan. At any rate we recommend it to Bethany College and other institutions.

HOW KIT CARSON DIED

From the Atchison *Globe*, September 18, 1880:

"The papers are publishing a romance about the devotion of Kit Carson's Indian bride, which reads well whether it is true or not. He married her while mining in the West. Afterwards he went upon a long journey, at the end of which he took sick, and word was sent to his wife. With a devotion that amounted to almost frenzy, she straddled a faithful mustang and started for her sick husband. She crossed far-reaching plains, ascended precipitous mountains, leaped roaring canyons, descended almost perpendicular cliffs rather than go around them, never stopping, never halting, until she at last, completely exhausted, flung herself into the arms of her husband. The exposure and travel were too much for her, and she died within a short space. The shock killed Kit. He broke a blood vessel, and both are buried in one grave.