

INVASION THREATENED.

Grasshoppers in Utah—Crickets in Fremont County.

PULLMAN CHIEF DOES BLOODY MURDER

Gets Crazy Mad Because of Being Fired—Happened in Pocatello. Ex-Attorney General, McFarland Adjudged a Bankrupt.

The farmers of this section of Idaho will do well to keep it fresh in mind that there are signs of another invasion of grasshoppers and crickets. True these devastating pests may not reach us, but the danger is too apparent to be wholly ignored, and it can do no harm to exercise every possible precaution to avert it. The crickets are already in Fremont county, although, through ill-advised efforts to conceal it, the fact is not widely known. According to present day boom ethics, it is a criminal offence to give information that may, for a day, suspend activities in real estate no matter how much loss and suffering the withholding of such information may cause. There is no immediate cause for alarm, although it might be very prudent to indicate to the pest ridden people of Fremont that we who are not afflicted sympathize with them in a substantial way. Up there the people have organized to combat the crickets and their organization, it seems was receiving outside help until some boomists who would rather starve a family than lose a commission, published that there were no crickets in Fremont. They had been practically all destroyed. This cut off many sources of financial aid, and compelled the committee in charge of the campaign against crickets to publish the following:

"As men constituting the committees, which have voluntarily given up their entire time and attention, at the expense of their own private affairs, and who thoroughly understand the alarming situation, who have been in the cricket fields, who have seen the pest in all its enormous numbers, we have this to say to the citizens of Fremont county:

With the limited means which have come to hand to date, a very conservative estimate of the number of crickets so far destroyed will number six thousand bushels. Every living female cricket will deposit ninety eggs during the first week in July. Say that forty eggs would be the average of all; this means that 240,000 bushels of the pest will not require any attention which otherwise would have had to be fought next year. The pest has been destroyed on land by boards lined with tin, and driving them into pits, afterwards burying them, and on water by the installation of roller machines, which grind them into pulp.

The crickets have come from the lava and sandy country to the northwest. They have been and are still arriving in colonies by the very millions, and while there have been at least six thousand bushels destroyed and the work still goes on notwithstanding the criticism offered no human mind can conceive of the billions which are left. At the beginning the committee never had a thought in view but that it could partially destroy or diminish the danger for future years. It will be necessary for others to wage the war next year and the years to come.

The cricket pest is a living reality in Fremont county, and we, in all sincerity, send warning to every loyal citizen taxpayer therein

that he or she must not be led astray by such infamous illusions as will permit you to think that you are not in danger. All the crops on the south side of the river are safe for the present year, but your advisers are not prepared to state what may be your condition in future years if these billions of pests which extend from Spencer to Market Lake, and from Market Lake to Ora, are permitted to propagate and multiply. Certainly there should not be any person within the confines of our county who would attempt to smother the true and alarming situation as it exists."

That is the situation in a nearby eastern county of this State. The Moab Times tells about the condition in its section of Utah, as follows:

"The cry comes from the farmers of the ravages of grasshoppers and worms. The worms are of many kinds and are making deep inroads on the gardens. In some instances they have cleaned up everything, weeds included. * * * The grasshopper pest is one that should have general attention; and a determined, united and systematic fight be kept up against them. If such a course had been adopted when the codling moth first appeared in the orchards it would have made the fight easier now. The trouble was the one who was free of them acted on the idea that he always would be, and did not care what happened to his neighbor. It is the common story the world over, the individual is as independent as the traditional hog on ice.

Now the writer of this has been through a five years war with grasshoppers and crickets, in Idaho. We have seen armies of crickets with their powerful mandibles in front and hole-digging sabers behind, themselves sweeping the earth of everything green this year, while, at the same time, depositing hordes of posterity to devastate next. And we have seen hundreds of waving fields, acres of green gardens and fruiting orchards cut down in a day, totally destroyed by grasshoppers. Talk about hard times. Why a Cleveland administration is one wild carousal of prosperity compared with the tamest kind of grasshopper-cricket invasion.

A Pocatello special to the Capital Evening News, dated the 11th says: A cold blooded murder occurred here at noon when J. Thompson killed J. W. Hall and wounded A. Parker, all colored. Thompson who was a dining car chef, was notified of his discharge by Commissary Grout. Thompson asked for transportation to Ogden which was granted. He walked out and did not say a word but opened fire on Hall and Parker. He shot six times emptying his gun. Thompson ran away. Hall was shot through the heart and died instantly. Parker was shot in the left leg but his wound is not serious. Thompson was not located until about an hour later, when he was found on South Third avenue by officers McCarvey and Edgeley. John Hess who was shot by Joe Watts at American Falls in the Columbia saloon, on the night of July 3, and was brought to a hospital in this city, died this morning. He was shot in the foot.

A Lewiston dispatch states that R. E. McFarland of this city, former attorney general of this State and one of the best known attorneys of Idaho, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy before referee G. Orr McMinimy, and was today formally adjudged a bankrupt. Creditors will meet here July 18. Several Spokane men are among the creditors.—Pocatello Advance.

POLITICS, POLITICIANS.

A Candid Defense of a Much Abused Class.

AT THE GRAVE OF BOISE CIVIC PURITY.

Touching In-Memorium Remarks by the Statesman Champion—Biographical Sketch and Eulogy—Killed by a Chunk of Frozen Virtue.

We often marvel at the attitude which, popularly in this country, is assumed toward politics and politicians. There is so much inconsistency, so much hypocrisy, about it that it is difficult to reconcile its existence and vogue with that degree of intelligence and sincerity which, in other respects, seems to characterize the American people. It has come to be thought that the surest and speediest way of ingratiating oneself with the people is to howl about the filth of politics and the corruption of politicians. The discarded and soured old skate, burning for revenge and restoration, the glorified reformer, on the ragged edge of translation, and the callow young prig, surging with evangelical aspirations, all invoke the same god and, in common, expect to achieve solace and exaltation by tongue-lashing politics and politicians. The persistency and industry of those self-seeking lip lammers have so wrought upon the popular mind that rarely can any one be found with candor and courage to speak respectfully of politics or politicians.

At peril of incurring popular disapproval, we venture to say that politics is just as clean and wholesome business as any in which men engage, and politicians are just as upright and honorable as any other class of men. There are dishonest and grasping men in politics and so are there dishonest and grasping men in commerce, in finance, in the professions, in the fraternities, in the schools, in the churches, in the trades, on the farms and in the HOMES. Politics is no more dominated by vicious and depraved men than are banks, stores, churches and firesides. Political parties are no more controlled by dishonest tricksters than are commercial clubs, fraternal societies and religious organizations. A mothers' conference, a civic league or an ecclesiastical council is just as liable to go wrong as a Populist caucus. There is just as much wire pulling in a holy governing synod as in a national convention. With respect to politicians, taking them up one side and down the other, they will square with any class of men on earth, in honesty, liberality, fair dealing, patriotism, fidelity and ability. The average politician who has achieved sufficient success to entitle him to the name, is not the grafter and corruptionist depicted by the holy lip lammers. He is upright, big hearted and capable. He loves the clash and excitement and pomp of public life. Upon the altar of his political convictions he cheerfully sacrifices personal ease and financial gain. He aspires to positions of honor, trust and power not to defile but to grace them. If sometimes he miscarries, he does no worse than men in all other walks of life. If he has some regard to the emoluments of place, it is no discredit to him, for who that labors does not hope for substantial reward? As a rule there is no money in politics and they who play at the game are generally worse off financially at the end than in the beginning. Positions occasionally afford opportunities, some of them legitimate, some, otherwise, but, in general, the man who stays

in the game comes out broke and discredited to fade from public view and only to momentarily reappear, in after years, as the principal attraction at a quiet little funeral. But do not think that because of his inglorious end the life of the politician was a failure. He had his rise from obscurity, his meridian of pomp, honors and activities, and in his decline, the consoling reflection that because of him civic life had made some progress and sound political principles had not perished from the earth. Who that values truth can say as much for the holy lip lammers.

IN MEMORIUM.

As the self-elected champion of the Statesman it becomes our official duty to perform the last sad rites over the grave of Boise Civic Virtue. If words fail us and tears refuse to come, it is because our emotions are too intense to articulate, our anguish too deep to gush. Boise civic virtue was a beautiful creation. It had been carefully preserved on ice in a Statesman back room without being disturbed for two long years. It was very cold and stiff and anemic when first removed from cold storage, but the flames of righteous indignation which fanned the Statesman establishment when Pinney was nominated rapidly thawed it into life and vigor. The Statesman was its sole natural parent. The Democratic party was only a stepmother *pro tem*. The civic league was only a civil contract relative and the ministers were but godfathers-in-law.

As we view the remains and think of all they accomplished for the uplift of humanity in the brief hour of their activities, we are overwhelmed with a sense of irreparable loss. The regeneration of Hutchinson and Bassett will live in history as the noblest achievement of civic virtue in any age or clime. Time is too short—eternity were scarce long enough—and our grief is too poignant to allow us to enumerate but a fraction of the good works wrought by these poor, murdered remains. In all our life, we never before cherished any remains like we do these. But, come mourners, come friends, take grip upon your emotions, check back those piteous tears; and when the clouds fall upon the coffin lid in hollow, mournful cadence, burst not your bleeding hearts, but take courage to live and hope. The dead is dead and beyond our poor power to help, but the living are here appealing to us for sympathy and comfort. These remains came from the bowels of the Statesman. The parent is bruised and broken beyond repair, but the breath of life has not departed from its nostrils. Let us speak of it in terms of endearment, consolation and encouragement. Let us smooth its pillow and cool its throbbing brow. Its last, lingering moments should be rendered as painless as possible. It never expected to be shot all to pieces with a chunk of frozen civic virtue. Of it, when it dies, we may say, it was killed by an unnatural offspring.

Boy Accidently Killed.

Legrande Hillhouse, 12 year old son of David Hillhouse met a sudden and tragic end Wednesday morning at his father's ranch in Rockland, being thrown from a mower and crushed. The young man had been left in temporary charge of the team and mower and it is supposed that the team became unmanageable and the boy thrown, bruises about the head indicating that the machine had passed over the body.—American Falls Advocate.

Warranty and Quit claim deeds for sale at The Tribune Office.

NAMPA'S TEN STROKE.

Caldwell Is Steeped in Woe and Consumed with Envy.

COURT HOUSE AND ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Plans Adopted—Bids Advertised For—Proposed Suburban Electric Line to Nampa, Meridian and Boise will add something to Caldwell as a Commercial Center.

Indicative of the perverseness of human nature in the fact that the joy which ought to flow into the hearts of men in consequence of their own prosperity is forever shut out by contemplation of the prosperity of others. The goods men have and which might make them happy are no sooner safely garnered than blighted by envy. And that is true of communities as well as individuals.

Caldwell no longer rejoices in the wave of prosperity which flowed in upon her a year or two ago, adding to her wealth and population, developing her resources and multiplying her industries. Caldwell cannot be happy in the reflection that the prosperous wave shows no sign of recession but flows on in over increasing volume. Caldwell sees not these things. They are shut from view by envy, and she is troubled in her bowels, sore and distraught. Nampa has landed a Sugar Factory and Nampa landed a Mormon Apostle. Caldwell is keenly appreciative of the magnitude and value of these "catches." She perceives what they forebode. By a stroke of enterprise and finesse Nampa has at once put herself on the way to industrial preeminence and a stake in Zion. Nampa has secured a pearl—two of them—of great price. She deserves to be congratulated and if we were not a sore and envious Caldwellite we would congratulate her.

Great and beneficent things will come to Nampa in consequence of the prizes she has won. Her property will double in value many times, her lands will be tilled and fructified, and her commerce wonderfully expanded. Her destiny as a great and prosperous city is fixed.

In the polity of Mormonism it is established that the Church shall follow the factory, and that Zion's Cooperative Institutions shall follow the Church. The Sugar Factory will bring to Nampa hundreds of prudent, industrious, well regulated Mormon families. There they will build homes and schools, churches and stores. With patient and cheerful perseverance they will develop and multiply until the desert around Nampa blooms like the rose of Sharon. They will establish banks, newspapers and reading rooms; build hotels, theatres and pleasure resorts; open implement houses, lumber yards, restaurants and barber shops; run drug stores, butcher shops and brick yards; establish wards and open in each of them a convenient branch of Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution where people may readily and reasonably purchase any and every item of dry goods, groceries and hardware of common use. Splendid prospect! Happy, thrice happy, Nampa! But Caldwell, poor thing, sick at heart and green with envy, don't get even a first counsellor, a president of the Young Men's female relief society or a "conjunct."

Payette Woman Hurt in Runaway.

Tuesday morning while driving to Payette from her home near New Plymouth, Mrs. G. A. Mann jumped from the wagon when the horses were running, striking on the back

of her head, which caused a slight concussion of the brain. Mrs. Mann with her husband and another man were coming to the celebration and when about two miles out from Payette the team became unmanageable and the man along jumped out and caught the horses by the bridles, but they got away from him and commenced running. Mrs. Mann, fearing a more serious accident, jumped from the vehicle with the result described. She received early medical attention and will recover. The team was stopped before doing further damage.—Weiser Signal.

COURT HOUSE PROGRESS.

Plans Adopted and Bids to be Advertised for.

The county commissioners have this week adopted plans for the proposed new court house and will advertise for bids. This is the legal step in order before submitting the question to a vote of the people. The plans contemplate a very substantial, convenient and handsome building, but nothing grand and imposing, just rich, not gaudy. It has been previously remarked that Canyon county wants a court house, and what she wants she generally gets.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Proposed Suburban Line to Boise, Nampa, Meridian and Other Tributaries.

Wednesday Mr. Fitzgerald, the New York capitalist and electric railway builder was in the city accompanied by Dr. Ustick. The gentlemen were at once closeted with Mr. Sebree, president of the First National Bank, and remained in conference with him several hours. While nothing definite has been learned, it is understood that it is proposed to build a system of suburban electric lines from this city, radiating in all directions. The first proposition is a line to run from here southeast to Nampa, thence through Meridian to Boise and return via Star and Middleton. It is deemed important that this part of the system shall be begun at once and completed as rapidly as possible in order to forestall the Pierce movement. The work of building to Pearl and Emmett on the north, Roswell and Jordan Valley on the west and south will progress more leisurely. The completion of this system will add considerably to the importance of Caldwell as a business center. Messrs Fitzgerald and Ustick started over the initial route yesterday afternoon in an automobile. After making a thorough investigation they will return to the city and close up the business.

Contest Case Decided.

The contest case of L. B. Manning against Lucian Carpenter, involving a tract of land in section 31, township 5 north, range 3 west, entered as a homestead, has been dismissed. The opinion by the land office officials says, in part: "It is true that no cultivation of the land was attempted during the year 1904, but as the entryman was not required to cultivate during the first six months of the entry which expired in September, 1904, after the season for cropping, we are clearly of the opinion that bad faith cannot be alleged in this regard where it appears, as in this case, that the entryman at the time of notice of contest was actually residing upon the land and was apparently preparing in good faith to put in a crop during the first season after the required establishment of residence. We therefore hold that the entry should remain intact and the contest be dismissed."