

Bypaths of Kansas History

A BLENDED WHISKY

From the *Kansas Free State*, Lawrence, April 7, 1855.

An Indian had gone to Westport [now a part of Kansas City, Mo.] one cold winter's day, and got very drunk. On his way home, he became completely overcome, laid down, and was frozen to death. His tribe was at that time much disposed to imitate the habits of white men, and accordingly held an inquest over the dead body. After a long pow-wow, they finally agreed to the verdict, that the deceased came to his death "by mixing too much water in his whisky, which had *frozen in him and killed him!*"

"TRAILER HOUSES" OF 1859

From the *Emporia News*, October 22, 1859.

CAMP-WAGONS FOR HOUSES.—We have before referred to the limited amount of surplus room which our building capacities at present afford, and the fact that immigrants were still pouring in upon us. The past week has added several more families, who, being determined to remain, have taken to camp life until they can either build or find room. We admire their courage. If some others who have come here and gone away for this reason had possessed such resolution, they would not now have cause for regret.

SUNDAY LAWS

From the Leavenworth *Evening Bulletin* (D. R. Anthony, publisher), May 23, 1865.

This morning, C. R. Morehead & Co. were arrested and brought before the recorder for a violation of the Sunday laws, in permitting trains to be loaded from their warehouse on Sunday. The goods did not belong to them, but were left on storage by a Mexican trader. The mayor was applied to, and gave *written* permission to the Mexicans to load the teams, and also "*ordered the policemen not to interfere, or to arrest the parties.*" The city attorney *refused* to prosecute the case, and moved that a nolle pros. be returned, which was granted by the court.

We do not find fault with this course, only in this: it is making fish of one and flesh of another. The German is hauled up for practising an innocent game on Sunday, roundly fined, and threatened with an iron jacket, if he dare drink his glass of lager or pitch a game of quoits on Sunday.

We were hauled up before his Honor, charged with carrying concealed weapons. We proved that we had a permit from the acting mayor, and that it was custom, usage, and in accordance with the charter. A fine of ten dollars was imposed. The city attorney did not move a nolle pros. in our case.

O ye gods, and the good people of Leavenworth! look out for these men "*who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.*"