

## MID-SUMMER MADNESS

By W. E. Hill

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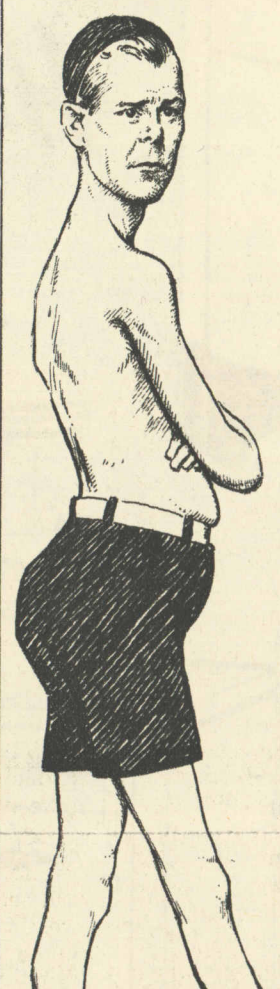


In mid-August the country auctions are at their height and Summer residents go mad over bargains in antiques, despite the husbands who stand near by murmuring, "Don't bid on that, Julia, you know you don't want it!"



The hay fever addict who walked through the field of goldenrod and brought on the old trouble.

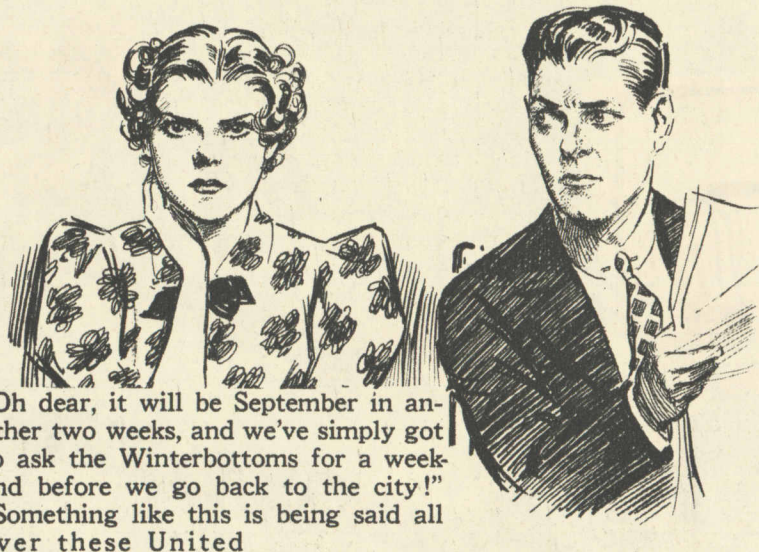
The little theatre groups that flourish in barn and town hall get into their stride in August and go after big things. These local favorites are offering "Candida" to the countryside. (This is the scene where Candida makes her big choice.)



Along toward the middle of August, the beach boys who weren't so sure of their appearance in June, lose all feeling of self-consciousness and pose around like anything.



August is the month when the large but stylish blonde begins to look less and less cute in the little garden suit that was such a success earlier in the season. It's shrunk-tighter and tighter.



"Oh dear, it will be September in another two weeks, and we've simply got to ask the Winterbottoms for a week-end before we go back to the city!" (Something like this is being said all over these United States about now. And nothing will be done about it.)



"I told her their dog dug up our zinnia bed, and she says our cat lay right in their nasturtiums and spoiled them!" (Just one of those mid-August dog and cat complaints between neighbors.)

## Fort Dearborn Massacre 125 Years Ago



(Reproduced by courtesy Chicago Historical society.)

A hand-to-hand battle of the Fort Dearborn massacre, as drawn by an early artist.

### First Great Tragedy of Chicago

THIS very day 125 years ago was one of the darkest in the whole history of Chicago. Considering what occurred on Aug. 15, 1812, it is to the credit mainly of the courage and perseverance of the American pioneering spirit that a great and marvelous city has risen.

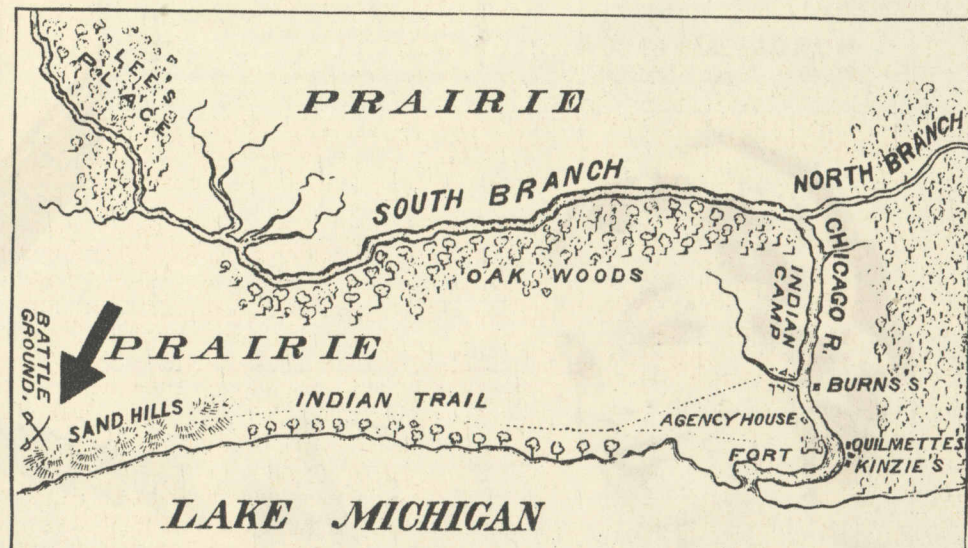
Past the historic spot now speed swift electric trains bearing peace-loving citizens. The noises of commerce and industry now echo and re-echo about the site where once flintlock muskets hurled death, where women and children shrieked amidst a scene of butchery.

The Fort Dearborn massacre was not an unavoidable tragedy, if we are to believe historians. Capt. Nathan Heald, who commanded the garrison of the little log stockade on the south bank of the Chicago river about a half mile from its mouth, could have stood a siege.

Gen. William Hull's order to Heald, brought to the fort on Aug. 9 by Winnemeg, a friendly Potawatami chief, told the captain to "evacuate the post if practicable, and in that event to distribute the property belonging to the United States in the fort, and in the factory or agency, to the Indians in the neighborhood."

Heald, with ammunition and supplies to last six months, was warned by John Kinzie, who resided near the fort, and by others, of the treachery of the Indians, but he went ahead with his plans to abandon the stockade. Instead of distributing excess arms and ammunition among the savages, as he was advised to do in Hull's order, he had them destroyed in an effort to keep the Indians from becoming more formidable than they were. This act fanned the fire of hatred in the breasts of the savages.

Although officers and men of the garrison were aware that the Indians were in a sullen mood, they marched out of the fort at 9 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 15, heading southward along the



The site of Chicago in 1812, showing location of Fort Dearborn and place of battle between the whites and the Indians.



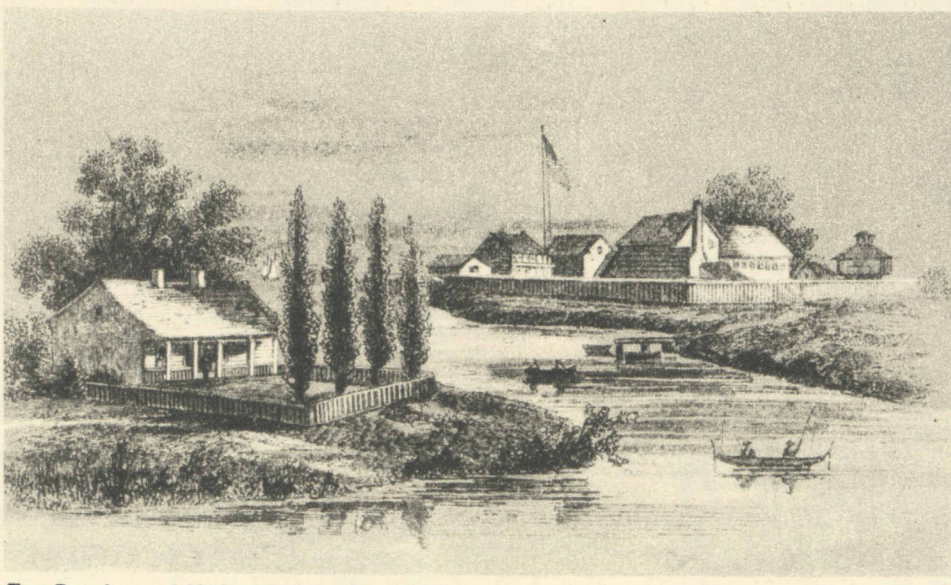
View of interior of stockade of Fort Dearborn as it was reproduced for A Century of Progress Exposition in 1933 and 1934.

shore of Lake Michigan. Indians to the number of about 500 escorted them, moving parallel with the retreating whites along the ridge of sand that lay a few hundred feet from the lake. There were fifty-four regular soldiers in the group and between ten and fifteen civilians who had been enrolled as militiamen. In addition there were the officers, Captain Heald, Lieut. Linai T. Helm, and Ensign George Ronan, and the garrison physician, Dr. Van Voorhees. Accompanying the retreating band were wives and children of the officers and civilians. Kinzie had dispatched his family toward St. Joseph, Mich., in a boat.

The retreat moved slowly along the lake shore, the savages, mostly Potawatamis, keeping abreast of the soldiers. The garrison band struck up the Dead March from "Saul." A Captain Wells, a relative of Mrs. Heald, who had been living among the Indians, joined

the group with a party of friendly Miami. Wells' face was painted black in the Indian manner. He knew what was about to happen.

When the retreat reached a point along the lake somewhere between what are now 18th and 22d streets the Indians began firing. The battle raged for about fifteen minutes, the whites putting up a desperate fight as they were being shot down one after another. Finally Heald surrendered, the uninjured of his command having been promised their lives. But in the terms decided on there was no protection for the wounded. Many of these Indians killed shortly after the fight. According to the most reliable authority there were slain twenty-six regular soldiers, twelve civilians, two women, and twelve children. Wells, Ronan, and Van Voorhees also lost their lives. The Indians lost about fifteen. Most of the survivors finally found their way back to friends in the east. The fort was burned by the Indians the day after the massacre. It was not rebuilt until four years later.



Fort Dearborn of 1812, with John Kinzie's home in the foreground. From an old-time sketch.

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