

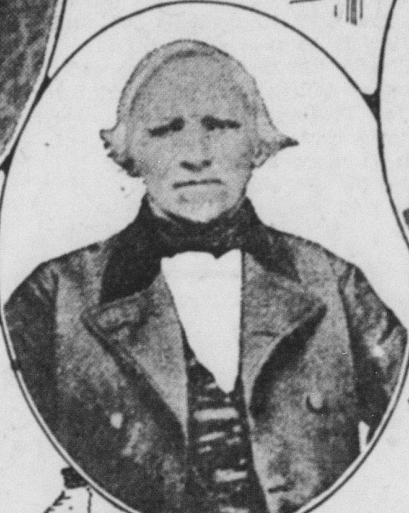
Last Echo of Fort Dearborn Tragedy



MRS. MARY ROBINSON RAGER



FORT DEARBORN



CHIEF ALEXANDER ROBINSON



JOHN H. KINZIE

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

TRY to picture a simple little frame house standing on the wooded shores of a lazily-flowing stream only a few miles from a great city where the roar and clatter of traffic never ceases day or night. But out here these sounds are muffled and lost in the rippling of the stream and the murmur of the wind in the branches of the elms and maples around the house. There sits a gray-haired woman, eyes dimmed and head bowed by the weight of nearly a hundred years, dreaming perhaps of the long ago when her father's people ruled a wilderness into which but few white men had dared to venture.

That was the picture which you might have seen until recently in the Cook county forest preserve near Chicago where Mrs. Mary Robinson Rager, daughter of Alexander Robinson or Cheq-Chu-Pin-Quay, chief of the Pottawatomes, Chippewas and Ottawas, made her home for more than three-quarters of a century. The other day she slipped quietly into endless sleep and her death snapped the last link between the modern metropolis, Chicago, and the little stockaded Fort Dearborn from which it sprang. It was the last echo, too, of the Fort Dearborn massacre, a frontier tragedy which in the history of the Middle West is curiously analogous to the Fort William Henry massacre in the East, which forms the climax in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans."

For her father, Alexander Robinson, was one of the friendly Pottawatome chiefs whose friendship for the whites saved that bloody affair from being one of utter horror. Robinson himself was a half-breed, the son of a Scotch trader and an Ottawa Indian woman, who was born at Mackinac, Mich., in 1780. He made his home with his mother's people and saw the Ottawas and other confederated tribes crushed by "Mad Anthony" Wayne at the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794. Although he was only five years old at the time Robinson retained a vivid recollection of what he saw on that memorable occasion and in his later years often told his thrilling story to his white friends. Later he married a Pottawatome woman and became a chief of that tribe.

At the outbreak of the War of 1812 Robinson was living near Fort Dearborn, which had been built on the present site of Chicago in 1803. He had formed a fast friendship with John Kinzie, often called "the father of Chicago," a trader and silversmith who settled near Fort Dearborn in 1804, and it was this friendship which probably influenced him to play the role which he did on the fateful day of August 15, 1812.

For some time previous to the massacre the little garrison commanded by Capt. Nathan Heald had been alarmed by various hostile acts of the Indians who were hanging around the post, but affairs did not become threatening until the middle of the summer. Then on August 9 Heald received orders from General Hull at Detroit to evacuate the post, destroy the stores from the government factory among the friendly Indians and proceed to Fort Wayne, Ind. Although Heald realized fully how perilous the execution of this order would be, he had no other choice but to obey. So the evacuation of the fort was planned for August 15.

In the meantime Capt. William Wells, a famous frontiersman who had scouted for Wayne, hastened to Dearborn from Fort Wayne with 15 friendly Miami Indians to escort Heald's command to the post in Indiana. Wells' favorite niece, Rebekah Wells, was Heald's wife, and Wells, knowing well the temper of the Indians around Fort Dearborn, was willing to risk his life, if need be.

The day before the evacuation the goods were distributed among the Indians who had begun to swarm around the post as soon as the news that it was to be abandoned had spread, but all of the extra ammunition and a large store of whisky were destroyed. Although it is virtually certain that Heald's command would have been attacked anyway, this destruction so infuriated the Indians that the garrison's doom was sealed then and there. That evening Black Partridge, a friendly Pottawatome chief, came to Heald and warned him that his young warriors were bent on mischief and that he probably could not restrain them from attack on the morrow. But it was too late then to turn back.

The next morning there issued forth from the fort "the saddest procession Michigan avenue has ever known"—the garrison of Fort Dearborn marching to what they realized was their death. At the head of the column rode Captain Wells, his face painted black in anticipation of his fate. Next came the regular soldiers and in the rear, in wagons, rode the women and children, guarded by the citizens who lived near the fort and who had been enrolled by Heald as militia. A mile and a half south of the fort the Indians, hidden among the sand hills, attacked. The struggle was brief, but in the short time it lasted there were deeds of heroism which would fill volumes.

When the battle was over, 25 regular soldiers, 12 militia, 2 women and 12 children were dead and the remainder were in the hands of the Indians as prisoners. Captain Heald had surrendered to Black Bird, the principal Pottawatome chief, when he saw that further resistance was useless and would mean the death of all after they were overcome. Both he and his wife were badly wounded. Some of the prisoners were tortured to death that night and others saved for ransom. Among the latter were Captain and Mrs. Heald, because the Indians realized that they could demand a large sum of money for the commander, and they were turned over to Alexander Robinson.

The next day their captors set out for the St. Joseph river in Michigan where the Healds were left in the custody of a few Indians while the other Indians sped away to take part in an attack on Fort Wayne. In their absence, a chance to escape presented itself.

Alexander Robinson was prevailed upon to conduct them to Mackinac in his birchbark canoe, for which service Heald was to pay him a hundred

dollars. Disregarding the danger to himself when his tribesmen returned and found that their prisoners had escaped, Robinson, accompanied by his wife, set out on the 300-mile journey. They paddled the entire length of Lake Michigan and after 16 days arrived at Mackinac where the Healds were turned over to the British commander, Captain Roberts. They were treated kindly and eventually paroled and allowed to return to their home in Louisville, Ky.

The Indians had burned Fort Dearborn after the massacre, but it was rebuilt in 1816. Robinson again made his home near the fort and became known as a steadfast friend of the whites. At the outbreak of the Winnebago war in 1827 it was due to his efforts and to those of two other Pottawatome chiefs, Shabbona and Sang-anash (Billy Caldwell), that the Pottawatomes did not join the Winnebagoes and attack Fort Dearborn.

Again in 1832 Robinson held his tribesmen in check when they would have joined Black Hawk, the Sac leader, in his war against the whites. Instead of turning hostile, Robinson and some of his warriors served as scouts for the armies of General Atkinson and General Henry which finally subdued Black Hawk. Robinson served as interpreter for Gen. Lewis Cass at the treaty with the Chippewas in 1820 and his name appears on the two treaties of Prairie du Chien of 1829 and 1834.

By these treaties the sum of \$5,000 was granted to Robinson for his services to the whites and each of his children, a son and two daughters, was given \$400. In addition he was given a large tract of land on the Desplaines river near Chicago and there he lived until his death in 1872. His wife and son died the next year and the land came into the possession of his daughter, Mary Robinson, who had married Francis Rager, a trader.

Later the principal part of the land was purchased by Cook county to be used as a forest preserve, but ten acres, including the plot where her father, mother and brother are buried, were reserved for her during her lifetime. There she had lived for the last 75 years on the border of civilization but utterly apart from it. During all her lifetime she never rode in a street car or automobile and during the last 30 years of it she never visited the city of Chicago. There in the tiny fragment of the wilderness that had once been, she lived in the forgotten past until her death on January 8, 1927, closed forever the last chapter of Indian history in the old Northwest.

tributes his longevity to a diet of rice and eels. This restricted and esoteric regimen may seem somewhat strange to his Japanese compatriots, but to westerners with a fondness for health foods it must be quite acceptable. Eels are surely full of vitamins, and even if they are not, the civilization that fell for Metchnikoff's sour buttermilk cannot find anything outlandish in an eel-rice dietary.

Sparks of genius have nothing in common with love making.

Adrift With Humor

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

"Oh, daddy," said the young lady "Mrs. Jones said you were the handsomest man on our street."
"What's that?" asked the father.
There was a brief silence, then the daughter shook her head and said "Well, I guess it's true, all right."
"What's true?" asked the father.
"That every time you compliment a man he makes you repeat it."—Christian Science Monitor.

TROUBLESOME VOWELS



"Can't he speak plainly? I heard him say certain vowels gave him trouble."
"Oh, he was referring to his I. O. U's."

Our Sham World

"All that glitters is not gold."
But here's the truth, though bitter. Lots of people that we know are satisfied with glitter.
—The American Boy Magazine.

An Accident

"My wife had a motor accident yesterday."
"I'm sorry. Was there much damage done?"
"A fair amount. A smashed-up back and several screws loose."
"Your poor wife!"
"Oh, you were referring to her? She only got a broken leg."—Kari-katuren, Oslo.

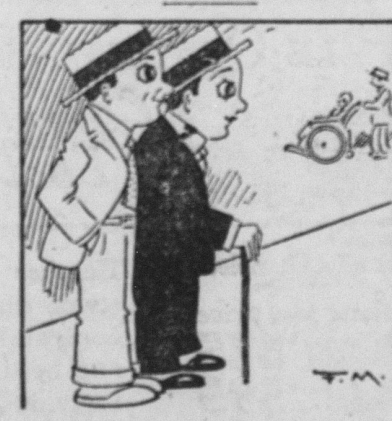
Short and Sweet

Simpson was on his deathbed and the doctor had been detailed to tell him there was no hope.
"I hope you broke the news to him gently," sobbed the tearful wife.
"Oh, yes," replied the physician briskly. "I told him if he had any bills to pay he'd better not wait till the first of the month."—American Legion Monthly.

The Flirt on the Phone

"Hello! Peggy speaking—who is this?"
"It's Frank, sweetheart."
"I can't understand you."
"Listen—F for Ferdie, R for Robert, A for Arthur, N for Nat and K for Kenneth."
"But dearest, which one of the five are you?"

NOT PRESERVED



"And the poor thing was caught in the frightful jam."
"What happened to her?"
"Mashed to a jelly."

Word With Many Meanings

Fast is the way to stand.
Yet, too, I know,
It is the way I ought
Not to—be—go.

Sign of Age

Doctor—Your father seems hale and hearty at the age of one hundred and four.
Mountaineer—Yep, but pap's slippin'! 'Tother day I heard him say he reckoned he'd take up the game of golf.

Why Not?

Revenue Collector—So you object to paying inheritance tax?
Jones—Sure, I do. The lawyers got the inheritance—let them pay the tax!

A Great Lesson Here

"Now, honey boy, get busy and make a million dollars."
"Can't you love me unless I have a million dollars?"
"A little less might do, but the modern girl does not love in a small way."

Between Girls

"I could never like that man."
"Then why are you engaged to him?"
"I never carry my dislikes to extremes."

Winter chills bring varied ills
—the time good elimination is most important

COLDS, chills and changes in temperature impose extra strain on our kidneys. Sluggishness of function is apt to permit some retention of body-poisons in the blood and make one more susceptible to the ills of winter. Presence of this unfiltered waste makes one listless, tired and aches, dizziness and often a toxic backache. Disturbed function is often evidenced by scanty or burning secretions. At such times a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys is indicated. Doan's Pills have been winning friends for more than forty years. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

60c all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

A fortune awaits the inventor of a lifeboat that will float on a sea of trouble. Some people think they are entitled to a lot of credit for doing as they please.

Spanish American War Veteran Wins 15-Year Fight

Baltimore business man conquered illness. Gained 7 lbs. Thanks Tanlac

A chronic invalid for 15 years. A dogged fight to win lost health. Rugged, robust health at last. That is the truly wonderful record of Geo. E. Lohman, 3121 Dillon St., who served with the Maryland troops in the Spanish-American War.
"For 15 years," he said, "I suffered acutely from chronic indigestion. Gas, stomach pains, dizzy spells and general lassitude and weakness made life a dreary drudge. I lost weight gradually and the distressing symptoms grew worse with time. Stiffness in arms and legs and a sword-like pain in the small of my back made me almost yell with pain at times."
"Soon after starting on Tanlac I felt a different man. My appetite came back and I actually enjoyed my food. It agreed with me, too, so that I could eat anything I cared for, without fear of distress afterwards. I gained 7 lbs. in a short time. Tanlac proved a blessing to me."



Tanlac is nature's own remedy, made from roots, barks and herbs. Your druggist has it. Get a trial bottle today. Over 52,000,000 bottles already sold.

Beyond His Powers
"That ventriloquist can throw his voice into a trunk."
"Not if my wife has packed it; there isn't room."

Dandelion Butter Color
A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

Slightly Misunderstood
Optimist—"I like to see a broad smile, don't you?" Friend—"If she does it at me—yes."—Life.

No matter how careful you are, your system needs a laxative occasionally. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills help nature gently, but surely. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

How kind people are to a sick man—that is, if they are absolutely certain he is going to die.

Ancient astronomers named the stars and constellations, but the clouds were first named and classified by an Englishman in 1803.

Sure Relief
A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

BELLANS
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS
6 BELLANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELLANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Most people who desire to lead the simple life, want to write a book about it. Not so simple as it looks.

Genuine **BAYER** **ASPIRIN**

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonalacetate of Salicylic Acid

BALDNESS
MEN you have been looking for something that will grow HAIR on a BALD HEAD. Here it is in FORST'S Original Bare-to-Hair grows hair and will save what you have. It's a world's sensation.

W. H. FORST, Mfg. Scottdale, Pa.

Better Than Farce

The commercial traveler found himself stranded in a manufacturing town in Lancashire and decided to visit the local music hall. He found the place closed, however.
On the way home he happened to pass a large hall whence issued roar after roar of hilarious laughter. He walked up to the entrance and inquired of the doorkeeper what was taking place.

"Amateur dramatic society, sir," explained the doorman.
"Ah," said the other, as there came another burst of laughter, "doing a comedy, eh?"
"No, sir," came the grim retort, "they're doing 'Macbeth!'"—London Answers.

Eat Eels and Live Long
Baron Kihachiro Okura's retirement at the age of ninety-one brings to light an important fact. He at-