# Historical Highlights

*by Elmo Scott Watson*

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### Paradox in Bronze

THIS is the story of a paradox cast in bronze.

In the museum of the Chicago Historical society stands the statuary group shown below:

It represents an incident which is supposed to have taken place during the Fort Dearborn Massacre on August 15, 1812. At the left, with upraised tomahawk, is a fierce young Pottawatomie brave. The stalwart figure at the right is the noble Chief Black Partridge, who is warding off the murderous blow, aimed by his tribesman, at the young woman in the center. She is the step-daughter of John Kinzie, the trader, and the wife of Lieut. Linai T. Helm of Fort Dearborn's ill-fated garrison.

The word "supposed" is used in the statement above because it is very doubtful indeed if this dramatic event ever took place. It was first recorded in Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie's book, "Wau-Bun, the 'Early Day of the Northwest,'" published in 1856. But because of the many inaccuracies in her account of the massacre, historians discount it heavily as a reliable source of information.

So the first paradox connected with the Fort Dearborn Massacre statue is that the sculptor should have chosen an apocryphal happening to immortalize in bronze when he might have used some equally thrilling and more authentic incident. He was Carl Rohl-Smith, a Dane, who came to Chicago while work on the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 was in progress. He was commissioned by George M. Pullman, the sleeping car magnate, to prepare a model for a group commemorating the Fort Dearborn Massacre.

At that time a party of Sioux Indians, who had taken part in the Ghost Dance "uprising" of 1890-91 in South Dakota, were being held as prisoners of war at Fort Sheridan, north of Chicago. From Gen. Nelson A. Miles, military commander of that district, the sculptor obtained permission to have two of these Sioux act as models for the principal Indian figures in the group. They were Short Bull, high priest of the Ghost Dance, and Kicking Bear, a noted warrior who had helped him spread its doctrines among his people.

Short Bull

According to a contemporary writer, "the newspapers give some amusing accounts of their demeanor in the studio, their mixture of docility, self-assertiveness, etc. It chanced that the real disposition of the two principal models were the reverse of their assumed characters, and Kicking Bear (who when wearing his native dress and war paint carried a string of six scalps) was amused that he was assigned the more humane part.

Kicking Bear

" 'Me, good Injun' he cried, 'Him, bad Injun!' and he laughed loudly at the jest."

So that is the other paradox of the Fort Dearborn Massacre statue. Short Bull, the dreamer, the man of peace, who urged his followers to refrain from hostile acts against the whites, is depicted as a murderous young brave. But Kicking Bear, the ruthless warrior, who used the new religion as a means of inciting the Sioux to rebellion, is the "noble red man" saving a white woman's life. And thus they are perpetuated in enduring bronze!

• • •

The Fort Dearborn Massacre monument was first erected at the foot of Eighteenth street near Lake Michigan, for it was among the sand dunes at this place that the Pottawatomies swooped down upon Capt. Nathan Heald's little command and killed 26 soldiers, as well as 27 civilians who were accompanying the military on their retreat from Fort Dearborn to Fort Wayne in Indiana. It stood there for many years, until the ravages of vandals made it necessary to remove the statuary group to the historical society building.

# Speeders All

*Speed has always been one of man's many obsessions. From the dawn of history man has raced against man; he has raced his horses against the steeds of other men; dogs against hare and deer. Then came balloon races, auto races, airplane races. These are all familiar to us. These pictures show unfamiliar races.*

*A real neck-and-neck race in Hollywood.*

*Horse racing is not unusual, but the picture at the left is unusual, as the cameraman risks his life to get this head-on shot. Right: This dog race is different, as the dogs carry jockeys.*



*Croaker's Derby . . . This frog race was staged at the New York World's fair. The maids acted as jockeys by nudging the frogs.*

*Above: Cheetah and dog race. The dog has no chance of winning. The spotted cat can hit 70 miles per hour. Right: Two cheetahs match speed at a British course before the war.*

*Esme, a cow on the stud farm of Dorothy Paget, British race horse owner, who won by a nose over "Golden Miller," the horse that won the grand National Steeplechase in 1934—believe it or not!*

*Start of the Bicentennial Futurity from Washington, D. C., when 6,000 homing pigeons flew the coops and headed for home.*

# CURRENT FICTION

## Ambition Realized

By RICHARD HILL WILKINSON

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

GUESTS at the Mountain House were thrilled when Rufus Little and his party arrived for the climbing season. Rufus was rated among the most accomplished climbers of the day. And everyone knew that the veteran's heart was set on conquering Mount Glacier.

No living man had ever reached Glacier's lofty summit. Others of the world's greatest pinnacles had succumbed to his skill and perseverance. And now Mount Glacier! Hundreds of others had failed. It had been said that no living man would ever reach its summit. And yet to accomplish that very end had become an obsession with Rufus Little. It meant the crowning achievement of his career.

There were three in Rufus' party —Alvin Daniels, who had scaled the most precipitous trail up the Matterhorn in record time; Perley Flagg, whose name was a byword of achievement among mountain climbers of the Alps; and Rufus himself. Alvin and Perley were not as sober or concerned about the success of the attempt as was their leader. To them it was a glorious adventure; to Rufus the accomplishment of a burning ambition.

The trio set out early one morning in late spring. It took the party a week to reach Glacier's base; a week of climbing that would have taxed the skill of unladen men, let alone these three who were forced to struggle over lesser ridges, each bearing on his back a minimum of 40 pounds of food and equipment.

Rufus had chosen his companions with foresight. When the base camp was established, both Daniels and Flagg were as eager for the ascent as when they started.

Following a day's rest, the party awoke before daylight and prepared to make their first ascent—the south wall. At the first flush of dawn they set out. Roped together, with Rufus in the lead, they made quick time over the comparatively easy southern defense. Once atop the wall they rested, ate, and began climbing again by two in the afternoon. High above them towered the cone-shaped summit.

Their present encumbrance was a knob known as the Camel's Hump. At first the slope was easy; the snow well packed for climbing purposes. But by late afternoon, with the hump's top still a good hour away, the trail became more precipitous. The slope shot upward at a dangerous angle.

**No man had before reached the height to which the three had ascended.**

Rufus kept in the lead, digging out footholds with his axe with studied care. He surmounted one ledge after another, gave his companions the advantage of a tight rope whenever possible, and finally, just as daylight began to fade, reached the top of the final ledge, and halted.

They made camp on the windblown summit of the Camel's Hump and went immediately to bed.

At dawn they were up and ready to begin again. Cacheing a quantity of their food supply, they began at once the ascent of the dangerous Pulpit Rock. The Rock presented the first real difficulties of the climb. It was accomplished by hitching the body up through a series of chimneys—narrow crevices with an almost perpendicular climb. Rufus, as usual in the lead, reached the last chimney's top at one-thirty in the afternoon. Below him his companions were obscured from view by an angle of rock.

Alone, with a hundred-mile-an-hour wind threatening at any moment to unseat him from his precarious perch, the veteran confronted and overcame one of the most hazardous of all ascents.

At the chimney's top a flat slab of rock, smooth as glass, sloped upward at a near perpendicular angle for a distance of 15 feet. A barely visible crack, not large enough for a man to insert in it his fingertips, extended the length of the slab. It looked impossible, but Rufus knew it had to be done.

Inserting the point of his climbing axe in the crack and making it secure by twisting the handle outward, he hoisted up his body, clung to the sheer face of the slab for a breathless instant while he loosened the point and repeated the maneuver, and again pulled himself up. In this manner, miraculously, he reached the ledge above. When his two companions arrived at the chimney's top, they ascended the slab easily with the help of Rufus' tight rope.

That night the party camped on a ledge scarcely wide enough for all three of them to lie down side by side. Directly beneath them was a drop of some thousands of feet. Above, the summit was scarcely 700 feet away, a good half-mile of climbing. The temperature was far below freezing. The air had become light and was difficult to breathe. Every step during the past three or four hours of climbing had been torture, lung-racking. A rest was required every few feet.

Rufus' eyes began to burn with a strange light. No man had before reached the height to which the three had ascended.

As usual they were up before dawn, and at the faintest hint of daylight had begun the climb. Progress was snail-like, every foot gained meant a tremendous struggle. A slip now would mean destruction to all three, so precarious were footholds. By noon they had accomplished but a scant 200 feet. An hour later a heavy mist enshrouded them. Rufus knew he signs, and great as was his eagerness, he was not a fool. He led his companions back to the upper camp, and for two days they remained inside the shred of a tent that was their camp, while a fierce storm raged without.

On the third day it cleared, and again they attempted to gain the summit. But again a storm overtook them and they were forced to retreat.

That night they held a conference. It was, they agreed, an impossibility for all three to gain the summit. Someone must be left behind. Another camp would have to be established further up, and it would be out of the question to transport enough food and equipment for three.

Daniels and Flagg were younger. They realized that if the thing could be done it would fall to them. And yet they hesitated, knowing the obsession that fairly haunted the mind of Rufus Little.

Rufus was silent for a long time. But at last he looked into the eyes of his two youthful companions and nodded. The two youths carried a memory of that look for many a year afterward.

Early the next morning Daniels and Flagg started out. All day long Rufus awaited in the camp below with his thoughts. At dusk the two youths returned. It was impossible, they said, to gain the summit. An insurmountable overhanging ledge jutted out and prevented progress from all angles.

Rufus listened to the pair and said nothing. The next morning he announced he was going to attempt the ascent alone. Daniels and Flagg tried to dissuade him, but the old veteran was obstinate. He departed with his companions' pleas ringing in his ears.

At night their companion had not returned and Daniels and Flagg fell into a doze. By noon of the next day they began to lose hope. By mid-afternoon they knew that no living thing would have been able to withstand the ravages of exposure for so long a period.

They held on for another day, however, and then descended to the next camp. Here they waited three days more and then sorrowfully began fighting their way downward.

That was the last time Rufus Little had ever been seen. The following spring two aviators announced their intention of flying over Glacier's summit, no small feat in itself. And in May of the same year the act was accomplished.

Among other things, the aviators reported seeing something that looked like a torn piece of jacket plastered against a tiny mount on the summit . . . Daniels and Flagg, both of whom heard the announcement, exchanged startled glances. And then, joyfully, they knew. Old Rufus Little had realized his ambition. Mount Glacier had been conquered!

### How Moths Get By

An opening only four-thousandths of an inch wide is large enough to admit a newly hatched clothes moth larva, according to Wallace Colman of the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine. Mr. Colman has been testing to find the smallest crevice through which larvae of the common webbing clothes moth can pass. His tests show that a larva just out of an egg can crawl through an opening no wider than the thickness of a sheet of good quality bond paper. Most newsprint paper is slightly thinner. This explains why woollens packed in boxes or chests tight enough to keep out flying clothes moths still may suffer moth damage. Mr. Colman says when a flying moth finds the opening to a box of woollens too small to get through herself, she lays her eggs in the crack. The tiny larvae that hatch in a few days have no trouble crawling into the box and getting at their food supply of woollens. To keep clothes safe in a chest or trunk seal all cracks with gummed tape.

# ASK ME ANOTHER?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

### The Questions

1. "Sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, strong and great!" is a quotation from what American poet?
2. Over what country did the Incas reign?
3. Approximately how many miles of railroad are there in the United States?
4. How many vestigial organs has man?
5. Is sunburn caused by the heat of the sun?
6. Where was the Tower of Babel?
7. How many railway tunnels are there in the United States and what is their total length?
8. Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, and Lyman Abbott were noted chiefly as what — poets, statesmen or preachers?
9. What is the population of the Dominion of Canada?
10. How many women hold places in the Seventy-seventh congress?

### The Answers

1. Henry W. Longfellow ("The Building of the Ship").
2. Peru.
3. Approximately 236,000 miles.
4. Man possesses no less than 180 vestigial organs that, although probably once of vital importance, are now of little use to him.
5. No, sunburn is caused by the ultraviolet rays of the sun.
6. Babylon.
7. There are 1,539 railway tunnels in the United States totaling 320 miles.
8. Preachers.
9. According to the last census, 11,012,734.
10. Nine (Hattie Caraway, Arkansas; Jeannette Rankin, Montana; Mary T. Norton, New Jersey; Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts; Caroline O'Day, New York; Jessie Sumner, Illinois; Frances P. Bolton, Ohio; Margaret Smith, Maine; and Katharine Byron, Maryland).

### All or Nothing

Shyly the young man stood before the father of his adored.

"Mr. Jones," he stammered, "I—er—will—er—what I want is to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The old man frowned as he took his pipe from his mouth.

"Can't do that," he growled; "you must take the whole girl or nothing."

### Slight Slip

*Forced to put on his brakes suddenly, the driver of the sports car found it shooting crabwise across the road, just missing a lamp-post before it stopped. Up strolled a policeman.*

*"Well," he remarked genially, "you got a nice skid there, sir."*

*"Pardon me, officer," was the haughty reply; "this lady is my wife."*

### Considerate

Tom—Hi, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?

Tim—Well, you wouldn't like your new suit to get wet, would you?

**A man met a friend who owed him $5. The friend saw it was impossible to escape. "My dear fellow," he said, "I owe you $5 and an apology. Please accept the apology now."**

### Boss Here

Defense Plant Foreman—Now, then, hurry up.

Worker—All right, boss. But Rome wasn't built in a day.

Defense Plant Foreman—Maybe not. But I wasn't foreman on that job.

### The Glutton

"Ladies and gentlemen," shouted the street performer, "in a few moments I will astonish you by eating coal, stones, and nails. I will also swallow a sword after which I will come around with the hat, trusting to get enough for a crust of bread."

"What!" came a voice from the crowd. "Still hungry?"

**NEW EFFECTIVE HAY FEVER RELIEF**

Hay fever, which annually causes more sneezes, more inflamed noses and more red, streaming eyes than any other scourge, may have its final big fling this September, all because a Pennsylvania electrical engineer was served a dish of corn meal mush which was entirely too salty.

The engineer, sneezing, and with all other hay fever manifestations, stopped at a hotel where he was served a dish of mush which he considered sending back as it was much too salty. Finally he ate it, however; the hay fever attack lessened, ultimately ceased. Next day he had three meals, all oversalted, and experienced his most comfortable time in years in the "hay fever season."

His analytical mind quickly grasped the possibility that the saline substance in his food was responsible for his relief.

About this time, Dr. E. E. Selleck, a graduate of Columbia University, met the engineer, made notes, and when he returned to his home, began experiments. Today Dr. Selleck declares he has found a certain means of relief for hay fever and is supported in his contention by other medical experts, and a nationally known chemical manufacturing concern, the Hollings-Smith Company, at Orangeburg, New York, has taken over making the remedy, which is called Nakamo Bell.

Describing the experiments, Dr. Selleck said, "After I was sure I had found a means of quickly relieving hay fever through the chloride group, I tested it in the most practical way I knew. I held a three day clinic, to which many hay fever sufferers responded, from ages ranging from 10 to 60 years. Each person was given two tablets with a little water. Some relief came to all within ten minutes. Reports on these cases during the ensuing weeks showed practically a complete cessation of symptoms."—Adv.

### Doing of Revenge

Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong.

**Benefits to Our Readers**

THE PUBLIC nature of advertising benefits everyone it touches. It benefits the public by describing exactly the products that are offered. It benefits employees, because the advertiser must be more fair and just than the employer who has no obligation to the public. These benefits of advertising are quite apart from the obvious benefits which advertising confers—the lower prices, the higher quality, the better service that go with advertised goods and firms.