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A child's history of early Terre Haute and Vigo County

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A CHILD'S HISTORY OF EARLY TERRE HAUTE AND VIGO COUNTY

by

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PART I

CHAPTER I [1]

INTRODUCTION

I. NEED FOR THE STUDY

Early Terre Haute history is taught in the third grade of the city schools. While there is much material on the subject, it is scattered and too difficult for children to read. Much of it is political history and beyond their comprehension. Further, many books that are within the children's reading ability stress either Pilgrim fathers or Colonial times. Young readers often get the idea that all pioneers were Pilgrims.

Much that the city has today can be traced to the work of the early settlers. Secure in modern homes, the men, women, and little children of the past are often forgotten. Many advantages that are now enjoyed have come from their laborious efforts.

The material is interesting. The stories found in early Terre Haute history are as entertaining as many adventure tales. Since children of eight or nine years of age

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[1] This thesis is written in two parts. Part I is the library research necessary before the material could be written. Part II is the writing of a history of Terre Haute and Vigo County from about 1700 to 1860 for children.

and even older enjoy this type of reading, they should get pleasure as well as information from it.

This study should organize material for the teaching of local history. It should present interesting material in such a way that children can read it. The idea that all pioneers were Pilgrims should be clarified. Young readers should realize the important part played by early pioneers in making possible the present city of Terre Haute.

II. STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

The purpose of this study is to write the social, economic, and industrial history of Terre Haute from about 1700 to 1860 in such form that a third grade child could read it with pleasure and understanding.

III. PROCEDURES INVOLVED IN WRITING

In order to secure material for this history, books, old records, and magazine and newspaper articles were read. Several old settlers were interviewed. They told of their own experiences or those of their friends or relatives. After reading widely in the field and listening to the experiences of old settlers, an outline was prepared. It followed the general outline given to the third grade teachers by Miss Blanche Fuqua, Director of Instruction

of the Terre Haute schools. The major topics of this outline included shelter, foods, clothing, transportation, occupations, and recreation of the Indians and pioneers who lived in and near Terre Haute in the early days.

CHAPTER II

PROBLEMS REGARDING THE WRITING OF PIONEER HISTORY FOR THIRD GRADE

After the outline was prepared and material collected, other problems arose. The writer felt that opinions of authorities in the field of Social Studies should be sought in order: (1) to be clear as to the social values of pioneer history, (2) to justify the allocation of this unit in third grade, and (3) to determine the style of writing and choice of vocabulary to be used. In order to find solutions to these problems, books and articles in magazines in the field of Social Studies were read. Through the reading of these books and articles, the writer not only hoped to obtain suggestions to guide in formulating the style of writing but also facts justifying the preparation of the study.

In regard to the social values of pioneer history, the following statement was made by Gertrude Hartman.

> Every child is endowed with a great natural curiosity about the world in which he is born. The predominating interests of young children are naturally in their immediate surroundings. In the course of their play they tend to reproduce the activities of the home and community through dramatizations. All such natural activities are set in a net-work of social connections. The natural and larger channels lead into related subject matter which we call the course of

> study. . . . All the subjects in the curriculum have a relationship to social life and are there, indeed, expressly for the purpose of interpreting that life to the growing members of society. What would be the necessity of reading and writing if we did not need to share thoughts with others, why study science and geography except to know about the world we live in and man's relationship to it, why pursue history if the present situation were not the result of the many social forces that produced it? The activities guided into fundamental social occupations, and oriented by a liberal scheme of subject matter which shows their meanings and relationships to life, is the correlating principle of the new curriculum as it is being worked out in many of our modern schools. In this larger interpretation, all subjects are social studies.[1]

Since the Fourteenth Yearbook was written on the subject of Social Studies, the writer used this source to clarify ideas in regard to the social values of pioneer history. The following statement was found relative to the elementary school:

> The commission of the Social Studies of the American Historical Association formulated the principles of organization of the materials of instruction and made the following statement concerning the application of these principles:
>
> "(a) In the elementary school major attention would be devoted to a study of the making of the community and the nation, altho materials bearing on the development of world society and culture would by no means be excluded. The program would begin with the neighborhood in which the child lives. Starting from a first hand study of the life, institutions, and geography of the community, it would proceed to an examination of social changes taking place in the locality, of the history of the place, of the civilization of the

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[1] Gertrude Hartman, "Editorial," Progressive Education, October, November, December, 1925, p. 207.

> Indian in the same area, of the contrasting elements of European and Indian culture and of early and later American culture. Emphasis would be placed thruout on actual participation in the social activities of school and neighborhood, and every part or phase of the program would begin and end in the contemporary and surrounding community which the child knows directly. Thus the pupil would develop an active interest in the fortunes of society and acquire a stock of ideas which would enable him to go beyond the immediate in time and space. He would then be led by natural connections--genetic and functional--to study of the making of the region and the nation. Thru such an organization of materials the elementary school would acquaint the child as fully as possible with the evolution of American culture--local and national--and to some extent with the origins of American culture in the Western world."[2]

Again Joy Muchmore Lacey says:

> The importance of teaching boys and girls the essential elements and characteristics of social life has been clearly recognized. The difficulty has been in organizing units of work that deal directly with social life, or human living of "civilization and culture."[3]

From these statements the writer concludes that pioneer history has social value. The unit should deal with social life or human living. It should be centered about

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[2] American Historical Association, Commission on the Social Studies, Conclusions and Recommendations of the Commission (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914), pp. 59-62, cited by Fourteenth Yearbook, The Social Studies Curriculum (Washington, D. C.: The Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association of the United States), p. 170.

[3] Joy Muchmore Lacey, Social Studies Concepts of Children in the First Three Grades (New York: Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1932), p. 5.

the local community. This should provide interest for the children since they are naturally concerned about their immediate environment.

In regard to the grade placement of pioneer history, Henry Johnson says:

> Efforts to grade history have, perhaps, on the whole been less successful than efforts to grade mathematics and the languages. . . . The problem of grading mathematics, in spite of a certain splendid orderly progression, was not, after all, solved in a day. The passing from grammar to the simpler texts of the language and then to the standard works of literature, however clearly marked out, is not even yet entirely smooth and gentle ascent.
>
> That history of some kind can be presented at almost any stage of instruction is scarcely in need of argument. History, or what passes for history, is now actually being taught, frequently as early as the first grade of the elementary school, sometimes even in the kindergarten. The problem of grading seems, therefore, to have been solved at least in part. That it has been solved less generally and less completely for history than for some other subjects, is perhaps, due not so much to difficulties inherent in history as to the attitude of educators toward the problem. Much of the discussion of history as a school subject has been based upon preconceived ideas that fix at the outset the materials and treatment to gradually widen the horizon of the primary child's conscious life. He should be given an idea of men of primitive times, how they lived and what we owe to their hardihood and perseverance. Stories of great men of other times, especially of men connected with the history of our own country and whose deeds many of our holidays commemorate, are a form of history especially adapted to the primary grades.[4]

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[4] Henry Johnson, Teaching of History in Elementary and Secondary Schools (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1921), pp. 29-31.

Again Henry Johnson makes this statement:

> It is among the merits of the externals of normal human life in the past--buildings, clothings, food, tools, roads, bridges, conveyances, weapons, occupations, amusements--they are, as a rule, sufficiently different from those of the present to produce, without over-emphasis upon what is exceptional and extreme, that effect of picturesqueness which is deemed essential in arousing the interest of pupils.[5]

Joy Muchmore Lacey found close agreement between the content of ten readers and social study content. She makes this statement:

> An analysis of the content of ten of the newer readers (published 1925-1930) showed close agreement between reading content and social studies content. . . .
>
> Generally speaking, the content of the newer readers dealt with phases of social living, a fact which is in accord with the social studies subject matter. . . .
>
> Reading content has been greatly influenced by the emphasis on social development. The content may well be regarded as an index of what people think children are interested in and need to know about the social world.[6]

Mary Harden discusses this same subject of children's interests. She says:

> In order to have a thorough understanding of the social, political and economic conditions of any community, it is necessary for children to know about the forces of the past which have operated in determining the course of the problems of the present time. A study of the history of the community helps the child

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[5] Ibid., p. 48.

[6] Joy Muchmore Lacey, op. cit., pp. 32-33.

> to realize that the people of earlier times have contributed greatly to its growth and development and likewise have faced similar problems. He may develop a keen appreciation of his own community through a study of people who first settled it, their reasons for choosing to live in this community, the hardships which they had to overcome to make the settlement a success, the building of homes, the early occupations and industries, the coming of highways, canals, and railroads, the establishing of forms of government, schools and churches, the early forms of recreation and social interests, and some of the men and women who contributed to the permanency of the community. He may realize, too, that his own city or town is like many others and representative of important characteristics in American life.[7]

All of these writers agree that children should study pioneer history but they do not state in which grade it should be taught. There was need for further research to see if it was appropriate for third grade.

In Indiana in 1935, a committee was appointed to revise the course of study in Social Studies. Certain basic themes of fundamental Social Studies concepts were pointed out. They were:

> Interdependence: This theme is especially prominent in primary grades but continues throughout the course. As people progress in better living, they become more and more dependent upon each other.
>
> Adaptation to Environment: This theme begins in the primary grades and is especially prominent in intermediate grades. Man's life has been and still is largely influenced by physical surroundings.

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[7] Mary Harden, "The Community as a Laboratory for Elementary-School Social Science," Social Education, 1:266-270, April, 1937.

Social Heritage: People are influenced not only by their immediate environment, but by the life, manners, customs, ideals, attitudes, and accomplishments of other peoples living in past and present times. Environment thus extends from the present back through the ages and we study history to understand our own lives. This theme begins in a very primary way with the study of primitive and pioneer peoples and continues down to social relationships of our own times. . . .

Control of Environment: Man first made progress by learning to change and to modify nature to meet his needs. From the crude tools of primitive life to our highly developed machinery, power, transportation, and communication is the story of better living.

Cooperation: This theme is related closely to that of interdependence. Democracy is attained through the cooperation of individuals and groups. Through social organization man has developed national life, customs, laws and activities for living better individually and in groups. . . .

Culture: This word has been much abused but is here used to include that higher phase of life toward which all material progress ought to contribute. People ought to be happy, to have high ideals, to serve self and fellowmen, to appreciate and live the better life, as represented in literature, music, art, social service, and religious activities.

These basic themes are the fundamentals of the seven cardinal aims as applied to Social Studies. With these aims in mind, the following units were suggested by the committee for third grade:

Unit I	Foods	p. 66
Unit II	Clothing	p. 72
Unit III	Shelter	p. 75
Unit IV	Communication and Transportation .	p. 78
Unit V	Pioneer Life and Local History . .	p. 82
Unit VI	School Gardens	p. 84[8]

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[8] Committee for Revision of Elementary Social Studies Course, The Social Studies (Indianapolis, Indiana: State of Indiana, Department of Public Instruction, Bulletin 114, 1935), p. 7

Examination of the Course of Study in Pioneer Life of the Elementary School at the University of Iowa shows the unit to be allocated in third grade. Miss Maude McBroom, Principal of the Elementary School, gives a brief history of the development of the unit in the Foreword. She says:

> A unit on the history of the pioneers in the Middle West has been taught in the third grade at the University Elementary School ever since the organization of the school, in 1915. The original outline, stating most of the vital problems which the pioneers had to meet, and containing a few references for teachers and children, was worked out by Miss Mabel Greene, the teacher of the third grade, under the direction of Doctor Ernest Horn. This outline was enlarged upon and revised as children studied the problems. . . .
>
> In 1931, Miss Norma Gillett, under Miss Snedaker's direction, made a rather extensive reorganization of the entire unit. The details of its administration were worked out, all of the references rechecked and classified according to problems, samples of children's work were added, and the course of study put in such shape that it would be directly useful to teachers who were desirous of adapting such a unit for their own schools.[9]

In the Fourteenth Yearbook reference was made to the organization of the social science course of study in Reading, Massachusetts, as follows:

> In the three primary grades the work is taught in a sequence of eight integrated activity units. The basic theory of these units is that of allowing the child to see, experience, and do that which will most intensify

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[9] Norma Gillett and Mabel Snedaker, Course of Study in Pioneer Life (Iowa City, Iowa: University of Iowa, 1935), p. 5.

> and vivify for him the concepts on which the unit is focused. In the activities of the social science units, all other subjects have a part; penmanship, drawing, numbering, reading, and writing become a part of every unit, to the advantage both of social science and of other subjects.[10]

The units listed for the third grade were: (1) Seeing America, (2) Local and Pioneer History, (3) Other Folks, and (4) Good Citizens' Club.

A reference to the social studies program in Minneapolis was cited in the same source. In Minneapolis, a major theme is assigned to each grade and is amplified in the units for the grade. The theme for the third grade was "The Needs of Our Modern Home (Food, Shelter, and Clothing) Contrasted with Those of the Pioneer or Colonial Home."

Mildred Dawson examined twenty-six readers to determine what they would reveal in regard to children's interests. These interests are applicable to the field of social studies as well as to the field of reading. The author found:

> The amount of space in twenty-six readers which is devoted to historical material is small but it tends to increase from grade to grade. The primers and first readers include little or no historical material. The third readers contain, on the whole, more than three times as much historical material as do the second

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[10] Fourteenth Yearbook, The Social Studies Curriculum (Washington, D. C.: The Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association of the United States), pp. 103-108.

> readers. Stories of the historical type and semi-historical selections are approximately equal in numbers; the number of historical selections is much smaller. The space given to semi-historical material is relatively large because of the greater amount of space devoted to details.
>
> Considerable space is devoted to general items, such as facts about Pilgrims, pioneers, and groups involved in the war-like relations. The expressions of past time employed in the readers increase in number from grade to grade. The number of indefinite expressions of past time in the readers at each level is greater than the number of definite expressions of past time. Only a few general items are repeatedly mentioned with a book. In the main these are Pilgrims, pioneers, inventions, and Indians.[11]

From this examination of studies made by various educators, the writer concludes that authorities assume that the present is better understood by teaching the past; that investigations of children's interests and natural tastes reveal that pioneer history is generally allocated in the third grade as evidenced by grade placement of units in social studies courses and stories in readers.

The last problem to be considered in the preparation of this history related to style of writing. Concerning this matter of style, Mary G. Kelty says:

> Henry Johnson indicated his belief, based on his rich experience, that history for young children should consist mainly of the narrative and descriptive elements.

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[11] Mildred Dawson, "Materials of a Historical Nature Contained in Twenty-six Primary Readers," Elementary School Journal, 29:756-766, June, 1929.

> Studies of children's interests and experiments in visual education have confirmed his views. Tests of the actual accomplishments of children have corroborated their practicability. One can, with a great deal of assurance of its psychological soundness, state the principle that history for middle-grade children should develop the ability to comprehend a coherent narrative of the action comprising a unit movement and the ability to visualize clearly the overt aspects of the historical scene.
>
> Thus, the general groundwork is laid, and, at the same time, the limitations are indicated. This groundwork furnishes an adequate foundation for widening children's experiences and clarifying their concepts. What great progress could be made later if all middle-grade children really knew in rough outlines the main story of what had happened in the most significant unit movements?[12]

What may be said of the middle grades is applicable to the third grade.

Sarah A. Dynes corroborates Johnson's position. She says:

> Elementary history is made up essentially of particular facts. It is history presented in the form of concrete examples--actual remains, physical representations of actual remains and of actions, verbal description rich in material for imagery.[13]

Further in the book, the author makes this statement:

> To ascertain how to lay a foundation in the primary grades for the study of history and other social subjects, we must first learn the character of the

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[12] Mary G. Kelty, "Recent Trends in the Social Studies for the Middle Grades," Elementary School Journal, 37:267, December, 1936.

[13] Sarah A. Dynes, Socializing the Child (Boston: Silver Burdett and Company, 1916), p. 49.

experience that primary children have had, for good pedagogy demands that all instruction begins on the plane of experience. The child's experiences are concrete, not abstract; simple, not complex; immediate, not remote. Consequently, history conceived as a record of impersonal events with their remote causes and effects lies wholly outside the child's plane of experience. . . .

It is quite evident, then, that the child's attitude toward history differs materially from that of the adult. The child in the primary grades is living in a little world of his own which as yet is quite lacking in perspective and in proportion. His critical sense is so little developed that his historical imagination cannot develop rapidly. He can admit into his picture of far-away times or distant scenes the familiar surroundings of his everyday existence without any feeling of incongruity. Things of the outer world gradually assume shape for him only as he comes to know them through personal experience. Any attempt to force upon him the abstract, the complex, or the circuitous will result in failure. The primary teacher's first aim, then will be to make sure that the pupils under her guidance have every opportunity to get vivid sense impressions as the basis for comparisons and inferences. Success in history study is dependent upon rich, concrete imagery.[14]

Again the Fourth Yearbook of the Department of Superintendence makes these statements:

Concrete experiences and illustrations must replace general formulae if the child is to know how the great human needs are satisfied, and is to feel the need for government, morality, and that type of behavior which makes it possible for us to live as social beings.

Teaching social studies on this basis is less difficult than many have imagined. Children will follow with eager interest the fascinating stories of the development from sheer individualism to community life. Take, for example, the growth of a town or city from

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[14] Ibid., pp. 12-16.

> the lone settler's cabin built beside a stream in the wilderness. The first settler had to depend entirely on himself to satisfy his needs. Then came other settlers, a division of labor, a school for the children, a church, a singing society. But along with cooperation came differences and struggles, and the need for a legal court.
>
> Similarly one can trace the development of organized effort for obtaining nutrition, for providing for recreation, for putting out fires, for supplying water, for maintaining order, and for providing light and heat. . . .
>
> Teach but the rules and forms of our social structure and the result may be evasion rather than observance of these rules. Teach the needs of the individual and of the community and the child becomes conscious of his part--his obligations in the community as well as his privileges. Mere knowledge is less important than inclination based on understanding.[15]

Charles Harper discusses reasons for children's dislike of history. He found that children objected to their present text books because they were dull and uninteresting, and lacked continuity in the material. The author suggests:

> Think of objectives in terms of development of understandings, skills, etc. Make the continuity really mean something. Make the past real. The purpose of all history is to explain the present.[16]

He thus suggests the remedy for the situation in the

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[15] Fourth Yearbook, The Nation at Work on the Public School Curriculum (Washington, D. C.: The Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association of the United States, 1926), pp. 323-324.

[16] Charles Harper, "Why Do Children Dislike History?" Social Education, 1:492-494, October, 1937.

future text books written for children in the elementary schools.

From these discussions, the writer concludes that the past should be made real through rich, concrete imagery. The subject matter should widen children's experiences. It should clarify their concepts and should be written in narrative descriptive style.

CHAPTER III

SUMMARY OF BOOKS PREVIOUSLY WRITTEN WHICH ARE USED IN TEACHING VARIOUS SCHOOL SUBJECTS

In order to guide the writer in the preparation of the material several types of books used as sources in the content subjects were examined. The subjects were in the field of art, music, science, and social science. These were selected because they were either the same as or closely related to the material to be written. Books were examined to determine: (1) their purpose, (2) the subject matter, (3) the style of writing, and (4) the grade placement.

In the field of art a series of readers[1] for grades I, II, and III was examined. The readers are written to interest children in great pictures. Attention is called to the subject, colors, and lines of the picture to be studied. A short biography of the artist is given. Real picture knowledge is conveyed in the child's own language. The reading vocabulary is based on the word lists compiled by Horn, Horn, Packer.[2] Narrative-descriptive style of

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[1] Katherine Morris Lester, Great Pictures and Their Stories (Chicago: Mentzer, Bush and Company, 1927).

[2] Twenty-fourth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, Part I, 1926.

writing is used.

Each picture is beautifully reproduced as a colored miniature. Such teaching helps as questions at the end of each selection and masterpieces of music that are to be used in connection with each picture study are given.

These books seem, to the writer, to be good because new concepts are introduced in connection with old ones. The vocabulary is simple. The illustrations are careful reproductions of the original paintings and the teaching helps are based on feelings and appreciations.

A text for junior high schools in the field of music called People and Music[3] was examined. The purpose of this book is (1) to provide a musical experience; (2) to help the pupils evaluate that experience and appreciate the function of music in life; and (3) to stimulate creative activity.

This book used an historical approach. It tells of the struggle made by early people for food, clothing, and shelter. It points out that man learned how to live by use of fire, by making tools, and by communicating with others. Because life was easier, ideas of love and home, religion and art, and of loyalty and learning took root

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[3] Thomasine C. McGehee, People and Music (New York: Allyn and Bacon, 1929).

and grew in the minds of men. No one knows when the first song was sung or the first tune played. However, it is suggested that the beat of a drum and the rhythm of dancers may have been Man's first attempt at music. So the history of music beginning with the savage and extending to the present is told in this text.

Exposition is the style of writing used. The vocabulary is checked against Thorndike's Teachers' Word Book. Illustrations are given to show how the composers looked and to help the reader understand how old instruments were made. There are teaching helps that follow a particular pattern throughout the book. Each chapter begins with a quotation from a poem relating to the subject. A review of preceding chapters is given. Questions are asked which will be answered in the new chapter. The Tool Words or new words which are needed to be understood in order to read the material are listed.

This book seems, to the writer, to be of value in the teaching of music because it furnishes a historical background. There is simplicity of sentence structure and vocabulary throughout. Any new words are carefully explained. The questions given stimulate thought and discussion.

In the field of science a series of books graded

from I to VI was examined.[4] They were based originally upon the Horace Mann Course of Study in Elementary Science[5] and upon Certain Techniques Used in Developing a Course of Study in Science.[6] The purposes that the authors kept in mind while writing these books were (1) to plan the material so that there would be enough scientific information for ordinary adult needs and (2) to give children a scientific background for further study in the field.

The selection of the content is based on the findings of research as follows: (1) thousands of children's questions on scientific material, (2) the needs of the adult in the field, (3) course of study, and (4) worth-while scientific concepts.

The style of writing used is mostly description. However, narratives are sometimes used to explain facts. The vocabulary is checked against the Buckingham-Dolch Word List. Each over-word is carefully explained in the text.

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[4] Gerald A. Craig and Sara E. Baldwin, Pathways in Science (New York: Ginn and Company, 1932).

[5] Horace Mann Course of Study in Elementary Science (New York: Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1927).

[6] Certain Techniques Used in Developing a Course of Study in Science for the Horace Mann Elementary School (New York: Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1927).

Photographs of children in the process of scientific discovery make the book attractive.

There are questions at the beginning of each chapter. These not only stimulate an interest in the reading but help children select important facts from information. Between the sub-topics in the paragraph are narratives called "Things to Think About." These clarify concepts and encourage thinking. At the end of each chapter are questions checking the material read.

This series of books seems, to the writer, to be useful in teaching science because the material is based upon scientific research. The books are simply written and give a well-rounded course in science for both adult's and children's needs.

Since the investigator prepared to write in the field of social science, several books in this field were examined. One recognized book in the field of social science is How the Indians Lived.[7] It is written to interest children in the actual ways of living among the American Indians of early times. The author had three important purposes in mind in selecting and arranging the content of the book. They are: (1) to construct an account

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[7] Frances R. Dearborn, How the Indians Lived (New York: Ginn and Company, 1927).

of Indian life true in fact and simple in vocabulary, (2) to arrange material in accessible form for problem-solving lessons, and (3) to provide informational material which may be used to develop skill in silent reading. The writer has successfully carried out each of the purposes in the writing of the book.

The book follows a carefully prepared outline including appearance, home, food, clothing, tools, transportation, customs, communication, and recreations of Indians. The book is written in expository and descriptive styles. The vocabulary is simple. Pictures are used to illustrate new concepts. The chapters are short, averaging six or seven large type printed pages. At the end of each chapter are silent reading exercises that test the children's reading ability.

This seems to the writer to be a good book because the material furnishes a broad program of reading as well as facts on the subject of Indian life. The author, who has had a wide and varied teaching experience, is qualified to know what problems of the Indian children are capable of understanding. The solutions of these problems, as are worked out in the book, may help children solve their own problems.

The next book examined was a story of pioneer life

centering about the city of Indianapolis--Log Cabin Days in Indiana.[8] The purpose of this book is to give the reader a knowledge of pioneer days and an insight into the character of the people who lived in the past. The story was introduced by two elves who told the reader to close his eyes. When the reader opened his eyes, instead of the elves there appeared two pioneer children, Martha and Jonathan, who told the story of the settling of Indianapolis by the white people. The entire book is written in direct discourse.

The chapters are about the following topics: relationships of white people and Indians, animals, forests, pioneer hospitality, typical settlers, a clearing, pleasant evenings, staying overnight, and a drive into town.

The information is skillfully interwoven with the narration. For instance, during one conversation Jonathan said, "Some of our neighbors have steel traps which they brought with them from the East. Others use dead falls made of heavy slabs or logs which kill the animals instantly. Others use snares which capture the animals without injuring them. . . ."[9] A reader can readily see that the style

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[8] Ruth J. Bowlus, Log Cabin Days in Indiana (Indianapolis, Indiana: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1923).

[9] Ibid., p. 49.

is narrative-descriptive. This style is used consistently throughout the book.

The book is written for use in the fifth grade of the Indianapolis schools and the vocabulary is simple enough for that grade level. Few illustrations are used. Questions and suggestions for compositions for each chapter are given at the end of the book. Although this book is out of print at present, it is expected to be reprinted in the near future.

To the writer, this book seems to be skillfully written. The information is related in such a way that there is no uninteresting part. The book gives those who read it a historical background and an appreciation of the hardships endured by the pioneer men, women, and children of the community around Indianapolis.

A number of Grand Rapids, Michigan, teachers revised a history for use in the fifth and sixth grades of the Grand Rapids Schools which had been written originally by Carol Mary Holt.[10] The purpose of this book was to give a brief history of the social, economic, and industrial life of that city from the time of the Mound Builders to 1932.

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[10] Carol Mary Holt, The Story of Grand Rapids, Michigan (Grand Rapids, Michigan: Revised by a Committee of Grand Rapids teachers, Board of Education, 1932).

Each of the topics is very briefly treated. Many new concepts are introduced. The style of writing is expository with some description. No characters or stories are used to add interest. There are few illustrations and no teaching helps.

To the writer, this book does not compare in style of writing, amount and kind of information given, and in general make-up with the one written for the Indianapolis schools. There are too many new concepts introduced at a time that the reader becomes confused. Teachers using this book would have to have additional information to explain the new concepts to the children.

A recent book on pioneers called, A Story of Pioneers and Their Children[11] was written by Marcelline Flora Myers, a teacher in the third grade of the Fort Wayne, Indiana, schools and Louise Embree, who came from a long line of pioneers. The purpose of this book is to give children a complete and well-rounded course of varied entertainment through reading and making of toys that explain phases of pioneer life.

This book tells the story of the Strong and White

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[11] Marcelline Flora Myers and Louise Embree, A Story of Pioneers and Their Children (Indianapolis, Indiana: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1937).

families as they travel in their covered wagon from their old homes in one of the eastern states to the Ohio River. Here they build a boat and continue their journey down the river and up a smaller stream to a place where they build two log cabins. There are many adventure stories throughout the book. Some parts tell of the hardships in building a log cabin, furnishing it, hunting for food, planting the crops, and making of clothing. Still other parts describe schools, churches, and such jolly times as spelling-bees and husking-bees.

This book is written in narrative-descriptive style. Direct discourse is used to break up long descriptive parts. The vocabulary is simple enough for a child in the third grade of school. The chapters are very short, averaging three or four printed pages in large type. There are many illustrations to explain new concepts. At the close of each chapter, there are pictures and directions entitled, "How to Make Things." If the children follow these suggestions, they will have cardboard models of things found in and about the homes of pioneers.

It seems to the writer that this is one of the best books examined because all information is connected with some incident in the lives of the settlers. Few characters are introduced. These characters are referred to again

and again. Few new concepts are introduced in each chapter. These new concepts are explained immediately following their introduction either by means of an old concept, by an illustration, or by a narrative.

Another recently written book, Smiling Hill Farm,[12] was examined. The book is written to interest third grade children in the study of pioneer history.

This book describes the coming of the Wayne family by covered wagon from their old home in Virginia to their new home near Spring Mill Park in Indiana. The author, who was a member of this family, writes its history in three parts from 1817 to 1937.

In part one, she relates incidents in the lives of her ancestors from 1817 to 1823. She tells about the clearing of the land, the building and furnishing of the home, the hunting for and raising of food, the preparation of material for and the making of clothing, the new neighbors, a pioneer wedding, the loud school, and the children in the family growing up.

The next part of the book describes the period from 1847 to 1857. It tells of the improvements in roads,

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[12] Miriam E. Mason, Smiling Hill Farm (New York: Ginn and Company, 1937).

methods of travel, early trains, furnishings in the new home, and the later schools. The last part from 1935 to 1937 tells of the present new brick home on the same hill and of the modern ways of living on a farm.

The book is written in narrative-descriptive style. The characters are introduced early in the book. Direct discourse is skillfully used to break up long explanatory or descriptive parts. The chapters are short, usually a page and a half or two pages in length. Quiet humor characterizes the book. There are many beautiful illustrations throughout the entire book. There are no teaching helps listed.

The writer feels that this is a good book because the author has written about real characters and customs. The book promotes a personal enjoyment to the reader especially if he is familiar with Spring Mill Park and its vicinity. The comparisons of ways of living, among the three generations described in the book, emphasizes how improvements in machinery have made easier living conditions for the farmers of today.

The books examined show that the authors have investigated children's interests relative to the various content subjects. A few worth-while concepts have been introduced at a time. The vocabulary is simple and

adapted to the grade placement of the particular book. The style of writing used is largely determined by the content subject.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSIONS

After reading the opinions of authorities in the field of social studies and examining several types of books used as sources in the content subjects, the writer reached certain conclusions in regard to the preparation of her book. It should be written in narrative-descriptive style. Characters should be used as centers of interest around which the narration and description would be woven. Direct discourse should be used to break up long descriptive parts. Whenever possible, stories should be added to explain parts and add interest. Such stories should be authentic enough to have been found in a history of early Terre Haute or Vigo County or related by some reliable person. The chapters should be short. There should be few new concepts introduced at a time. They should be worth-while and explained in the material immediately following their introduction. All sentences should be short. The vocabulary should be simple enough for a third grade child to read. It should be patterned more or less after the two last books described in chapter three.

With these points in mind, the writer proceeded to write a history of early Terre Haute for third grade children in narrative-descriptive style.

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PART II

CHAPTER I

THE LAND

Close your eyes and imagine that you are going on a long journey to the place where Terre Haute now stands. You are going back to the time when there were no streets, no houses, nor schools in our city. You are going to the time when there was only the Wabash River with woods along its bank.

The trees in the woods were very tall. Their branches were thick. The sunlight could not come through the thick branches. So it was always shady in the big woods. The ground was damp and the woods were cool even in the hot summer.

Wild fruits grew on some of the trees. Nuts grew on others. Berries grew on small bushes. Wild grapes grew on vines that hung from the trees. Even wild vegetables could be found here and there in the woods.

Many animals lived in the big woods. There were small animals such as rabbits, squirrels, minks, and chipmunks. There were large animals such as beavers, wolves, foxes, bears, buffaloes, and deer. There was plenty of food for all the animals to eat. They ate the nuts, berries, roots, bark, wild fruits, and vegetables.

Sometimes the larger animals ate the smaller ones.

In the summer many birds came to live in the big woods. They liked the big trees. The birds found wild fruits and insects to eat. They built their nests.

The calls of the animals and the singing of the birds could be heard in the big woods. The whispering of the leaves, when the winds rocked the branches of the trees, could be heard, too. They seemed to say, "Sh, sh, we are all happy in the woods. Sh, sh, we are one happy family living together in the big woods."

Narrow trails could be found here and there. These trails were made by the animals walking through the woods on their way to the river for a drink of water. Every morning and every evening the big animals went for a drink. Sometimes on hot days, they swam in the cool water. The smaller animals followed the same trails to get a drink of water.

There were prairies near the big woods. A prairie is flat land where no trees grow. Only tall grass grew on the prairie.

Small creeks flowed across these prairies to the river. The creeks made the land rich. On this rich land the grass grew so tall that a man could stand up in the prairie grass and not be seen.

This was the way the land looked around Terre Haute many years ago.

There was a little Indian boy whose name was Joceo.[1] He lived in an Indian village to the north of the big woods. Sometimes he tramped over the animal trails looking for rabbits. He carried a bow and arrow.

The little rabbits saw Joceo with their big round eyes. They gave a quick stamp with their big hind feet. Then all the other rabbits heard this stamp with their long sharp ears. Joceo walked quietly along the path. All of the little rabbits sat very still in the bushes so that the Indian boy would not see them.

The woods were dark. Strange sounds came to his ears. Joceo was not afraid. He was taught to be brave. He loved the woods. He had learned the meanings of the sounds he heard.

Joceo knew about the trees. He knew the trees that gave him hickory nuts and walnuts in the fall. In the spring, he knew the maple tree that gave him a sweet sap for maple sugar. These trees were his friends. They gave him foods to eat. He was not afraid in the big woods with his friends, the trees.

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[1] Pronounced Jŏc'-eō

"Twang" went his bow and arrow. A little gray squirrel fell out of the tree.

Joceo picked up the gray squirrel. He put it over his shoulder. He carried it home. How proud he was because he had killed a squirrel. How glad his mother would be because he brought home food for the family.

CHAPTER II

LIFE IN OUIATENO

Joceo belonged to the Wea Indian tribe and his people lived in Ouiateno.[1] This village was on a high bank of the river on the spot where the Terre Haute Water Works now stands. The Indian name, Ouiateno, meant Rising Sun. This name was a good one. From this place, the Indians could see the sun rise and could see it set, too.

The Wea Indians lived in cabins. Some of them were made of logs covered with bark. Some of them were poles stuck in the ground and tied together at the top. These were also covered with bark. Such houses were not very warm when the winter winds blew and the snows drifted about them.

The Indian men went hunting every day that they did not go to war. They shot rabbits, squirrels, buffaloes, deer, and wild turkeys for food. They trapped beavers, wolves, foxes, and minks for their fur.

The Indian women cleaned the animals. They saved the meat for food. They used the skins to make rugs, blankets, and clothing. The finest skins were saved. These

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[1] Pronounced Wē-aǘ-ten-ṓ

would be used to trade with other Indians for beads, blankets, or cloth.

The Indian women made all of the clothing for the family. First they took the hair off of the skin. Then they rubbed the skin to make it soft. Then the women cut out a skirt or dress with a sharp stone.

The skins were sewed with a bone needle. The thread used in sewing was a thin strip of skin from an animal. Sometimes the Indian women found small pebbles on the bank of the river and colored these with dyes made from the juices of plants. They sewed pebbles on the clothing for trimming. The Indians thought they made a pretty trimming.

All of the men and boys dressed alike. They wore short skirts. They painted the rest of their bodies. The paint came from the juices of plants. Sometimes they wore feathers in their hair.

The girls dressed like their mothers. They wore long dresses of skins. They were often trimmed with pretty pebbles.

Both men and women wore moccasins on their feet. The women made the moccasins. They were made of skins. The sewing was done with strips of skin. Moccasins were trimmed with pretty beads.

The Indian mothers were not as careful about cleaning meat as our mothers are today. Sometimes they left

some of the fur on the meat. An Indian boy or girl did not think it strange to be eating a piece of meat and find that he had fur or feathers in his mouth. He spit it out and went on eating.

All of the cooking was done over a campfire. The Indian mothers found large stones. They heated them in the fire. Water was poured into a clay pot. The hot stones were put into the pot. Then pieces of meat, wild carrots, turnips, or any other vegetables were put into the pot, too. This made a soup for the family.

The women planted the crops. They raised maize or corn in the level fields near the village. From the corn, a meal was made. They used meal to make bread.

When Indian women baked bread, they heated other large stones. They made a dough by mixing corn meal and water. They spread the dough on the hot stones and placed them near the fire. The Indians liked this kind of bread.

The sap came up in the maple trees in the spring. Indian women knew how to cut a hole in the tree so that the sap would flow out. This sap was caught in clay jars. It was boiled over a campfire until it became thick. This made syrup. If the sap was cooked for a longer time, it became sugar. This was the only kind of sugar that the Indians had.

The Indian women went to the woods and gathered all

kinds of wild fruits and berries in the summer. They found wild cherries, grapes, raspberries, blackberries, and gooseberries. These were eaten raw. The Indians had plenty to eat in the summer.

Hickory nuts and walnuts were gathered in the fall. Some of these were saved for food during the winter. Then food was scarce.

The women not only made all of the clothing and prepared the food but also made all of the dishes and pots that were used. The pots were made of clay. This clay was found on the bank of the Wabash River. The women mixed the clay with water. They molded and shaped the pots. Then they put them in the sun to dry. When the pots were dry, the mothers put them in the fire. They were baked until they were very hard. Then the pots would hold water.

Gourds were used for dishes. The women found gourds growing wild in the woods. They brought some large ones back to the village. They cut one side away leaving a cup-shaped gourd with a handle. These made good drinking cups.

Life in Ouiateno was not easy. There was work for everyone.

Even little children were taught to work. They helped the mother find food in the woods. They helped gather the maize in the late summer.

Indian children were taught to be brave, too. They did not often cry. They were ashamed to cry. Sometimes hanging from a tree near where the mother worked was an Indian cradle in which a little baby stayed. Often the smoke from the camp fire got into the baby's eyes. No one paid any attention to this. Little Indian babies were taught to stand such things bravely. This was one of the child's early lessons.

CHAPTER III

INDIAN CUSTOMS

All Indian boys looked forward to the day when they would become braves. When an Indian boy was eighteen years of age, he was old enough to become a brave. His face was blackened. Then he went to the woods. In the woods a little hut of bushes or weeds had been built for him. Here he stayed for six days without anything to eat or drink. This was to show that he could stand hardships.

The boy's father went on a hunt while the boy was in the little house in the woods. After the father had found enough food, he invited the neighbors to a feast. The father and friends went for the boy. They brought him home and put him in cold water. They shaved his head except for a little spot on top. Then all the men sat down to eat.

After the feast, the boy was given a looking-glass and a bag of red paint. He was told that he was a brave. Now he could sit in council and go to war. This made him very happy.

Another custom that these Indians followed was that of adoption. Adoption means to take someone into a home and care for him and love him as if he was a real member

of the family. The Indians adopted someone whenever a member of a family died.

The dead person's best friend was chosen to be adopted by the family. If a warrior was being adopted, all of the braves came wearing war paint. Each man pretended to be in battle. He showed the others how many scalps that he had taken or told how many prisoners he had captured.

After each brave had told of his deeds, the speaker told the others that the family of the dead warrior was glad to have the friend adopted as one of its members. The adopted man was given a place to sit with the family, during the ceremony, and was given things the dead man had owned. After the ceremony was over, however, the friend did not have to live with the Indian family unless he wanted to do so. The reason that someone was adopted to take the place of a dead member was because the Indians believed another member of the family would die if this was not done.

When a woman died, the warriors did not tell of their deeds. Friends of the dead woman came. Her best friend was chosen to be adopted into the family. A favorite game of the dead woman was played. This custom was followed in adopting men not so important in the tribe.

Little children were adopted, too. Many Indians

adopted white children. If the white child's parents were killed in a fight with the Indians or if the parents were frightened away from their homes, the Indians carried off the children. The white child was brought back to the village. There it was cared for by the Indian mother. She gave it food to eat. She gave it a place to sleep. She made it clothing like the Indian children wore.

Most Indians were kind to the white children they adopted. They learned to love them as much as if they had been their own. The white children learned to love their Indian mothers and fathers. They learned to love their Indian brothers and sisters. They were happy living as the Indians lived. They soon forgot their own families. Very often they did not want to go back and live with white people.

CHAPTER IV

THE VISITORS

One day in early spring, Joceo looked up the river and saw many canoes coming around the bend of the river.

"Look," he called to his father and pointed toward the river.

The men of the village ran down to the bank. They saw many canoes. In the canoes were Indians and white men. The white men had hair growing on their faces while the Indians did not have hair on their faces. The white men looked strange to little Joceo.

Joceo's father was the chief or head of the tribe. He made signs to the Indians in the canoes. Then they made signs to him. Joceo knew that the signs meant that the visitors were friendly. The canoes came close to the bank. The men got out and pulled the canoes out of the water. All of the men walked to the village.

Joceo followed his father into their house. He helped his father gather together a large pile of skins that they had been saving from the winter trapping season. They carried their skins outside where other men had brought their skins.

The visitors were from the village of Ouitenon[1]

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[1] Pronounced Wē'-ä-tĕ-nŏn'

located on the Wabash River between the present towns of Attica and Lafayette. They had brought beautiful blue cloth and beads to trade for the furs. The men bargained back and forth. Joceo liked to see the men as they made signs to each other, He stood back holding his father's skins and watching. One white man had a beautiful string of blue and red beads. Joceo knew that his mother would like to have them. He wished that he might have had some furs to trade so that he could get them for her.

Joceo's father finally saw the red and blue beads. He wanted them, too. The chief came over to where Joceo stood holding the furs. He took a beautiful skin of soft mink. The white man shook his head. Then the chief found another skin of soft mink. The white man still shook his head. Joceo wished with all his heart that the white man would trade with his father.

At last, the chief took three skins of the beautiful soft furs and the white man traded for the lovely red and blue beads. The father brought the beads over to his son. He put them in the boy's hand.

"Squaw," he said and Joceo knew that the beads were for his mother.

Other white men came up to see the furs the chief had to trade. When the father went back to his cabin, he had blankets that were not made of skins but of soft warm

cloth. He had other blue cloth. There was a great black pot that could be used for cooking. It was not made of clay. It was made of iron. Then there were the beautiful red and blue beads. Joceo knew that his father had made a good trade.

The visitors were to spend the night in the little village. Joceo knew that they would tell stories about strange lands and people. He was anxious for night to come. The men would sit around the big bonfire. He would sit back with the women and other children and listen to their stories. Joceo loved to hear these stories.

Joceo felt hungry. He walked to his father's cabin to see what his mother was cooking for the evening meal.

CHAPTER V

AROUND THE BONFIRE

Joceo's mother was making soup. He smelled it as he neared the cabin. She had made a small fire behind the house and was bending over a large clay kettle as she cooked.

"Gourds," said his mother as he came in sight. Joceo went inside the house and brought out a gourd for each member of his family.

"More," she said.

Then Joceo knew that they would have guests for the evening meal.

Joceo was still carrying the red and blue beads. He gave them to his mother.

"Ugh, ugh," she said.

Joceo knew that she liked them. He saw her hide the beads in an empty clay jar in one corner of their cabin.

Presently his father came with two Indians and three white men. Joceo learned from his mother that the white men were Frenchmen. They had come from across the sea. Then they had followed lakes and rivers buying furs from the Indians. Their furs would be taken back to their

own country. Joceo remembered that several times a year these white men had come to trade with his people. Then they had gone away and he would not see any white men for a long time.

The men sat around the big clay kettle and dipped their gourds into the hot soup drinking it greedily. Joceo sat back with the children hoping that there would be some soup left for him. Still he would not mind if he did not have enough to eat that night. He was anxious to hear the stories.

At last, the men finished eating and walked away. Joceo's mother went up to the kettle and the children followed. She had made plenty of soup. So there was enough for the children to eat. But Joceo did not eat much that night. He wanted to go to the bonfire. He was not as hungry as he had thought.

In an open space to the north of the little village, the men were building a large bonfire. When the women and children arrived, the braves were seated around it smoking a long pipe. This pipe was called a Peace Pipe. When Indians smoked a Peace Pipe, it showed that they were all friends.

Joceo sat some distance back from the men with his mother. He wished that he might sit in the circle. Some

day, he would be the chief and sit in the best place as head of the tribe.

One of the visiting Indians was standing in the circle. There was no noise except the rustling of the leaves of the nearby forest. The boy knew that the Indian was going to tell a story. Joceo loved to hear these stories. He crept a little closer toward the fire so that he might hear better.

Just the one Indian stood up. He raised his arms high into the air and said, "We have come from the land of our brothers, the Pottawatomies, who live on the shores of the great lake. They told us this story."

"The Great Spirit made the world. He filled it with people. He gave them food to eat. He gave them a place to live. The Great Spirit wanted the people to thank Him for all of the good things that He had given them.

"The people were wicked. They would not raise their eyes from the ground to thank Him for anything.

"Finally the Great Spirit became angry with the people. He threw them into a great lake. Everything was drowned. From the lake he drew out one man. This man was young and handsome. There was no one else on earth. The young man was lonesome. The Great Spirit was sorry for him. He sent the man a sister.

"After many years, the young man had a dream. He dreamed that five young men would come to their home that night to visit the sister. The Great Spirit told the man that the sister must not answer or even look up and smile at the first four but she should show the fifth one that she was pleased with him. He told his sister of the dream.

"That night the first stranger, who was tobacco, came. When the sister would not smile, he died. The second, pumpkin, came and the same thing happened to him. The third was melon and the fourth was bean. They also died. The fifth was Montamin[1] which was corn. The sister made him welcome. They were married. Montamin buried the other four visitors. From their graves grew tobacco, melons, and all the different kinds of beans. The children of the sister and Montamin were the first Indians."

The warriors grunted. They liked the story. Then Joceo saw his father arise. He would tell a story that the boy had heard before but no matter how many times the story had been told, Joceo always liked to hear it.

"The Shawnees, our neighbors to the south, tell this story about the end of the world," said the chief.

"Many years ago, there were a great number of

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[1] Pronounced Mŏn-ta-mĭn

Shawnees. They camped together on a prairie. At night half of them went to sleep while the other half stayed awake. One night those who were awake left the sleepers and went toward the sun rise. When the others, who had been sleeping awoke, they went toward the sun set. Then there were two nations, the Shawnees and the Kickapoos.

"Before they became two nations, these Indians enjoyed many favors and could do many things that other people could not do. They had much food. They could even walk on water. At one time, they were supposed to have crossed the great ocean by walking. The medicine men of the tribe could bring people to life who had been dead for six hours.

"As two nations, the Indians could no longer do all these things. One day, however, when the ones who have gone toward the sun rise meet the ones who have gone toward the sunset, the world will come to an end."

The chief sat down in the circle. There were no more stories that night. Some of the young men began to dance. Around and around the fire, they danced. Their bodies made queer shadows as they moved. Joceo watched those shadows. Some day he would dance and tell stories with the men.

He felt some one touch him on the arm. He was thinking of all the things that he would be able to do when he had become a man. But his mother was telling him to

follow her to their cabin. The men would dance in the firelight but he must go to bed. He wished he were a man so that he would not have to go to bed.

CHAPTER VI

THE STORY OF LENA

Joceo awoke early the next morning. He hurried out of the cabin to see the visitors. They had gone. Joceo was sorry. He sat down on the bank of the river looking toward the bend from which the visitors had come. He wished that he was old enough to be a brave. He wanted to travel up and down the land, to sit in meetings and tell stories, to dance and to go to war.

Someone came up behind him. He turned quickly. There stood Lena, a white girl, who had been adopted by one of the warriors into their tribe. Everyone loved Lena. Joceo had often wondered if all white people were as kind as she.

Lena sat down beside Joceo.

"Did you see the white men?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the girl, "but they were Frenchmen. I am English. Frenchmen come to get furs and go away but my people come to stay."

"Do you ever wish to see your people?" asked Joceo.

"No," she answered. "I do not remember any of my people and my adopted father is very kind to me. I do not want to leave him. Some day I shall marry an Indian brave

and live here always. No, I never want to go back to live with white people."

As they were talking, a canoe came swiftly around the bend of the river. A strange Indian was paddling it. He stopped near the bank where Lena and Joceo were sitting. He pulled the canoe out of the water and walked swiftly toward them.

Joceo and Lena knew that he was from another tribe. He was dressed in a rich Indian costume and carried a bow and arrow. He wore eagle feathers in his hair. From his belt hung his tomahawk and scalping knife. There was a deerskin thrown over his shoulders. He was tall and straight.

The stranger made signs to the two sitting on the bank. He wanted to be treated as a friend. Then he came up to them and asked Lena to take him to her father's house. The two walked away leaving Joceo sitting on the bank.

Lena's father was sitting in his cabin. When he saw the young Indian with Lena, he got up quickly and began shouting in loud words. Lena knew that he was very angry. The young Indian was from a tribe that had made war on the people of this village.

The young man stepped back and fitted an arrow in his bow. The older man raised his tomahawk and started toward the other one. Before he could reach the stranger, Lena stepped between the two of them. She put her hand on

the arm of her father.

"My father, touch not the stranger. He only asks for food and a place to sleep," said Lena. "Did you ever refuse a man that? He is an enemy but he is a stranger. He is tired and needs rest. He wants food and water. Did you ever drive a stranger from your house?"

The older man dropped the tomahawk and asked the stranger his name.

"My name is Nemo,"[1] said the stranger. "I bring a message from a great chief. Read the wampum shells."

Indians used wampum shells for money and also to send messages on. The older man took the shells. On some of these, there were pictures of a pale-face walking toward the rising sun. This meant that the white people were going east. On another shell, the stranger was shown leading the pale-face toward the east. There was also the likeness of a great chief. The father knew that the stranger had come to take all white people east to their real fathers and mothers.

Lena listened. She knew that she was a pale-face. She could not remember her white people. She did not want to leave.

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[1] Pronounced Nē-mō'

The older man looked at Lena and tears came in his eyes.

"My father," said the girl, "has The Great Spirit refused to hear your prayer? Why do you have tears in your eyes?"

"My daughter," said the man, "your step is light and you are good and kind. I brought you to my home. Then you were small and weak. I loved you. As a father I have protected you from the tomahawk and scalping knife. I was then young, too. My arm was quick when I bent the bow. Now my arm is weak and my eyes are not so good. I am getting old. In my old age, my fair haired, blue-eyed child, I must give you up. You will go to another. My child, will you never forget your Indian father? When you return, I will not be here."

"Return," said Lena. "I am not going away."

"Little do you know what you are saying," said the father. "By tomorrow you will be on your way to your people."

"Why must I go?" asked the girl.

"You are a pale-face. The great chief says that all pale-faces must be taken back to their own fathers and mothers."

"A pale-face! Because my hair is lighter than my

sister's and my face is not so dark, is that why I must go?"

"It is. You are not an Indian. I saved you from being eaten by wild animals. I made you my child. I love you as if you were my own but I must let you go."

There were tears in the eyes of all of the people in the village as Nemo helped Lena in his canoe and paddled toward the south. Lena was going away forever. The white men had fought a war. They had won. In the treaty that followed the war, one part said that the Indians must give up all white people living in their villages.

All white people were to be taken east and relatives and friends would come to the place and take them home. Some white people were happy to get back to their own people. Others, like Lena, were sad.

As Nemo and Lena rode along in the canoe, they learned to love each other. At night, Nemo spread his deer-skin over Lena while she slept. If a wild animal came near their camp-fire, Nemo shot it so that it would not hurt Lena.

After days of travel, the two came in sight of the village. Some of Lena's relatives claimed her there. They took her home with them. They gave her good food to eat. They made her new dresses of pretty cloth. They taught her

about God.

All the time Lena was remembering her Indian father. She thought about Nemo, too. She wanted to go back to live with the red men. She wanted to see all of the people in the Indian village. Two years passed by. She still remembered her old home.

One day all of the people in the village in the east were very frightened. An Indian came in sight. He was tall and straight and wore an eagle feather in his hair. Lena saw the Indian. She ran to meet him. It was Nemo.

Lena was eighteen years of age now. Although the laws in the place where she lived said that a white person could not marry an Indian, the laws did not keep her from loving him. She was old enough to make up her mind and to do as she pleased. That night while her own family was sleeping, Lena and Nemo ran away.

They ran very fast into the dark night. When morning came, it was too late for her relatives to overtake them. Lena and Nemo were married as the Indians marry by praying to The Great Spirit and telling Him that they will have faith and love each other always. Then the two traveled on. For many days, they traveled. One day, they found an old moccasin.

Nemo picked it up and cried, "Miami!"

The Indians of the Miami tribe were enemies of the tribe to which Nemo belonged. As the two came to a deep wood, three Miami warriors rushed at them. Nemo leaped to a tree. One of the Miami warriors caught Lena and began tying her hands. Nemo put an arrow into his bow. The Miami stood behind Lena so that Nemo could not shoot without hurting her.

"Twang," went the arrow. It caught some of Lena's hair as it went into the Miami's heart. Another warrior tried to carry Lena away but Nemo reached down and killed him with his tomahawk. Only one warrior was left. Nemo jumped down from the tree. There was a terrible fight. Lena watched. At last Nemo killed the Miami.

Then Nemo and Lena went along in peace following rivers until they came to the Wea village on the bank of the Wabash River. How glad all of the Indians were to see her again. How glad they were that Nemo had brought her back. Nemo and Lena built a cabin and lived in the village.

Lena had brought some apple seeds with her from the east. She planted them to the south of the village. Small trees came up. They grew larger and apples grew on them. These trees lived to be very old. Years later when the early settlers came to this part of the country, they found the apple trees still growing. The settlers called the place Indian Orchard.

CHAPTER VII

JOCEO BECOMES CHIEF

Several years passed by. Joceo became a man and was made a brave. How happy he was to know that he could go to war. How glad he was to sit in council with the other men of his tribe.

Joceo's father was getting old. He could not see as well as he did when he was young. Often he missed when he shot at a squirrel with his bow and arrow. He became tired when the men of the tribe went on long marches to get food.

The old chief called all the men of the tribe together. They sat in a circle on the ground. The chief stood in the center. He raised his arms. All of the men were still. The old chief spoke.

"My braves," he said. "I am getting old. My step is not so swift. My eyes are not so bright. You need a young chief to lead you into battle."

"Come, my son," he said turning to Joceo. "You will make a good chief for our tribe. Your foot is swift. Your eye is sharp. Come, my son, I give you to my people to be their leader."

All of the men were glad to have Joceo for their

leader. They gave a glad shout. They gave the new chief presents. One present was a suit of clothes. One was a long string of beads to wear around his neck. Another present was a cap of feathers to wear in his hair. Joceo was proud to be chief. He was proud of his new things.

Joceo soon learned that it was not easy to be a chief. As the years went by a change was taking place in the country around Ouiateno. More white people were coming into the country near the Wabash River. These white men were not French traders who came for furs and left. They were Englishmen who came here to live and to make their homes.

As more people came, the food became scarcer. The deer and buffaloes would not live where so many people made their homes. At times, the Indians found it hard to find enough meat for the village. Then, too, the Englishmen did not pay as much for furs as the Frenchmen. Once Joceo remembered his father had traded three skins for a string of beads. Now the Englishmen wanted five or six skins for their beads.

Joceo decided to move his people to another place. All of the Indian women loaded their cooking pots, blankets of cloth and skins, and food into canoes. Many canoes of Wea Indians went up the Wabash River. The Wea

Indians tried to find a place to live where there were no white people. They wanted to find a place where there was a good hunting ground.

Here and there along the river bank, they saw log cabins. Sometimes there was only one. Sometimes there were many. For several days, the Indians paddled their canoes up the river.

At last Joceo said, "It is not any better here. We had better go back home. There we have our cabins. Here we do not have a place to sleep."

The Indians paddled their canoes down the river. After several days, they came in sight of their own village. All the Indians were glad to be back in their homes.

The first white settlers who came to live on the banks of the Wabash River did not build their cabins near each other. Some built them to the north of Ouiateno. Others built their cabins to the south. Each year, however, more and more white people came here to live. As more came and built cabins, they began living closer and closer together.

Joceo saw that the white men were taking more and more of the hunting grounds away from the Indians. Some settlers had cut down the trees in the big woods to use in building their cabins. If the white people cut down all of

the trees, none of the animals would stay there. The animals gave the Indians food. Their skins gave the Indians clothing and blankets. Joceo saw that something had to be done.

He called his braves together.

"Braves," he said, "white people are taking our lands away from us. They are living on the north of us. They are living on the south of us. They are going into the big woods. They are cutting down the trees and killing the animals that are our food. They are driving the big animals away. Deer and buffaloes will not live where there are many people. What shall we do?"

"Let us kill the white people," said one brave. "We can kill some of them and drive the others back to their homes in the east. When they hear that many have been killed, it will make the white people in the east afraid. Then other white people will not come to live here. We shall have the hunting ground for ourselves."

"Ugh, ugh," cried all of the braves.

The warriors went into their cabins. They put war paint on their faces. They put their scalping knives in their belts. The Indians carried their bows and arrows. They were ready to make war on the white settlers.

The Indians went into the settlers' cabins. They

killed many people. They drove many white people away from their homes.

One of the families which lived near Ouiateno was the Shannons. A band of Indians went to their home. They killed the mother and father. They killed two little girls and the baby. Another child had a blue ribbon on her hair. The Indians did not kill her because she had a blue ribbon on her hair.

Blue was the color that the Frenchmen wore. The Indians liked the French. They wanted to be friends with them. The Indians thought the child was French. They were afraid to kill the child because they thought the French would be angry with them.

Another family living near the Indian village was the Dixon family. They lived to the south near Honey Creek. The Indians came to their cabin to kill them. The Dixons were saying their prayers. All of the family were kneeling on the floor. The Indians became afraid when they saw what the Dixons were doing. They went away. As they left, they said, "Great Spirit."

The white people in this cabin were not killed.

White settlers kept coming to make their homes near the Wabash River even if the Indians did kill many of them. The white settlers liked the rich land. Joceo and his warriors could not keep them from coming.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

The land around Terre Haute was a part of a large piece of land known as the Northwest Territory. At one time the Northwest Territory belonged to France. Later it belonged to England.

England sent soldiers into the Northwest Territory. The soldiers built forts to protect themselves and the other people who lived on the land. The fort had four high walls made of logs. The logs were placed close together. There was just one gate into the fort. This was so that no one could get inside unless he went in through the gate.

Blockhouses were usually built on the two opposite corners of the fort. They were small rooms built higher than the walls of the fort. Because the blockhouses were high, the soldiers in the fort took turns watching in them for signs of danger. If they saw something wrong, they fired a gun. This meant that all the people should come inside of the fort. There they were usually safe from danger.

The leader of the soldiers was called a captain. He made the laws for the other soldiers. Sometimes he made laws for the people living outside of the fort, too.

One fort was built on the bank of the Wabash River near the town of Vincennes. It was built there because at that time Vincennes was the largest town in the Northwest Territory.

The land to the east of the Northwest Territory along the Atlantic Ocean belonged to the United States of America. The land to the south was a part of the United States, too. It was called Kentucky. The people who lived in the United States were called Americans.

Many Americans moved into the Northwest Territory. When they saw the fine land, they were glad that they had come there to make their homes. They did not like one thing about it. When they moved west, they were living on land that belonged to England. They were ruled by the English captains in the forts. They wished that the Northwest Territory was a part of the United States.

One man, who wanted the Northwest Territory to be a part of the United States, was George Rogers Clark. He lived in Kentucky. Clark organized an army of pioneer men in Kentucky. He led the army to Vincennes. He planned to make war on the English fort at Vincennes. If he could win the war, it would mean that all of the Northwest Territory would belong to the United States.

Some of the people who lived in Vincennes wanted

the land to belong to England. The French people who lived there did not care to whom the land belonged. Besides these people, there were Indians. The Indians did not want any white people to own the land. The captain of the fort at Vincennes had a hard time ruling over all of these different people.

It was winter time when George Rogers Clark and his army arrived at Vincennes. The soldiers did not have warm clothes to wear. They had to march through the icy waters of the river. Some of them were cold and tired. Their guns were old and many of the soldiers had only clubs with which to fight. Still George Rogers Clark wanted to make war on the English fort at Vincennes.

Near the town, George Rogers Clark saw a young hunter who was shooting ducks. He sent the hunter back to the English captain with a note. It told the Americans in Vincennes to stay in their houses. The Englishmen were to come out and fight.

In the mean time, boats full of guns and powder came for the American soldiers to use for fighting. Each man got a new gun. George Rogers Clark gave orders. The men marched toward the English fort. There was a battle. Many Englishmen were killed. Only one or two of Clark's men were hurt.

The Englishmen wanted to stop fighting because they had lost so many men. They flew a white flag above the fort. This meant that the Ehglish captain wanted to talk with George Rogers Clark.

The two men met outside of the fort. The English captain asked George Rogers Clark and his soldiers to stop fighting for three days. George Rogers Clark would not stop. So the English captain had to give up the fort to the Americans because he did not want any more of his men killed.

The English soldiers packed their things and went away. Some of the English families living in Vincennes went with them. Others took an oath to the American flag. This meant that they became Americans. These new Americans wanted to stay in Vincennes.

The American people who lived in Vincennes were very happy because George Rogers Clark and his men had won the battle. They were glad that the Northwest Territory would be a part of the United States.

Besides the English and American pioneers in the town there were many French people. Father Pierre Gibault was a French priest who traveled about among the French pioneers. He liked George Rogers Clark. Father Gibault told the French families that if they would become Americans,

they could still worship God as they pleased. He said that they could live just as always in their own homes. The French people trusted Father Gibault. They believed that he knew what was best for them so they became Americans.

Francis Vigo was another man who helped George Rogers Clark and America. He was a rich man. Francis Vigo had been born in Spain. He had come to America when he was a young man. He had made his money trading for furs.

George Rogers Clark needed supplies for his army. Francis Vigo loaned money to George Rogers Clark to buy supplies. Clark said that the United States would repay the money that he had loaned. But the United States did not do this during the lifetime of Francis Vigo and he died a poor man.

Terre Haute is in Vigo County. Vigo County was named for Francis Vigo. At one time, he came to Terre Haute. The people in the town had a big parade. Francis Vigo rode in the parade. He was greatly pleased by the honor which was shown him.

Francis Vigo said that if the government did repay him that he would give five hundred dollars to buy a bell for the court house in Terre Haute. Years afterwards, the government paid his relatives. They kept the promise which Francis Vigo had made. A bell and a clock were bought for

the court house tower in Terre Haute. They are in the tower to this very day. This lettering can be found inside the tower:

BY HIS WILL $500 OF THE COST OF THIS BELL
WERE PRESENTED BY FRANCIS VIGO TO VIGO
COUNTY, IND., A. D. 1887

William Henry Harrison became the ruler of this new country. He was called the governor. A large brick house was built for him in the town of Vincennes. Many men came to his house to see him about the new country. He treated his guests well. Francis Vigo often spent the night in this house.

The house is still standing in Vincennes. People may go through it and see the rooms in which many well known men of long ago spent the night.

There were still many unfriendly Indians in the Northwest Territory. They did not like the white people who came to live in the new country. They did not like the governor, William Henry Harrison. Yet they were afraid of him. They knew that he was a good fighter and that he had many men to help him fight if they should make war on him.

Harrison's home was near the bank of the Wabash River. He was afraid that sometime the Indians would come

into his home to kill him. So he always kept a boat hidden on the river bank. There was a secret way to get from his house to the river. In case of trouble, he could always get away.

One time an Indian did try to kill Harrison. He was walking across the living room of his home carrying his baby son in his arms. The Indian shot at him through a closed shutter that covered a window. Neither Harrison nor his little son was hurt. The bullet hole can still be seen in the shutter of the old Harrison home.

CHAPTER IX

TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS

Tecumseh was an Indian chief. One day an Indian warrior asked Tecumseh to make a bet with him. He said that each warrior in his tribe could kill as many deer in three days hunting as Tecumseh. The chief took the bet.

The next morning all of the warriors started out. Three days went by. Then the women in the village saw the warriors returning.

"Ugh! ugh!" said one. "I have killed twelve deer."

Another came in sight. "I have killed thirteen," he said.

As he spoke, Tecumseh came up. He could scarcely walk because he had so many skins over his shoulders.

"Here are thirty deerskins," he said putting them on the ground.

Tecumseh won the bet.

Tecumseh saw that the white people were taking the land away from the Indians. He went from village to village talking with the Indians. He wanted all of them to make war on the white settlers living in the Northwest Territory. Tecumseh planned to have one time when all Indians in all parts of the land should drive the settlers

back to the country along the ocean. He thought that this would make the white people afraid and that they would not send settlers into the Northwest Territory.

The governor, William Henry Harrison, heard about Tecumseh's plan. He started to build forts along the banks of the Wabash River. If the Indians did make war on the settlers, then they could go inside these forts and be safe.

Harrison led his army along the banks of the Wabash River. He planned to build a fort on the ground where the Elk's Country Club is today.

One night Harrison and his men camped on this spot. He told some of the soldiers to guard the camp. He sent others into the woods to shoot small animals so that the soldiers would have something to eat. Still others were sent to a little cabin nearby to try to buy some corn.

The men walked over to the settler's cabin. They knocked at the door. A young man came to the door.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"We are soldiers," they answered. "We are building a fort on the bank of the Wabash River. Could you sell us some corn?"

"Come in, men," said the young man. "I have plenty of corn. I can sell you all that you want."

"How long have you lived here?" asked the soldiers.

"About a year," he answered. "I came from Vincennes."

"We have just come from Vincennes," the soldiers told him. "What is your name?"

"My name is Joseph Liston."

The soldiers and Joseph Liston talked about the people of Vincennes. They told him the news of things that had happened since he had left the town. They had a good time talking together. Finally Joseph Liston brought out several baskets of fine corn. He was very proud of it. The soldiers took all that he brought out. They gave him a piece of money in return for the corn. Joseph Liston turned the money over and over in his hand and looked at it.

"It is not often that we see money up here," he said. "Most of the time we use animal skins for money."

The men put the baskets of corn on their shoulders and started back to camp.

"If any Indians come to your cabin, come over to the fort that we are building," the soldiers told Joseph Liston. "We are building this fort to protect the settlers from the Indians."

It was dark when the men got back to camp. Some of the soldiers had built a large bonfire. Two men were sitting on the ground with heavy blankets wrapped about them.

"What is the matter with you?" asked one of the

soldiers.

"We went across a little creek to the south of here. We found a bee tree in which there was a great deal of honey. We cut it down. Then we put a pole through the hollow center. We carried the pole on our shoulders. While crossing the creek, we slipped on some stones and fell into the water. Most of the honey went into the creek. We tasted the water and it was very sweet. The creek should be named Honey Creek."

All of the men laughed. "Let us call the creek Honey Creek, then," they said. Since that time the creek south of Terre Haute has always had that name.

When the soldiers returned, those who had gone hunting were cooking squirrels over the fire. There, water was boiling in a big iron kettle at one side of the fire. The soldiers dropped some of the ears of corn into the kettle of boiling water. When the squirrels and corn were cooked, the men ate them for supper. The men who had fallen into the water were dry by this time. All of the men except one rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep. He stayed awake to guard the camp.

In the night, a shot rang out. The men woke up. The soldier who had been left to guard the camp was lying on the ground. He had been hit by the shot and was hurt.

Harrison knew that the Indians were getting ready for war. He told his men to wake up and watch the camp. As soon as it became light enough to see, all of the soldiers started to work. They wanted to hurry to build the fort. They wanted to get it done before the Indians made war on them. Then the soldiers and the settlers would have a safe place to stay.

They fimally finished the fort. William Henry Harrison left some of his men to guard it. He took the rest with him to meet the Indians.

When the soldiers met the Indians, they were with their leader who was the Prophet, the twin brother of Tecumseh. The Prophet told the Indians that the white men's guns would not hurt them. They went into battle. Instead of the Indians hiding behind trees, they stood out where the white men could easily shoot at them. Many of them were killed. Those who were left said that the Prophet had not told them the truth about fighting. They were very angry at him.

Tecumseh heard about the battle. He had been away trying to unite the Indians in order to make war on all of the white settlers at one time. He was sorry that his brother had led the Indians to war. He was sorry that his brother had told the Indians a lie, too. He knew that the

Indians would not trust his brother again. He was afraid that they might not trust him either. Tecumseh saw that the battle had been fought too soon. All of the Indians had not been ready.

CHAPTER X

FORT HARRISON

The battle with the Indians made more settlers want to move into the new country. General Harrison and his army came back from the battle by way of the Wabash River. They went past Fort Harrison, as the new fort near Terre Haute was called. The men saw the beautiful land along the river banks. When they got home, they told their friends about it. Many people, who heard about the country, moved here to make their homes.

Captain Taylor was sent to take charge of Fort Harrison. More soldiers were sent there. Many of them brought their families. They built log cabins inside the fort in which to live. People inside the fort had close neighbors. It was like living in a little town.

The settlers who came built their cabins outside of the fort. They did not live close together. If the Indians made war on the settlers, they would go inside of the fort to stay until the Indians went away.

One settler built his cabin over a little path. He made a back door and a front door in his house. One day he was surprised to see an Indian open his back door, walk through his house, and go out of the front door. The

path had been an Indian trail. The settler had not known this when he built his cabin. The Indian did not like to have a cabin built over his trail. He would not go around the house.

One evening a guard who was on duty heard a loud cry. He called to the soldiers in the fort. They opened the gate to see what was the matter. One man, who lived in the fort, was coming across the prairie driving a huge bear. He had seen the bear while he was hunting. It was too large for him to carry if he killed it so he drove the animal across the prairie to the fort with a long pole. The men in the fort ran to meet him. They helped him kill the bear. All of the people had bear meat the next day.

One day two young men who were making hay near Fort Harrison were shot by Indians. Captain Taylor knew that there was going to be trouble. Many of his men were sick. He was sick in bed himself but he got up and told the others that the Indians would probably make war on the fort.

The guard on watch began firing. This told the people that there was going to be trouble. The settlers wanted to be safe from the Indians so they came inside of the fort. They brought food and clothing with them.

Soon there was a loud shout. The blockhouse was on fire.

"What shall we do?" cried some of the women. "We shall be burned alive."

The men at the fort had dug a well inside of it. Some of the women began lowering buckets into the well. The older children carried the water to the men who were trying to put out the fire. When the women raised the buckets out of the well, they found very little water in them. The well was almost dry.

Julia Lambert was a brave woman who lived inside of the fort.

"Put a rope about my body and lower me into the well," she said. "Then I can fill the buckets with water."

At first the women did not want to do this. They knew that the well water would be cold. They were afraid that the cold water would make Julia Lambert sick.

"Do as I say," she said tying a rope around her waist. "We do not want to be burned alive."

The women lowered Julia Lambert into the well. She took a bucket with her. When her body struck the water, it began to rise. She dipped it out with her bucket and filled the buckets that were being lowered into the well. Soon the fire was out.

The women pulled Julia Lambert out of the well. But she had stood in the cold water so long that she became ill.

Julia Lambert was never strong after that time. All of the people in the fort helped take care of her because she had saved their lives through her bravery.

After the fire was out, the men put large logs in the hole that had been made in the wall of the fort. The women and older children helped put powder in the guns so that the men could shoot at the Indians.

It took a long time to load guns in those days. The gunpowder was poured into the gun. Then a rod was used to push the powder back into the gun so that it could be shot.

The men in the fort fired at the Indians. The Indians shot back. There was a battle. Late in the evening the Indians stopped shooting. The men in the fort stopped shooting, too, but they kept their guns ready in case the Indians made another attack.

In the morning, Captain Taylor found that the Indians had gone. Only a few men in the fort were hurt. The settlers were glad that the soldiers had driven the Indians away. Those who lived outside of the fort went back to their homes.

Strangers often came to the fort. Some of them came overland by covered wagon. Some of them came on horseback. Many times a man and his wife would ride on the same horse. Strangers were always welcome at the fort.

Sometimes a teacher came up the river by boat from Vincennes. He would stay a few weeks and teach the little children who lived in the fort. As there was no school house, he taught them in some settler's cabin. Every settler had a Bible. It was used for a reader.

The fathers of the children had no money to pay the teacher for teaching their children. He lived in one of the settler's cabins. They gave him good clothing, guns or anything that they had. When he left, the parents either taught the children or waited until another traveling teacher came along. Few people in those days could read or write.

Sometimes a traveling preacher came to the fort and held church services. If the weather was cold, he would preach in one of the cabins. In the summer, he preached out-of-doors. If the services were held at night, some settler brought a candle. Only one candle was burned at a time. Candles were hard to make and only a few were made each year. The settlers were very saving with their candles.

Many men who came to the fort were fur traders. They came in boats. They rode up and down the Wabash River trading with the white people and with the Indians.

One of these fur traders was Curtis Gilbert. One

night he tied up his boat on the bank of the river not far from Fort Harrison. He sat on deck writing by the light of a candle. He heard a noise. Looking up, he saw an Indian coming toward him. Curtis Gilbert was afraid but he did not move. He did not want the Indian to know that he was afraid.

The Indian rushed at Curtis Gilbert. He put his arms about the white man's body. Curtis Gilbert thought that the Indian was going to kill him.

The white man was wearing a fur cap made from the skin of a racoon. This was a coonskin cap. The tail of the animal hung down the back. The tail on Curtis Gilbert's cap had caught fire in the flame of the candle. The Indian was putting it out. He saved the life of Curtis Gilbert.

As more people came to the new country and built their homes, the Indians became fewer and fewer. When most of the Indians had gone away, more new settlers came here to make their homes. Several families living close together make a little town. Terre Haute began as one of these little towns.

CHAPTER XI

THE BEGINNING OF THE TOWN

At first very few people lived in Terre Haute. The town went north to Eagle Street, south to Swan Street, east to Fifth Street and west to the bank of the river.

Third Street was the widest street. It was called Market Street. This street led to the wagon road on the south which went to Vincennes, and to the road on the north which went to Lafayette. There was no road east to Indianapolis because Indianapolis was not yet a town. Where Sixth and Wabash is today was a deep woods. Here the settlers shot squirrels, rabbits, and other small animals and sometimes deer.

The land was mostly prairie. Many settlers were glad to see prairie land because they did not have to cut down so many trees before planting their crops. People often said, "Up the prairie," or "Down the prairie," or "Across the prairie." This helped to tell the settlers where to find places.

The early French fur traders used canoes to travel on the river. As they paddled up and down the Wabash River, they called all the hills, or high land, Terre Haute. Terre means land. Haute means high. The name was given to

the town of Terre Haute long before any people chose this place to build their homes.

One afternoon in late summer, a flat boat came slowly up the river from the south. A flat boat was a big raft made of logs. This boat had a small cabin built in the middle of it. A man, a woman, and a little girl were on the boat.

The men in the town ran down to the river bank.

"Who is there?" they asked.

"My name is John Earle," said the man on the flat boat. "I am hunting a place to live. I want to settle someplace and build a house and a store."

"Why not stop here?" called the men on shore. "This is a new town. We will help you build a house and a store, too."

Mr. Earle pushed his boat to the river bank. The men on shore helped him tie it to some big tree stumps so that it would not drift away. He got out. The woman and little girl stayed on the boat.

The men showed him the streets and cabins in the new town. Presently he came back to the boat where his wife and child were waiting for him.

"I like the new town," he told them. "I like the people that I have met. Let us stop here. A woman has

invited us to spend the night in her cabin. Tomorrow I can look around for a place to build our house."

Mr. and Mrs. Earle and their daughter, Anna, got out of the boat. They went to Mrs. East's cabin. They were to spend the night here.

Mrs. East was making corn meal mush as they went in the door. This is the way that she did it. First she put water in a kettle. Then she hung the kettle over the fire and let the water boil. She stirred corn meal into the boiling water until it was thick. Then she cooked it. The settlers called it corn meal mush.

"Come in, come in," said Mrs. East as the three came to her door. "I am so glad to have visitors. Tell me where you came from."

"We lived in Marthas Vineyard which is an island off the coast of Massachusetts," said Mrs. Earle. "My sister, her husband and their family, and John, Anna, and I decided to move west. My sister's husband is not very well so he wanted to move where it was not so cold. John and I thought that we should like to live in the Northwest Territory. We came in two covered wagons across the country to the Ohio River. There we met a man who built flat boats. He built one boat for my sister's family and one for us. We came from the Ohio to the Wabash River. Then we came to

Terre Haute."

"You have had a long journey," said Mrs. East. "I hope you will be glad that you came to our town."

Mrs. East got out some wooden bowls and put them on a heavy log table. She placed spoons on the table, too. Then she brought in a big pitcher of milk. She took down a small wooden bucket of maple sugar. Early in the spring she had gone to the woods and taken the sap from the maple trees. She had boiled this sap in a big iron kettle. When it had boiled a long time, it became maple sugar.

"Pull up some stools," said Mrs. East. "I shall put my big Bible on this one for little Anna so that she will be tall enough to reach the table."

Mrs. East put the Bible on the stool and Mr. Earle lifted Anna upon the stool. She did not say a word. Little pioneer children were taught to be seen but not to be heard. This meant that they did not talk unless someone talked to them.

Mrs. East put some hot mush in the big wooden bowls. How good it tasted. Mr. Earle took two helpings.

"There must have been a hole in my bowl," he said. "I know that I couldn't have eaten all of that mush in this short time, Mrs. East."

"Don't call me Mrs. East, call me Auntie East. I

am auntie to everyone in the town," she answered. "As for the mush you may have as many bowls of it as you can eat. We have plenty of corn meal around here because we raise good corn." She filled Mr. Earle's bowl again.

After their meal Auntie East told the Earles about the town of Terre Haute and the people who lived here.

"Are the Indians very bad?" asked Mrs. Earle.

"No, not any more," answered Auntie East. "Still I always try to be friends with them and if they ask me for anything I try to give it to them. That is, if they do not ask for too much," she added.

"One day, I was riding my horse over the prairie. An Indian ran up to me and asked me to trade my horse for his. I told him that I would wait there until he brought his horse to me. He went away to get his horse. While he was gone, I whipped up my horse and got inside of the fort."

"That was a long time ago," went on Auntie East. "Now we do not have to go to the fort very often because there are fewer Indians around here and they are not so warlike."

"I am glad of that," answered Mrs. Earle. "Do you own a horse?"

"Yes, almost every family in the town has one horse. Over at the fort one man has a buggy which was made in the

east. It is a fine buggy and did have a top on it. But one day the man was taking a lady friend for a ride. In crossing the creek, the horse slipped and fell. The buggy turned over. The two people fell into the creek. They were not hurt but the top was broken off of the buggy. No one around here knew how to fix it so now the buggy has no top."

It was getting dark by this time.

"Are you people tired?" asked Auntie East.

While the grown people were talking, little Anna had climbed down from the stool and had crawled into her mother's lap. She was fast asleep.

"Yes, I am," replied Mr. Earle.

"I am tired, too," said Mrs. Earle. "And Anna has been asleep for sometime."

"I only have two beds in my cabin and if you think that Anna will not awaken in the night and be afraid because she is sleeping with a stranger, I shall be glad to have her sleep with me. It would make it crowded for three of you to sleep in one bed," said Auntie East.

"Anna will not awaken until morning," said Mrs. Earle. "She will not know with whom she is sleeping. Are you sure that you will be able to sleep well?"

"The children in the town often come and spend the

night with me. I do not mind sleeping with children," replied Auntie East.

"Here is your bed," she continued pointing to a shelf on one side of the cabin.

The bed had been made by placing two stumps out from the wall. A long, split log was fastened from the top of one log to the top of the other. Smaller split logs were fastened from the logs to the sides of the cabin. Branches of trees were woven back and forth and tied to these split logs. These branches made a kind of springs for the bed. Over them, Auntie East had a cover filled with straw. This was the mattress. She had the bed covered with a deerskin.

"Here is a deerskin in case you get cold in the night," she told Mrs. Earle.

How good the bed felt to Mrs. Earle as she lay down to sleep. How kind the people in the town had been to them that day. Mr. and Mrs. Earle were glad that they were going to make their home in Terre Haute.

CHAPTER XII

BUILDING THE HOME AND STORE

The next day some men who lived in Terre Haute came to Auntie East's cabin to help Mr. Earle find a place to build his home and store. They walked over the town. Finally he decided upon a corner lot at Water and Poplar Streets. This is along the part of the town where Dresser Drive is today.

Mr. Earle had to buy the lot from the man who owned it. Mr. Earle paid for the lot. The man gave Mr. Earle a paper. The paper was called a deed. It said that the lot on the northeast corner of Water and Poplar Streets belonged to Mr. Earle.

In a few days the men in the town came back to Auntie East's cabin. They brought saws and axes. They were ready to help Mr. Earle cut down trees to build his house and store.

Mr. Earle had brought a saw and an ax with him on his boat. And he had brought them up to Auntie East's house. So all of the men went to the woods carrying their saws and axes.

The men started to work cutting down trees. The trunks of the trees were cut into logs about twelve to

fifteen feet long. These were notched. A notch is a deep cut made large enough so that another log will fit in the space. This was done because there were no nails to hold the logs together in those days.

Then some men brought their oxen and other men brought their horses to the woods. The oxen and horses dragged the logs from the woods to the lot.

Mr. Earle planned to build a three room cabin. There would be two rooms below and one room above. The front room, facing the river, would be used for the store. The other rooms were for his house.

The men split several logs. These logs were laid side by side. They made the floor of the cabin. Such a floor was called a puncheon floor.

After the floor was made, the men piled one log on top of the other until the wall was high enough. Then another floor was made for the room above. Clay was put between the cracks in the logs to keep out the wind and cold.

Logs were cut smaller in the front and the back of the house to make the shape of the roof. The roof was covered with shingles cut from oak logs. This roof was called a clapboard roof.

A ladder was built on one side of the cabin to get

to the room above. It was made by driving wooden pegs, one above the other, into the soft clay.

The men helped Mr. Earle build a chimney of stones on the north side of his house. It was made of stones and clay. Inside they built a fireplace of the same material. It was large and nearly covered the north side of the cabin. Fireplaces were made large enough to hold a back-log. This back-log was used to keep fire. Sometimes it would keep fire for several days.

Mrs. Earle wanted a crane to hang her iron kettle on. Before the clay hardened along the sides of the fireplace, Mr. Earle pushed a long iron rod into the wet clay. This rod was a crane. When the clay became dry and hard, Mrs. Earle could hang her kettle on it and do her cooking.

The men made two outside doors in the cabin. The door for the store was in the front and the door for the house was in the back. Both were made of heavy logs. Each door had a wooden bar to fasten it. A leather strap was tied to the bar of the back door. If the family had to leave the house, they pulled the leather strap outside the door. If a visitor came, he pulled on the strap. The strap lifted the wooden bar across the door. Then the visitor could go inside and wait until the family returned.

Old settlers often said, "The latch-string is out

to you." This meant that the visitor was welcome in the home.

The Earle cabin had an opening between the two rooms downstairs. Each of the three rooms had a window to the south. The windows were covered with oiled paper. The paper kept out the rain and snow and let in the light.

The men helped Mr. Earle make furniture for the cabin. They made a bed in each room like the beds in Auntie East's cabin. Then they made a trundle bed for Anna. It was a low bed. It was not fastened to the wall. This bed had four posts instead of two. In the day-time, the trundle bed was pushed under the large bed and could not be seen. At night it was pulled out for the child to sleep in.

Mr. Earle wanted some shelves for his store. He needed good shelves on which he could put his goods. Mrs. Earle wanted some shelves in her house, too. She needed them to keep things on. So the men split short logs down the middle. They fastened some of them to the sides of the walls in the store. They fastened others on each side of the fireplace in the house. Then Mr. and Mrs. Earle had good shelves in the house and store.

Mr. Earle put two wooden pegs above the opening between the house and the store. Here he would hang his gun.

When the cabin was finished, all of the men were very proud of it. It was one of the finest buildings in the town.

Mr. Earle, Anna, and Auntie East came over to see it.

"What a fine fireplace!" said Auntie East.

"See my nice shelves. I can put many things on them," said Mrs. Earle. Then she asked, "Why did you make this big notch in the floor?"

"That is to tell time," said one of the men. "When it is twelve o'clock noon, the sun will shine through that hole in the roof on this notch." He showed Mr. Earle the hole that had been left in the roof. "You can tell when it is before noon or afternoon by watching the sun shine on that notch. You will have to guess about the time on cloudy days."

"I can use my hour glass on cloudy days," said Mrs. Earle.

Many pioneers used the hour glass for telling time. Two glasses were fastened together in such a way that a grain of sand could fall from one into the other. It took just one hour for all the sand to fall from one glass to the other. Someone had to watch near the end of the hour so that he could turn the glass upside down when all the

sand had gone through the opening. Then a new hour began.

"We are so thankful to you men for helping us build this nice cabin," said Mrs. Earle.

"We had a good time working together," replied one of the men. "Tomorrow we shall come back and help you move your things from the boat."

"You are all very kind," Mrs. Earle told them.

CHAPTER XIII

FURNISHING THE CABIN

The next day, the men came and helped Mr. Earle move the things from the boat to the new house. Since Water Street went along the river bank, they did not have far to carry them.

First they brought the large wooden chest. It was filled with clothing, bedding, and cloth to be used in making new clothes for winter. Mrs. Earle put quilts on the new beds. How bright and clean the quilts looked in the cabin.

Mrs. Earle had two spinning wheels. One was larger than the other one. The larger one was used to spin woolen thread. The smaller one was used to spin linen thread. She had a loom, too. The loom was used to weave cloth. Then there was the churn which Mrs. Earle used to make butter.

She had brought some pewter plates from her home in the east. She placed them on the shelves. How pretty they looked in the cabin. She brought out her candle molds. These were placed on the shelves with the plates. Someday she would use the molds to make candles.

Mr. Earle brought in a boot-jack. It was made of

wood and was used by the men to pull off heavy boots. He put it by the fireplace. Garden tools, iron kettles, and a skillet were all brought in and placed near the fireplace, too.

After they had brought the things for the house, they helped Mr. Earle carry the goods which was ready for the store. He had brought brown sugar, salt, coffee, tea, bolts of blue calico and muslin, tools and gunpowder to sell in his store. He did not have many things but after they were arranged on the shelves, he was very proud of the store.

Besides the furniture, Mr. Earle had some chickens in a coop and a cow on the boat. They were moved to the back of the house.

Anna had stayed at Auntie East's cabin while her mother and father were moving. In the afternoon Auntie East and the child came over to see how the new home looked. Auntie East brought a big bear skin. They looked at the store first. Then they went into the house.

"Anna wanted to come over to see her new home," said Auntie East. "How pretty everything looks. I have brought you a rug for your floor." She handed the big skin to Mrs. Earle.

Mrs. Earle thanked Auntie East for the big bear

skin and put it on the floor. Little Anna sat down on it and ran her fingers over the fur.

"It feels like the kitty we had back home," said the little girl.

Mrs. Earle sat down beside the child. "Maybe we can find you a kitty out here when we get settled. It will make the place seem more like home to you," she said.

Auntie East invited the Earles over to her house for supper. She knew that Mrs. Earle had been too busy to cook. She and Anna went back to her cabin to get things ready. Mr. and Mrs. Earle came later.

"I wish that I had some deer meat to give you," said Auntie East as the two came in the door. "But we shall have to eat mush again."

"I am glad to get mush," answered Mr. Earle. "I am hungry."

The four ate supper. Then the Earles went home to their new cabin to spend the night.

On the way home, Mr. Earle said, "Some of the men are going hunting tomorrow. I think that I shall go, too. I want to shoot a deer. We could have a feast and invite the men and their families who helped me build the cabin. The skin would make a fine curtain to hang between the house and the store. We could put the antlers on the wall

and hang our clothes on them."

"That would be a good idea, John," answered Mrs. Earle. "I certainly hope that you have good luck and shoot a deer."

CHAPTER XIV

GETTING READY FOR COMPANY

The next morning, Mr. Earle and some other men took their guns and went to the woods to hunt for deer. They went very early so that they could shoot the deer as they came to a little pond in the woods to drink.

When the men got to the woods, they hid behind some big trees and waited. Presently two deer came walking along a little path that led to the pond. Mr. Earle shot at the larger one. It jumped high into the air and fell dead. Another man shot at the smaller deer but it ran swiftly back into the woods and got away. All of the men went over to the dead deer.

"How beautiful it is. It is your deer. You shot it," they told Mr. Earle.

"I am glad," said Mr. Earle. "I want the skin for a curtain and the antlers to hang our clothes upon. We'll have a feast with the meat and all of you are invited to come."

The men picked up the deer and started back to Terre Haute.

"I am thirsty and want a drink," said Mr. Earle.

"You better not drink from that pond. Not all

water around here is good to drink and you might get sick," one man told him.

"It looks all right to me," answered Mr. Earle making a cup with his hands and drinking the water.

Then the men went back to Mr. Earle's cabin. They helped him skin the deer, stretch the skin on one side of his cabin, and cut up the animal. Then the men started home.

"Come back in two days and bring your families," said Mrs. Earle. "We shall have a feast."

"We'll all be here," they told her.

The two days before the company was to come were busy ones in the cabin. Although the house was new, Mrs. Earle felt that she had cleaning to do.

She said to Anna, "Let us clean the house and do the washing today. Tomorrow, we can prepare the food."

Auntie East brought a big wooden bucket filled with soft soap.

"I'll come back tomorrow and help you get ready for the company," she told Mrs. Earle when she heard the news and was invited to the feast. "But you won't have to prepare so very much food. Every family will bring a basket full. They always do that when invited to a feast."

Auntie East had made the soft soap. She had saved

her wood ashes from the fireplace. First she put them in a barrel. Then she poured water over the ashes. There was a hole in the bottom of the barrel where the water ran out into a bucket. When it ran out, it made lye. She had saved fat from animals, too. She cooked the fat and lye in a big kettle. When it was cooked long enough it became soft soap. This was the soap that Auntie East had brought to Mrs. Earle.

"We have not washed our clothes since we came to Terre Haute. I have a bag full of dirty clothes," said Mrs. Earle to Anna. "We shall take them down to the river and do a washing today."

Anna carried a wooden bowl filled with soft soap. Mrs. Earle carried the bag of clothes. Like most pioneer women, Anna and her mother went barefoot in the summer so they waded into the shallow water along the bank of the river. Mrs. Earle dipped her clothes in the water. Then she poured some soft soap on them. She rubbed and rinsed, rubbed and rinsed the clothes until they were clean. Then she wrung the water out of them with her big, strong hands. She put the wet clothes in the bag.

"Look at those rushes over there," she said to Anna. "They would make such a good broom. After we take our clothes to the cabin and spread them out on the grass to

dry, we shall come back and gather rushes."

The two went back to the cabin and carefully spread out the clothes. Early pioneers did not have irons. They were careful about spreading out their clothes so that there would be few wrinkles in them when they dried.

Later Anna and her mother went to the bank of the river and gathered some of the long, stiff rushes that grew near the water's edge. They tied these tightly on one end of a stiff branch from a tree. This made a good broom on the puncheon floor. It swept the floor very clean.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Earle put hot water in her churn. Then she skimmed the cream off of the top of two bowls of milk. Mrs. Earle poured the hot water out of the churn and put the cream in it. She moved the dasher up and down, up and down, until her arms ached. At last the butter came. She took out the butter and washed it in cold water. Then she worked salt into it. She made it into a roll. Now the butter was ready to eat.

Mrs. Earle poured the buttermilk that was left in the churn in a pitcher. The family would drink it for supper. They would not eat the butter, however. She put it into a bowl and carried it up the ladder to the room above. The butter was for the company that was going to come in two days.

When Mrs. Earle looked at the roll of butter, she said, "This will not be enough. I need some more. I shall borrow Auntie East's horse and ride up to the Collett farm and buy some more butter."

Collett farm was near our Collett Park.

Mrs. Earle borrowed the horse and set out for the farm. She carried a wooden bucket to put the butter in. She bought the butter and started home. It was getting dark. As she rode through the woods, an Indian stepped out from behind a tree and took hold of the horse's bridle. Mrs. Earle was frightened and angry, too. She lifted the bucket of butter high in the air and brought it down on the Indian's head. She struck the horse with a whip that she carried. The horse ran all of the way to town. Mrs. Earle did not turn around to see what became of the Indian.

When she got back to the cabin, she told her husband and Anna about it. All of them laughed to think that Mrs. Earle had hit an Indian.

The next day, the Earles got up early to prepare the food for the feast. Auntie East came to help. She and Anna went to the woods and gathered blackberries. On the way home, they stopped and bought some wheat flour from a farmer. Mrs. Earle wanted to bake blackberry pies.

Pies were baked in a kettle called a Dutch oven.

It had a heavy lid. Mrs. Earle put her Dutch oven in the hot coals. She mixed the pie crust, put it in a pan and filled the crust with blackberries. Then she sprinkled sugar over them. She put the top crust on the pie. Then she put the pan in the Dutch oven and heaped coals on top of the lid. When the pie was baked, Mrs. Earle took her Dutch oven out of the coals and lifted out the pie. She had to do the same thing with each pie for she could bake only one at a time.

Mr. Earle cooked the deer meat. In the afternoon, he built a big fire in the backyard. He put water in the two big iron kettles. When the water was boiling, he dropped in the deer meat. He put in some salt. The meat had to cook all of that afternoon and part of the next day so it would be well done.

Little Anna ran here and there helping her mother and father as best she could. When night came and the Earles were getting ready for bed she said, "I think I'll like the company tomorrow but they make me awfully tired before they come."

CHAPTER XV

THE COMPANY COMES

The sun was shining brightly the day that the company was to arrive. Mr. Earle and some of the neighbors carried the log table into the yard. As each family came, the mother put a big basket on the table. It was filled with food, plates, and spoons. Some of the people brought potatoes. As Mr. Earle was still cooking the deer meat, they put them in the hot coals to roast.

Anna and the other children were playing tag in the yard. The children were having a good time playing together.

Before noon, the women began opening their baskets. The children stopped playing long enough to see the good things that the women were spreading out on the table.

There was squirrel, rabbit, and turkey meat. There were corn bread and wheat bread. Some women had brought corn and beans cooked together. Then there was hominy. Hominy was made from corn. The grains were crushed and then boiled. Almost every family had brought one pie. Besides all of these things, there were jellies and jams, and red and yellow apples.

The children stood near the table waiting to be

called to dinner. Presently someone picked up a big cow bell and rang it calling, "Everyone come and eat. Everyone come to dinner."

All of the people got in a line one behind the other one. Each took a plate and walked up to the table. Some of the women helped put food on the plates as the people came up to the table. When a person was served, he sat on a grassy spot and ate his dinner.

How good everything tasted. The people ate and ate. Some of them went back for more food. At last dinner was over. The women cleared away the food that was left and put the plates into their baskets.

Some of the men and children lay down on the grass and went to sleep. Some of the men ran races and others pitched horse-shoes.

The women sat under the trees and talked about their old homes. Some of them told new ways to prepare food. Others told about some seeds that they had saved for the spring planting. All of them promised to exchange seeds.

Later in the afternoon, one man brought out his fiddle and another his banjo. The two of them played. The young people danced square dances. One man "called" the dances. This meant that he told the people what to do.

Around and around, back and forth, they went to the

tune of the fiddle and the banjo. They had a good time. The older people and children sat on the ground and watched.

The sun was setting in the west when the last woman picked up her basket and called her children to go home. The men helped Mr. Earle carry the table into the cabin.

"We have had such a good time, today," said one of the women as she left.

"So have we," said Mrs. Earle. "It is just like the good times that we used to have in our home in the east. Come back and see us again."

"Indeed, I shall," said the woman. "And you and Anna must come and see me. I think my son has promised Anna a kitten. We have four cats. She must get lonely without any children to play with."

Mrs. Earle promised to call and the family went to their home.

The Earles felt as if they had known these people all of their lives.

"It is such a nice place to live, John," said Mrs. Earle. "The people here have been so good to us. Now I don't mind having had to leave our old home."

"Nor do I," added Mr. Earle.

CHAPTER XVI

MR. EARLE GETS SICK

That evening, Mr. Earle told his wife that he did not feel very well.

"I am so hot," he told her.

She put her hand on his head. "I wish that I had some herbs so that I could make you some tea," she said. "Then you would feel better."

In those days, people went into the woods and gathered certain kinds of plants called herbs. Some herbs were good for one thing and some for another. Pioneer women made a tea from them. They knew which ones to use to warm the sick person if he had a chill and which ones to use to cool him if he had a fever.

Presently Mr. Earle lay down on the bed. He began saying strange things. Mrs. Earle knew that he was very sick.

"I am going over to Auntie East's house and see if she will come and stay with us," Mrs. Earle told Anna. "You sit here near your father's bed and watch him."

Mrs Earle pulled off her husband's high boots. She covered him with her pretty covers. Then she ran out of the house to Auntie East's cabin.

"John is sick," she said, opening the door. "Can you come over?"

"Of course, I can," answered Auntie East, going over to a shelf and taking down a little wooden jar filled with herbs. She took a candle from the shelf, too. Then the two women hurried back to the Earle cabin.

It was dark when they got back. Auntie East lighted the candle. She went over to the sick man and put her hand on his head.

"He has a fever," she said. "Fever is bad here. Did he drink any pond water?"

"We buy all of our water from the old colored man who hauls it from the spring. But John went to the woods the day that he killed the deer. He might have drunk some pond water there," answered Mrs. Earle.

"He is very sick. I think that he should have a doctor," said Auntie East. "I am going to get Dr. Modesitt. He will come and give John the right kind of medicine to make him well."

Auntie East went to Third and Poplar Streets where Dr. Modesitt lived. When she knocked at the door, the doctor's wife opened it. Mrs. Modesitt had been in bed. Pioneers always went to bed very early at night partly because they got up early in the morning and partly because

they had no good lights by which they could see to work.

"I came for the doctor," Auntie East said. "Mr. Earle is sick."

"The doctor is not in now," his wife told her. "So many people are sick with the fever that he has not been home all evening. As soon as he comes home, I shall tell him to go to Mr. Earle's house."

Auntie East thanked her and hurried back to the Earle cabin. Mr. Earle was still saying strange things and Mrs. Earle was sitting on a stump beside his bed. Little Anna was sitting in her mother's lap crying.

"Don't cry," Auntie East said to the child. "Dr. Modesitt is a good doctor and I am a good nurse. People almost always call me if someone is sick. In winter I have waded through snow to my knees to go to help a sick neighbor. We'll have your father well soon."

Presently they heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming down the street. It stopped in front of the cabin. Auntie East went to the door of the store and opened it. Dr. Modesitt had come. She showed him the sick man.

"It is the fever," he said after he had felt of the man's head. "I shall leave him some medicine."

The doctor opened a black bag. Anna looked in it. She saw all kinds of instruments. The doctor took one out

and showed it to her.

"This is what I use when I pull a tooth," he told the little girl. "Have you any bad teeth?"

"No," said the child moving away from the black bag. She did not like the looks of the instrument that Dr. Modesitt held in his hand.

In those days there were no dentists. The doctors pulled teeth and gave medicine if a tooth ached.

"I shall come back tomorrow," the doctor told Mrs. Earle giving her some medicine for her husband. "I must hurry away for I have other sick people to see before I go to bed tonight."

They told him good-bye and they heard the sound of his horse's hoofs grow fainter and fainter as he rode away.

"Sometimes when there are many sick people, he will not get to bed all night," Auntie East said. "But the next day he is always on duty. Dr. Modesitt is a fine doctor."

It took John Earle some time to get well again. He was grateful to Dr. Modesitt and Auntie East for helping him get well. After that he did not drink pond water.

CHAPTER XVII

THE NEW BABY

Mrs. Modesitt came to Mr. Earle's store to buy some tea.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked her after she had bought the tea.

"I don't think that I have," she replied.

"We have a new baby boy at our house," answered Mr. Earle.

"A new baby boy! Then he is the first baby to be born in Terre Haute," Mrs. Modesitt told him. "I am going over to see him. What did you name him?"

"His name is William," said Mr. Earle.

When Mrs. Modesitt went home, she took down some linen thread that she had brought from her old home in Virginia. She had raised the flax from flax seed. Flax is the plant from which linen cloth is made. Mrs. Modesitt had gathered the flax when it was ripe. She had soaked the plants in water. The water made the outside rot away. Then only the long fibers of the flax plant were left. Mrs. Modesitt had spun these fibers into thread. She had wound the thread into balls. Now she was going to weave the thread into cloth.

First she put the warp threads on the loom. They went up and down on the loom. Then she took her shuttle and went back and forth, back and forth putting threads across. These were the woof threads. When she finished, she had beautiful, fine linen cloth.

Then she laid the cloth on a big table. Snip, snip went her scissors into the cloth. She cut out a baby dress for little William Earle. Mrs. Modesitt threaded her needle. She made small stitches in the side seams. Then she hemmed the bottom, the neck, and the sleeves of the dress.

Mrs. Modesitt wanted to trim the dress. So she crocheted lace using some of the linen thread. When the lace was finished, she sewed it around the neck, sleeves, and bottom of the skirt.

At last the dress was finished. Mrs. Modesitt held it up. It almost reached to the floor. Little babies in those days wore very long dresses. Mrs. Modesitt was proud of the gift that she had made for the new baby.

Auntie East wanted to make something for him, too. She had sheared her sheep the spring before. Then she had washed the wool. It was spun into thread. The thread had been dyed a beautiful brown with walnut hulls. Auntie East had wound the thread into big balls and had put them

away to use for making winter clothing.

She got out her balls of woolen thread and threaded her loom in much the same way as Mrs. Modesitt had threaded hers. When Auntie East had finished weaving, she had a little brown shawl for the baby. Then she took heavier brown woolen thread, or yarn, and crocheted a little cap to match the shawl.

It happened that Mrs. Modesitt and Auntie East went to the Earle cabin the same day to take their gifts to the new baby. Little William Earle was asleep in the new wooden cradle that his father had made for him.

Mrs. Earle was very glad to get the new clothes for the baby. As soon as he woke up Auntie East dressed William in them and took him into the store for his father to see.

"He looks fine in his new things," said Mr. Earle. "You women were very kind to make them for him."

Some weeks later a traveling shoemaker came to Terre Haute on horseback. He stopped at Mr. Earle's store.

"Do you want any shoes made today?" asked the shoemaker.

"Yes," said Mr. Earle. "I would like some boots, and my wife and little girl would like some shoes."

The traveling shoemaker opened a bag. He took out

a large skin. Then he took out some tools. The shoemaker put some leather on the floor. Mr. Earle stood on the leather. The shoemaker drew around Mr. Earle's right foot. Then he drew around his left foot. The shoemaker sat on a bench in one corner of the store and sewed the boots with strips of leather. He sewed and sewed. Finally he had a good pair of boots for Mr. Earle.

Then he made a pair of shoes for Mrs. Earle and Anna in much the same way. Mr. Earle went into the house and took little William out of his cradle.

"Can you make a pair of shoes for a baby?" he asked the shoemaker. "He may be walking before any more shoemakers come this way."

"I can make him a fine pair of shoes," said the man.

"Make them plenty big," added Mrs. Earle. "His feet will grow and he must have room for his toes."

The shoemaker measured little William's feet. He cut out the shoes much bigger than he had measured. Then he sewed and sewed on the tiny shoes. At last they were finished. Mrs. Earle put the little shoes on the baby's feet. They were so big that they fell off.

"They will be all right when he is big enough to need them," said the shoemaker.

Mrs. Earle laced the shoes around William's little ankles. They looked so funny on his little feet that all of them laughed. That is, all of them laughed except little William. He cried. He did not like shoes on his feet. Then Mrs. Earle took off the little shoes and put them away until he would need them.

Today those same little shoes may be found in the home of Miss Gertrude McIntire who lives on North Eighth Street in Terre Haute.

CHAPTER XVIII

THINGS FOR THE HOME

One day Mr. Earle came into the house. "I have a surprise for all of us," he told his wife.

Mrs. Earle tried to make him tell what the surprise was. She even tried to guess what it could be. Little Anna tried to guess, too. But Mr. Earle would not tell either of them.

Presently someone knocked on the back door of the Earle house. Mrs. Earle went to the door.

"I have some new chairs for you," said a man. "Your husband ordered them several weeks ago."

Mrs. Earle looked out of the door at a wagon that had been driven in the yard. There were seven strong chairs made of light colored wood. The man carried them in the cabin. How light they were when Mrs. Earle lifted one of them. How pretty they looked.

"Oh, John," she said. "This is such a fine surprise."

One of the chairs was a rocker. She picked up little William from his cradle and rocked him back and forth, back and forth. When her mother got up, little Anna climbed in the chair and rocked herself. When she

got out Mr. Earle sat in the chair and rocked himself.

"I should have bought three rockers instead of one," he said.

"No, we'll take turns," said Mrs. Earle. "Anna, we can make tidies for the backs of each of these chairs. We can dye some yarn bright colors and you can help me crochet the tidies."

Tidies are pretty covers used on the backs of chairs.

"Where did you get the chairs?" Mrs. Earle asked her husband.

"A man has started a chair factory in Terre Haute. Almost everyone is buying chairs from him. He can make very good ones. He is so busy making chairs for the people that he has to work very late at night."

"He certainly knows how to make pretty chairs," said Mrs. Earle. "I am very proud of ours."

A customer came into the store and Mr. Earle went to wait on him.

"I have some mutton tallow that I would like to trade for some salt," said the customer. "I have killed some of my sheep and have saved the tallow."

Mutton tallow is hard fat from the sheep.

"I shall ask my wife if she could use it," answered Mr. Earle.

"Could you use some mutton tallow?" he asked going into the cabin where Mrs. Earle and Anna were still looking at the new chairs.

"Oh, yes, John," said Mrs. Earle. "I would like some to use in making candles."

Mr. Earle went back into the store and made the trade.

The next day Mrs. Earle took out her big iron kettle. She got out her candle molds and some iron rods. The mutton tallow and scraps of fat meat were put in the big kettle and hung over the fire in the fireplace. This was done to melt the hard fat.

Then she went into the store and took down a big roll of cotton wicking from one of the shelves. It was long ropes of twisted cotton yarn which was used to make the candle burn. Cotton wicking is used in candles today.

Mrs. Earle cut the wicking into lengths long enough to make a candle. She tied six lengths to each candle rod. When the tallow was soft, she showed Anna how to dip the wicking into the hot grease. Some of it stayed on the wicks. She hung the rods from the back of one of her new chairs to the back of another. Then she took another rod and dipped it the same way. After dipping all of the rods into the hot tallow, she told Anna to dip the first rod again.

The hot tallow on the first rod had cooled by this time. Anna dipped it into the hot grease. More of the tallow stuck to the wicks. This made the candle larger as Mrs. Earle wanted them to be. These candles were called dip candles.

"It is fun to make candles." said Anna.

While the little girl was dipping the candles, Mrs. Earle threaded the candle molds. Threading the molds means putting the wicks through the holes and tieing a knot to hold the wicks in place. These wicks were double. Through the loop at the top, Mrs. Earle put an iron rod to keep the wicks straight.

After this was done, she poured in the melted tallow. Then she let it harden. When it was hard, she lifted out the candles. These were called molded candles.

Sometimes a candle was not as straight as Mrs. Earle wanted it to be. While it was warm and rather soft, she rolled it between her hands and made it straight.

Mr. Earle came into the cabin to see all of the candles when they were finished.

"Anna counted them," said Mrs. Earle. "How many did you say that we had made?"

"I counted forty-eight," answered the child.

"Then we shall have a light for forty-eight evenings,"

said Mr. Earle.

He carried the candles to the up-stairs room. They would stay cool up there. How white they looked spread out on the floor. The family was proud of the candles.

The next day Mr. Earle said to his wife, "We won't have to be so saving with our candles after all. A man is starting a candle factory in this town. We can buy candles from him anytime that we want them. They are good candles and will save you the time of making them."

"After awhile I won't have anything to do but sit in the new rocking chair and rock," said Mrs. Earle. "There are so many factories coming to Terre Haute and they are making so many things that were made in the home that the women won't have a thing to do but cook, spin, and sew."

"Maybe we'll have factories that cook, spin, and sew for us, too," said Mr. Earle.

"We can never tell," answered his wife.

CHAPTER XIX

THE NEWS

"The people in Terre Haute are to have a newspaper," said Mr. Earle to his wife. "Some man came here from Vincennes to print the paper. I am going to take it. The newspaper costs two dollars a year."

"A newspaper is a wonderful thing," said his wife. "It must be hard work for the man to print a paper."

"Indeed it has been hard work for this man. Some time ago, he hired a man to bring a press here from Vincennes. The Wabash River and all of the streams flowing into it were very high from heavy rains. The driver of the wagon lost his way and tried to cross a stream at the wrong place. The wagon overturned and the printing press was lost in the high water. Now he has bought another press and is going to print the paper."

The following Saturday, Mr. Earle went to the newspaper office. There were many men waiting for their papers. The men had to wait several hours. They had a good time talking together. Finally the newspaper was finished. Each man got his paper. What a lot of noise they made reading their papers aloud.

This newspaper was a weekly paper. That means the

paper was printed once a week. In it was news about people who lived in other parts of the United States and even in other countries. Most of the news, however, was about people living in Terre Haute and Vigo County.

Men advertised in the newspaper. Some men owned boats that went up and down the Wabash River carrying people and hauling things to and from the farms to Terre Haute. The men who owned these boats advertised the dates and time of day that the boats arrived in town. They also advertised when the boats would leave.

There was a list of uncalled for letters in the newspaper. Terre Haute had had a postoffice a few years after Fort Harrison had been built. Mr. Gilbert was the postmaster then. He gave up his work to do something else. Then Mr. Coleman became postmaster.

Some of the mail came to Terre Haute by stagecoach. Since there were no good roads on which the stagecoach traveled, bringing mail in this way was slow.

Later mail came by the Pony Express. A company of men bought some ponies. This company chose certain towns in which a pony was kept. A boy came into town on a pony which he had ridden from another town. He blew a horn. When the people in the town heard the horn, they often ran to the postoffice to see if they had any mail. The

boy on the pony gave the letters for the town to the postmaster. Then he jumped on a fresh pony and rode away with the mail for the next town. The tired pony was given food and water. It was given a place to stay. After a rest the pony would be able to carry another rider with the mail to some other town. News came quicker by Pony Express than by stagecoach.

Mr. Earle saw his wife's name listed under uncalled for letters in the newspaper. He knew that there was a letter at the postoffice for her. He hurried to get it but the postoffice was closed. He met a friend on the street who promised to tell Mr. Coleman to deliver the letter to her the next day.

The next morning the Earles heard a cheery whistle outside of their door. It was Mr. Coleman bringing them the letter.

In those days a man's hat was very useful. He carried his handkerchief and gloves in it. Mr. Coleman carried the mail in his hat. He took it off and sorted out the letters. Then he told Mr. Earle to give him two-bits.

Letters had no stamps on them. The one who received the letter had to pay the cost of sending it. Many people did not like to get mail because they did not

have the money to pay for it.

Mr. Earle gave the postmaster two-bits or twenty-five cents in our money today. The blacksmiths in those days cut a silver dollar into eight bits. These were used in place of coins. The bits had very sharp edges. People often cut their fingers or tore their clothes on the sharp edges.

Mr. Coleman handed the letter to Mrs. Earle. Then he put the other letters back in his hat and covered them with his handkerchief. He went on his way whistling.

Mrs. Earle opened the letter. It was from her sister. It told of the death of her sister's husband. The sister was coming to Terre Haute to live. She was bringing her family and some of the furniture by boat when the weather was warm. She wanted the Earles to find a house for them.

Mrs. Earle was very sorry to know that her sister's husband had died. She was glad that her sister was coming to live in Terre Haute, however.

CHAPTER XX

GOING TO THE MILL

"I traded some goods for two bushels of corn today," said Mr. Earle to his wife one evening. "I should like to go to the mill tomorrow and get the corn ground into meal. I shall take Anna with me if you will not need her. She will enjoy the ride."

The next day Mr. Earle borrowed a horse and wagon from a neighbor. He and Anna took the corn to Markle's Mill on Otter Creek northeast of Terre Haute. The child sat quietly beside her father. It was a pleasant drive over the prairie.

"We may have to wait before our corn can be ground," said Mr. Earle to Anna. "I have to take my turn. Whoever comes first gets his grain ground first and the others wait their turn."

"I can wait, father," said Anna. "I should like to see how the corn is ground."

Presently they arrived at the mill. Mr. Markle, who owned the mill, came to meet them. He was a tall, fine looking man. He was very friendly, too. Mr. Markle shook hands with Mr. Earle and patted little Anna on the head. Then he told them that they would not have to wait long

to have the corn ground.

Mr. Markle showed them the mill. It was a water mill. A dam had been built to hold back the water in Otter Creek. Below the dam was a wheel. This wheel turned the machinery in the mill that ground the grain into meal or flour. As the water fell over the dam some of it fell into cups fastened around the wheel. When a cup filled with water, the wheel moved around and turned the machinery inside the mill.

In the mill there were two very large stones laid one on top of the other. There were cuts in the stones. The cuts made the stones rough. The grain was placed between these stones. The wheel moved them around. In this way the grain was ground.

After sometime, the stones became smooth. Then they would not grind the grain. Someone had to take a sharp tool and make the cuts deeper in the stones to make them rough again. Then they would grind the grains into flour.

Little Anna watched the corn, that her father had brought, ground into fine meal. She watched the men who worked at the mill put the meal into a small, wooden barrel. Then they put the barrel of meal in the wagon. They did not put all of it in the wagon, however. Some

of it was kept by Mr. Markle to pay for the grinding.

Anna climbed into the wagon beside her father. They waved bood-by to Mr. Markle and drove home. When they arrived, Mrs. Earle met them at the door. They could tell that she was worried.

"Little William has run away," she said. "I cannot find him anywhere. I could not leave the store and go down the street to look for him."

"I shall hunt for him," answered Mr. Earle.

He went up the street to a blacksmith shop. A blacksmith shop is a place where horse shoes are made. Mr. Earle looked in the open door-way. He saw William sitting on a high chair watching the blacksmith at work.

The blacksmith was "Uncle Billy" Mars. His real name was William Mars but everyone called him "Uncle Billy."

Mr. Earle stood away from the opening into the shop so that he could not be seen. He could see William and "Uncle Billy," however. The blacksmith stirred the fire in the forge with a poker. He worked the bellows with the other hand. The bellows forced air into the fire and helped make it burn.

As Uncle Billy worked, the fire caused his shadow to make strange forms on the wall. Little William laughed. He was having a good time in the shop.

Then Mr. Earle walked in the door-way. "Uncle Billy" turned around and little William climbed off his high chair and ran to his father.

"That is my son," said Mr. Earle to "Uncle Billy."

"I did not know to whom he belonged. He wandered into my shop," the blacksmith said. "I thought that I had better keep him here until someone came for him."

"I am glad that you did," answered Mr. Earle. "We were worried for fear something might have happened to him. I shall punish him for running away."

When William heard his father say this, he did not laugh. He was sorry that he had run away.

CHAPTER XXI

GOING TO CHURCH

Soon after Terre Haute had become a town, the men built a Court House at Second and Main Streets. Main Street is called Wabash Avenue today. Men met in the Court House to make laws, or rules for the people in the town. There was a large room in the Court House. All town meetings were held there. Sometimes a traveling preacher came to Terre Haute. He came either on horseback or by boat. The preacher would stay for awhile and have church services in the Court House. Then he would go on to some other town.

"Mrs. Modesitt says that a preacher is coming to Terre Haute and have church services Sunday," said Mrs. Earle. "I should like to go to church."

"We shall go," said Mr. Earle. "I wonder if the churches here have a tithing man like the ones did back east."

"What is a tithing man?" asked Anna.

"You were too little to remember him," said her mother. "A tithing man stands at the back of the church with a long stick in his hand. It had a hard ball on one end and a rabbit's foot on the other. If a man goes to

sleep or a boy does not behave, the tithing man hits them on the head with the hard ball. If a woman goes to sleep or a girl does not behave, he tickles her with the rabbit's foot."

"Mother, if I go to sleep wake me up before the tithing man sees me," said little Anna.

"I do not think that they have one here," said her mother.

"Get out our good clothes if we are going to church," said Mr. Earle. "I have worn deerskin clothing so long that I won't feel right in any other kind."

The next day Mrs. Earle took their best clothes out of the chest.

"I should like a new hat," said Mr. Earle. "My coonskin cap does not look very well with my best clothes."

"Go down to Mr. Brasher's hat shop," said his wife. "He can make you a hat."

That afternoon Mr. Earle went to buy himself a hat. As he entered the shop, he heard the snap, snap, snapping of a long bow as the hatter beat up the fur. Fur was used to make hats.

"What can I do for you, today?" asked Mr. Brasher as Mr. Earle entered the shop.

"I want a hat," said Mr. Earle.

Mr. Brasher had some hats that he had finished making.

"Here is a good one," he said showing it to Mr. Earle.

Mr. Earle tried it on. It was soft and did not stand up very well but it fit his head so Mr. Earle bought it.

On Sunday morning the family got up early. Mr. Earle put on a suit made of black cloth. It had a swallow-tailed coat. This meant that the end of the coat was shaped like the tail of a swallow. Around his neck, he put a large dark handkerchief. It was folded and tied in a bow. Mr. Earle combed his hair with a comb made of a cow's horn. The whole family used the same comb.

"Father looks nice," said Anna.

"Indeed you do, John," said his wife. "Your clothes are a bit wrinkled from having been packed away so long but you do look nice."

Mrs. Earle wore a dress of brown linsey-woolsey. This material was made in the home. It was called linsey-woolsey because in weaving, one thread used was linen and the other was wool. The dress had a very tight waist and a long full skirt. Around her shoulders, she put a brown shawl made of soft wool. She wore a silk bonnet on her

head. Silk bonnets were very expensive in those days.

Anna wore a calico dress. It was made like her mothers. She had a bonnet made of the same calico as her dress. She had a shawl, too.

Little William wore a new suit. Mrs. Earle had made it from some old clothing of his fathers. It was his first suit. In those days little boys often wore dresses until they were four or five years old. William was very proud of his first suit.

When the family arrived at the church, they met many other people going in the Court House. Most everyone went to church in those days. The men and women were dressed in much the same way as the Earles. Some of the men had long beards growing on their faces. Pioneer men were proud of the length of their beards.

The seats in the church were rough log benches without backs. The women and children sat on one side of the church and the men on the other.

The preacher stood up in front behind a pulpit made of rough logs. He read from a large Bible. He preached very long sermons, too. Sometimes the people sang hymns. Hymns are religious songs.

As many people in those days could not read, they did not have hymn books. The preacher read a line of a

hymn and gave the pitch. Then everyone sang.

Later a church was built on the corner of Fourth and Poplar Streets. This church had a Sunday School. At first parents would not let their children go to Sunday School because reading, writing, arithmetic, and spelling were taught instead of Bible study. Often the Bible was used to teach people how to read. Many pioneers learned their lessons at Sunday School.

Sunday Schools put notices in the town newspaper. These schools were free. The preachers or people who went to church were the teachers. Later on young and old people went to these schools to learn how to read and write. After free schools were built, Sunday Schools changed in their teaching. Then they taught Bible study.

CHAPTER XXII

THE PIG DRIVE

Mrs. Earle's sister and her family arrived in late summer. Their name was McIntire. A friend and his wife had brought them up the river by boat. They had been on the way for a long time. In the family were Mrs. McIntire, the twins, James and Julia, and little Henry.

Mr. Earle had found them a house on North First Street near Chestnut Street. When they had carried in their furniture and had bought some new chairs, their house was very comfortable.

One cool morning in early fall, Mrs. McIntire and her children were on their way to the market which was on Market Street. This street is called Third Street today. When they came to Main Street, they heard loud cries and saw men standing on the street corners with long sticks in their hands.

"What is that?" asked little Henry.

James looked down Main Street. "Look, Julia," he said. "See all of the pigs."

A woman who was standing on the corner said, "It is a pig drive."

"A pig drive!" said Mrs. McIntire. "What is that?"

"Terre Haute is a very important pork packing town," replied the woman. "The farmers drive their pigs to the packing house here. The pigs are killed. The meat is smoked and salted. This is done to keep it from spoiling. Then the meat is shipped to other places."

Just then the pigs came in sight making a great noise. A boy standing on the corner threw a stone at one of them. The pig became frightened. It ran into other pigs. Some of them started up side streets and alleys. The men standing on the corners waved their long sticks or tapped the pigs on their backs. This made them get in line.

"How far do they drive pigs?" asked Mrs. McIntire of the woman.

"They have been driven as far as fifty miles but these pigs have not been driven very far because it is early in the morning and they do not seem tired," said the woman.

"Could I buy meat at the packing houses?" asked Mrs. McIntire.

"Indeed you can," answered the woman. "I send my son with a basket and he gets enough meat for two-bits to last us a week."

"I shall send James and Julia tomorrow to buy some for us," said Mrs. McIntire.

By this time the pigs had been driven on. The McIntires crossed the street on their way to the market.

The market was only open on certain days. The women in the town got up early on those days. They took their baskets. They bought fresh meat and any vegetables and fruits in season. The women who got there first had their choice of the best cuts of meat and the best vegetables and fruits. That was why they always went early in the morning to do their marketing.

Mrs. McIntire had brought a basket. She bought many good things for her family to eat. She put these things in the basket and the twins carried it home for her.

"Terre Haute has good stores," said James.

"Yes," said his mother. "It is a good town. I heard some women in the market talking about a new school, too. I shall find out about it tomorrow. Maybe I can send you twins."

"Could we learn to read and write?" asked Julia.

"I suppose the teacher will teach you to read, write, spell, and cipher," answered their mother.

Cipher means to do arithmetic.

"I hope we can go," said James, "for I have never been to school."

"I hope that you can go, too," said their mother.

CHAPTER XXIII

GOING TO SCHOOL

The first school in Terre Haute was built at Fifth and Walnut Streets. That is where St. Joseph's Church is today. The building was made of logs. It was heated by a fireplace. Wood was burned in the fireplace. The children who went to school brought in the wood. They put it in a box to be ready to burn. The child who brought in the most wood sat nearest the fire. The one who brought in the least sat farthest away. Either the older boys or the teacher took care of the fire.

The school house did not have much furniture in it. There was one chair for the teacher. The children sat on long wooden benches. The benches had no backs. The children became very tired sitting on them.

A broom stood in one corner of the room. Either the teacher or an older child used the broom to sweep the floor. A water bucket with a gourd in it stood in another corner. Several times a day some older child passed the bucket. All of the children drank water from the same gourd.

The McIntire children, Anna and little William Earle, went to this school. William was the smallest child to

enter. He came in the first day holding his sister's hand.

The teacher was Joseph Thayer. When he saw the child, he said, "Come here, little man." Then he took William on his knee.

The child was surprised at being called a little man. He said, "I am not a little man. I am a little boy."

Then everyone laughed.

The older children were called up in front for their lessons. They stood with their toes on a line. Each child tried to "go up head". This meant that he could read and spell the best in the class. One time Julia McIntire stayed "up head" until Friday night. This meant that she had done the best work of anyone in the school for a whole week. She was very proud of herself.

When the little children recited their lessons they, too, stood with their toes on a line. The lessons sounded something like this: b-a, ba; b-e, be; b-i, bi; or b-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, baker.

Writing was done on slates with a slate pencil. The children knelt on the floor and wrote on their slates. The squeak, squeak of the slate pencils could be heard all over the room.

"I am having a loud school here," said Mr. Thayer. "I want everyone to study his lessons aloud. If I do not

hear you studying I shall switch you with a hickory stick."

Little William's eyes had tears in them. He did not know how to study but he kept saying something aloud over and over just as he saw Anna do. He did not want to be switched with a hickory stick.

"If you do not study well, I shall bring my fiddle to school," added the teacher. "Then I shall play fast music and make you study faster."

Some of the older girls giggled behind their slates. Some of the older boys laughed out loud. The little children did not even smile. They were afraid of the teacher.

At Christmas time, the older boys played a trick on Mr. Thayer. They locked him in the school building. Then they burned sticks under the floor. The boys wanted to frighten the teacher by making him think that they were going to burn down the building with him inside. This was fun for the boys but it was not much fun for the teacher.

As more people moved to Terre Haute, there was a need for more schools. All of the early schools were pay schools. That is the parents of the children who attended them paid the teachers. If the parents did not have money, they would give the teachers food or clothing. Sometimes parents let the teacher live in their homes for pay. If the parents were too poor to pay anything, the children did not go to

school.

People began to want free schools so that poor children could learn to read, write, spell and do arithmetic. Some people went from house to house to find out how many children there were in Terre Haute between the ages of five and twenty-one years. At that time, these people found that there were six hundred fifteen boys, and seven hundred nine girls.

The first free school was built at Third and Oak Streets. The building was built and the teachers were paid out of the money that the people in the town paid as taxes. Taxes mean money that all people pay who own land or goods. By building a free school, Terre Haute gave poor children a chance to learn as well as children whose parents could pay for their teaching. Later many more free schools were built.

Benny Hayes was one of the teachers in this free school. He taught many well-known men and women.

Mr. Hayes said, "A boy must go through the arithmetic three times and do every sum before he can be said to know how to cipher."

CHAPTER XXIV

FIRE FIGHTING

One afternoon just as the children were leaving school, the court house bell began ringing. One of the older boys shouted, "Fire." Smoke could be seen in the northern part of the town. All of the children started toward the fire. By the time they arrived many men and women were there, too.

Every man who lived in the town belonged to the Bucket-line. This Bucket-line meant that every man would bring a bucket and help fight fires. He was his own chief and did what he thought best.

"My baby is in there," cried the woman whose house was burning.

A man rushed in the burning house and brought out the baby.

As the getting of pure water had always been a problem to the early settlers, the men in Terre Haute dug wells here and there in the city. Pumps were used to get the water from them. People could go there and get pure water to drink.

These wells were a great help in the fighting of fires, too. Some of the men took turns working the pumps.

Other men stood in two lines. The one line passed the buckets filled with water from the wells to the fire. Other men poured the water on the fire. The empty buckets were passed by the other line of men back to the wells. These men were brave fire fighters and saved the lives and homes of many people.

However as the village became larger and taller buildings were built, there was a need for something better to be used in fighting fires. The men in the town bought a hand engine. It was used in pumping water to the fire. Eight men moved the long handle up and down, up and down. This engine pumped the water from the well through a long hose to the fire. It was called Old Hoosier.

When there had been very little rain, the wells oftentimes became dry. Then the men in the town offered prizes of three dollars for the first hogshead of water to be brought from the river to a fire. They offered two dollars for the second and one dollar for the third. All other hogsheads of water brought twenty-five cents apiece. A hogshead is something like a barrel. It holds one hundred to one hundred forty gallons of water.

"Look, Julia," said James one day as they were going down the street. They saw two draymen with hogsheads on their wagons whipping up their horses. Draymen are men who

own a horse and wagon.

"Let us follow them and see what they are going to do," said Julia.

The children ran as fast as they could after the wagons.

All of the time the court house bell was ringing. The children knew that there was a fire.

When the draymen got to the river, they jumped off their wagons and lifted down the hogsheads. They quickly filled them with river water. Then they loaded them on their wagons. Each man waved his long whip and tried to make his horse go faster than the other man's horse. It was an exciting race.

The one man's horse stumbled and fell. This caused the wagon to overturn. The driver fell out and the hogshead of water fell out, too. When the man got up, he was very wet. The water had spilled all over him.

Some men stopped to unhitch the horse from the wagon. They helped it to its feet. Then they righted the wagon and put the empty hogshead back into it. No one was hurt. Everyone was glad of that. Then all of the men hurried to the fire.

The other drayman had not stopped when the horse had stumbled. He hurried on to the fire. The three dollars

prize money was his for having brought the first hogshead of water to the fire.

The men in the town saw that this was not a very good way to get water to fires. These men ordered public cisterns to be built in different parts of town. A full outfit for a hook and ladder company were also bought. It was called Old Vigo. Today this same Old Vigo may be seen in Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XXV

THE NATIONAL ROAD

Many people came overland to the country around Terre Haute. They came by way of the National Road. This road was built by the United States government. It started in the east and went west. The road crossed many rivers and streams. In the east fine bridges of stone were built over these rivers and streams. The miles were even marked by iron mile posts.

The pioneers found that it cost money to keep the bridges in repair. Iron gates were placed here and there along the road. Some of them were closed. They were called toll gates. This meant that in order to get through the gates, a person must pay a man standing near them. Then the man would open the gates and let the people through. The money was used to repair the bridges and the road, too.

Many people traveled over the National Road. Some famous travelers were J. Richard Beste and his family. They came over this road from Indianapolis to Terre Haute. They rode in a wagon drawn by two fine horses. The Beste family lived in England. Mr. Beste was writing a book about the land in the west. He had brought his family to help him. Mr. Beste told about the trip in his book.

"Three miles out of Indianapolis," wrote Mr. Beste, "I drove over a plank or corduroy road."

A corduroy road was made of logs placed one close to the other. This was a fine road in the early days because when it rained there was no danger of getting stuck in the mud.

"On the sides of this road were holes and stumps of trees," he went on. "I drove fast and passed many people on the way. Some of them rode in wagons. They were moving into the new country. They carried their furniture and bedding in their wagons."

Mr. Beste said that the farther he drove from Indianapolis, the wilder the country became. There were stumps and holes in the road, too. As it was getting dark, the Beste family spent the night at Mt. Meridian.

In the morning, they started on their way. The farther west the family drove, the worse the road became. Streams of water often ran down the middle of it. There were no bridges over the brooks and creeks. At one place, Mr. Beste drove his wagon into a brook and up on the other side. At another place, the road led into a deep wood. There was no trail to follow but riding was pleasant on the smooth grass. The shade of the trees made it cool, too. It was over such a road as this that Mr. Beste and his

family drove when they came to Terre Haute.

This was the only way to travel between Indianapolis and Terre Haute in those days. So the stagecoach came from the east into town over the National Road.

The arrival of the stagecoach was a great event in the lives of the people living in Terre Haute.

"Hurry, Julia," called James to his sister one day. "I hear the stagecoach horn."

The two children ran down to Main Street. The stagecoach drawn by four horses was coming into town. There were seats for the passengers in the stagecoach. At the back was a place for the baggage. The driver sat on a high seat in front of the coach.

Many people in the town ran to see the passengers get out of the stagecoach. The passengers for the next town hurried to find seats. Then the driver cracked his long whip and away galloped the horses taking the stagecoach to the next town.

Riding by stagecoach was not always pleasant. Sometimes the coach got stuck in the mud. Then the men and women passengers had to climb out and help push it out. They often got mud on their clothing.

"When I grow up I want to be a driver of a stagecoach," said James to Julia.

"All of the boys in this town want to be stagecoach drivers," answered Julia. "There won't be enough stage-coaches for all of you to drive."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TOWN TAVERNS

When people travel, they need a place to spend the night. In the early days, men built inns or taverns along the roads. Here people could get food to eat and a bed to sleep in. The inns or taverns were much like our hotels of today.

One tavern in Terre Haute was called the Eagle and the Lion. It was named that because of a large sign that hung out in front. Painted on the sign was the picture of an eagle picking out the eyes of a lion. The eagle stood for the United States. The sign was to show the people how strong the eagle really was.

The tavern was made of logs. It had a front porch as long as the building. There was a bell on the roof. When a meal was ready, the owner of the tavern rang the bell. All of the people who stayed at the tavern came there to eat.

Inside the tavern was a large room with a great fireplace in it. Many town meetings were held in this room. Back of it was a dining room with chairs and tables. These could be moved out and the dining room used for meetings, too. The bedrooms were smaller rooms on the second floor

of the tavern.

Behind the tavern was a big stable. Many people traveled on horses in those days. Stables were needed to take care of the horses. Men in charge of the stable put fresh straw in the stalls and fed the horses oats and corn. There was a wagon yard back of the stable. If a traveler came in a wagon, he could leave it there.

All travelers were treated the same. When a man came to the tavern, he was given a seat before the fire. A boy took off his muddy boots and gave him a pair of slippers to wear. If his clothing was wet from rain, the traveler was given dry clothing. After he had had his supper, a bed was ready for him. The next morning his boots were greased. His clothing was dried and brought to him. When the traveler had had his breakfast, he was ready to start on his way.

All taverns charged the same rates. One meal cost twenty-five cents. It costs twelve and a half cents to stay overnight. The owner of a horse paid twenty-five cents for a stable and hay. If he wanted his horse to have corn and oats, he had to pay more.

The men who lived in Terre Haute often went to the Eagle and Lion Tavern in the evening when they had finished their work. There they would meet other men and talk about

things that had happened in the town. They would meet travelers and hear news from other places, too.

The Prairie House was the name of a tavern that was built later. It was built at Seventh and Main Streets where The Terre Haute House stands today. In the days of the Prairie House, it stood far out on the prairie.

"It will not make money," said the people in Terre Haute. "It is too far away from the town. The Prairie House is well named because it is so far out on the prairie."

At first the Prairie House did not make money. People did not stay there because it was so far away from the town. The owner had to roll up the carpets and pack away the bedding, dishes and furniture for eight years. However, as the town became larger, more people moved east. Then the Prairie House was opened again. Some young married people went there to live. It became the best tavern in the town.

Mr. Beste, the English traveler, and his family stopped there while they were in Terre Haute. He told about his stay in his book.

"At one o'clock the hateful gong (bell) sounded and we all went to dinner," he wrote. "The eating room was large. From fifty to one hundred people could be seated there. The people who ate at the Prairie House were very

polite to one another.

"Mr. Buntin was the innkeeper. He was very fat but he was well dressed. Mr. Buntin carried a big carving set in his hands. He showed the people where to sit. Then he stood behind a large table filled with food.

"Some negro boys were the waiters. They wore white coats but had no shoes or stockings on. These boys asked the people what they wanted to eat. Then they went to Mr. Buntin and gave him the order. He filled the plates with food. The boys carried them to the people at the tables. If a person ordered pork, he was likely to get lamb or chicken. However, all of the food was well cooked."

In another part of his book, Mr, Beste told of the rooms that he and his family had at the Prairie House.

He wrote, "There was a sitting room or living room to ourselves. From the west windows of this room, we could look out upon the grassy prairie land between the Prairie House and the town. Besides this sitting room, we had bedrooms for ourselves and our servant. I paid five dollars a week for board and room for each grown person. I paid two dollars and a half for the servant and five dollars for both horses."

Prices at the Prairie House were higher than the prices at the other taverns in the town.

Mr. Beste wrote that he was surprised to find such a good tavern as the Prairie House out on the prairies in the west. He was surprised, too, to meet such kind, polite people.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CANAL

One day Julia McIntire said to her brother, James, "Men are digging across the prairie."

"They are building the canal," James replied.

"A canal! What is that?" she asked.

"When the men finish digging it, it will be a stream of water something like the Wabash River," answered James. "You know how dry the river gets in the late summer when we do not have much rain. Then the boats cannot travel on it for fear of getting stuck in the sand. The canal will not go dry. It will have water in it all of the time. Packet boats will go up and down the canal carrying goods and passengers all of the time except when the canal freezes over in winter."

"What makes the packet boat go?" asked Julia.

"Packet boats are pulled by horses or mules," answered James. "The horses or mules are driven by men who walk along a little path on the bank of the canal. It is called a towpath."

"How do you know so much about it?" asked Julia.

"I listened to the men talking who are digging the canal," replied the boy.

It was hard work digging. After a long time, the canal was finished. All of the people in Terre Haute came to the canal to see the first packet boat arrive.

"Toot-too-toot, toot-too-toot," sounded the long horn on the packet boat. Three mules came in sight. The driver was walking beside them. The boat came last.

Many people were on board the packet boat. They waved their hands to the people on the shore. A long rope was thrown out of the boat. A man on shore tied the rope to a post. A long board or plank was placed from the boat to the shore. Passengers walked on it when leaving or boarding the boat.

The passengers for Terre Haute got off the packet boat. Goods were taken off, too. Passengers for the other towns were taken aboard. Then the plank was pulled on the boat. The ropes that were fastened to the posts were untied. The driver waved a long whip and slowly the mules began pulling the packet boat down the canal.

People who rode on packet boats found the day time riding very pleasant. The canal went through shady groves of trees. The water was smooth. There were many people on board with whom they made friends.

Night riding was not so pleasant, however. At night, beds for the passengers were made up on the inside

of the cabin. The beds were something like hammocks. Sometimes there were four rows of hammocks one above the other. In summer it was very warm in the cabins.

Each hammock had a number. People riding at night put numbers like those on the hammocks in a hat. Then they drew out the numbers to see in which hammock they would sleep.

There were places for the men on one side of the boat and places for the women on the other side. The children slept with their mothers. Often a mother and child slept in the same hammock. Then they were crowded.

People slept with their clothes on. If they had coats they hung them over a clothesline that was stretched across the cabin.

Sometimes a passenger wanted to get off the packet boat in the night. Since the boats were usually crowded, he was sure to wake up most of the passengers when he left. The lights on the boats were so dim that the passenger had a hard time finding his coat and baggage. Sometimes he would take a coat belonging to another passenger.

"You have my coat," a man would shout out in the dark. "Your coat is here."

Then the passenger who was leaving would find the right coat, pick up his bag and go ashore. All of the

people on the packet boat were glad when the passenger was gone.

When the boats were new, the hammocks and ropes holding them were strong. But as the boats became old, the hammocks and ropes became worn. People were often afraid to sleep in the top row of hammocks. They were afraid that the ropes would break. They were afraid, too, that a hammock would tear and then the person sleeping in it would fall through the hole. Sometimes this happened.

One man told about a trip that he took on a packet boat. He woke up in the middle of the night. There was something heavy on his chest. He tried to move but he could not. He tried to call for help but he could not do that either.

This was what had happened. A fat man had been sleeping in the hammock above him. The ropes that held the hammock had broken in the night and the fat man had fallen on the man below.

In those days men wore long pins to keep their ties in place. The man underneath remembered about his tie pin. When he found it, he stuck the pin into the fat man's body. The fat man only moved a little. Then the man stuck him again. The second time, he stuck the fat man harder than the first time.

"Help, help," shouted the fat man.

All of the men in the cabin woke up. The men crawled out of their hammocks. They slept on the floor the rest of the night. The men were afraid that other hammocks might break down.

Sometimes circus boats went up and down the canal. Julia and James always watched for the circus boats.

Julia said to James, "Look at that big sign on the barn. It tells about a circus boat that is coming down the canal to Terre Haute. It is called The Floating Palace. I wish we might go on board and see the circus when it comes. I have never seen a circus."

"Maybe we can," answered James. "It costs fifty cents for the best seats but there are others for twenty-five cents."

Every child in Terre Haute was anxious to see the circus. The Floating Palace came to town on a Saturday. Many people went down to the canal to see it arrive. All of the people shouted when it came in sight.

The boat was open from two in the afternoon to seven in the evening. Mrs. McIntire, Julia, James and Henry went to the circus. They went late because they wanted to see the boat leave town.

About eight o'clock that evening, The Floating

Palace moved slowly down the canal. As the next day was Sunday, there would be no show. All of the other days of the week, however, the circus boat would stop to give shows at the towns along the canal.

There are only two things left in Terre Haute today to remind us of the old canal. One is Canal Street and the other is a part of the old towpath winding along the river bank to the Elk's Country Club at Fort Harrison.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE RAILROAD

Travel by canal boat was slow. In the winter when the canals were frozen over, boats could not go at all. In the east men were building railroads. Railroad trains could go faster than canal boats. People could travel on them in winter as well as in summer.

There was a railroad from the east to Indianapolis. Business men wanted to build another from Indianapolis to St. Louis. They wanted it to go through Terre Haute.

Chauncey Rose, who lived in Terre Haute, did a great deal to get a railroad through the town. He bought land from Indianapolis to Terre Haute that was needed for the tracks. Not all of the people who owned this land wanted to sell it. They did not want a railroad train running near their farms. The noise of the trains frightened their cattle. Their homes often caught fire from the sparks from the engine.

Mr. Rose had to buy other land. Then the railroad had big curves in it. The tracks had to go around the land of the people who would not sell.

After the tracks were laid, Mr. Rose sent a man east to buy four big engines and some cars. The engines were

heavy. There were no wagons big enough to haul them. Even if there had been wagons big enough to haul them, the engines were too heavy for horses or mules to pull.

The man who brought the engines sent two of them by boat down the Wabash River from the north. He sent two by boat up the Wabash River from the south. Mr. Rose was very happy when he saw the engines arrive safely in Terre Haute. He had been afraid that something might happen to them on the way.

The first passenger car was a box-car with seats along each side. At first there was no regular time for the train to arrive in Terre Haute or to leave it. Trains only ran in the day time. Each night a train stopped in a town. The passengers would get off and stay overnight at an inn or tavern. In the morning, they would get back on the train and go on their way.

Even with this kind of travel, the railroads made money. People paid to ride on the train. The mail was sent in cars. The government paid the railroads to carry it. Goods were shipped by railroad. The men who sent the goods, paid money for the shipping.

Mr. Rose had to buy more cars and engines. He finally had seven engines. Then he bought three passenger cars for the people to ride in. He bought one car especially

for mail and one hundred forty cars to carry goods.

The railroad did a good business. Goods could be sent faster by railroad than by boat. Passengers liked the smooth tracks on which the trains rode. They did not have to push the trains out of the mud as they had done when riding in a stagecoach.

The railroad did much for Terre Haute, too. It brought travelers to the city. If they stayed overnight, the travelers went to the taverns. They spent money for food and a place to sleep. This helped the tavern keepers.

It brought more people to live in the town. The cars and engines sometimes broke down. Men were needed to repair them. Some of the men who could do this best lived in the east. They came west to work on the railroad. Their families came with them.

These men needed houses in which to live. Building their houses gave work to carpenters. These people needed food and clothing. More stores where these things could be bought opened in the town.

Some of the men who lived in Terre Haute got jobs working on the railroad. They made more money at that kind of work than they had ever made before. They spent money buying things in the stores. The stores bought more goods and became larger stores. So the railroad helped Terre

Haute grow to be a larger town than it had been before.

The railroad made Terre Haute a better place in which to live. Chauncey Rose made a great deal of his money through the railroad. He gave many gifts to the people in the town. One of them was the Rose Polytechnic School. It is a college for boys who want to learn to be engineers. Today the school is east of Terre Haute on road, number forty.

Mr. Rose gave money to build the Rose Orphan's Home at Twenty-fifth and Wabash Avenue. It is a place where children, who have no fathers or mothers to care for them, may live.

These are only two of the many things that he did for the town. It is said that no poor person who asked him for help was ever refused. So through the many gifts of Chauncey Rose, Terre Haute was not only a larger town but a better town as well.

Later other railroads were built through the town. Terre Haute became known as a railroad town. People rode here and changed trains. Goods were sent here and transferred from one train to another. These things made Terre Haute a railroad town.

CHAPTER XXIX

GOOD TIMES

The pioneers had good times in Terre Haute in the early days.

"We are going to have a spelling bee at school next Friday night," said Julia McIntire to her mother. "May I be in it?"

"Of course, you may," answered her mother. "James may be in it, too and I shall go with you."

On Friday night a great many people gathered in the school house. The ones who did not spell sat on benches along the sides of the room. The men, women, boys, and girls who were to spell stood up. Two people were selected to choose sides.

"I hope we are both on the same side," said Julia to James.

"I hope so, too," he said.

In choosing, however, Julia was on one side and James was on the other. At last all of the spellers were chosen. They stood in two straight lines facing each other. The teacher, Benny Hayes, gave out the words to be spelled. He pronounced a word to the leader on one side. If he could spell it, Benny Hayes pronounced another word

for the leader on the other side. If a person could not spell a word, he had to sit down. Then Benny Hayes asked the next person on the other side to spell it.

Benny Hayes pronounced hard words. Most of the boys and girls missed the words. At last only two people were left. Julia stood up on one side and James stood facing her on the other.

Everyone was excited. The men and boys wanted James to win. The women and girls wanted Julia to be the winner. Mrs. McIntire was there. She did not care which one won. She was proud because her twins could spell better than anyone in the town.

At last James missed a word and Julia spelled it right. This made Julia the winner. All of the women were glad. They ran over to her and told her how glad they were. James came over to her, too.

"I'm glad you won," he said. "If I had to get beat, I would rather be beaten by you than by anyone else."

There were other bees besides spelling bees. One of them was a quilting bee.

Mrs. McIntire had finished a quilt. It was hard to get cloth for quilts in pioneer days. Mrs. McIntire had some cloth left from James's and Henry's shirts and there was goods left from Julia's dress. Mrs. Earle gave Mrs.

McIntire some goods from Anna's and William's clothes. Other women in the town gave her cloth, too. Mrs. McIntire cut the goods into pieces. She sewed the pieces together to make blocks. When she sewed the blocks together, she had a quilt top. Then she put some cotton and a back on it.

The women in the town came and helped her do the sewing or quilting. They brought their needles and thimbles with them. They brought dishes of food, too. Mrs. McIntire gave them the thread to use in quilting.

The women spread the quilt on a big table. They sewed and sewed. They talked as fast as they sewed. There was a buzzing sound from the women's voices all through the house.

Some of the children came with their mothers. They played "Three Deep," "Hide and Go Seek," and "Blackman" out in the yard.

When noon came, Mrs. McIntire put her quilt away. The women put their dishes of food on the table. Mrs. McIntire brought out some food, too. Then the children came in from their games. All of them ate their noon meal together. The women and children had good times working and playing together. This good time was called a quilting bee. It was probably called a bee because the sounds of

the women's voices, as they quilted, were like that of bees in a hive.

In the winter time, the young people had good times bobsled riding. The wheels were taken off the wagons and runners put on them. The bottom of the wagons were filled with straw. The horses, who were to pull the bobsleds, had good shoes on their feet so that they would not fall on the slippery ice and snow.

The people sat in the bottom of a bobsled. They had blankets to put over themselves to keep them warm. Sometimes stones or irons were heated to keep their feet warm.

When all of the young people were settled in the bobsled, the driver would shout, "Git up."

Away over the roads the horses pulled the bobsled. The people who were riding sang songs, and told jokes and stories. All of them had a good time.

Sleighing was another winter sport. Most sleighs held either two or four people. The horse's harness had bells on it. When the horse moved, the bells rang. On winter evenings, pioneers often heard the tinkle, tinkle of sleighbells. They rushed to the windows of their houses to try to find out who was sleighing.

In the summer, swimming and boating made good times

for the people who lived here. The river and also several creeks near the town were good places to swim and to go boat riding.

Most of these good times cost little or no money. Later on, people had good times that they paid for. Shows were good times that cost people money.

One of these shows was a circus. Every summer, at least one circus came to Terre Haute by way of the National Road. The animals, clowns, and people who performed and played in the band rode in big circus wagons. As the wagons went along the road one behind the other, they made a parade.

When the circus came into Terre Haute, the band began playing. The people in the town heard the music. They ran out of their houses to see the parade. Later in the day, many of them went to the circus ground and paid money to see the show. Circus day was a great event in the lives of the people living in Terre Haute.

Another kind of show that people paid money to see was the Minstrel Show. When the pioneers went to these shows, they saw white men who had their faces blackened to look like negroes. These men told jokes and sang funny songs. They made the people laugh. The pioneers liked the Minstrel Show.

All of these shows cost money. They made good times, however, for the people who could pay to see them.

CHAPTER XXX

IMPROVING THE TOWN

The people who lived in Terre Haute needed to improve the town. There were stumps of trees in the middle of the streets. When it rained, the mud was so deep that sometimes a horse and wagon could not get through it. So the stumps were taken away. The holes were filled up. Then the streets had to be made level. Gravel was used on the streets to fill up the holes and make the roadway hard.

There were no sidewalks for the people to walk on. The people in the town put down wooden sidewalks. These were much better than the dirt paths that had been used.

Most people used horses as a way to get from one part of town to another. The horses were easily frightened. If a horse was left untied in front of a store and became frightened, he was sure to run away. Runaway horses often ran into grown people or children. Many times the people were hurt. The men in the town put iron posts in front of the stores and houses. Horses could be tied to these iron posts while their owners were shopping or calling on someone. If the horse became frightened, it could not run away.

High water caused most of the old wooden bridge

across the river to be carried away. A steamer on the river was blown against what was left. Then there was no bridge over the Wabash River at Terre Haute.

A new bridge had to be built. It was built with a top on it. Such a bridge was called a covered bridge. The people in the town paid for most of the building of it. Owners of the steamer paid for the rest. The new bridge was wide and strong enough to hold heavy loads. High waters would not carry it away. The people in the town were glad to have this new bridge over the river.

Good drinking water had always been a problem to the settlers. Many people who lived around Terre Haute got sick because they did not have pure water to drink. A man who knew about water came to the town to see if he could find pure water for the people. He found some springs between two hills east of town. These springs had pure water in them.

A wall was built between the openings of the hills. This formed a deep hole for a reservoir. The reservoir would hold enough water to last the people in the town for two weeks. The water was pure and tasted good. After the people in the town used it, there was less sickness.

A gas plant came to Terre Haute. Gas was piped through the town. The people used the gas for lighting

and for cooking. It gave a better light than they had had before. It gave them a good fuel for cooking, too.

The streets of the town were very dark at night. Women, and even men, were afraid to go out late at night because they might be robbed or fall in the dark and get hurt. The men of the town bought one hundred lamp posts for the city. These posts had gas light in them.

Every evening a man rode from post to post to light the gas lights. He carried a little ladder which he used to climb up to the light. He rode all through the town lighting the lamps. In the morning, he rode around and turned them out. After the town was lighted, men and women were not afraid to go out on the streets at night.

New laws had to be made. Laws are rules by which people live. When there were few people living in the town, there were few laws. These people did not need many laws. As more people came to town, there was a need for more laws.

Beggars stood on the streets and asked for food and money. Some of them were lazy and would rather ask people for money than go to work. The people in the town had to make laws about them.

Small boys flew kites on the sidewalks. Sometimes they ran into people and knocked them down. Laws

had to be made about children playing certain games on the sidewalks.

When people obeyed these laws, Terre Haute became a better place in which to live.

Terre Haute was growing. It was no longer a small town. It was a city. The little children, who first lived here, grew to be men and women. Some of them, like the McIntires, stayed here all of their lives. They helped make Terre Haute the city that it is today.

Others, like William Earle, moved away. But they remembered the town. William Earle became a sea captain. While he was sailing on his ship, he wrote letters about his life in early Terre Haute. We have learned a great many things about the town from William Earle's letters.

Now open your eyes, boys and girls. Your journey is over. You have heard the story of how Terre Haute was settled. Think sometimes of the people who worked to build it. They are the ones who have made possible our present city of Terre Haute.

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