DEDICATION

On these walls the story of our state is told—
How to our crude frontier culture came and knowledge spread—
How this Hoosier soil was brought to bear our bread and meat—
How men learned skill and craftsmanship—
Took from the earth of its abundant wealth—
So wrought and gave this state commanding place
In that material advance that builds the record of our nation.

The future stems from the past—
The sweat of the pioneer is salt in the bread we daily eat.
What of the future?
If we maintain the same integrity—
The strong and simple purpose that has been our heritage—
We need not fear.
The history of our state will move on down the long parade of centuries—
Full of that same fruitfulness of man and earth
That makes the story of our past so rich.

THOMAS HIBBEN
IN the lives of all men and women there come times of travail. The system of life which they have inherited inevitably develops a new series of problems that must be solved. Those who are strong look upon the necessary changes as a challenge to their ingenuity, their prowess and their integrity. They welcome the bitterness of the struggle for it is directed against man's own true enemy—himself.

In years that are gone the pioneers grew fields of produce where primeval forests once stood. They made farms out of the hunting-grounds of the fur-trappers. When the early settlers of the Northwest Territory heard the echoes of America's first revolution they organized under George Rogers Clark and drove the British back into Canada. There were many in those days who became discouraged. Confronted with the obstacles of nature and with bitter foes in the soldier from England and his Indian allies, they refused to lend their support to the plans of their leaders. But a minority, strong in character, assumed the burden of battle and privation. Their endurance and tenacity created Indiana out of a wilderness.

When the second revolution became unavoidable and civil war loomed on the horizon, the timid predicted the fall of the Union. There were those who ignored the achievements of the pioneer, and saw no hope for the future. Yet the war came, emergencies were met, the second revolution took place, and Indiana emerged from the strife, as did the United States, aware of a destiny of wider scope.

Decades passed and there came the great era of inventions. Time was conquered by speed, distance was bridged by electricity, and men left the earth to invade the sky. Indiana was no longer populated by groups of lonely and far-flung communities. Isolation vanished almost overnight, and the state looked out upon world problems with the scope and swiftness of vision given to her by the radio, the telephone, the airplane, the newspaper, the camera, the automobile and the cinema.

Within the span of our lives the rapt pleasure in these new mediums of civilization wore away and doubt and fear crept into our thoughts, for we suddenly found ourselves in contact with economic conditions which we had thought were solved or far removed. We discovered that our new inventions were not toys, but violent weapons which would destroy us if put to ill use, or create anew for us if properly controlled. We learned but a few years ago that the days of pioneering were not over; that the struggle for the preservation of the ideals of those who founded this nation continues; that dangers to American unity as great as British conquest or civil conflict still exist. To-day we are confronted once again by battles which we thought long ago were lost or won and which must be refought on vastly larger fields.

It is particularly fitting that the people of Indiana and of America should celebrate at this time a Century of Progress. In all the history of the nation there have been no days more critical or calling for more tenacious will power than those through which we are now living. We must give attention to what mankind has been able to gather together for his own inspection at this Exposition for the world is taking an inventory. Those who come with optimism must temper their enthusiasm with keener understanding of the grimness of the future. On the other hand those who come harboring timidity must gain new determination and strength of purpose from the gigantic achievements which they will see. Courage will overcome any crisis that this nation can encounter.

[Signature]
THE FEDERAL BUILDING

The creators of the World Exposition at Chicago designed the State and Federal buildings in order that they might express the unity of state and national governments. The triple towers of the Federal building overshadow the Court of the States and the Indiana Halls.
FOREWORD

By RICHARD LIEBER
Director, Indiana's Commission

IN the portrayal of Indiana's part in a Century of Progress some important and indeed startling facts are revealed, of which these are a few:

That the so-called Middle West has been and is the backbone of the nation ever since George Rogers Clark captured Fort Sackville and by his master stroke made certain the end of British sovereignty so far as these United States are concerned.

That this Middle West of old was the back door of the young and struggling Republic which had to hold and did hold lest the fighting colonies on the Atlantic seaboard would be reduced to a state of abject submission under foreign rule.

That the deciding event took place within the present Indiana.

That without Clark's brilliant achievement there would be no Northwest Territory, none of its component states—no Chicago, in fact no United States as we know them.

The designation of state boundaries necessarily is an arbitrary device for the purpose of governmental administration. In most cases state lines offend against economic growth, interest and development. Yet, as a whole, the old Northwest Territory shows a virile homogeneity unsurpassed by any other national grouping. It commands a variety of natural wealth. It enjoys an equable climate and great diversity in landscape. Of this whole domain Indiana is perhaps the most typical. It was the last pioneer state. The wealth and variety of its natural resources make it practically self-subsisting. It enjoys a rare diversity of charming scenery and is populated by real folks.

So much for the facts. What of the portrait? We have tried to make it typical and by doing so reveal the forms evolved in this state through economic and social growth which is common to many of our sister states and even to the mother state, Virginia.

We have bethought ourselves of the important part in history which our section played in the building of an empire, of the heroic labors of our settlers and pioneers, men and women alike, of the devotion of teachers, preachers, of folks of science, and have never forgotten the brave struggle of those who tilled the soil, built the homes and schoolhouses and advanced culture in this, our new land of material promise, against often terrifying odds.

Per aspera ad astra!

Our presentation, therefore, is one of the will and deed of the people. Inferentially the observer will recognize leaders in the murals but only one, the greatest of them all, is truly portrayed. All else is the rhythmic sway of pain, labor, hope, failure and final triumphant accomplishment in which incessant toil has held the organ point of destiny.

Who could depict all of this? It was necessary to find one who possessed a national point of view if the progress of the people in the land called Indiana was adequately to be reviewed. It was essential to find one who interpreted life vitally and with broad vision. Tom Hiben suggested to us Thomas Hart Benton. We knew him through his work in the New School for Research and in the Whitney Museum of American Art. Not that particular subject—for much is raw and repellent in the life of great cities—but rather the profound understanding of souls and passions attracted our attention. Benton, himself, is a product of the Middle West. By tradition and inheritance and by his own development he speaks the language of the mid-westerner. His conception, his treatment and execution are those of a genius.

All art is a form of communication between the creative artist and the beholder who receives an impression from it. The function of art is this very communication; its subject-matter is the knowledge and the understanding of the contents of the world in which we live and the artist's statements about these things. It is impossible then for an art to exist solely for itself. It must grow from a need of expression and must fulfill this function of statement. It is equally true too that no American art can arrive from European concepts. Our art must be the product of our soil and be concerned with it. It may not be judged on the merits of technical proficiency but only upon the degree of the artist's understanding of life and his ability to communicate this knowledge.

It is not necessary always to agree with Benton. Great works are often damned as much as praised, but no one may deny that the fragrance of the broken soil, the tang of the burned clearing, the sweat of the face, that the flight of roaring ambitions, that depth of pain and despair as well as exultation of success are not contained in his earnest presentation of the growth and power of our state.

We here have the cultural and material history of Indiana. The first great mural painting produced by a son of the Middle West and inspired by its native culture.
The Mound-Builders...

The first inhabitants of Indiana were Mongoloid—of one race with Mayas, Incas, Toltecs, Aztecs, Pueblos, cliff-dwellers and historic Indians. Some of these Stone Age aborigines built mounds, for burial, domicile or defense. Their imposing cones and geometric works line the Ohio, the Wabash, the Whitewater and many other streams of the state. The Mound-Builders tilled the soil, grew large fields of maize, that great gift of the Indian race to the world; cultivated tobacco and the ritual of the pipe. They had vanished before the white man came to Indiana.

Why and whither? The Indians of the frontier knew of their builder kinsmen only as legendary figures. Like all the first Americans who advanced beyond the nomad stage, the Mound-Builder was noble in physique, tribal in thought. Throughout the hemisphere no record was kept of individual warrior or priest. Government was republican. There were no kings. He expressed himself in art. All the basic forms are found within the range of his remains. His shapely artifacts of flint, obsidian, copper, pearl are treasured. He humanized Nature. He turned his thoughts to eternity and fashioned his tombs for the aces. With elaborate ceremonial he would bury or cremate the dead. And patiently he carried the earth in a basket till his memorials grew majestic.
A Hoosier History

By DAVID LAURANCE CHAMBERS
To Accompany the Mural Paintings of Thomas Hart Benton

SCIENTIFIC opinion leans to the belief that the New World was first occupied by Asiatic tribes who came over the short sea passage of Bering Strait from Siberia. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka has described the peopling of the New World as a steady and natural passing over of small groups, or waves, from Asia, until comparatively recent times. To inquire when this series of migrations took place is to invite controversy. Some scientists will concede as much as ten thousand years while others agree that twenty thousand years are a more plausible span of time for the Indian to have evolved the vast number of culture types and varied languages that have existed in prehistoric America.

The cultural development of the American Indian dates from the invention of agriculture. As leisure was necessary for cultural development and esthetic attainment it may be seen what an important step forward was taken when the process of intentional planting and propagation of foods became known. Cultural development among the aborigines of the New World culminated in Peru, Central America and Mexico. This attainment is attested by the large number of temple cities with dated monuments, hieroglyphic inscriptions, masterpieces of sculpture and architecture found in the jungles of middle America.

The palaces, walls, roads and gold work of the Inca in Peru, the pyramids and temples of the Toltec, Aztec and Maya of Mexico and Central America, the cliff dwellings of the Pueblos of the Southwest, and the mounds of the Mississippi Valley area, extending to our own Ohio, Wabash, White and Whitewater Rivers, afford a material panorama of the cultural ramifications of the first Americans.

They were all one race, the pyramid- and temple-builders, the cliff-dwellers who constructed the forerunners of our modern apartment-houses, and the Mound-Builders.

Hundreds of mounds built by the prehistoric inhabitants of Indiana are still to be seen. Of the several mound types—burial, domiciliary, defensive and effigy or totemic—all are represented in Indiana except the last.

In prehistoric times Indiana acted as a buffer section where-in all of the cultures found in the Ohio Valley have left remains. In Ohio the Hopewell, Adena and Fort Ancient cultures are highly developed and specialized and represent what was perhaps the acme of achievement of mound-building peoples in the north. In Indiana we have the same cultures represented in a modified form or perhaps in a less developed state, suggesting a possible migration and advancement in cultural attainment from the northwest toward the east.

The Hopewell culture is identifiable by log and stone tombs within mounds some of which are very large and accompanied by geometric earthworks, well-prepared mound floors, cremation of the dead, lavish use of native copper for objects of utility and adornment; pearl beads, jaws both human and animal cut for ornamentation, zoomorphic and plain platform pipes and a unique pottery. Mounds showing one or more of these marks have been found in many Indiana counties from Laporte to Warrick.

The Adena culture is identified by log tombs of the unfilled type constructed below the original ground level and forming a central burial in large conical mounds; a peculiar type of expanded center gorget, leaf-shaped blades of flint, tubular pipes of stone and clay, copper used exclusively for objects of adornment, practically no cremations and sandstone tablets bearing broad, shallow grooves. In our state it seems confined to the Whitewater Valley.

The Fort Ancient culture is recognized by large and heavily occupied village sites, a type of pottery decoration, extensive use of bone for objects of utility and adornment, triangular arrows and, most important, the construction of hilltop forts such as Fort Ancient in Warren County, Ohio.

In Indiana it is represented along the Ohio River and its tributaries from the Ohio state line to a point as yet undetermined. A large village site near Lochry's Creek in Ohio County and a hilltop fort in Dearborn County are characteristic.

An upthrust of one of the southern mound-building cultures is found along the Ohio River and up the Wabash as far as Sullivan County. A characteristic terraced temple mound of large proportions surrounded by smaller tumuli may be seen near Evansville in Vanderburgh County. Objects removed from some of these mounds years ago stamp them as distinctly southern in origin. Artifacts from a site at the mouth of the Wabash, from the "Bone Bank" in Posey County and from Merom in Sullivan County serve to show the trend from the pyramids and temple-builders of Mexico.

A patient agrarian people, these Mound-Builders, far more concerned with preparing permanent habitation for the eternal dead than comfortable houses for the momentary living. With no mechanical contrivance to ease their toils, they strewed the earth in baskets till the memorial home of the departed had reached imposing size. Plague, social and cultural decadence, changes in environmental conditions possibly contributed to the cessation of this characteristic of paying homage to the dead. All the Mound-Builders had gone before the white man came to Indiana. The Indians of the early frontier knew of them only as legendary figures. Their bones and kitchen-middens have fructified the soil of Indiana. The products of their art still delight us. Their mighty works fire the imagination and link us, in fascination, to the prehistoric past of Man.

Kinsmen they were, but no one may with certainty trace tribe by tribe the relationship of the Mound-Builders to the Indians of history. It is clear that the red men whom the explorers found in the Old Northwest were far indeed from that plane of living to which the noblest of the Mound-Builders had attained. To the great Algonquian race belonged the Miami, the tribe peculiarly associated with Indiana.

Red men they were not, but brown, with dark eyes and brilliant black hair, of medium height, slim, sinewy, narrow-waisted, swift of foot. On tapering legs they moved with proud and graceful steps. Their teeth were fine and very white. Their heads were round rather than oblong, their cranial capacity somewhat less than the white man's.

But vermillion paint was on the faces of the men, and, naked except for the breech-clout, they tattooed their bodies with all sorts of colors in all sorts of figures and panels. It was different with the women. Even the Jesuit fathers confessed their costume modest.

And somehow the faces even of the men were found agreeable. Their vivacity is frequently noted by the first-coming whites, their talkative good nature, their friendliness for a joke.
The Indians...

The Indians whom the early explorers found in Indiana were Algonquian, mostly of the Miami tribe. Of a culture far below the noble Mound-Builders, their simple craft was limited to domestic use, to weaponry and adornment. With bow and flint-tipped arrow they fought their brother braves, hunted the abundant game. Few indeed were the parts of any animal they could not turn to purpose as food, raiment, ornament. Their bowls were generally of wood, their cups of shell. But the squaws could make crude pottery and baskets, fashion mats of rush or flag to cover their houses, twist bark into ropes, employ bark for many things where we use board. The Miami of the Wabash were famous as cannebals, but famous also as corn-growers. With rude instruments they cleared, broke, prepared the rich earth, ground the grain. Their fields spread far, farther than elsewhere in all America, from Canada to Florida, and their corn was of the best grade. Reputed the freest of mankind, tribal custom and public opinion bound them about with rigid tabus. Their government was slight, informal, democratic. Age and wisdom gave authority in council. The proved capacity of self-selected leaders was all that counted in war and priest-craft. No chief had a semblance of absolute power.
Only their excessive dignity on public occasions, their stoicism in suffering, account for their reputation of silent moroseness. And their indolence, too, was often remarked, but with doubtful justice, and not to be taken without salt. Life was a jewel kept only by constant vigilance against constant menace, and with much toil.

It is true that game abounded, game of great variety. There were fish in the rivers. And everywhere were wild fruits, nuts, berries, edible roots and greens. But corn was the staff of life. The Miami were great corn-growers, and the French said their corn was fine, finer than that at Detroit. The corn belt was already in the making. You are quite at fault if you think of Indiana as all forest, prairie, dune, marsh and stream when the white man found it.

Nor is it fair to suppose that the burden of existence fell all on the squaws. True, they must plant, tend and harvest the corn, grind the meal, fetch the fuel, cook, build and care for the dwellings, carry all the baggage on the march. But it was social labor, with room for gossip and laughter. The frontier white women knew less relief from drudgery. To the brave went the duty of hunting and of war, and hunting was hard and dangerous, and the life always full of peril and desperate danger. His life in war, his livelihood in peace, his reputation in both depended on his skill as bowman.

There was time for relaxation and sport, time and a liking for games, games of skill, of chance, guessing games, religious games. The Miami were famous gamblers, good with the dice, and ready to stake their literal all on a throw.

The glorious season of rush and tree supplied many of their modest needs. In stony, snappy streams the Miami had little care for canoes, and used dugouts instead, but if they wanted canoes they made them of water-elm or hickory, and with evergreen gum stopped the joints. Bark, boiled, twisted, braided, gave them rope: from bark they made tables for drying corn, sugar troughs, boxes and other things for which we use bowls. They made crude baskets and probably wove baskets of a sort, though early visitors do not note this peculiarly of the Miami. Their bows were mostly of wood, and their smaller cups, spoons and scrapers, of shell.

Alford distinguishes two types of dwelling among the Illinois, near neighbors and affiliates of the Miami: oblong cabins in the villages, substantially built, water-tight and warm, with large sheets of flag or rush mats covering a frame work of parallel rows of saplings bent together and lashed at the top. From six to twelve families, as many as fifty or sixty people, might live in such a house. On the hunting trips mats were spread over a few poles for quick and simple shelter.

The Indian was at once individualist, republican and communistic. Land was held in common by the tribe. Bequeathed to them by the ancestor in sacred trust for their descendants, it might be granted to others for use, but its cession for permanent possession was unthinkable. The moret, tribal custom, tribal opinion hedged brave and squaw about with rigid tabus. The head of the family guided the family council, heads of families made up the clan council, heads of clans composed the tribe council, for civil decisions. War was seldom organized, and rarely the whole tribe took part. The individual brave would declare himself for the warpath and invite comrades to join him, to avenge a real or fancied wrong, or just because he felt in the mood for glory. His advancement depended entirely on his proved capacity. The medicine men were equally self-chosen. No chieftain had a semblance of absolute power.

The Miami were notorious cannibals in war, and continued the practise longer than any of the other tribes. When famine struck, bodies of kinsmen would be eaten. Torture of prisoners was developed to a fine art.

The Miami claimed the limits of the future state by right of the Iroquois, who named themselves emigrants from the East, fled to Wisconsin, where the first missionaries found them, and some beyond the Father of Waters. Fear of the Iroquois left few Indians in Indiana then, but after a while they drifted back to their old haunts. Miami bands included the Wea, the Pankashaw, the Pekipoka, etc. The English called them Twilighters from the cry of the crane, one of their totems. Kekionga at the head of the Maumee was the chief village of the Miami proper; Ouiatemon, near Lafayette, was the headquarters of the Weas. The Miami were all along the Wabash. They have given their name to three rivers. How numerous were they? Cadillac says that in 1695 three thousand were killed in warfare by the Siouxs. There must have been many before that.

French estimates range from fifteen hundred warriors in 1718 to five hundred fifty in 1736; English from eight hundred in 1763 to a thousand the next year. There were four women for one man and polygamy was common. It is doubtful if there is one full-blooded Miami alive to-day.

The shifting of nomadic tribes is very confusing, but as the map of history begins to fill in other Algonquians are found in Indiana besides the Miami—Potawatomi to the north, pushing down from Michigan; Wyandotte and Shawnee along the Ohio; Delaware in hunting grounds of the White River Valley by permission of the Miami. The MuscEEE, who have left their name to the city of Muncie, were a branch of the Delaware.

The first missionaries in Indiana were Jesuits. The first settlers were French. And the Jesuits were responsible for the first French expansion to the west.

It may be that in 1675 the saintly Marquette passed through the northwestern corner of the state and saw the Dunes on his sad and fatal journey toward Mackinac. It is certain that Father Allouez, his successor in the Illinois country, preached the Cross to the Indians of the St. Joseph Valley in the course of his wide and tireless journeys.

No wonder these people, who saw no connection between belief in the supernatural and moral conduct and who when they ate the enemy's heart thought they appropriated the enemy's courage, were a puzzle to the devout missionaries. But of all the western tribes the Jesuits declared that they found the Miami of Indiana "the most civil and liberal and having a docility with no savor of barbarism."

It was, however, less because of the character of the Indians, and still less because of their supernaturalism, than because of the character of the sowers of the seed, that so many warriors of the Wabash came soon to wear around their necks the symbol of the Savior's suffering. The Jesuit Relations are an extraordinary record of extraordinary men who endured unparalleled hardship, suffering and sacrifice. Alone or side by side with the explorer, the pioneer priest pushed out from Quebec into the trackless forest, through all the Lake country, to the Mississippis, and over the plains, and down the streams brought the word to the prairies. In labors more abundant, in deaths oft, in journeys without number, in perils of waters, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among their own false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, they strove to free the tribes from the mummery of the medicine men. Many were tomahawked, some burned at the stake. Torture only spurred their zeal. True Frenchmen, true gentlemen, they showed a never-failing courtesy which was not lost on a race that practised ceremonial deference. The Black Robes of the eighteenth century won a love and respect that the Indian never accorded the emissaries of another sect. From their influence, if measured in terms of a change of the Indian heart, would seem slight and temporary. It is to be recognized rather in the restraint they exercised over coureurs de bois and voyageurs, and the ministry they rendered to the inhabitants of the French posts.

Of these posts the most populous and important was at Vincennes, and it was small and of slow growth. In 1769 there were only sixty-six families of families, with fifty women and one hundred and fifty children; while at Fort Ouiatemon, near Lafayette, there were but twelve heads of families, and at Fort Miami, the present Fort Wayne, only nine. These latter were trading-posts. At Vincennes alone there was a true agrarian life. The first inhabitants were soldiers, King's troops, not of the famous Regiment Calignan-
The French...

The first missionaries in Indiana were Jesuits. They were responsible for French expansion to the west. With apostolic zeal, with lion-hearted courage and with Christian inspiration the Black Robes carried the message of the Cross from Quebec to the Mississippi, through the Lake country and south of the Lakes. Of all the western tribes they found the Miami of Indiana the most civil and liberal and having a deficiency no warrior of barbarism. The only religious establishment in the colony during the French days was Roman Catholic. The only church was a frame chapel at Vincennes, later replaced by the Cathedral of St. Francis Xavier. First of Indiana colonists, the Canadians at Vincennes were mostly peasants of the Old Régime. They clung to the Old ways, Happy and tranquil lives they lived, full of laughter and singing, fiddling and dancing, drinking and card-playing. The English called them lazy, but they were good citizens. The French adored them. It was the most romantic in Indiana history. A few families of French descent, a few names on the maps are all that remains. When English houseseekers knocked at the gates of the West, the age of the River Boatsmen was a tough and lusty breed, half-horse, half-alligator, brave, resourceful, jovial, ready for rum or a brawl, cocky of fight.

The social as well as the religious life of the village centered in the Church. In front of it were held those assemblages for the election of certain officers and the decision of public questions which bear a resemblance to the New England town meeting. The church was the most prominent building. First it was a frame chapel built in 1770 by the people in gratitude to Father Gibault, later the friend and helper of George Rogers Clark, for coming to them in the lonely time that followed the banishment of the Jesuits from Louisiana. In 1785 it was replaced by the old Catholic Church. St. Francis Xavier, a building ninety feet long by forty-two broad, of upland boards chunked and daubed and covered with a rough coat of cement. The cornerstone of the present edifice, on the same site, was laid in 1826, and it was finished some twenty-five years later.

The first resident priest at Vincennes was Father Sebastian Louis Meurin, who began his career in 1742. He was followed by Fathers Du Jardin, Vezin, and Devernay. Meanwhile there was developing on the Wabash, especially on the Ohio and the Mississippi, a mobile life almost as individual and distinctive as the settled life at Vincennes. Both French and English claimed the Valley of the Ohio by right of discovery or patent. Both were soon sending their furs down the waters, at first in canoes, some as long as thirty-six feet, and in dugouts, and later in galley bateaux. But when in the English penetration houseseekers began knocking at the gates of the West, that colorful primitive period passed. Then, say about 1765, began the Flatboat Age, or, if you prefer, the Age of the River Boatsmen. The flatboat became the most popular and useful craft, beloved by "moving families." It might have been built for a particular family or group of families. Some flatboats were without covering, but had a cabin for the human passengers and a shed aft for the animals. Those partly covered were called "Kentucky boats"; those fully covered and designed for long trips, "New Orleans boats." The flatboat, in the more specific sense, was rectangular and boarded up two or three feet. Sweeps propelled it on both sides, with a long oar astern for a rudder, and a short oar in front, to be distinguished from the flatboat, which "never came back," being always sold for lumber when it reached its destination, was the keelboat, ribbed of stout planks about a heavy piece of timber, which was practical for up-stream use.

The number and variety of craft increased on the rivers; a class of professional boatemmen developed. Bravery they might have, first of all, but peril might come any moment from floating ice, hidden bar or snags, or heavy wind or treacherous current; from Indians, cutthroats, renegades or the outlaws of Cave-in-Rock. Life was hard labor or tedious lethargy, punctuated by sudden bursts of excitement when the boatman became in a twinkling "a combination of rubber ball, wildcat and shrieking maniac." A tough and hardy lot of jovial fellows, tainted by Indian darkness, dressed in frontier garb, fond of rum, rebellion and a roughhouse.

Few men, once initiated, could give up the river life. But a few who left it became distinguished in history. * * * The Indian was the trail blazer of progress. He guided the explorer. To save his soul the missionary, to get his game the trapper, plunged into the wilderness. Quebec, Talon, the great Intendant, and Frontenac, the great Governor, speeded exploration of the West to find a passage to the South Seas. It is possible that Joliet, after his discovery of the Mississippi, touched foot on Indiana soil in 1673. It is generally believed that Robert Cavelier de la Salle, that figure dauntless, unpopular and disdained, traced the southern boundary of Indiana in the winter of 1669-70 at least as far as the Falls of the Ohio, though priority in the actual discovery of la Belle Rivière is now generally given to the English. Between 1679 and 1683 it is certain that La Salle was all through Indiana.

His brain conceived the idea of a great chain of forts loop- ing from Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi. The ministers of Louis XIV strained to execute it. Three of these forts were established in Indiana, as we have seen.

The feverish haste of the French to forge this chain had nothing to do with an imaginary South sea passage. Its motive was to secure the vast resources of that vast interior which their explorers had revealed. In particular it was designed to encompass the fur trade, which was developing rapidly to great proportions, and defend it against English encroachments.

To gain peltry, not to possess land, was the ruling passion of the Europeans in the competition for the Old Northwest, a struggle that again and again would bring the crack of the rifle, the flash of the scalping knife, and drench the soil in blood.
The French aspects of the exploitation of fur are more familiar knowledge than the middle-class English penetration, partly because of the colorful character of the French leaders whose deeds capture the imagination, partly because of the picturesque and picturesque life of the French traders. *Coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs* are favorites of song and story. Strictly, a distinction must be drawn. The *coureurs de bois* were unlicensed traders, the *voyageurs* licensed. Oppressed by the blue laws of Old Quebec, a religious regime more puritanical than that of Massachusetts Bay, Youth, even Gilded Youth, untrained to labor, turned to the wilderness for natural outlet and for needed gain. They became "runners of the woods." These bushwhackers, these guerrillas of the beaver was the most famous of Indian troubadours, the concern of government seeking to protect the legitimate trade.

As to this, a *bourgeois* with a capital for a season's trade, would acquire a license to enter the Indian country and hire men called *voyageurs* to take the goods in canoes to the point of sale. Knives, beads, wampum, blankets, guns, firewater and all manner of trinkets would be bartered for valuable pelts. Gradually the independent trader gave way to great monopolistic companies employing companies.

In the strife with the French for Indian furs, the English had the disadvantage of their feeling of racial superiority. But the British had the immense advantage of a compact and much larger population, a bludgeon to break the thin bow of French forts; the immense advantage, too, of direct short route to the Indian country as against the long tedious French route.

By the middle of the eighteenth century they had begun to push beyond the mountains. Traders of Virginia and Pennsylvania had thrust their frontier five hundred miles past the settled frontier to threaten the French trade on the Maumee and the Wabash and the portage between them that was counted the Bridge of Empire. Of these pioneers the most famous was Chief Croghan of Pennsylvania, because he was not only trader but born diplomat. In 1748 he negotiated a treaty with the Miami which advanced the English intercourse. By then the third French and Indian war was over, the English had swept the French fleets from the sea, gained a virtual monopoly of many things popular in the Indian trade and an ability to undersell with many others. At the end of the fourth war, French dominance in the New World was definitely smashed. All their possessions and claims east of the Mississippi, except New Orleans, were ceded to the English, all west, and New Orleans, to Spain. The British were on the Rock of Quebec. British garrisons promptly took over forts Michigan and Outaouais. But there the course of Empire suddenly stopped.

For the alarm to the Indians had been immediate. The English, thrifty but impolitic, had curtained the giving of gifts. Into Indian ears the persistent French fur-traders were whispering that the English intended to drive out all the forest children and turn their hunting haunts into farms; that the French Father was coming across the water with an army to support them. A leader arose to the Indian emergency. Pontiac, the Ottawa, organized the Algonquins, struck like lightning. At Miami Ensign Holmes was slain, and the garrison surrendered; at Outaouais Lieutenant Jenkins and his soldiers were taken prisoner. Post after post fell in the Northwest. It took all of Croghan's negoti-
and over land drowned neck-high in icy water, is an anathema of American heroism. It was a movement as calculated as it was intrepid, by all odds the most adventurous and daring campaign of the Revolution. Surprise was its essence, and gallantry. Exhausted men sang under Clark's encouragement. Arrived at the Tennessee, it was fine sport for the sons of liberty to pick off the gunners at the port-holes. Hamilton soon had enough of such sharp-shooting. On January 25, 1779, he surrendered to Clark's "army," of whom French traders and habitants made no inconsiderable part. Fort Sackville became Fort Patrick Henry. The Indians knuckled to Clark's confidence. Secured from attack, more settlers—twenty thousand in two years—flooded into Kentucky.

When the time came to make peace it is an open question whether Clark's conquest, or Prime Minister Shelburne's desire to win the United States from sentiments of allegiance to France, led to the cession of the lands west of the mountains. But the fact of possession must have counted for much. The royal title in this land of ours was extinguished. In 1782 the Virginian county of Illinois came to an end. One by one all the seaboard states claiming lands beyond the Alleghenies passed them over to the United States, and these became the "Public Domain." The Confederation Congress passed the famous Ordinance of 1787 for the Government of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio, embracing the present states of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. General Arthur St. Clair, a veteran of the Revolution, was named the first governor. Cincinnati became the capital of the Northwest Territory.

Within a year after the Territory was organized twenty thousand housekeepers passed down the Ohio. That fear of American settlement which had led the Indians to side with the British in the Revolution they now felt was more than justified. And they felt that they were still under the protection and encouragement of the British in resisting encroachment. The peace treaty had provided that the posts on the Great Lakes be given up, but they had not been given up. The British fur-trader was here, there, everywhere. He wanted the Northwest an Indian buffer state. The Indians knew what he wanted and that many in the government at home and in Canada felt the same way.

It was a hard problem the new government had to face, a stern reality. The Indians were on the war-path. Five military expeditions were needed against them between 1790 and 1794, and most of them proved abortive. One led by Governor St. Clair himself with terrible defeat at the hands of Little Turtle, the able chief of the Wyane. Wayne took full revenge at the Battle of Fallen Timbers, and by the Treaty of Greenville secured the cession of half Ohio and smaller tracts in Indiana. Wayne's victory insured peace to the frontier for fifteen years.

Because of the Indian fighting decided growth in population north of the Ohio did not come until the coming of the new century. By 1800 there were more than two hundred thousand people in Kentucky, more than one hundred thousand in Tennessee, but only fifty thousand in all the Old Northwest, and of these nearly ninety per cent, were in Ohio. In that year Ohio was split off, and all the western district reorganized as Indiana Territory. The name, Indiana, was not newly coined. It had been assualted for a traders' grant in West Virginia but had passed into desuetude. Vin-
cennes became the capital and President Adams appointed as governor William Henry Harrison, son of the old governor of Virginia. In 1805 Michigan was separated; and in 1809 the Territory of Illinois was erected from that portion of Indiana Territory which was cut off due north from Vincennes. So Indiana shrank toward its familiar proportions.

At the beginning of the territorial period, almost all of Indiana was Indian country. Harrison went relentlessly after the extinguishment of Indian titles. By a succession of treaties between 1805 and 1809 he gained the whole southern third. He paid as high as a cent an acre but he promised the President he would do better next time. This was naturally the part to have his first attention. The Ohio River was the great route of travel into Indiana. Settlers spread from the south.

The flatboat and the Conestoga wagon were the vehicles of the migration. The Conestoga, that frigate of the land, came rumbling and creaking along, huge, heavy, broad-wheeled, with a bed higher at each end to prevent the load from shifting or spilling. A curved white cloth topped it. It was drawn by four to six horses, with the driver riding a wheel-horse. To the crying of children, the singing of earnest, wistful women, the covered wagon was now beginning an advance that would continue clear to Oregon.

The pioneers followed all possible lines of travel and local turns, for the river courses; or the buffalo traces, paths worn by the herds going north to the salt licks and feeding grounds; or the Indian trails, dark, difficult, lonely and dangerous; or, in time, the rudest of forest roads, cleared just enough to permit the passage of the wagons, and "blazed" by marking the trees with an ax. Likely a journey over these roads would be a wallowing through mud. The bogs of the southern woods could be made passable only by laying a "corduroy" of poles side by side, perhaps for miles, and perhaps weighted down with dirt so the poles would not float away when the water rose.

It is not to be supposed that all the pioneers waited on the treaties. Many had fought in the Revolution, and a veteran of King's Mountain or Etowah Springs was not of a temper to let miserable savages tell him that he might go so far and no farther. Before the purchases could be made, some would be pushing north for new homes. And almost every day they would be attacked by Indians from ambush, watching for a chance to shoot the trespassers.

Harrison was always pressing for more land. In 1809 he met at Fort Wayne some fourteen hundred Indians, including Miami, Wc, Delaware and Potawatomi, and for ten thousand dollars bought from them a tract of three million acres lying between the Wabash and the east fork of the White. But this for a while was an end to buying.

War came again, bitter and bloody. The Indian was out to defend the Wabash as before he had fought for the Ohio. And the British trader was there to give encouragement. As Pontiac arose before to lead them, now came the twin-brethren of the Shawnee, the one-eyed Prophet, Elkswatawa, and the handsome, brave and eloquent Tecumseh, preaching a return to the old ways of the bow and arrow, denouncing the treaties and drink and agriculture, claiming divine power to shield the brave from death. The braves thronged to them.

While Tecumseh was off south on an alleged “peace” mission, Governor Harrison assembled an army of nearly a thousand, some regulars, some mounted, militia of Indiana and volunteers of Kentucky, “a fine body of men,” and marched on Prophet’s Town, on the upper Wabash near the mouth of the Tippecanoe. Encamped within a mile or two of the town, they were attacked in the early hours of the morning and won there, on November 7, 1811, a victory costly but more important, after the capture of Fort Sackville, than any other gained on Indiana ground. Ten counties of the later state were named for soldiers of Tippecanoe.

The West was creating for open war with England, in whom, justly or unjustly, she saw the thrifty instigator of the Indian troubles. When the President yielded to the war-hawks of the West and war was declared, it struck the exposed
Frontier Life...

The pioneer life was a life of work, hardship, privation and Indian alarms. But it was also a happy life. And ways were found to take the tedium from toil by doing it together and making it a social sport. At corn-husking, log-rolling, goose-picking, sheep-shearings, quilting bees and shooting matches, practical ends were accomplished, while all the company talked politics, played games, had fun. Drinking, because of the accompanying drink and disorder, was banned by the Gospel men, and only the taverns offered a let-up. The fiddle, that devil's instrument, was forbidden, but the kitchen key was safe. Weddings and funerals were the greatest of social occasions. The religious gathering was another form of outdoor recreation and emotional release. With his fellows in the log meeting-house the pioneer might forget the loneliness of the forest in the excitement of hymn-singing. This excitement hushed fiercely at camp-meetings and sometimes set fire to softer passions. Peter Cartwright's Exhortation at Corydon found a few of his members in the backwoods sprouting but most in backwoods ears. Ague and poverty made the Hoezer sensitive and pugnacious. His spirit was intense, an irritable spirit, logcabin and impetuous. He was sectarian and orthodox, a moral and politically minded. He was a born patriot. The frontier gave him its accustomed stimulation.

Meanwhile the women would have cooked a royal dinner: venison or beef, wild turkey fried chicken or pot pie and dumplings, wild hog, corn bread, potatoes, preserves, jellies, tarts, pie and cake, hard cider and whisky. No work of importance could be undertaken without a jug of whisky.

Candidates for office frequented the log-rollings to present their manifestoes and answer hecklers. Sometimes the rival politicians would be chosen leaders of the work sections, and then would the logs roll! Goose-picking and sheep-shearing also went forward to the accompaniment of lively political debate. But gossip prevailed at the quilting bees.

A neighborhood affair, too, was the corn-husking, with both sexes taking part in this sport-work. They sat in a large circle in the barn and played "brogue it about" while they husked away. When a girl found a red ear, every man kissed her; when a man found one, he kissed all the girls. There were always dancing and games after the corn-husking.

With the rifle indispensable for the support and defense of life, to be a sure shot was a considerable matter. Shooting matches promoted good marksmanship. They were usually held on a Saturday and every fellow who could split a bullet on his knife blade or take a rag off the bush came to prove his skill and try for the prize or the game or a half share of the prizes. Sport was not always divorced from cruelty; men on horseback, racing at full speed, would endeavor to grasp the neck of a goose fixed to a post and tear its head from the live and struggling body.

Dances were held on the puncheon floor by the light of the fire and to the music of some battered old violin, or, if the usual fiddles were lacking, to the voices of the boys and girls themselves. With much patching of his foot and violent florishes of his bow, the fiddler would squeak out such favorites as Old Zip Coon or Possum on a Gun Stump. A caller, famed for his quick invention and astonishing gusto, would direct the figures in the square dances.

Drinking and disorder became so regularly associated with dancing that the ministers and their pious flock put a stop to it in many places. The fiddle, that devil's instrument, was banned, but marching games had all the really essential elements of a dance and were sometimes called "compromise" dances. The chief essential of the "play party" was kissing.

The whole neighborhood would be invited to a wedding, or in the knowledge that the whole neighborhood would come anyhow, the formality of "invites" would be dispensed with. The groom, in his new costume, would make the call. The two grooms would plan to arrive at the bride's home about noon and on the way might divert themselves by "running for the bottle" of corn whisky.

The guests would come in on horseback, bringing dishes, spoons, tables, linen, provender. There was no finery. The bride was simply dressed. To us the couple would seem little more than children. A boy was a man at sixteen or seventeen, and must do a man's work in the field, at hunting and at Indian scouting. The lack of money was no barrier to early marriage, and, where all lacked, there was no such inequality to interrupt the rapid course of courtship. Of course the parson or the squire had to have his fee, and sometimes this was a stumper for the groom or his father, but it might be paid in trade and even in beeswax.

After the knot of "konjugal matriumanny" was tied, began what was considered by the guests the important part of the ceremony—a feast of all the land supplied, and then games and dancing till all hours.

The "finale," the reception at the home of the groom's father the next day, saw all the wedding entertainment repeated.

Religion was early, earnest, eloquent, and another form of social recreation and emotional release. The Baptists were first among the Protestants to appear in the new country. They held services near the Falls of the Ohio by 1798. The Methodists came hard on their heels. Inspired by Bishop Asbury, the first of a troop of circuit-riders, Peter Cartwright in 1804 crossed the Ohio and preached the first Methodist
sermon in Indiana to a group of transplanted Kentuckians. Crosswise of the pommel of his saddle the itinerant preacher bore his long rifle, with ammunition in a coonskin pouch at his side, and a blanket strapped behind him. Often when night overtook him, he wrapped himself in the blanket and slept on the hard ground, leaving his horse to graze. He was well paid, moving from town to town in a tent in a sleigh. He didn’t care much where he preached, so he preached—in towns, forts, blockhouses, groves, cabins and even in the barrooms of taverns.

Governor Harrison attended the first Presbyterian Church in Indiana, at Vincennes (1806). Carolina Quakers were coming into the Northwest before the new century began, but the first Free Monthly Meeting was not organized till 1812, in Wayne County.

Before there were any houses of worship, the early settlers gathered in their cabins or, in summer, under the great forest trees, for simple service. But as soon as they could they joined in social and sacrificial labor to build the rough log meeting house.

Preaching must be extempore. Written sermons were frowned on. Fire must be shown, and brimfire at that. Length also was expected. The preacher would keep going till he fell from exhaustion.

In religious gatherings was reflected the pioneers’ deep longing to avoid loneliness, the comfort of getting together and forgetting the forest and the foe men. The camp-meeting, held in summer after the harvest, was especially marked for its social features and, as many as forty, as many as forty, families would travel by horseback or covered wagon to the camp ground in the deep shade, near some creek or river. At the camp they lived in rough cabins or tents or slept in the wagons. The preacher’s stand was placed at the open end of the rough horse shoes in which the horses and wagons were arranged. Behind the preacher’s bench, in a vacant enclosure about thirty feet square. Beyond, a rail fence separated the men from the women of the congregation. In the stillness of the night, the hymns, the shoutings, the vivid hell fire exhortations to repentance produced wildest hysteria and ecstatic trances on a wholesale scale. As many as three thousand might be laid out at a time.

Like the clergy, the court and lawyers rode circuit, with sittings many miles apart. The vast distances between the points for holding court and the delays caused by the wretched condition of the roads constituted a major reason for splitting up the old Northwest Territory. In the three western counties there was but one court having cognizance of crimes in three years.

Home Industry

A magnificent forest covered southern Indiana. It must go. The settlers were making the country fit for civilization. The trees stood in the way. The thud of the ax, the crash of falling timber were heard on every hand. In neighborhoods the logs were rolled into heaps and burned. The log cabin was the Hoosier’s nest, built without a nail, no palace of ease and art, but a home to shelter a politician. The northern clime of the state, opened by later treaties with the Indians, was a rich and lovely land of prairies and groves. Compared with the timber people, the prairie farmers were moneyed men. The pioneer household was its own little world, a self-sufficient economic unit. It produced white bread, salted meat, clothing, furniture, tools, light. The housewife’s work was one idea. The home of the spinning-wheel, the thaw of her loom made music for the cabin all the day. The pioneer mother serves her status. All this homespun handicraft represented a wonderful adaptation for a wilderness. Grist-mills sprang up by the little streams, sawmills, carding and rolling mills, flour-mills. Almost all the people were farmers. Other crops were raised, much wheat, but corn was the staple. Agriculture advanced by leaps and bounds in the ‘fifties when the State Board was started.

The judge and attendant attorneys on circuit would put up at a backwoods tavern and stretch their legs on its wooden piazza. A sign-board bearing a very remarkable portrait of Washington or Wayne would be put out in front on a tall post. A small bell on top of the house would call the guests to meals. There was complete democracy at table, with the territorial governor perhaps next neighbor to a wagoner, and all fell to without prologue. Several beds were apt to be found in the same room, and if the house was full, several strangers in the same bed.

The worst anti-social force, more paralyzing than bad roads, more deadly than the Indian, was the anopheles mosquito. The boggy woods of Indiana, vast, dense, with immense accumulations of leaves, fallen timber and rotting vegetable matter, and the innumerable ponds of stagnant water were ideal breeding-places. For many years in the autumn there were more people sick than well. Whole towns would be depopulated. The southern tiers were never free from chills and fever. The story of Ague forms a pathetic part of our pioneer history.

Because of such handicaps, Indiana became a target for the jokes of the country. Across the Ohio the Kentuckians screamed “Hoosier.” The origin and meaning of that term are still debatable, but at first and to the outsider it was evidently used in derision. Enough for the outsiders to cry “Hoosier”; the Hoosier gritted his teeth and cursed.

He was more sensitive to outside criticism than any other settler in the Mississippi Valley because he got more of it. The Hoosiers, as Judge Banta says, stood huddled, “snouts out,” on the defensive.

They were pugnacious and partisan. They had a spirit of intensity, an hurrah spirit, loquacious and extravagant. They were politically minded, sectarian and orthodox. A patriotic fire burned in them, a deep attachment to the hearth.

Early Indiana was a manufacturing, but not exclusively, a farming, state.

There were the French Swiss at Vevay, a colony founded by John James Dufour and his relatives in 1802.

In all the procession of invaders probably the several boat loads of Wurtemberg peasants who came up the Wabash in the spring of 1815 would be accounted the strangest increment. To the numbers of eight hundred families would travel by horseback or covered wagon to the camp ground in the deep shade, near some creek or river. At the camp they lived in rough cabins or tents or slept in the wagons. The preacher’s stand was placed at the open end of the rough horse shoes in which the horses and wagons were arranged. Behind the preacher’s bench, in a vacant enclosure about thirty feet square. Beyond, a rail fence separated the men from the women of the congregation. In the stillness of the night, the hymns, the shoutings, the vivid hell fire exhortations to repentance produced wildest hysteria and ecstatic trances on a wholesale scale. As many as three thousand might be laid out at a time.

Father Rapp, six feet tall, with patriarchal beard and bearing, sympathetic, plain-spoken, strong-minded, ruled his community with a Stalinesque authority. He was prophet, priest, dictator. Shrewdly he played on vivid superstitions; pretended messages from the Angel Gabriel. He taught humility, prayer and confession. But he exacted also industry, regular and persevering, and he kept a hand playing in the fields to speed it up. His adopted son, Frederick Rapp, acted as business manager of the community, and to him are attributable its more pleasing aspects. The Rappites farmed and farmed well, manufactured a variety of goods and erected strong and handsome buildings.

Industrially a success, socially it was all a failure. An ecclesiastical monarchy contravening a law of nature could not be otherwise. Father Rapp decided to go back to Pennsylvania, perhaps to be nearer the market, perhaps because life was getting easy and quiet and he could control his followers only by making them work hard. In 1825 he sold out to Robert Owen, of New Lanark, Scotland, for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

In his “Preliminary Society,” a communal economic system was established, with a managing committee appointed by the proprietor. Robert Owen left things in charge of his son William, went back to Scotland and returned to New Harmony with his celebrated “boatload of knowledge.” Science came to the Hoosier forest. In this community first or last were numbered an imposing array of zoologists, botanists and chemists, and teachers and reformers of the social sciences quite as remarkable, and artists and musicians, and exemplars of Pestalozzian education. Many among them were to have futures of brilliant and distinguished service in America, and outstanding among these were the sons of Robert Owen. Richard Owen became professor of Natural Science at Indiana University. David Dale Owen was to be state geologist of three states, the first Geologist of the United States. Robert Dale Owen, as a member of the state legislature, was to win for married women the right to control their property and earnings, to fight the good fight for free common schools, to pour out his eloquence for the Union and
against slavery, and as a member of Congress to introduce the bill that founded the Smithsonian Institution.

The Preliminary Society was too promptly succeeded by a Permanent Community of Equality. Equality of rights, and even equality of duties might have worked if all had been of communal instincts. But a general invitation had gathered into its net some malcontents and trouble-makers. All nationalities, all sects were represented, and, along with the benevolent, there were half-wits and utter cranks. The stated maximum of community of property, freedom of speech and action, sincerity in all proceedings, kindness in all actions, courtesy in all intercourse, order in all arrangements, the preservation of health, the banning of ardent spirits and the acquisition of knowledge—were counsels of perfection quite beyond the range of this hodge-podge. Old human nature broke up the new empire. Robert Owen could not pro- long the communal experiment past two years. In 1826 he sold or leased his land, and in after-years transferred his re- maining property to his sons, who continued to live in New Harmony. Only the educational unit under William Maclure, a President of the Philadelphia Academy of Science, lingered on in its original and separate form, a school of spacious rooms and grand purposes.

As much a social failure as the Rappite Community, the Owenites were immeasurably superior in their abiding influ- ence. New Harmony was a source from which ideas and ideals spread across the world. It initiated one reform after another which were to be embodied in the practise of state and nation. It left a record of notable educational "firsts": the first kindergarten in America, the first distinctly trade school, the first free public school system, the first revolt against a liberal training not useful to the student. Its educa- tional system was the most enlightened anywhere. New Har- mony remained for years a scientific mecca. Its "afterglow" lasted through two generations.

Following Indiana education presents no such alluring picture during the pioneer period. The intentions were excel- lent. The settlers wrote into the State Constitution that "it shall be the duty of the General Assembly, as soon as circum- stances will permit, to provide, by law, for a general system of education, ascending in a regular gradation from township schools to a state university, wherein tuition shall be gratis and equally open to all."

The pioneers of the first generation were literate and not outreached in that particular "Early Schools... Communities"

Indiana pioneers loved learning, aimed by tradition to secure it if at all possible. Conditions were against them. There were no free schools. But whenever and wherever a neighborhood counted enough children, a school yard was started. Adventurous masters taught the Three R's and did not spare the rod. Newspapers sprang up in profusion. Short on news, they were rabid political organs, filled with diatribes that would have assuaged Milton, signed with names of Punican's heroes. Abraham Lincoln spent the four- teen years of his youth in Indiana. He was the very embodiment of the pioneer period, the highest development of the frontier type, "new birth of our new soil, the first American." A dozen social experiments were tried in Indiana. The most interesting were the two at New Harmony. The Rappites were German peasants, pious celibates, practical communists. Some of their fine strong buildings still stand. The Shakers lived under a stern Stinnesque authority. Robert Owen, who was to be a man of vision and brotherhood. He sought to found a new social state of equal rights and duties, community of goods, educational facilities for all. He brought a boatload of English settlers to Indiana with a mantle of truth and science to the Hoosier forest. Socially both experiments failed. Owenite ideals of edu- cation lived on to bear rich fruit in state and nation.
Meanwhile Thomas Lincoln had married Sarah Bush Johnston, that tall, straight, fair and excellent widow, and she had brought to Pigeon Creek her, by comparison, opulent furnished and refined, and more important still, her good sense, thrift and housekeeping.

A curious antipathy developed between father and son, curious because Thomas was a good and placid man, not the ne'er-do-well of tradition, and Abe was a good boy, cheerful, friendly, willing, kind. Perhaps it was because Abe had no natural liking for hunting or field work, and such inaptitude might be decidedly annoying to a pioneer parent. Not that he shirked. The ax, he said, was always in his hand. But he did not pitch into work like killing snakes.

He was always telling stories, cracking jokes, joining in the workers' songs, and stories, jokes and songs were often as coarse as well could be. He liked to be with other people. He was soon making stump speeches to his fellow laborers, calm, logical, clear speeches at that; in striking contrast to the spread-eaglesm of the day. He would take, once in a while, a convivial dram, but in general avoided drink and profanity.

He had an imitable taste of the boisterous river life, helping with a ferry-boat across the Ohio; in a scow of his own taking passengers to steamers in midstream; going with Allen Gentry on a memorable trip to New Orleans, and with a chimney-smith fighting off a gang of plundering negroes.

It was in the midst of the "plain people" that he loved that Abraham Lincoln spent in Indiana the fourteen formative years of his life. New birth of our new soul, the first American.

As evidence of the prevalence of intelligent men in our pioneer population Mr. Cottman points to the fact that the printing press followed hard on the beginnings of social life everywhere. The independent man had a craving for some sort of touch with the world outside. And they wanted even more an outlet to come out and to promote public needs.

By 1850 we know that there had been two hundred and fifty periodicals, mostly newspapers, in Indiana, though only one hundred and seven had survived. The birth-rate was high, and so was the mortality. The office of many a small-town sheet was to cry Hosanna once and then to die.

The printer had his troubles, no less than the schoolmaster. He was the last to be paid. He would offer all kinds of inducements for paid subscriptions. He had to take all kinds of produce, including fire-wood, in payment. If he could run his circulation up to five hundred he was doing well. Advertising was at a fee. Every Sunday, every month, every week. Job printing must be depended on to help out. Apprentices and journeymen were few and transient. The supply of paper and machinery was short. And editors were notoriously bad managers.

To us these country weeklies (dailies came in only after 1840) would seem newspapers in name only. Local news, any kind of news other than political news, was hardly considered at all. The paper was primarily a political organ of rabid and uncontrolled par- tisanship. But "Literature" was not entirely neglected. In fact, the paper might be filled in with a disproportionate amount of irrelevant reading matter. Love stories might appear on the first page. Poets' corners were common. = Farewell to the Forest. Magnificent trees covered all the southern state, majestic in character and form—hickory, maple, ash, oak, elm, walnut, sycamore, locust, gum, buckeye, tulip poplar—some growing to great height, fifty, a hundred, even two hundred feet, and to great circumference; and smaller trees and shrubs—pawpaw, persimmon, dogwood, red-bud, sassafras, willow, wild plum, crab apple. Here was a natural habitat for a timber people, so accustomed to a timber life that they regarded it as indispensable. A forest worth millions on millions now, but it must go off if these settlers were to make their homes here; light must be let in, and the ague out, through that aerial ceiling, and those soggy woods give way to fields and pasture.

The Epic of the Ax. Sometimes the 'weak-handed' cut the trees around, girdled or deadened them, left them standing. Most felled the trees and cut them to suitable lengths. So thick they would lie on a new field one could walk over it stepping from log to log. Most of the logs were rolled into heaps and burned. What a world of weary toil in that phrase! The utmost exertion of the united strength of numbers. Numbers gathered in good neighborhood to help the individual in his need, and his need was annual, for every year the settler enlarged his clearing. Every man gave from fifteen to thirty days to log-rolling in the spring months. The man whose own logs had been rolled and fired would right up his burning heaps before the break of day, snatch his breakfast, roll logs at the gathering place from suffring to top, and home, rig his bed in the field, and rekindle his fires till nearly midnight, while the flames leaped up and the clouds of blue-black smoke ascended toward the sky.

The Cabin in the Clearing. The settler must think first of shelter, get his family under cover. The half-face camp was a quick expedient. Two large strong forks were placed far enough from a fallen tree to make a twelve- or fourteen-foot pen; a pole was placed across the forks, and other poles from that one to the log, and brush piled thickly on these to be a roof; two sides were filled with logs rolled up by neighborly aid; the fourth side, usually the south side, was left open, and a great fire made before the opening in winter weather.

And then, as soon as time permitted, he built the one-room cabin. Back-covered logs of a size, notched and saddled at the ends, formed the walls. The chinks between them were fitted snugly with short sticks and plastered over with clay. Long poles laid from gable to gable were at once rafters and sheeting. Clapboards made the roof. The floor was of puncheons, large slabs of hard wood smoothed with an adz. After the cabin was sawed open on one side for doors and fireplace. The door was hung on a wooden hinge and was made of broad slabs fastened to cross-battens with wooden pins. Never a nail anywhere.

A great opening would be made for the fireplace. Outward from it a three-sided enclosure was built of small, split logs, and another inclosure inside that, and into the space between moist clay was tamped and left to dry. When the inner wall was burned out or removed, the clay gave the fireplace a back and jambs. Often the front of the fireplace was ten feet wide, the back at least six feet, with fore-stick and backlog of corresponding size, and a man might enter it with slight stooping.

The Land of Nevermore. Two-thirds of Indiana was still in Indian hands at the time of statehood. In 1818, three commissioners, of whom Governor Jennings was one, made a treaty with the Miami, the Wea, the Potawatomi and the Delaware at St. Mary's, Ohio, and obtained from them eight million five hundred thousand acres that reached northward to the Upper Wabash, the whole rich and fertile center of the state, to comprise about twenty counties.

Finally by a series of treaties in the twenties and early thirties the northern tier was acquired from the Indians, a land of prairies intermixed with groves, the beginning of the prairie-spread that reached to Iowa. The timber was confined to the watercourses, and the traveler might for long see a landscape wherein nothing appeared but green below and blue above. Wild-flowers would sprinkle the prairie with color in the spring, and wild fowl be flying everywhere. Its
beauty was ravishing, a beauty not to be recaptured; the land of nevermore.

It would be hard to find anywhere in the world soil superior to this. But the settler from the South could not see it. He knew that timber lands made the best farm lands, and he considered the prairies about as good for nothing as the swamp lands to the south. He stuck to timber.

Compared with the man of the forest, the man of the prairie must be moneyed; and he was apt to be a Yankee. His dwelling was of frame; a log cabin in the open prairie would have been an extravagant curiosity. It was, as a rule, a large, substantial building, with a stone foundation and a stone chimney made of the boulders that were thinly scattered in the fields.

His problems were different. Instead of enlarging a clearing, he had to break sod each spring. If he did not have the equipment he could hire it done for two dollars and twenty-five cents per acre. More outlay. There was much swamp land, many pools and sloughs. And there were those boulders. And the anophelles mosquito withague in its wings. And, worst of all, there were prairie fires, spectacles with all the elements of grandeur, but with all the elements of terror, too, sweeping away stock, hay, grain, buildings, unless he could set up a firebreak.

**Homeward the Plowman.** With rude tools the pioneer tilled his crops and did the best he could. He made a workmanlike plow with a wooden mold-board. When iron came in, point, blade and plowshare were all of a piece. The rough condition of the fields prevented much harrowing, the first few years. Grain sown "broadcast" was "brushed in." The harrow was usually in the form of an A, made from slippery elm or ironwood. A cultivator was occasionally used, operated with one horse and having two or three small shovels or bull tongues. The truck wagon, with rude wheels made from sections of logs, was a familiar sight.

**The Tale of Homespun Industry.** The pioneer household was its own little world. Right there on the place it produced what it needed for sustenance, clothing, implements, furniture and fixtures, light.

There was plenty of wholesome food, with corn bread and hominy the staples. For meat a rich variety of game was almost at the cabin door. But variety and delicacies soon graced it. Vegetables and fruits were cultivated, the finest cider and delicious wines were made. As game grew scarce, domestic animals supplied its place — cattle, sheep, hogs, fowls. Hunting, digging and selling garden greens made a lucrative little business. Making maple sugar was an important spring industry. The Circle in Indianapolis was a sugar camp in 1822.

Meal was first made in a hominy mortar. Later a small hand-mill made of two round stones came into use; it could grind four bushels of corn in a day.

As settlers thicken, men embarked in the milling business — one of the very first industries outside the home. The little water mills along the streams did a thriving trade; some were of the overshot and some of the undershot style. Because mills were so great a public necessity, the miller might locate one on any person's land if it afforded a site he thought desirable. When the streams got too high or too low for grinding, the pioneer was forced to neighborly borrowing and then back to the old block. Sawmills were started, and sometimes there were gristmills and sawmills combined.

The housewife's work was never done making clothes for the family — getting the materials ready, spinning, knitting, weaving, dyeing, bleaching, cutting, fitting, sewing.

She worked mostly with flax and wool. A small patch of flax was enough for the family linen. When it had been pulled, bundled, dried, brittle, broken, scuffed and batcheled, it was spun at a low wheel, at which the worker sat. To work the wool wheel the wife stood up, for it was almost twice as big as the flax wheel.

The hum of the busy wheels made a sweet music. A sound as familiar, but not as steady, was the "twitch" of the loom — more intermittent because that great and cumbersome instrument took up so much room a period was set for its use and when not in use it was taken apart and stored away. Unless, of course, one had a separate loom-room. The flax thread was woven into linen for towels, table-cloths, sheets, grain sacks, curtains, clothes. The woolen yarn was knit into stockings and mittens or woven into blankets or cloth. The famous and beautiful coverlets were woven from wool and linen or cotton combined. The dyes, made mostly from sumac, walnut hulls and bark, were usually applied in the yarn but sometimes to the cloth. Indigo could be bought at the village store.

Early settlers tanned their own leather, made their own shoes. Later, the cobbler went from house to house. Candle-making was an art, and the candle molds with balls of cotton wicking could be found in every household.

Soap was made from lye obtained from wood ashes and from grease of meat unloadings.

Her hardest work fell from the pioneer woman when carding mills and fulling mills were built. They made the wool rolls and they finished the cloth. With spinning-wheel and loom she did the intermediate task. In 1840 there were five thousand spindles flying in Indiana.

**The Song of Corn and Wheat.** From the first the pioneers, taking a cue from the Indians, raised corn. When mills were built for grinding and bolting flour, wheat began to be raised. But corn remained the favorite. By 1856 the corn crop had grown to nearly forty million bushels, worth over eleven million dollars. In this decade of the 'fifties Indiana was Exchanging from sixth to second place in the wheat production of the nation.

State enterprise helped things along remarkably. Indiana was at all times a farming state. There were, in 1840, more than six times as many people engaged in agriculture as in all other occupations. But except for neighborly help, it was a non-cooperative business. Every man was pretty much for himself. To be sure, there were, before 1830, a few societies and county fairs, but they accomplished little. That progressive governor, Joseph A. Wright, saw the need and the opportunity. He promoted the passage of an act in 1851 creating the State Board of Agriculture, a part of whose work was to supervise a state fair each year, and providing ways to raise funds for a state system. Here was progress toward a scientific study of soil and methods of marketing. Hoosier agriculture advanced by leaps and bounds.

The fur trade in Indiana was doomed by the rise in the economic value of land; the Indian was doomed by the decline of the fur trade; the disease and death that accompanied contact with the whites, the attitude of the superior race.

The early settlers hated the Indians, and feared them. The panic caused in 1832 by Black Hawk's War illustrate the fear. The so-called war never touched Indiana. The few remaining Miami and the Potawatomis, proudest and most determined of the Indian tribes, were quiet all through it. But rumors flew that they were on the war-path. Refugees in tatters poured along the roads before the imaginary storm. Blockhouses were built in a hurry. Militia and rangers were out. Marching to Fort Dearborn, troops from the East saved, advertised the Indiana pioneers. Black Hawk's War meant the end for the Indian. He made the settler too nervous. He must go.
There was a reservation of Potawatomi around Twin Lakes. In 1838 John Tipton accomplished their removal by force. Eight hundred were started along the Michigan Road under escort. Federal troops were sent in and the children were left to die by the trudging, unused to the fare, fell by the way, dying in numbers. Many guards absconded with the Indians’ horses. Medicines gave out. Heat and dust increased. Every camp was a cemetery. When after two months the Potawatomi reached their new home in Kansas on the Osage River, one-fifth of the tribe had passed to happier hunting-grounds.

The first pioneers as a rule chose land where there was plenty of good spring water. Later, two considerations influenced them—to be near a mill, or a good mill-site, and to be near a river where a flatboat could be loaded with produce. From 1820 to 1840, nine-tenths of the surplus produce of Indiana was carried to the market by flatboat. The great market was at New Orleans and the sugar plantations of the lower Mississippi. It took a month to get there.

Indiana was admirably situated for the flatboat trade, with thoroughfare on the Whitewater, the Wabash to Huntington, the White to Muncie and Columbus, and hundreds of tributaries. On the boats would go down the Ohio and the Mississippi in fleets of ten or twelve for protection and pleasurable company.

A prosperous farmer would load his own boat or a whole neighborhood would club together and send a boat with its chickens, geese, turkeys, venison, hogs, pork, bacon, lard, cattle, cheese, butter, tobacco, whisky, corn, meal, flour, lumber. A flatboat could carry an immense freight. The packing was done with feverish speed in the high water of March, with all hands and teams at the landing. When the last wagon-load was on and the last cut of quilts and bales of “log cabin, fort, floating barnyard and country grocery” would be off on its long journey in charge of its professionals.

Before 1819 there was nothing for the flatboatmen to do but ride or walk home from New Orleans through a perilous wilderness, or expend himself rowing a boat up-stream. From then on he had a safe and quick return by steamboat. The first steamboat on the Ohio, the New Orleans, was built by Nicholas J. Roosevelt for the Fulton interests in 1811. Other boats followed in rapid succession. Freight receipts at New Orleans jumped enormously, and no other port in the country rivaled the volume of her exports of domestic produce. The two decades after 1852 proved “the good old days” of the Ohio. Commercial construction made enormous strides. The Eclipse, built at New Albany in 1852, was three hundred sixty-three feet long. Of course no such leviathan could float on the waters within the state, but the settlers were hopeful that small steamers might ply on many of the interior streams. The state declared some thirty or forty rivers navigable and undertook to keep them free from drifts and mill-dams. The White and the Wabash especially were rivers of hope. It was actually believed that the White could be opened for year-round navigation by vessels of large tonnage. In 1829 Captain Sanders got the Victory in high water as far as Spencer. A steamboat reached Indianapolis in April, 1831, but stranded on the return trip. Regularly each March attempts were made to pilot steamboats to the Upper Wabash towns, so the captains might win bounties for proving them on navigable water.

All this river traffic and experimentation were but one phase of the effort to cope with the enormously important and enormously difficult problem of travel and transportation. Indiana had a vital interest in “internal improvements.” From the beginning the counties were building short roads and the state was building longer ones, and, as is still the case, the federal government was called on for aid. That government had promised help to Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri by devoting two per cent. of the sales of their public lands to the building of a highway from the East. Begun in 1806, the National Road had reached Wheeling in 1818, went slowly across Ohio, got to Indiana in 1829. Its whole course—Richmond to Indianapolis to Terre Haute—was through timber land, a slow, laborious, expensive job of clearing and grading. Every year Congress was begged for new appropriations. They stopped in 1838, to the indignation of all roadsides citizens. Ten years later the Indiana section was turned over to the state and completed by private enterprise with toll privileges. Beside this great highway a multitude of villages sprang into being, and many a prospering tavern and wagon house. Coincidently the state built the Michigan Road, from Michigan City through Indianapolis to Madison, and so connected the Lakes with the Ohio.

River navigation proving not what it was cracked up to be, agitation for artificial waterways became rampant and was created along by the operation of the Erie Canal in New York in 1825. The people in the Upper Wabash district, having no ready market to the South and looking for a market to the East, wanted a canal joining the river to Lake Erie. Congress gave Indiana and Ohio a land subsidy to build it. Work was begun at Fort Wayne in 1832, and the first canal-boat launched two years later.

In January, 1836, Governor Noah Noble signed an Act "to provide for a general system of internal improvements.” Its main objects were the building of the Central Canal, to run from the Wabash to Indianapolis and on to Evansville; the extension of the Wabash and Erie Canal to Terre Haute and thence southeast to the Central Canal; the Whitewater Canal, from the National Road down the Whitewater Valley to Lawrenceburg; and a railroad from Madison to Lafayette by way of Indianapolis. A loan of ten million dollars, to be secured by the utilities and their revenues, was authorized. This grandiose legislation was quite in the spirit of the times. Wherever these roads of land or water were to run, there was fiesta, the towns made merry. Isolation was as good as over. The people embarked on Child speculation. All the railroad and tolls were counted on to pay the interest, pay off the principal of the loan in no time. Poverty was about to be abolished.

But these glorious hopes were doused for an early frost. The panic of 1837 nipped them. President Jackson ordered the land offices to accept only special payments. The demand for gold and silver smashed every bank west of Pittsburgh except the State Bank of Indiana, which suspended specie payments. A long depression followed, affecting all classes. Commodity prices tumbled. Construction stopped in ’39. Of 1,289 miles of improvement provided for in the Act of 1836, only 281 miles had been finished. The state debt had grown to fifteen millions in 1841. Indiana defaulted on the interest. Bankers dashed in. Boom prospects were damped. The western politicians were alarmed by the grandiose schemes and the obligations of its great seal. Instead, it made a composition!

Then the projects began to mean something to the country. The Whitewater Canal in private hands gave good service for years. The Wabash and Erie was turned over to the bondholders as part payment. They pushed it forward. In 1849 it reached Terre Haute to the booming of cannon; and Evansville in 1853, it went to the end when, as the longest canal in the United States, 469 miles. It started new towns, enlarged old ones. It made another immigrant route, comparable to the Ohio River and the National Road.

Interest in the crude, experimental beginnings of the steam railroad, spreading over America, took about five years to reach Indiana. One of its earliest proponents was Governor James Ray who with characteristic courage and audacity...
The Old-Time Doctor and the Grande...

The old-time family doctor usually had sketchy education, scanty knowledge, a shelf of medical books not five feet wide. But he learned in the school of experience, practiced a practical medicine, surgery, dentistry, as call. A glutton for service, he was loved, feared, venerated, a pilot in sickness, a friend in health. He knew all the families and their genes, the cause, Calomel and quinine were his standbys. In the worst this service was as merciful and unassuming as it had been back home in Indiana. He returned with the other boys in blue to find in the cities a air of confusion, crime, lust, enterprise and excitement. After the war many a Hoosier farmer sold his land and went downtown to start a hospital. But they met on the corner of the store of the general store and post-office for checkers, petty gossip, solemn debate. Some new factor was needed to make this club truly social, and the horseless carriage, automobiles, bikes. That element was furnished by the Grande. In the early 'teventies it swept like a farmer and farmer's wife into its secret order. But its liberal spirit of cooperation withered in better times.

made possible a central site for the seat of government. Governor Jennings appointed a commission to meet at the Indian trading post of William Conner a few miles south of Noblesville. Frederick Rapp was a member. They explored up and down the White River and selected four sections at the mouth of Fall Creek. These, they said, offered the advantages of a navigable stream and fertility of soil. There were two squatters' cabins on the ground, George Pogue's and John and James McCormick's.

AlexanderRalston, one of the surveyors employed, had assisted Major L'Enfant in platting Washington and may have gained hints from that work. Either Samuel Merrill or Judge Jeremiah Sullivan suggested the aboriginal-Hellenic name, Indianapolis. The town was laid out in 1821. By the end of that year it had four or five hundred people. It did not become the capital for another three years. Mr. Merrill, who was Treasurer of State, brought the public records and the silver in four-horse waggons from Corydon. By 1830 there were symptoms of enough money to erect a state-house. Ihiel Town and Andrew J. Davis, of New York, were the architects and they were at the head of their profession. It looked fine on the outside—a building two hundred feet long by one hundred wide, on the order of the Parthenon except for the one-hundred-per-cent.-American dome. But it was a charming sham, for the foundation was of soft blue, Buff limestone and the superstructure partly of brick, partly of lath-covered woodwork, all coated with stucco plaster. Before the delightful lazy old building gave way to the present state-house in the late 'eighties it looked decidedly like a Greek ruin.

The squatters of Fall Creek were not the only ones in Indiana. They were all through the New Purchase, as they had been all through the south. Everywhere they thrust ahead of the extinguishment of Indian titles and the arrival of the surveyors. Since the beginning of the century the surveyor had been busy trying to catch up. As soon as a tract was surveyed it was offered for sale at the nearest land office at an auction which lasted for two or three weeks, with a minimum price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. After the auction the land left unsold was offered at the minimum price. But at the auction a speculator might outbid the squatter, and the squatter who had cleared land did not like it all when he was ejected. For years he fought with Congress for his right to acquire the land at the minimum price; and finally he got it. Meanwhile, singly and in cahoots, the squatters fought the speculators.

Ratcliff Boon of southern Indiana was the squatters' advocate in Congress. He simply exploded at the charge that they were "lawless intruders and land pirates" and rose valiantly to defend the adventurous sons of the West.

Great changes went on in these pregnant years. Two years after the cabin was built in the forest clearing, you might see wide fields of corn and wheat, a nascent orchard. In ten years, the forest trees and log buildings would likely be gone, and a brick house there instead. It might even be a thing of beauty, like the stately Lamier mansion at Madison. The settler who once yielded the ax has become in turn member of the Assembly, justice of the peace and county judge, or has grown rich on pork packing or land speculation. His lady, who once wore linsey-woolsey, now appears in showy toilets of brocade or taffeta, with full skirts much be-flounched and worn over a large hoop. The round front of her bonnet is filled with a flower garden. On stage-coach or river steamer the gentleman himself would be wearing a claw-hammer coat of colored broadcloth, finished with a low velvet collar and brass buttons, over a buff waistcoat and a ruffled shirt. He flourished a cane and b'godded for emphasis.

This transition age saw curious contrasts of ignorance and elegance, of democrat upheaval and social distinctions made by new-found wealth. Quackery and medical superstition were as prevalent as sickness. The medical profession, an alumnus of the wild deer, was counted valuable as a remedy for hydrophobia, snake poison and septic diseases. Some wizard folk could "blow the fire"
out of burned persons. An epileptic child would be passed through a hickory tree that had been split and wedged apart. Contagion could be warded off by asafetida hung in a bag at the neck. The charm doctor was consulted for all sorts of ills, mental or physical, though his duping was transparent. The curative power of roots and herbs was accepted implicitly.

It was as a herb doctor that the itinerant dealer in nostrums got his start. Bergamot, rhubarb and sweet basil were in the closet of every country house. Then patent medicines became the thing—War's Anodyne Pearls, Bateman's Pectoral Drops, Seneca Snake Root, Turlington's Original Balsam. Adopting improved advertising methods, the medicine peddler grew into the Medicine Man with the Medicine Show and sold his cures to faith by pictures. Among a countryside that had no professional theater, was poor in amusements and hungry for them. He set himself up in the public square under a flaming torch. Using a small boy as a horrible example, he barked his wares with rhabd and perverted eloquence.

During the late 'twenties, the 'thirties and on into the forties and 'fifties waves of reform spread from England to New England and thence through the nation. Consciences were working overtime, but these movements had their pleasant or exciting social features, too. Indiana, with its incoming tides of home-seekers, felt them all: religion, temperance, women's rights, anti-slavery, public education, and the treatment of the criminal, the insane and the dependent.

In 1845 James P. Burgess, a Methodist preacher living near Richmond, circulated a mild sort of temperance pledge. A total abstinence society appeared in 1824, and in the 'thirties Temperance became Teetotalism generally. The churches took the lead, and the Friends were foremost. Henry Ward Beecher from his pulpit in Lawrenceburg and Indianapolis fulminated against drink. Agitation went on for a score of years—at first to regulate, and later to prohibit, the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Indiana was inclined to be lukewarm on the slavery question, not like Ohio, which was a hotbed of abolition from the start. The churches, except the Presbyterians and the Quakers, were indifferent. Four-fifths of the people of southern Indiana, southerners by birth or extraction, sympathized with the views of the South. But from the early days the rescue of runaway slaves by their masters made feeling. It was charged that slave dealers kidnapped free negroes in Indiana and sold them into slavery. Under the old Fugitive Slave law Hoosiers aided escape or not as they chose without much danger of slavery. Making a passHrefless would be impressed anywhere and any citizen called on to join in the capture. This stirred up the conscience and the ire of many.

The Anti-Slavery League, an organization of eastern abolitionists, sent secret agents to strategic points along the Ohio to assist fleeing slaves. Sympathizers made chains of stations up through the state which the refugees followed toward Canada.

The men at the stations would hide the negroes by day in attic, cellar or outhouse; by night, with horse and wagon, take them on to the next station. Almost two thousand passes were deep in it all. They would get up at all hours to receive, feed, clothe and care for the black unfortunate, often in rags, wet and muddy, hungry, sick or injured. For this they might be ostracized—the feeling against the abolitionists ran so high some were pelted with stones and rotten eggs—and they might be arrested, for they were flagrantly breaking the law.

The most famous route led from Lawrenceburg to Newport and Fort Wayne. At Newport was Levi Coffin, the Quaker, whose house was so decrepit and successful he was called "King of the Underground Railroad" and his house its "Union Station." It gave shelter, first and last, to three thousand fugitives. Eliza of Uncle Tom's Cabin stopped there after crossing the Ohio with her child on floating cakes of ice. A moral repugnance to the whispering post, as well as a desire to utilize the labor of prisoners, led to a state prison in 1821. The first year only one convict could be found to enjoy its hospitality.

In the humanitarian causes of the 'forties, the condition of the dead and dumb, the blind, and the insane was not overlooked. Effective effort on their behalf was led, in Indiana, by her forward-looking Governor Whitcomb, who, when the state finances were in almost hopeless depression, secured a state school for the deaf and dumb, with a large building, a hospital for the insane, and a school for the blind, all at or near Indianapolis.

To Governor Whitcomb, again, and to Robert Dale Owen, and most to Caleb Mills of Wabash, Indiana owes the culmination of the whole Reform movement: her system of free public schools. It was a long fight, and a bitter. In 1852, a law was passed that the foundation of the district school system supported by taxation. The State Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional, but it was reinstated in 1885.

For Indiana the Civil War was not just an affair of four years of actual fighting. It lasted for forty years after the fighting was over. At least that long the passions it enkindled continued to flare up, the organizations it brought into being continued to influence politics, and for a public man his war record continued asset or liability.

If this Second Revolution remained until the end of the century, its roots went back to the beginnings of the nation. For three score years and more the Union had been preserved only by peaceable adjustments between the divergent economics of the North and South. The same spirit of compromise was shown in appointing the Northwest to freedom, the region below the Ohio to slavery.

The struggle of conflicting sectional interests grew until the Nullification dispute of 1833 almost disrupted the Union. In that dispute the protective tariff eclipsed slavery as the paramount issue. In 1850 Congress passed a new tariff which would impress anywhere and any citizen called on to join in the capture. This stirred up the conscience and the ire of many.

Expansion...

Reconstruction split the state along party lines, but all were glad when war wounds were healed by Haver's liberal policy. The pioneer period ended, modern Indiana began in the early 'seventies. The economic problems that then emerged are still largely the problems that concern us. War had stimulated production enormously—the improvement of land, the use of farm machinery, manufacturing outside the home. After the war, prices fell. Class-conscious farmers demanded the middle-class freight rates, right money. The railroad scandals, the collapse of railroad promoters brought on the panic of 'seventy-three. It hit Indiana, closed banks and factories, foreclosed on farmers' homes, enforced a spirit of conservatism for many years. The greenback issue divided the nation into creditor East and debtor West, Indiana in the West.

Natural processes of rehabilitation ended the depression in six years, but the state entered in an era of expansion and prosperity. The center of population shifted to Indianapolis, stressed the railroad, construction in the state climbed by more than a thousand miles in seven decades. Telegraph wires paralleling the roads brought the news of the world to the Hoosier breakfast table. The telephone, at first a toy, became a business necessity, a social godsend. In the Gilded Age Indiana entered the new industrial age, with all its wonders—and all its worries.
er battles they fought with gallantry, in steadily increasing numbers, and with steadily mounting losses. Indiana men led the wild scramble to scale the heights of Missionary Ridge. At a conference at Indianapolis Secretary Stanton commissioned Grant to replace Rosecrans in command of the Union forces, in October 1863.

In the East, a few Indiana regiments fought in the green mountain valleys of West Virginia, and were represented in McClellan's Peninsular Campaign, at second Bull Run, at Antietam (where the Fourteenth, Nineteenth and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana covered themselves with undying glory), at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor and the siege of Petersburg. The Third Indiana Cavalry was on hand at Appomattox to see the apple tree and hear the curtain run down.

The only real taste of war which the folks back home were to experience was Morgan's Raid, of little consequence in general military operations, but for five days a furor of rough and rapid riding and plain and fancy plundering.

Immediately after the capture of Fort Donelson, the first great battle in the West, where a thousand Hoosier soldiers were killed or wounded, Governor Morton hurried to the front with doctors, nurses, supplies. He organized hospital service at Indianapolis and in Ohio River towns. After Shiloh his efforts for the care of the sick and the wounded were redoubled. Many women became nurses and attendants. Many more bound themselves at home making hospital supplies, sewing and knitting for the soldiers. Others took the place of the men in the fields.

One of the highlights of Indiana war history is the care of Confederate prisoners at Camp Morton, Indianapolis. They came in after Donelson, a motley crew. Colonel Richard Owen was in charge, and so considerate was his treatment of the captured that fifty years afterward Confederate veterans placed a bust in the State-House to commemorate his humanity. There were some who thought the Indianapolis citizens quite too kind to the rebel officers.

Oliver P. Morton was a great war governor, in energy and resourcefulness outstanding, the only executive in the Northwest to serve throughout the period of armed conflict. He faced many a crisis—probably the most serious that of 1865, when the session of the legislature ended after party wrangles without appropriations. Morton, assuming a virtual dictatorship, borrowed the needed funds. He was the man for the hour. And next to him in honor one places James F. D. Lanier of Madison, whose New York firm, Winslow, Lanier & Company, lent Morton the money on the sole security of the good faith of a future legislature.

But, in praising these out-and-outers it is not necessary to withhold a tribute to the honest patriotism of those constitutional Democrats who were staunch for the Union, but who raised their voices to demand that the war be conducted with due regard to the fundamental law and the bill of rights. There were some, the peace Democrats, who went farther and were in conscience opposed to the war. Other Hoosiers, going farther still, openly fought in the Confederate Army.

The most bitter trouble came over the draft, and this would seem surprising when one considers that of the total number enlisted in Indiana less than nine per cent were drafted men; the rest were volunteers. The opposition largely developed through the effort to equalize the burden of raising troops in all districts of the state. Enrollment officers were murdered in Rush, Sullivan and other counties. Armed men gathered in resistance. Democrats feared discrimination, and prominent leaders of the party responded to the call to counsel obedience to the laws. The violence was generally thought to have been inspired by the "Order of the Knights of the Golden Circle." It has been organized in the South before the war for the protection and promotion of southern interests, and by 1860 had spread into Indiana, Ohio and Illinois. In 1863 the society became the "Order of American Knights" and in 1864 the "Sons of Liberty." The Indiana membership has been estimated all the way from seventeen thousand to one hundred thousand.

Womn's Place

The nineteenth century found woman a social and legal slave. It left her man's social and, for the unforeseeable future, her legal equal. In this liberation Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen of Indiana played leading roles. The Owenite communities, giving women privileges to which men were not entitled, were the first and only reaction against the great social revolution of the century. Women at last were given an opportunity to live their lives. The advent of Frances Wright speeded it. Against rigid opposition the argument of Owen procured, step by step, the right of a married woman to own and control her property. The vote, for which the reformers cared most, was not won here until the Nineteenth Amendment, red, white, and blue ribbons wavel in unison against the ignorance engendered by war. Mina of New Harmony was among the first women's clubs in the United States. The Propylæum of Indianapolis was the second women's club-house. To Hoosier women seeking to get outside themselves and to express themselves, the earnest clubs have given blessed opportunity. They have been adult education, in their own miniatures. They have thriven on this soil. In the hearts of the side-bar bungs, many a Hoosier maid was wowed behind the hoods of old home Dubbin or a liver-stable nag with disconcerting tail. At the old swimmin'hole the boy learned to give and take a dare. Aromated with hooch, worm oil he indulged in stark and happy antics.
Without discrimination every Democrat was called a 'Copperhead,' that poisonous snake which strikes without warning. There were frequent meetings of Copperheads, some of whom were members of the burning, armed men riding, rumors, accusations, counter-accusations, intolerance generally, much exaggeration.

On May 20, 1863, there was a Democratic mass meeting day at Indianapolis. Thousands came armed. There was no disturbance of the peace. As the trains were leaving soldiers demanded the surrender of the arms. On one train, bound for Cincinnati, the passengers threw their weapons into Pogue's Run rather than give them up. This was the famous 'Battle of Pogue's Run.'

An heroic figure who yielded gradually to the reforms of education was the old-time family doctor. It would be easy to debunk him. He knew so little! A few physicians of early Indiana were college men but most had never been near a medical school; they got their training, like an apprentice, in some practitioner's office. Joseph S. Burr of Connersville, whose sign displayed the famous legend, "ROOT DOCTOR, NO CALOMEL," granted diplomas to his students after three weeks!

But it is not a question here of root doctors, or of quacks, but of the conscientious. As a matter of fact they were often practically perfectly effective.

Anything like a consultation was generally quite out of the question. The physician had to act instantly in an emergency, on his independent judgment, without any of those aids to diagnosis, chemical and electrical, on which the modern doctor may rely. Considering his limitations, the family doctor had a remarkably high batting average of success.

The scope of his practise was wide, you might say boundless. He was a general practitioner, and 'general' connotes a multitude of bodily ills. He treated acute and chronic diseases. He must command a practical surgery as well as a practical medicine—set broken bones, reduce dislocations, sew up wounds; he must play dentist at need and extract the raging tooth. He must wait at the bedside of the expectant mother and be gifted with an obstetrical dexterity and resourcefulness. He must care for all the ills of childhood. He was anything and everything but a specialist.

Taking into account the difficulties of travel, the territory of his practise was almost as wide as its range. At first he made his calls on horseback not without peril. Gradually as the roads got better the sawbuckies with fat saddle-bags became the buggy doctor or the phaeton physician.

It was not because of his actual proficiency but because of his character that the family doctor was beloved in Hoosier hearts. He belonged to the whole family. He was trusted with all the secrets, knew all the sins, was on hand at every crisis, kept his counsel. He was feared and venerated. His word in sickness was law, but tenderness and sympathy were expected of him. Then as now, personality, the bedside manner, counted for much. He must be always ready to respond to a call by day or night. He kept no hours—all his hours were his patients'.

Many of the Hoosier doctors must have left only home cure and self-help to take care of country ills when they were truly social, and education served the Union. Their work on the battle-field and in hospital was as merci-

ful and unselfish as their work had been at home, and just as limited by individual ignorance and the poverty of science. With the rest of the veterans, the doctors came back to Indiana to find a new life, new conditions. The change they found and made, these soldiers, was not all for the better. War always demoralizes some of the warriors. There were thousands of young fellows who fell into habits of hard and heavy drinking 'during the army' and must keep it up at home. Crime flourished, showed itself enterprising and ingenious.

But the picture need not be all black. If some men were ruined by the war, many more had been awakened by its stress and excitement. For these it had been a tremendous energizer. They found in it a liberal education. They had learned how to make roads, build bridges, replace railroad and telegraph lines. Officers had developed executive ability. Few soldiers returned without an increased ability for the job that came to hand.

Compared with all this new hustle and bustle of the cities, life on the farm presents a much less attractive picture. The thrill of pioneering was over, the excitement of soldiering was over. The farmer felt let down, flat. 'When the cloud of the Civil War lifted,' writes Meredith Nicholson in an essay, 'The Story of Democracy in the West,' the farmers were returning to the industrial world, the farmer, viewing the smoke-stacks that advertised the entrance of the nearest towns and cities into manufacturing, became a man with a grievance, who bitterly reflected that when rumors of 'good times' reached him he saw no perceptible change in his own fortunes or prospects, and in bad times he felt himself the victim of hardship or injustice. . . . For many years the farmer was firmly established in the mind of the rest of the world as an object of commiseration. He was shabby, dull and uninteresting.'

Admittedly overdrawn, this portrait. Mr. Nicholson exhorts the prosperous who sneer clear of mortgages, took pride in inherited acres, increased their holdings, if not rich, were ambitious, efficient, enterprising in politics. Of these there was no inconsiderable number.

The wife of the aggrieved farmer was sadder still, at the worst and too often a poor drudge, devoted to incessant toil that was barren of labor-saving devices, without relief until her daughters were old enough to help her out, perhaps breaking down before then, perhaps going crazy from the sheer monotony of a farmhouse that stayed musty though there was a riot of sunshine outside. She was cained, cuffed, confined by her little world of stupid work, with little escape, rare recreation. Church was her only periodic escape, a church of small comfort, a narrow piety, an outpouring of the vials of eternal wrath, a deepening of the encircling gloom—and a hungry minister to cook for after his dreary sermon. Then they did not know one another was a member of the self-appointed village committee. Through this crucible must pass every bit of news before its effect on the community could be accepted or determined. No preacher or teacher, they say, could hold his job if the committee was against him. Sessions were almost continuously in progress, with the attendance shifting and varying. The meeting might be at the blacksmith shop, or the shoe-shop. The gang would get in there and brace their backs against the wall and, jack-knives in hand, 'settle questions that had unsettled long enough.' Political questions especially. Your true Hoosier will talk politics in his sleep or after he is dead.

But the club met with particular regularity at the village store, which was apt to be also the post-office. The circle formed about the cast-iron stove, the coal scuttle and perhaps the cuspidor. A game of checkers would be going on all the while.

The pettiness of the talk was often appalling. Nothing human was foreign to the discussion. Nobody's business was his own. No frality could be concealed. Quarreling was frequent. Some new element was needed to make the club truly social, and education served the Union. Their work on the battle-field and in hospital was as merci-

The Farmer
Up and Down...

Mechanical inventions created great excitement, saved labor on the farms, banished much of the drudgery of growing, stock-raising, dairying diversified the farmer's interests, raised his revenue. A spirit of inquiry and progress stirred in him. The service of Purdue University to Hoosier agriculture has been beyond calculation. It has brought the benefit of science to every acre of the state. Various other agencies have contributed to farm education and rural betterment. On the independent farmer has been bestowed almost embarrassing attentions. Discon
tented with the so-called progress of many Hoosiers became Populists, but the state stuck by sound money. It was once more the epitome of the nation. In the World War Indiana furnished more volunteers, in proportion to her population, than any other state. Acreage of corn and wheat was enormously extended. The value of farm products more than doubled in ten years. In a swirl of hope, farmers bought land at top price, expecting high returns. These were whopping days. Everybody was doing it now. Tenancy increased. The owners were few. Farm land values went soaring down, the mortgage problem intensified. Overproduction, debt and taxes have made the depression most distressing. The condition of the farmers and the federal legislation has galloped to his aid, and help is expected from Nature and horse sense.
Feeling ran high. When the President tried to speak from the balcony of the Bates House in Indianapolis in the bitter campaign of '66, the noise was so great that he could not go on. Shots were fired, a man killed, and the window and almost struck General Grant. After the Fifteenth Amendment had been ratified the excitement died down. Many Republicans joined with Democrats in a desire for amnesty. The state went for Tilden, but many Democrats joined with Republicans in satisfaction over Hayes's liberal policy toward the South.

The modern history of Indiana now begins, a history less local, provincial, distinctive, more thoroughly welded with the whole national and industrial development. Yet the state preserved an individuality due to its commingling of conservative and western traits, which both in politics and economics kept it uncertain and pivotal. The political and economic problems which appeared in the 'seventies are still in large degree the problems that concern us in 1923.

An industrial revolution was in progress before, during and immediately following the Civil War. Already in the 'fifties homespun manufacturing was being undermined by the railways. Lower freight rates, faster service enabled the farmer to ship wheat, corn, hogs to market, instead of flour, whisky, pork. Now he bought, outside the home, articles formerly made in it. Labor was released. Young women turned from the spinning-wheel to teaching school; young men turned to clearing more land, raising larger crops.

Then two hundred thousand men were pulled out of productive labor for the pursuit of war, practically every able-bodied laborer who could be spared. To support them governments became buyers of supplies at prices unprecedented, unheard of. These prices supported the farmer to reach out for labor, to buy new and better implements, to employ every agency for the increase of his product.

The improved land of Indiana was increased by more than two million acres between 1860 and 1870. The value of farm products, including live stock, almost doubled. The value of manufactured products more than doubled, with those lines most closely related to agriculture showing the greatest gain.

Then the war was over, and the boys came back. And many were to find that they were no longer needed. The machine had taken their place. In droves they went west. And though, in spite of that, the population increase of the decade was nearly twenty-five percent, its growth was not so rapid as the increase in production. Commodity prices began to break. Machinery prices went up; the middlemen were blamed. Freight rates went up; the railroads were condemned. The value of money went up, debts increased; inflation was called for. Wheat on the Indianapolis market brought two dollars in 1866 and only one dollar in 1880; other farm produce declined in like ratio. But the profits of the middlemen were not so curtailed. Nor did the freight rates respond. It cost more than fifty cents a bushel to ship grain from Indiana to the seaboard in 1869, and so corn that would be selling for seventy cents in the East might not be selling for more than fifteen cents in the home market.

Unrest and discontent showed themselves in the rapid growth of the Patrons of Husbandry, or the Grange, in Indiana between 1869 and 1875. Though at first social in its purposes, the Grange became almost immediately economic in its designs. For their part, the railroads began to pool their interests to hold the freight rates up. As a matter of fact, they were as deep in trouble as the shippers.

The Credit Mobilier scheme made a mighty stir. It shattered the reputation of Schuyler Colfax, besmirched various Congressmen. Panic spread over the nation, hit Indiana. Factories closed or slowed to half-time. The Indianapolis Board of Trade was deserted. A run on the Indianapolis banks reduced them to uselessness.

John Caven, Mayor of Indianapolis in '76, sought some self-liquidating plan and give labor to the unemployed, saw that it would be accomplished by a great belt
Coal, Gas, Oil, Brick

In step with the railroads the coal industry has expanded in Indiana. With railroads coming all ways from Terre Haute and all serving the vast near-by deposits, a wide market was exploited. Strip mining works devastation to the landscape but produces half the tonnage. Forestry seeks to turn the gray into green and new wealth. To the layman coal-mining suggests long and hideous toil, but between capital and labor. Prolonged they have been in Indiana, if not ugly and bloody than elsewhere in America. Between both sides have suffered. Much business has drifted to other fields. Another problem joins the big parade. The governor has called on Hoosiers to use Hoosier coal. The prodigious waste of natural gas in our biggest cities remains in conservation. The gas era began in 1863, it is an era. But others have known. Wells were sunk everywhere. The gas belt looked like a porous platter. Factories can sell their gas. Wealth multiplied. It cheapness made the people blind to its clean use. They abused it wantonly. Flambeaux flared by day and night in jowls, on farms. A hundred million cubic feet was wasted daily. Soon the supply dwindled. Petroleum had its boom like gas, and yield its lesser peaks. Indiana enjoys an abundance of clays, shales, sands for many kinds of brick.

The telephone was invented by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell in 1875 and first demonstrated to the public at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. The next year the telephone exhibit was on display at the Indiana State Fair, held in Morton Plant, without her instruments, placed in opposite corners of the building, connected by a pair of annuncuator wires. The first telephone exchange in Indianapolis was opened in 1878 in Room No. 66 of the Vance Block (now the Indiana Trust Company building). It was called Bell's Telephone Company. The pioneers were E. W. Gleason and E. T. and James Gilliland. Companies were soon formed and exchanged installed in several other cities and towns in Indiana. Even villages sported exchanges. One of the earliest was at Nineveh, in Johnson County. In 1883 the Central Union Telephone Company was organized in Chicago, with strong Western Union affiliations, and purchased a majority of the telephone exchanges in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio.

City water works systems were installed in the 'seventies. Electric lights came in about the same time as the telephone. Electric street-cars were replacing the old horse or mule cars in the early 'nineties.

In those Gay 'Nineties Indiana was entering the modern industrial age, with all its wonders—and all its worries. The nineteenth century found woman a social and legal slave, bound within the confines of her home and church, stripped of her personal property if she married. It left her man's social and, in all except the suffrage, his legal equal. In this emancipation of Indiana, though slow and cautious to write the advance into enactments, played a notable part, due especially to one woman, Frances Wright, and one man, Robert Dale Owen.

Frances Wright, born in Dundee, Scotland, the rich ward of Jeremy Bentham, having come to America to found a negro community at Nashoba, Tennessee, and having seen it fail, arrived at New Harmony with Robert Owen's celebrated "boatload of knowledge." This was in the winter of 1825-26, and she some thirty years old. At once she made a deep impression on the community. She was a radical alien in politics, morals and religion. She had a strong, logical, independent mind, great eloquence, an undisciplined enthusiasm for benefiting her fellow creatures, a willingness to make great sacrifices, personal and pecuniary.

At New Harmony she saw a mass-phase emancipation of women in effect before she reached it to the lyceum of the nation. Robert Owen's philosophy contemplated equal privileges for the sexes. The schools had been co-educational from the beginning. Women were given equal voice with men in legislation. Widows of members succeeded to the rights and privileges which their husbands had enjoyed. New Harmony did much to start a movement, and Frances Wright by her whirlwind lecture tours of the country did much to accelerate it.

In the 'seventies there was an active campaign in Indiana to secure to women some measure of political protection. The subject had been first brought up in 1843 by a petition to the Assembly. Nothing came of it. Three years later a married woman was given the right to make a will and to have her property at the time of marriage exempted from liability for her husband's debts. Robert Dale Owen argued eloquently at the Constitutional Convention of 1850 for the right of wives to separate property. In 1852 a married woman was given the ownership of real property which had belonged to her before marriage, and, in 1853, of personal property, but she might dispose of the right to marry her husband's consent. Real emancipation did not come until 1881, when, beside the right to own, she was given the right to control.

But the fight was waged most bitterly and persistently over the suffrage. There was a state convention in Indianapolis as far back as 1854, at which the women seemed like peasants of the sixteenth century pleading for liberation, and at which the men looking on were disposed to jeer. There was a close
Colleges and City Life...

In the early days higher education had nothing to do with the environment. It piously taught Greek to brawny youths with huge bare feet and one suspenders each. Public opinion forced in time a course of study related to the life. Then boys and girls crowded to a noble state university, a score of other institutions, to enjoy the light and useful course years. The copper dome of a new state house broke the Indianapolis sky-line. The Hotel English filled quarterly a quadrant of the Circle. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument rose in soaring beauty, to pay its tribute to the silent victors and to be a civic center for city, state and nation. The capital was a place of pleasant homes during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The citizen sat on his front porch, sat and across the lawn to exchange a friendly word with the folks next door, listened to the bands serenade the general visitors. Banty little streetcars, drawn by mules, would stop at a white fence, and the school girl would step out, wrap an arm around her pet, and the people had time for everything—to think, talk, dance, the lancers and embroi dered plume across. Punch bowls and genteel archery were the sports until Papa and Mama and Little Willie all took to the bicycle. But there was no sport for the Hoosier like a torchlight parade.

The mechanization of farming confronts us—a particular phase of the new industrial age.

The McCormick reaper that started a revolution before the Civil War was a crude affair which merely cut the grain and left it unbound in piles. The Marsh harvester improved things by adding a platform where the men could stand and bind the grain. Wire binders were unsatisfactory. The twine known as blow holes had been the hindrance—until James Oliver of South Bend invented the chilled steel mold-board in 1868. Easily scoured, cheap, adaptable to various soils, it leaped immediately into popularity. The Oliver works were to make Indiana one of the great plow manufacturing states.

When one considers the labor saved, the discomfort banished, the excitement of the people over farm inventions is easily grasped. New interests sprang up. Much more land was given to fruit-growing in the 'eighties and 'nineties. Orchards of the finest apples appeared over the state, including the hills of Brown and Monroe Counties once thought hopeless for all but scenery.

Edward Talbott had brought pure-bred short-horn cattle into Indiana as early as 1862, among the first registries of the state. After the panic of '73 farmers gave more and more attention to stock-raising. Dairy farming, especially in the northern counties and around Indianapolis, expanded rapidly.

The mental attitude of the farmer toward his vocation was undergoing a change, too. He had not thought of it as a science. He had reckoned hard labor, fixed by tradition; when you tried experiments, you came a cropper. Those newfangled machines were often a mystery to him. When they broke down he might let them stay that way. With the friendly competition of the state and county fairs, with the talk and discussion at the gatherings of the Grange and other associations, a new conception began to stir in him. A spirit of inquiry and progress animated him.

The founding of Purdue University had much to do with this. The Morrill Act of 1862 did more for the agriculture of the Union than any other one before it. It gave a land grant to every state for an agricultural and mechanical college.

The School of Agriculture offers a regular four-year plan of study, and a two-year plan not leading to a degree. The farmer's son is taught the whole business of the farm. The value of Purdue to Indiana farmers has been and remains incalculable. It has to-day an enrollment of over four thousand five hundred students, and through the manifold and various activities of its Department of Agricultural Extension it reaches, besides, hundreds of thousands of farmers and others who seek a knowledge of farm practise and rural betterment.

Various other agencies have contributed to farm education and improvement: agricultural instruction in the public schools, county agricultural agents, county and state fairs, boys' and girls' clubs. On the farmer has been bestowed an amount of attention that he has at times found embarrassing.

And as the Grange had provided the machinery for Discontent's expression in the seventies, so in the nineties the Farmers' Alliance and the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association were the political agencies, fed by a recrudescent Grange. They contested class legislation, monopolies, trusts, contend for free silver (the old money issue in a new form), the direct election of senators, lower interest rates, a graduated income tax, women's suffrage. The Populist vote in Indiana reached its peak in the election of 1894—nearly thirty thousand, and that was ten thousand less than the highest greenback vote. In '96 Populists of Indiana followed the National People's Party in coalition with the Democrats for William Jennings Bryan, but that is as far as their character.
Electric Power, Motor-Cars, Steel

From that varied and abundant clay are fashioned a multitude of tile and terra-cotta products. Everywhere sidewalks, roads, buildings, bridges, piers, abutments declare the endurance of Portland cement made in Indiana of Indiana clay and lime. Indianapolis was one of the first of all cities to light the streets by electricity. Interurban tracks gridironed the state. Indianapolis remains the greatest electric railway center. Electric power production, harnessed to perform a thousand tasks, reaches 2,879,000,000 kilowatt hours a year. And Indiana has hardly begun to burn her white coal. The state is losing its old farming look. Smoke from a forest of stacks obscures the vision of the growing corn. The internal combustion engine arrived to do its part in changing the little old planet and the dear old state into something new and rapid, rich and strange. The first vehicle in America propelled by gasoline rumbled along a Hoosier road. Eliwood Haynes of Kokomo made the horseless carriage go. Indiana has kept up with the motor parade both in the making and the owning of cars. The state leads all states in miles of surfaced highway. Steel works and rolling mills comprise the largest industry. Ore by boat, coal by railway converge on the Calumet country, where Indiana has her only great problem of the melting-pot.
istic spirit of independence would permit—they nominated a separate state ticket. In that colorful, exciting campaign, a fourth party, the Gold Democrats, held their national con-
vention in Indianapolis. The farmers of the New West were for Bryan, believing free silver meant more money in circu-
lation, higher prices for their produce. But the people of Indiana were not so sure. The state was growing older, more conservative, drawn steadily in closer bonds of business inter-
est with the East, while not losing touch with the prairies and
the South. It was in a peculiar position, as in Civil War days, to
understand both houses. It was again the epitome of the
nation. Indiana gave a moderate majority to McKinley and
“sound money.”

In ’98 when the National Guard was ordered out to
remember and avenge the Maine, it assembled at the State Fair
Grounds in Indianapolis. Populism declined. New discov-
eries of gold, better prices quieted the farmers’ agitation.
The state was turning more to manufacturing, less predominantly
to agriculture. Population was moving from the country to the
town. Counties, cities, towns celebrated with pageantry the centennial of statehood. In the World War Indiana furn-
ished more troops by voluntary enlistment, in proportion to
her population, than any other state, and over one hundred
and thirty thousand men in the war; raised about five hun-
dred million dollars in the war financing; gave the first
American soldier to die on a battle-field of France. In the
production and conservation of the food supply, G. I.
Christie of Purdue was made director of the war farm work.
Acreage of corn and wheat that was encouraged at the
Indianapolis Farm Bureau Cooperative Association, In-
, has for the past thirteen years carried on that cooperative buying endeavor which was once a great hope of the
Grange. The subordinate county associations assemble the orders and send them down to the state office. Goods are shipped at a margin over the wholesale price, and the county office takes another margin, making the cost to the farmers the regular
retail price. But at the end of the year these margins after
deduction of operating expenses are refunded to the farmer.
In quality of corn Indiana leads the nation, wins all the
prizes in the corn shows, ranks third in quantity. Of the
state’s cultivated acreage twenty-two per cent. goes into corn,
eleven per cent. into hay, nine per cent. each into wheat and
oats.

Mechanization has gone on. According to Roll, the value of farm implements and machinery on Indiana farms in-
creased from some twenty-seven million dollars in 1900 to
one hundred twenty-seven million in 1920. Indiana farms
are being electrified at the rate of two thousand one hundred
a year, and one farm of every six now uses electricity for
power and lighting.

Prices rose steadily from the beginning of the century to
the World War, then jumped. The value of farm products
more than doubled between 1910 and 1920. In a swirl of
hope, the farmers bought land at top prices, slapped on mort-
gages to do it. The Federal Government by multiplying farm
loan agencies made mortgaging easy and tempting. The farm
mortgage debt of the state nearly doubled in that decade.

Long before the stock-market smash, the Hoosier farmer
had begun to feel the reaction, suffer the pinch of falling
prices. Farm property went off a billion dollars between 1920
and 1925. Now it is estimated at about half that of 1920. Corn
and wheat went to new lows. After the World War the move-
toward the cities became more rapid and furtive. Many farmers
turned their farms over to tenants, lowering both agricultural
and general community standards. Now this seems to have
been arrested, and the pendulum swings “back to the farm.”

The mortgage problem has intensified, with a considerable
rise during the past two years because of a resort to chattel
mortgages. Taxes have been a burden, adding to the farmer’s
puzzling task of getting more for his product than it costs to
produce. A tariff and embargo war among the nations has
shut off the foreign market for grain. Legislation has gal-
loped to the rescue. In the state effort has been made to shift
the weight of taxes from land to income and intangibles.

The summer packing of pork which revolutionized the industry was an Indiana invention. The “summer-pack” rapidly expanded the packing industry and its exports. Nearly
3,340,000 hogs, fattened with eighty per cent. of the state’s
corn crop, are sold annually from Indiana farms, bringing
the highest prices in the corn belt and producing twenty-five
per cent. of the farmer’s cash income. If women were chattels at the beginning of the nineteenth
century, men were lap-dogs by the end of it. Drinking in those days was about the only manly art left, the only sur-
viving sport for men. The saloon generally stood on the
corner, with entrances on both streets and beer signs to allure
the male pedestrian on either. In the dim interior the bar
counter ran all along one side, with the ceiling lighted in
front of it. Sawdust on the floor, cheese and leberrurst at
the end of the bar, a little round pretzel bowl, a prehistoric
pickle, the inveterate pretense of “Free Lunch” were high
spots of atmosphere. The saloon was the “poor man’s club.”
But indeed not his only. Eminent business men, even Mr.
Banker, slipped into discreet places in discreet alleys.

From the first there was close connection in Indiana be-
tween corrupt politics and saloon drinking. In the old days brbry
meant treating to corn whisky. The best brewer proved the
best candidate. Political issues were liquefied and decided by
barrel hospitality. In due time saloons became the outset,
blockhouses and underground railroad stations of political
control, and the brewery was the citadel. It was a well-oled
machine that could be set almost instantly into effective
motion. The outraged sense of Indiana was finally aroused
against the saloon, not only because of the wreck of indi-
vidual lives, but perhaps even more because of this infilt-
tration of liquor business in civic business.

A social institution more picturesque and far more whole-
some, if decidedly more intermittent, was the county fair and
its big brother, the state fair. For the first time at the Indiana
Military Park in Indianapolis town and country came from twenty to
a hundred miles in horse or ox wagons, camping along the
way, enjoying the balmy air of Indian summer. Fireworks
were displayed each night, and P. T. Barnum’s museum and
menagerie furnished endless amusement. After being passed
around to various cities, the state fair settled down to perma-
nent location in the state capital, at first in Morton Place and
after 1892 in its present grounds. The colosseum was built
in 1908.

The county fairs offered their annual diversion on a homier
and more neighborly scale. Peddlers found it easy to over-
sell the fair-gazers. Spielers for candy, peanuts, red lemons-
ade, whistling whips, made their way in and out of the
fair. One peddler traveled from county to county, displaying their
faked monstrosities. But the balloon ascension was the big
event. When the sulky races began, all the men crowded over
to cheer. Deacon Bud might get a little on the quiet.

If such were the patterns of Indiana life, what of the inter-
preters of that life? It would be forgotten and meaningless
without them. There are the racy recorders of pioneer experi-
ence—Sandford C. Cox, Oliver H. Smith, D. D. Banta, W.
W. Woolen, and the pioneer historians, John B. Dillon
and William M. Cockrum; and the later historians whose patient
research and constructive craft have brought the Indiana
story into order: Jacob Piatt Dunn, Logan Esarey, George S.
Cottman, Julia H. Levering, George B. Lockwood, Kate
Milner Rabb, and Charles Roll, author of the latest, best
arranged and most up-to-date account of Indiana. Whatever is
factual in these pages of picture and description is owed to
them.

There is the distinctive poet, James Whitcomb Riley, who,
with rarest humor, gentles sentiment and complete mastery
of the dialect, has fixed for ever the Hoosier types and made
them current the nation over, so that to no one thinks of Indiana
thinks of Riley and whoever knows of Riley knows him as the
Hoosier Poet. And the lesser poets, each piping a true but
different song of Indiana, Sarah T. Bolton, Benjamin S.
Parker, Will H. Thompson, Mary Louise Chitwood, For-
cythe Willson, Evaene Stein, William Herschell and others.
Parks, the Circus, the Klan, the Press

Rural Indiana is no longer isolated. It is suburban. The forest that once made for seclusion and perished in the advance of settled life grows again in the state's reserves. State parks protect the native scenery, preserve the local history, lure to the outdoors. Hospitals add the state with service scientific and humane for all the citizenry, young and old. Prisons and jails, full of late were full to overflowing. There is more room since Indiana ceased to be bone dry. Peru is the winter city of the circus, the home of the resting menagerie. In reducing loss by fire the state has made an enviable record. Fiery crosses burned in fields, on hillsides. Crowds gathered in white robes and visored cowlts. They did no violence to neighbors, raised a cry against a distant and imagined menace. A salesman corrupted and fanatical turned the Klan to dangerous political currents. Her sister states scoffed at Indiana. Take notice, sisters, that Indiana put her house in order. The press is generally high-minded, passionately loyal to state and nation, strongly partisan in politics, distinctly Hoosier in policies and features. It has a tradition of courage, has won national recognition for distinguished service, holds to an informal, friendly tone. Indiana is air-minded, well equipped for air transit, well served by air.
With the novelists we have preserved our social history and entertain the world with characters and incidents imagined but all compact of truth. Edward Eggleston gave us lively narratives of the second, the illiterate, generation. Booth Tarkington and Meredith Nicholson have turned at times to other scenes but they are at their best when they are back home in Indiana. Tarkington, now become the dean of American novelists, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize in fiction, has held up the mirror to the normal American family, the normal Hoosier scene. The work of Nicholson, poet, essayist, publicist as well as story-teller, constitutes a loyal, high-minded, outspoken, penetrating and valuable criticism of our life. There are the popular spinners of gallant tales who wandered far back into the past or far off to realms of romance: General Low Wallace, Charles Major, George Barr McCutcheon. On the scroll belong, too, such favorites as George Cary Eggleston; Maurice Thompson, of Crawfordsville, who found witchery in archery and told of Alice in Old Vincennes; Gene Stratton Porter, who wrote lovingly alike of moths, butterflies and birds of the Limberlost and the simple human hearts about her; Anna Nichols and Elizabeth Miller, of Indianapolis; Elmer Davis, of Aurora; Franklin, Oxford and New York; Margaret Weymouth Jackson, of Spencer; McCready Huston, of South Bend, and a host besides.

Two humorists we claim as peculiarly ours, knowing that their humor would have sagged without the Hoosier tang: George Ade and Kin Hubbard, experimenters in slates of satire, the one by stage play and colloquial fable, the other by a daily pair of pungent epigrams.

There are outstanding Hoosier men of letters, true sons of this soil, who have concerned their writings less with the local situation. Albert J. Beveridge gave a new dignity and fascination to American biography in his superb Marshall and his unfinished Lincoln. Claude G. Bowers has found in the pages of old newspapers a way to impart vivid color and stir to the party spirit of American politics. But beyond these, there were others who have been here a sound and industrious school of historians and biographers: Julian, Ridpath, English, Howe, Foulke, Woodburn and others. There are those who, native to this state, won names of moment elsewhere: John Hay, Joaquin Miller, William Vaughn Moody, Julia Constance Fletcher, David Graham Phillips, Theodore Dreiser.

Much has been written to explain the prodigious and sudden flowering of literary effort in Indiana in the early part of the present century. Thomas R. Marshall attributes the literary fecundity more to the traveling library than to any other cause. Others have noted the strong native element, the melting of southern warmth and Yankee dryness, the tangle history, the Hoosier "difference," all coming into a self-conscious spirit of achievement. Indiana produced the Wabash. They may be said in the presence of a publishing house that gave an outlet for the local production. But most important influence of all was the successful example and generous encouragement of Riley. He demonstrated that one for the literary artist was right at hand, that it was pay ore too, and with warm praise he inspired every budding talent he discerned.

Mr. Marshall's reference to the traveling library deserves no comment. The first state constitution provided for county libraries, and a law of 1837 for permissive school-district libraries, but there were few results. The first real relief came with the Sunday-School libraries arranged for by the Indiana Sabbath-School Union. The next movement of extent was the Maclure "workingmen's libraries," William Maclure of New Harmony bequeathed five hundred dollars to any club or society of laborors who would establish a reading-room with at least one hundred volumes. So one hundred and forty-four associations were formed in Indiana. The school law of 1852 provided for a special tax for township libraries, and while the distribution was most imperfectly and unequally, they proved important and useful. The Indiana Library Association, formed in 1891, agitated for more liberal library laws. Literary clubs and other groups lent support. With the new century the development was rapid. By 1930 seventy-three per cent of the people enjoyed library service. A year later there were two hundred twenty-two public libraries in Indiana, one endowed, the rest supported by taxes.

The art impulse really began in 1878 when James F. Cookins of Terre Haute and John W. Love opened in Indianapolis the first Indiana school of art, held exhibitions and helped to initiate an Indiana Art Association. The school was a prompt financial failure. But William Forsyth had studied in it, and T. C. Steele had exhibited in it, and inspired by it they went to Europe, with J. Otis Adams and Otto Stark, for further study. They drifted home, opened studios. To their number was added Richard B. Gruelle, following close in the wake of those who had had more opportunity for study. In the winter of 1894 some of these men held an exhibition in the Denison Hotel under the auspices of the Art Association of Indianapolis. Hamlin Garland saw the exhibition, persuaded the Central Art Association to take it to Chicago.

Alone of that coterie Forsyth now survives, painting still with verity and freshness in his developed style. New hands have caught up the torch,—Clifton A. Wheeler, J. P. Bundy and others.

Francie Weyman Adams, Simon P. Bau and others have gained distinction. The illustrations of Will Vawter, Fred C. Yohn, Franklin and Hanson Booth, George and Worth Brehm and Johnny Gruelle are familiar in many a book and magazine. The cartoons of John T. McCutcheon have made history. There lives no more expert designer of humorous books than Bruce Rogers, born in Lafayette, director of the University Press of Cambridge.

William M. Chase was born not far from Franklin, studied under Barton S. Hays in Indianapolis. Among the leading sculptors, Indiana claims Janet Scudder, of Terre Haute, and, with less color, George Grey Barnard, whose father was a Presbyterian minister of Madison.

The Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis was the bequest of John C. Herron, an Englishman by birth, a resident of Franklin County and later of Indianapolis. The "Hoosier Salon," sponsored by a group of Indiana women in Chicago, has been a practical stimulus to young and ambitious painters and sculptors.

While a distinctive literature and art were developing in the state, higher education went through an evolution to fit it to the environment. Down to 1870 there was an abundance of colleges, but a paucity of students. The religious character of the public opinion furnishes one reason. Ministers, professors, college presidents believed that the first, and almost the last, duty of a college was to teach Christian doctrine and ethics. Teachers from the East, theologically trained and evangelically minded, felt themselves missionaries to the barbarous. The sons of pioneers were not so keen for this ecclesiastical rule.

Besides, a sectarian narrowness marked the churchly influence. In the third quarter of the century there was a great hue-and-cry against the Universalists and the new agnostics, many of whom were men in college or just out. The teaching of natural sciences, the doctrine of evolution, was held responsible. The State University was decried by some because legally it could not be sectarian; by others, because it was accounted virtually Presbyterian.

Individualism was the guide of life. College partisanship was as strong as sect pride. And political partisanship suffered, too.

The old frontier scorn of the pedagogue persisted. With him he had imported a scholasticism as foreign to the soil as his clerical garb. Outside of Christian Ethics, the curriculum was supposed to afford a so-called "liberal" education, which meant only the classics and mathematics. Anything practical was abhorred. The demand for change became more clamorous. Caleb Mills led a fight for colleges that would train teachers. The State Normal School was opened in Terre Haute in 1870. Various Independent Normals served and thrived. An agricultural department and school of engineering were started at the State University, given over to Purdue when that great school was started. Hanover was always in
Indiana Puts Her Trust in Work

South of the glacial drift outcroppings of limestone furnish the finest building stone in the world, workable, elastic, durable, strong and beautiful. All over the land sculptured memorials, towering piles are poems written in the Hoosier rock. The solidarity of the Old Northwest was shown when bank troubles in Michigan were followed by bank troubles in Indiana. Then came the national holiday—anxious days, but Hoosiers met them with equal and friendly hearts. Anxious are the days still. But if the farmer worries over the price of corn, he does not starve. Nobody starves in Indiana. If industry limps, it goes on. Spirits rise to the slogan "Modernize now and give some fellow a job." Where shall the state put her trust if not in work, faithful, intelligent, kindly, determined? The struggle will avail.

the true sense liberal toward science. Rose Polytechnic was opened at Terre Haute in 1883 to give courses in mechanical and civil engineering and chemistry. Adequate recognition of science was not effected until the 'eighties when Louis Agassiz, David Dale Owen, Richard Dale Owen, David Starr Jordan, John M. Coulter, John and Josephus Collett and the Indiana Academy of Science made their influence felt.

Young women were at first put in separate schools because of course such light minds could not be expected to master the weight of Mathematics, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Latin and Greek. When Northwestern Christian (Butler) admitted women in 1853, it was to segregate them in a Ladies' Course. In 1867 the trustees of Indiana voted four to three to let women in.

Professional schools appeared. A law school was introduced at Indiana in 1840, at Asbury in 1853, at Notre Dame in 1868. A medical school was a part of "La Porte University" in 1842. The Indiana Central Medical College was established at Indianapolis under the auspices of Indiana Asbury in 1848. Others followed, and a group were combined as the Indiana University School of Medicine in 1907. A School of Commerce and Finance was established in 1920, a School of Music in 1921, a School of Education in 1923, and a School of Dentistry in 1923—all parts of Indiana University.

In the later decades of the century, formal crust and pious behavior began to slough off from Indiana college life. Students ceased to scorn delights and to live entirely laborious days. They raised Ned, made a racket, gave vent to animal spirits. Doubtless refining influences restrained the rough house at coed. institutions.

At Indianapolis the swelling fortunes of the state were being expressed in much building. In 1877, with the control of the houses divided, an act was passed providing for the appointment of commissioners to build a state-house costing not more than two million dollars. The plans of Edwin May, of Indianapolis, were accepted, and the building, of Indiana limestone with a copper dome, was completed in 1888.

In 1880 William H. English announced his intention of building a fine theatre, and on September 27, that year, English's Opera House was opened with Lawrence Barrett in the title role of Hamlet. The Bates House, on the Claypool site, had been the hotel of history. Now the Hotel English was erected beside the Opera House and in 1897 extended to fill a quadrant of the Circle.

A wave of enthusiasm passed over the country to commemorate the valor and sacrifice of the Civil War heroes. Through Hoosier towns, like towns in other states, it scattered atrocities of cheap sculpture. But there was nothing tawdry about the state's own memorial. In the 'seventies and 'eighties an Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument was projected. The
competition for an architect was world-wide. Bruno Schmitz of Coblenz, Germany, received the commission. The Monument was an evolution; its first conception bore but slight resemblance to the completed shaft; it crept upward slowly from behind a high wooden fence. The memorial "To Indiana's Silent Victors" in four wars rises nearly two hundred and eight-five feet as a true and far-marked civic center.

The homes which citizens built for themselves in these days remain, where they survive at all, possessed of a singular dignity and charm. Behind the house was a stable, gay with the laughter and shouting of darky grooms. Front lawns were the index of the social register. In this friendly city, the people sat on the front porches or the back lawns and visited back and forth through the long summer evenings.

The people "had time for everything; time to think, to talk, time to read, time to wait for a lady." They had time to dance the old-fashioned square dances. Prominent citizens would pause for a leisurely word while they took a drink at the old town pump by the Federal Building.

Bloomer girls were eyed askance. What could be done with this new generation? The man with a tandem was popular, but he paid for it in the long run.

There were fine preachers in Indianapolis in those days, men of eloquence, scholarship and Emersonian pungency. The greatest actors always appeared in the early spring after their New York engagements. But of course to Hoosiers there was no diversion comparable to a political campaign. It was the year's great open sporting event. And these years saw some marvelous campaigns. There was the campaign of Harrison, Indiana's own candidate, in '88, with pilgrims parading, bands playing, partisans cheering, and souvenir-hunters carrying away the front fence. That was good. But the first Bryan campaign was better. It split families, dividing father from son, brother from brother. There had never been such crowds as turned out to greet the Peerless Leader when he came into the state. Enthusiasm mounted to frenzy. It had the aspect of a crusade. To hymn tunes were set new words that defied silver.

Most of the early use of coal was for the smelting. Little general notice of it was taken before 1850, though flatboat loads were shipped from the Wabash ports to New Orleans in the 'thirties and it was said to have stood successful competition with coal from Pittsburgh. With the enormous abundance of fire-wood from the great Indiana forest, cheap and almost reaching to the cities' gates, there was no call for coal, no real supply, no market. The sawmills, which were the chief factories, supplied their own fuel. The early locomotives and most steamers burned wood. But it should be mentioned that a company of New Englanders was chartered by the state in 1837 to mine at Coal Haven in Perry County and for over fifty years supplied coal to passing steamboats.

Indiana Puts Her Trust in Thought

Basketball is played best and most in Indiana. The Speedway motor race is one of the world's great sporting events. Architects pores over plans for future if not present buildings. Artists find a present solace in creation. Hoosier maidens put on a bold front in the depression. The bread-line forms. Poor relief is organized everywhere. New taxes are voted. Sweeping powers are given the governor. Indiana chemists, cooperating with physicians, have shared in the development of important medical discoveries, that aid relief of pain, the restoration of health, and the prolongation of the lives of many sufferers from disease. Where shall the state put her trust if not in thought, scientific, political, spiritual? There lies her hope to overbalance every counsel of despair.
Almost all this early coal came from small open cut mines driven into the side of the hill, in which showed outcroppings. Before the railroads the coal obtained from these so-called "drift" mines was hauled by teams of horses. The first recorded "drift" mine—that is, a mine sunk in the earth down to the underlying seam and hoisting the coal to the surface—was operated by John Hutchinson in 1850 a mile east of Newburgh on the Ohio River. In 1851 a coal company, which burned to a white ash and without coking, was discovered in Clay County while a man was digging a well.

The coal area is estimated at about seven thousand square miles, scattered in western, southwestern and southwestern districts of the state. Beneath the surface of some twenty-six counties lie, the coal in this state, not less than forty billion tons of coal.

The expansion of the Indiana coal industry was in its inception directly in connection with the railroad and industrial development. The Civil War delayed the business; the general expansion after the war saw it go forward rapidly, and always with the railroads. Commercial mines required railroad connections. When John R. Walsh of Chicago promoted and built the Southern Indiana Railroad, his chief purpose was to tap the Green County coal fields and the Monroe and Lawrence limestone deposits.

Walsh's railroad running all ways from Terre Haute and all of them serving the vast deposits underlying the adjacent territory, a wide market for his coal was provided. The coal industry, however, was slow in development and became nationally known as the coal-producing center of the state. And when the railroads began to thrive, about 1900, there was an exodus of the industries that had used this fuel from eastern Indiana to other sections where other cheap coal was available and freight rates were low. An industrial boom resulted in the western section—and those social problems which inevitably follow in a boom's wake.

Some ten years later coal production entered upon a new phase in operation—slowly at first but rapidly gaining momentum. Strip mining began. It was discovered that enormous deposits of fuel were available if the earth, slate, etc., called the "overburden" could be removed. These deposits lie from ten to thirty feet beneath the surface. The overburden is got out with blasting powder and steam shovel, and the uncovered coal in turn blasted and steam-shoveled into the railroad cars. By reason of its ease of operation and reduced costs strip mining has gone forward with great rapidity, from about 25 per cent. of the coal tonnage of Indiana.

Meanwhile the state has turned its attention to the ridges of dirt that lie here and there in the country an eyewater, and started reforestation. Trees grow splendidly in that soil. Several varieties of pines, oaks, elms, birches, and sycamores, with some black locust and black walnut, are being planted over the old mine sites; just enough each year to cover the ridges thrown up the year before.

To the layman coal mining is synonymous with strikes, with long and bitter disputes of capital and labor. The impression is as correct of Indiana as of other coal districts of America, although the conflicts have not been so ugly and bloody here. Almost from the very beginning of the open active business the labor situation was dominated by the United Mine Workers. The operators and the miners worked under a two-year agreement which expired in April of the even years. In the event of their failing to negotiate a new working agreement before the expiration of the old, work ceased until a new contract was signed. Sometimes these periods of enforced idleness were prolonged for months and sometimes for a year or more. While they were idle the miners drew a dolce from the union to sustain life.

The history of industry in Indiana is the coal output of the state reached its peak—30,678,634 tons. As a result of constant conflict between operator and union both have suffered. On May 16, 1953, Governor McNutt sent out an appeal to all public officials to use Indiana coal in accordance with the law. There are facts that the unemployment in the mines has steadily declined since 1923, that the problem of unemployment is now more acute in the middle, eastern counties than in any other section of the state.

Another fuel of enormous value to Indiana for a score of years was natural gas. With the possession of the state of Indiana by the prairie forest its prodigious wealth provides our greatest lessthe in the value of conservation. It had been found in Posey County and back as early as 1836. The gas is held in pockets of porous Trenton limestone at some distance below the surface and when a well is drilled the gas escapes, sometimes with a rush of terrific force. That Indiana had rock capable of high pressure flow was established in 1890 when wells were sunk at Portland and Kokomo. With wild excitement people rushed to see the wonder. The gas exploded. Real estate jumped. New gas companies were formed daily. The failure of gas in Indiana has reversed the market in Pennsylvania and Ohio sent factories scurrying to new sites. The capitalists were greeted in Indiana towns with hundreds of gas torches overarchsing the streets.

The gas area of Indiana was many times larger than the state. There were five thousand square miles, in whole or in part in some twenty-six counties. The large area, in the central eastern section of Indiana and Delaware Counties the center of greatest supply. Pipe-lines were used to transport the gas to territory outside the productive limits.

The impetus was astonishing. The gas fuel was so cheap some towns offered it free to factories and industries to be used to overoh the wells. Gas was especially valuable in working upon glass, iron, steel, and metal, which require an even, intense heat. The extent of these industries was multiplied. Population multiplied too. Towns sprang up in corn-fields. Hamlets grew into cities.

The generation of this fuel had been the work of ages. Pressure on the supply will probably have continued to enrich the gas patches for an ordinary lifetime, perhaps, longer. It was anything but conserved! The chief items in the gigantic waste were lack of care or competence at the wells, burning in the open, extravagance in domestic use due to the fixed rate contract in stead of the meter system, the state government's failure to prevent abuses. The pipe-lines were badly built, with leaks galore. Factories were outrageously lavish. In the first years of development a hundred million cubic feet were wasted every day, ten million alone from leaving wells unexposed. Actually the gas attack began to go underground rapidly. There was suffering in the hard winter of '92-'93 because of the shortage. Salt water advanc(ed). Every little point of use of gas had to be given up gradually after 1900. The "gas belt" became a useless remembrance. In very recent years the production of natural gas has increased slightly.

Petroleum was associated with natural gas in the Trenton rock of Indiana. In 1889 it was found in a well sunk near the village of Key stoned in Wells County. The first really successful attempt to develop an oil field was in 1897 near Alexandria, in Madison, the very center of the high gas pressure. Seventy-five oil wells were drilled in less than a year. A majority of these produced but little oil and test gas only. Measures to protect the gas at the expense of the oil were opposed. Enormous quantities were allowed to escape rather than close the oil wells. The production of petroleum from Indiana was reported at some sixty-three thousand barrels in 1890. In 1904 it had leaped to over eleven million barrels. In 1925 oil coupons for the oil country looked a wilderness of derricks. Since then the supply has steadily diminished.

Indiana, in the past, has in having within her borders the natural resources for so many of the products she uses. Among these are the clays, shales and limestones that make bricks are made. Brick is only one of many products Indiana owes to that great bed of clay. Indiana, ranking fifth in the country, markets annually about fifteen million dollars' worth of clay products; in the manufacture of drain tile her rank is second to no state. The seven pottery plants with a payroll valued, in 1929, at nearly four millions. Lying near Chicago are extensive deposits of nearly pure magnesite, or lime rock. The presence of terra cotta fireproof material for building purposes. One of the great current of goods that has been developed in Indiana is the ideal for the present and will continue to be the great revival of business there should be a rooseate future for the whole Indiana clay industry.

And sand—sand necessary in the manufacture of glass, Indiana has unlimited supplies of it, the nearest quarries being in Michigan. The Mansfield sandstone that lies along the western border. In the natural-gas era glass works were established in Indiana, and these operations were to outrank only by Pennsylvania. Even today, when the number of factories has greatly decreased, the state stands first in the manufacturing of bottles and fruit jars.

Northward in Indiana the country is covered by a clay sheet, the glacial drift, which buries the bed-rock far beneath the surface. To the south there are great outcroppings of a limestone strata from twenty-five to a hundred feet thick. The politic of Lawrence, Monroe and Owen Counties makes the finest building stone in the world. With railroad transport and the invention of channeling machines, the great development. Quarry after quarry was opened, and the industry assumed formidable proportions.

The great eastern state in the Union uses Indiana limestone. The great eastern states and the eastern districts is the largest quarry center for the production of building stone anywhere. It supplies fifty different kinds of all kinds of limestone, from one per cent. of the cut building stone used in America. Much of it is cut to order or carved for decoration before shipped.

Indiana limestone has a number of properties to account for its popularity. It is soft when quarried and hardens and hardens with exposure to air. It is easily fashioned to any desired shape. Because of the enormous blocks into which it can be cut, it is well suited to sculptural and monumental pur poses. The great capital of the U.S., the En thusiastic Cathedral in Washington are each shaped from a single block that weighed a hundred tons. For all its easily working qualities it is exceedingly elastic, durable and strong. Its weight-bearing strength per foot is over one hun dred and thirty-five thousand pounds. It stands any sort of weather exposure. It is comparatively cheap. And it is most beautiful.

The enormous demand for cement for concrete sidewalks, concrete highways, buildings, bridges, piers, abutments, etc., stimulated its production in Indiana tremendously. Rock containing the chief constituents of cement rock clay is found along the Ohio, and this "natural" cement has long been manufactured in Clark County. The concrete work on the Indiana University Indiana at Bloomington, Indiana, was made with Indiana cement.

The first successful manufacture of Portland cement in this country was perfected at South Bend in 1877-78. Indiana is the second cement-producing state in the Union.

In the early 'eighties that marvel of marvels, the electric light, appeared in Indiana. The Home billiard at Fort Wayne was the first to boast electric lights. The first in the state was in Wabash, Indiana, claims to have been one of the first cities in the world to light streets by electric light.

The first successful operation of an electric railroad came at the end of the same decade—at Richmond. But another ten years passed before the city railroad at Lafayette was equipped electrically and the Fairview Park Line in Indianapolis operated by electric. The interurban railroad was a long发展的 twenty century. Since then there has been little development outside the cities. In fact, the total mileage has decreased from 7,000 in 1925. But on 1,878 miles of main track the heaviest electric railroad traffic in the country is carried. Indiana has an interurban tran section terminal station, and remains the
the nineteenth century. Gas, now manufactured in some thirty-six plants since the natural gas was burned up, had a production valued at close to seven million dollars. In 1899, Indiana stands first in the manufacture of kitchen, porch, hall and miscellaneous furniture, second in the value of agents produced, fifth as to aluminum products. Meat packing amounts to more than ninety million dollars annually.

The state, so long a farming country, has lost its prevailing characteristic. There are fewer people now engaged in farm pursuits than there were fifty years ago. The number employed in manufacturing has increased. Thirty-five times as much was being generated by fuel as by water-power. The waterfalls in the streams, which were still a source of great development in Indiana as generators of electric power, the state has hardly begun to mine its "white coal."}

Then there is the internal combustion engine to do its part in transforming the little old planet into something new and rich and strange, with all unsolved problems and all the unassimilated factors of Robot Times. The first gasoline-propelled vehicle in America was a Hoosier product. Elwood Haynes made it at Kokomo. The Pioneer" worked up a speed of eight miles an hour. Later, with a larger engine and rubber tires, they and their "Pioneers" ran in the first thousand-mile run, from Kokomo to New York.

Before the beginning of the twentieth century the motor vehicle was looked on generally as a fad and a freak which could not possibly be of practical value. The jeep "Get a horse!" followed it wherever it went shaking its riders till their teeth rattled. Manufacture was negligible to the statisticians as late as 1899. Business men still wagged their heads and allowed it to stand fast—only fast—when they were on the very verge of the Automobile Age.

In 1910 the prosperous Indiana has kept up with the procession both in the making and owning of cars. In 1929 fifteen establishments turned out motor vehicles to the value of over two hundred million dollars; sixty-seven factories made bodies and parts valued at ninety millions. Later figures seem not available, but of course the industry has suffered greatly since the crash. Indianapolis own more than seven hundred thousand passenger cars, one hundred twelve thousand trucks, six thousand school buses, and one thousand school buses. Twenty-five transcontinental motor highways pass through the state. The old National Road goes 40," Indiana and other states in mileage of surfaced highways. Over a hundred and sixty millions have been spent in the construction of this public works, which will be of great importance to internal trade of the state, and of the country.

The state parks system of Indiana is a model of its kind and has been widely copied. A state fire marshal, with deputies, secretaries and clerks, has been established to prevent fires, and a fire insurance department has been created to compel fire departments in counties, townships, etc., to act as assistants. The department has under its supervision: the prevention of fire; the storage, sale, and use of combustible and explosive materials; the installation and maintenance of automatic or other fire-alarm systems and fire-extinguishing apparatus; the suppression of arson and the investigation of causes of fires.

Records of all fires are kept. Insurance companies must turn in their reports. The law of 1913 provides for compulsory fire-dale in the schools, and so has saved the lives of many children. The city of Indianapolis has had much to do with curtailing the frequency and the danger of fires. The city organization for prompt and effective action has cut down immeasurably the number of fires and the extent of damage. In the campaign to reduce losses in 1931 Indianapolis ranked second among all cities of its general size in the total loss that was saved, which was less than thirty little over five hundred thousand dollars. Its insurance rates are the lowest applied to any city of its class. In 1913 the federal government established the national record of nineteen seconds for speed in starting a run, laying hose and "throwing water." In 1914 the department made new records, and in 1916 the horsecar drivers and their horses, the firemen, the men in the pump chamber, and the hand-brake engines called the "Good Intent" and the "Spirit of Seventy-Six" that did duty eighty years ago.
In rural communities the losses remain relatively heavy.

The fierce, unreasoning nationalism produced by the World War had inevitable reactions in the rural texture of the nation. People had been trained to excitement and mass hatred, but with the armistice the sensations of 1917 and 1918 were over. They left the craving for an equivalent. The hysteria of war and the propaganda that fostered it, turned inward.

In the South an old organization of the carpetbag days was revived under new leaders. The Ku Klux Klan was given a new life, designed, according to its founder, to stop immigration. The leaders were business men, bent on making money. They found it easy to do. They offered the lure of a secret society, of spectacular regalia, of a crusade to protect Cross and Flag, all for an initiation fee of ten dollars. The Klan spread. It came to Indiana.

There it found welcome. The Klan as developed among Hoosiers took delight in parades, in mass meetings, in mystic warnings. It fed on the neighborhoodliness of thousands of rural folk in the country and in the rural-minded in the cities. The same factors that made Indiana the most highly organized state in the Union among lodges and fraternal orders, that gave social significance to fraternities and sororities long after college days were over, made the Hoosier soil a fertile field for the new Klan. It grew naturally, as weeds grow in black earth. It grew as the Know-Nothing Party had grown two generations before.

It is perhaps accidental that there came to Indiana at this juncture the most able, skillful and unscrupulous leader in the history of the Klan movement. He found the highly centralized character of the state, the like-mindedness of a great body of its citizenry an opportunity to his liking. A born organizer, he turned the Klan into an appeal to the "liveliest prejudices that inspire men to put upon their fellows" and presented this appeal to a population passionately patriotic and overwhelmingly native-born, white, Gentile. A high-pressure salesman of double-distilled power, he sold fright and hatred, while at the same time he appealed persuasively to finer instincts. But he knew right well that he couldn't get far with hate talk about peaceable old neighbors. As Mr. Morton Harrison pointed out in the Atlantic Monthly, the alarm would be raised against some unknown alien in another county, against some imaginary wave of black labor from the South, against a group of international bankers in New York, against the Pope across the waters. A smart psychologist—his office was full of books on psychology—he instructed his agents to divide each community into two factions, one for and one against the Klan, and he kept the organization thriving on opposition. He declared war on vice, the bootleggers and blind tigers. He specialized in Klavalkades, meetings about a fiery cross, dressed regalia of rainbow hues to local leaders. He coined money in the sale of memberships, robes and Klavern equipment, and found that he had coined power. He fostered that power by a spy system patterned on war models and a poison squad of gossip. The Klan under his manipulation became a political factor not to be trifled with. Voting almost as a bloc, it could be made to turn an election. It did little or no violence. It did not strike with "the lash, the tar brush and the torch." But commercially its membership was numerous enough to present an effective boycott against any merchant who failed to do it favor. Men joined in self-defense, politicians knuckled to its influence. But its life was brief. The leader was jailed on a murder indictment. The organization fell to pieces. There were less than seven thousand members left when in 1928 the Imperial Wizard ordered the Klan unmasked and formed in its place the Knights of the Green Forest to help the country assimilate its alien population.

There was much laughable about the Klan—"big old boots sticking out under white sheets, old farm horses shying because of the prevalence of flowing robes," paraders stiff with self-consciousness, the Grand Dragon arriving late at a field meeting in purple robes and a gilded airplane, to explain his tardiness because "the President of the United States kept him unduly long counseling over the telephone 'upon vital matters of state.' There was much pathetic about it. In every community excellent and sincere citizens were on its secret roster, innocents who had been victimized by its promise of war on vice. If there is little to Indiana's credit in her Klan history, it is to be remembered in her favor that she proceeded relentlessly but with due process of law to prosecute the corrupt andavaricious politicians. And that is more than many of her sister states can claim.

It is to be noted too that no newspaper in the state of any standing supported the Klan. This is characteristic of a press generally high-minded and with a tradition of courage.

Though the Indiana papers have accepted their share of standardization in syndicate features of all kinds, they have for the most part maintained policies distinctly Hoosier. They have always been violently loyal to Indiana, while being strongly partisan in politics local and national. Both the Democratic and the Republican editorial associations, consisting of the editorial heads and, in perhaps a majority of cases, the actual owners, take an active and salient place in the strategy of every campaign.

While all papers carry their share of national and international news, the papers in the smaller towns are jealous to preserve their local flavor. Readers are proud of the editorial policies, take a hand themselves in furnishing news and making contributions. There are distinctively Hoosier features of wide popularity. Kate Milner Rabb's "Listening Post" has followers in every county. William Herschell's popular ballads are syndicated throughout the state. Chic Jackson, cartoonist of a Hoosier family, has a daily strip in more than a dozen papers. Mary Bostwick's jingles are popular from Lake Michigan to Ohio.

It is significant that the one great chain paper in the state, the Indianapolis Times, has been outspoken in local problems and has received, through a Pulitzer Prize, national recognition for its crusading work. Distinguished service in tax reform won another Pulitzer Prize award for the Indianapolis News.

Indiana is well served by air. The state is connected with east and west mail, express and passenger service. Indianapolis is directly in the line of the safest, swiftest, most economical and most direct transcontinental airway, in the path between the fogs and storm dangers of the northern lake region and the southern river and hill country. The Municipal Airport of Indianapolis has received the highest rating from the Department of Commerce and ranks as one of the three best in the country.

Indiana: a native state, where the isolation of the frontier forest permitted the growth of marks of difference and distinction and produced a peculiar people, speaking a dialect and in time creating a racy and provincial literature and art. A friendly, home-loving and democratic people, this, of poor beginnings, among whom the inequalities of wealth remain less than elsewhere in the country, by whom the ostentation of wealth has always been derided, and to whom a man may be a man because of his true worth.

The settlers of Indiana were largely from the South. By history it is an integral part of the Old Northwest which it saved in the Revolution. Here begins the prairie that sweeps to Iowa. Business makes ties with the East. Here is the center of population. Long agricultural, still a great farming state, Indiana has become prevailing industrial. So dependent is it on its links with every section that the level land and the air above it are netted with highways. Its interests are bound up with the whole nation. So, while proudly provincial, Indiana can never be sectional, can never belong to a bloc. It is the epitome of the Union, the microcosm of America. Here is the truest approach to the American type, yet in the type is preserved the Hoosier difference.
A DREAM FULFILLED

By THOMAS HART BENTON

THIS mural painting of Indiana sees the realization of a project that I have had in mind for fifteen years. In 1919 I set about making a history of the United States which would unroll progressively the social and environmental changes of the country from the savage Indian to the present days of our machine culture. I visualized this history as realistic and factual. Realistic as to form, factual as to content.

Reacting against the wearisome repetitions of that modern world of art which cultivates the neurotic "purities" I sought for a grip on the life of men and for an art that would have meaning for men. I saw that for all the talk on the subject there could be no American Art unless its form was generated in the midst of meanings and values that were American. For, while art is international as an heritage of the human race it is local in its inception, tied to ways of living and thinking which are the result of environmental pressures that date from earliest childhood. To deny these pressures and attempt to escape from their effects, under the name of whatever idealism, is to cut it out from its roots in life and make of it either a dilettante's playing or a doctrinaire's tool.

Only knowledge which is deeply and profoundly a part of one can be communicated through the logical conventions of a form. Such knowledge is found, not on the intellectual fringe of life, or in the illusions of cloistered sensibilities, but in life itself where the drive of a people is felt and shared. The artist who would represent a civilization must be a part of it. We can give only that which is within ourselves.

History was not a scholarly study for me but a drama. I saw it not as a succession of events but as a continuous flow of action having its climax in my own immediate experience. The recorded parts of conventional history were, in my conception, subordinated to the more tremendous facts of common existence where man and his tools, under the constant pressure of every-day need, changed the face of a continent and became themselves something different in the process. And it was to this something different, the final involved and contradictory complex of American life, that I consecrated my history believing that in the new meaning which lay therein, I would find the new form which the conventions of modern estheticism had made imperative.

After seven years of work, the history was abandoned. I could not carry the expenses myself, or find an architect willing to test the capacities of his structures with a type of painting which would have made senseless the pretty ornament of the architectural schools.

A few years ago I met Thomas Hibben, of Indiana, and found the first architect of my acquaintance who realized that painting had a function beyond that of draping walls. Naturally, I took a liking to him. Beyond that I found him one of my own kind, a middle westerner, somewhat lost in the nurtured estheticism of New York's artistic and intellectual circles. We became friends.

It was Tom Hibben who introduced my art to Colonel Richard Lieber when it was decided that Indiana should be represented at the Chicago Exposition with a mural painting. Colonel Lieber's quick understanding of my desire to represent a social progression made it possible for me to transfer my original historical plan from the United States as a whole to the State of Indiana, the context of whose history is symbolical of the entire country. Colonel Lieber's sympathy and encouragement, his recognition of the artist's need to have absolute control of his art, has done much to enable me to complete a work which the time limit of five months made especially difficult.

I want to thank Wallace Richards, Paul Brown, Miss Esther McNitt, and the many other Indians who aided me in organizing my time and researches. I wish also to express my appreciation of the help given me by Reed Winsey, Reynolds Selfridge, Constance Forsyth, Richard Hausdorfer, Maurice Starkey and Bird Baldwin, all of whom undertook, in varying degrees, the task of preparing the painting surfaces and scaling up my working cartoons for the mural. Their work has been careful and accurate. To the mechanics on the job, Roy Totten, of Franklin, and Edward White, of Greenwood, much credit is also due. Lastly, I wish to thank H. K. Roberts, for taking me all over the state and seeing to it that I got everything I wanted in the way of representative data.
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A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

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