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## MRS. BOWEN REPLIES TO HAWTHORN CHILDREN

### Request of Students of Early History of Chicago, Brings Interesting Letter

Editor's Note: The children of Hawthorn school, Glencoe, who were studying the history of early Chicago enjoyed the articles in the Atlantic Monthly by Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen which appeared in the February and March numbers. They wrote to Mrs. Bowen asking many questions. The following letter was received from her. The school feels that others would like to share it and with her permission it is printed.

"I was very glad to get your letters telling me that you enjoyed my stories of when I was a little girl in Chicago. I am sorry I cannot come out and see you this spring but perhaps I can answer some of your questions.

"No, the cow did not die when I had the archery party. The man who took care of the cow pulled out the arrow and it did not hurt her very much but of course I was sorry I shot her. I did not, of course, know much about archery or I would not have aimed for the target and hit a cow a long way off. It is always well to know what you are doing before you try to show off.

"I never saw any of the Indians in Chicago. It was my grandmother who slipped behind the blueberry bushes when she heard the Indians coming and I have heard her say that sometimes in her little house when she was cooking her dinner, one or two Indians would walk into the kitchen and look around and take a nice chicken she had just roasted or a loaf of bread she had just baked and were not polite enough to even say 'Thank you.'

**Afraid of Scalping**

"They just said, 'Ugh, Ugh,' and walked out of the door. My grandmother was afraid to object for fear they would take out their tomahawks and hurt her. She just tried to look pleasant as if she liked to see her chickens and bread walking out of her kitchen under the arms of those great big Indians.

"I do not believe the Indians lived

in wigwams, even when my grandmother was here; I do not know where they did sleep, perhaps they just laid down in the woods and covered themselves with boughs from the trees.

"I have heard my grandmother say that the squaws (the mother Indians) had their little babies (papooses they called them) slung on their backs and they went around and did all their work with little Indian babies peeping out over their shoulders and looking as if he (or she) was very comfortable and happy.

"One letter asked me about the costumes one wore when I was a little girl. All I can say is I was dressed very warmly, I wonder I did not melt away. First I had on very heavy flannels. They came down to my ankles and down to my wrists, over these I wore some white drawers, then what we called a chemise, over that was a flannel petticoat, a little hoopskirt on top of that, then a balmoral, and when bustles were in style, a funny little bustle at the back, which was tied around the waist and sometimes if you wanted to look very nice you put on a white petticoat to keep everything else clean. I used to have to wear white pique dresses. They washed nicely but were very stiff and they would scratch me awfully and I did not like to wear them at all. Besides they were very warm and I was always very hot.

**Mountain in Park**

"When I first went up to Lincoln park they had made a little hill right in the middle of it. Now I had never been out of Chicago and had never seen a hill and it seemed to me as big as a mountain. I do not believe it was any higher than your school house. I remember climbing to the top of this hill and running down with shrieks of laughter, I called it a mountain as it seemed to be so very high.

"No, I never went bathing in Lake Michigan. The water was too cold, but one day I was standing on the breakwater and I fell in. I was very much frightened as I thought I was going to drown and my shoes were full of mud. Somebody stooped over and pulled me out and I ran home crying hard and water ran off my hair. I was crying not only because I was frightened and cold but because I had on my new bright blue serge dress; it was the first one I had had which was not white and I was delighted with it. You see, I could never get my white dresses dirty because spots showed plainly and when I got the blue dress I thought I could get it just as dirty as I wanted and no one would know it. So I felt badly when I fell in the water. My mother had it nicely cleaned, but it was an unlucky dress. The next time I wore it I went down in the cellar to get some pickles off a shelf. No one knew how it happened but that jar tumbled over and all the pickles and brine went over my dress. I was so frightened, as my mother had just had the dress cleaned and I wondered what she would do with me. I went out and stood in the sun until it had dried; then I went back and picked up the pickles (I ate most of them). Those I could not eat I buried in a little hole in the back yard together with the broken pieces of crockery and I mopped up all the vinegar, but for many days I dared not look my mother in the eyes or stand in any bright light for fear she would see the spots on that blue dress. Somehow she never saw them and I wore the dress for many weeks but I was never a bit comfortable because I did not tell my mother what I had done.

**Cows in Streets**

"There were many cattle on the streets when I was a little girl and I suppose the bull that chased me was being driven down to the stockyards. I do not remember that because I was very small. I just remember as I look-

(Continued on Page 46)



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