

Molly Pitcher—Whom Washington Thanked

Interesting Episodes in the Lives of America's Pioneer Women

MR. AVERAGE MAN settled himself in the home-bound street car, and turned to his fellow traveler. "Well, it looks as if the women are pretty sure of their votes. All the states seem to be stepping into line."

"Y-e-s," was the slow comment, then, after a minute, "the women deserve to vote. They've sure earned it by what they did during the war. I'd say they've hit the stride."

Mr. Average Man nodded and turned to his evening paper.

And, if such a thing were possible, both men might have heard the laugh of the pioneer women echoing across the years at the idea of American women recently earning the right to take an equal place with the men of their country.

For no nation in the world can boast of more heroic deeds performed by women than can the United States. With wonderful courage, the women of America's earliest days sowed a seed worthy to have taken root and blossom in their daughters. Thinking not of self, these women struggled against all difficulties to found their homes, and later to keep those homes free from tyranny and oppression.

The long, cruel series of wars, now known as the French and Indian War, was in progress. The dwellers on the frontiers were in a constant state of terror, for they did not know at what minute their homes would be attacked by the savages. Men were sorely needed by the brave army which so valiantly fought the French and their Indian allies.

The Macks lived at Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, in the northern part of what is now New York State. When the call for soldiers came Mr. Mack pondered as to what he should do. He longed to serve his country, but he feared to leave his family in the lonely woods without the protection of a man. After some urging on the part of his wife, who assured him that no harm would come to them, he went to the fort to enlist. The house in which he left his family was built of logs, with a strong blockade built close about it.

One afternoon, while she was busy in her small garden, Mrs. Mack saw an Indian peering at her from a near-by bush. She did not scream, faint, nor otherwise display that she belonged to what has been called the weaker sex, but went quietly on with her hoeing, and then after a few minutes went to the house. The Indian did not follow. She called her children about her, barricaded the doors, and waited.

That night she sat with her gun in her hand, waiting for the attack she felt sure must come. She sat for hours, and after a time she dozed off. When she woke she was conscious of some presence. She did not move, but took a tighter grip on the gun. Then she saw, in the half dark of the room, an eye looking at her through one of the loopholes. She fired, and the eye disappeared. She waited, and then she heard a rumbling, scrambling noise that sent a shudder through her. She thought that the Indians were going to fire the house. And then, sprawling out on all fours, an Indian fell through the chimney. Mrs. Mack was startled, speechless, and so was the Indian. It was only for a second, however, that they stood staring at one another. Then the Indian, letting out a wild yell, made for her. Mrs. Mack quickly raised her gun, fired, and the man fell dead.

Mrs. Mack was very much awake the rest of the night, and early the next day she decided to take her children and find refuge at the fort. She packed up all the personal belongings they could carry, and set out. A few miles from the house, while crossing a stream, Mrs. Mack's powderhorn fell into the water. It was most unfortunate, for she feared to go on without ammunition. She decided to go back to the house for more, for she had been forced to leave quite a supply behind. She cautioned the children to remain quiet, and started out.

She was gone only a short time, but when she again reached the spot, the children were gone. She was nearly frantic. She hunted about in the bushes, until she saw signs which showed her which way the Indians had taken her children. She ran, so eager was she to save her loved ones. Guided by the trampled bushes, and an occasional footprint, she hurried on. Hampered by the little ones, the Indians were not going very fast, and she came up behind them. She still had her gun, and she made no hesitation about killing the men who had stolen her children and killed so many of her neighbors. Then when she had her children safe and sound she started once more for the fort. On the way she met her husband returning home. A truce had been signed, and the war was over.

She was a true pioneer mother.

The thirteen American colonies were fighting for their freedom. The American troops under the

leadership of the brave General Putnam were in retreat. Behind them the English army under General Howe were pressing on, hoping to overtake and wipe out the courageous band of men who constituted the army.

On one of the small hills on which is now New York City, lived Robert Murray and his beautiful

barricade safely. The garrison held out safely, finally driving off the Indians.

One of the most picturesque and bravest of women in the history of the United States is Mary Ludwig Hays, or "Molly Pitcher" as she is better known in history. Mary was the daughter of a Bavarian farmer named Ludwig. Just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War she married a farmer named Hays. As soon as war was proclaimed, her husband joined the army, serving in Captain Francis Proctor's company.

Mary Hays was a big, strong woman, rather handsome, with an abundance of red hair. She has been pictured as coarse and common by some historians, but investigation has proven that description hardly true. She had no children, and she gained the permission of Captain Proctor to accompany her husband with the army, as did many other women. She washed and mended for the soldiers, and when they were engaged in battle she carried a big pitcher of water about with her, thus earning for herself the name by which she will always be known—"Molly Pitcher."

Her husband rose quickly in the service, and by the time the battle of Monmouth was fought he was a sergeant in charge of a big gun. During one of the early charges he was severely wounded. His wife was by his side instantly, and carried him back to a point of safety. When she had made him as comfortable as possible he begged her to go and take charge of the gun. She went back but found that the soldiers were just about to drag the gun away. She begged them to leave it where it was, and after a moment of wonder they did as she requested. All that day she fired the gun, occasionally going back to see that her husband was comfortable, or to give him a drink. Right after the close of the battle she prepared to take her badly wounded husband home with her—they lived near by—but she did not leave the field before she was personally thanked by General George Washington for her splendid courage, and the valuable assistance she had given the American Army.

There are numerous women, hardly known today, who rendered service to their country when their help was most needed. One of them was Rhoda Smith Farrand, of New Jersey. Mrs. Farrand was not only willing that her husband and son go to the war, but she set about to do everything she could to make the brave patriots happy and comfortable. She brought great quantities of food and clothing to the camps at Monmouth, and one week she collected from her friends, whose help she enlisted, 136 pairs of socks.

Mary Gill Mills was a woman of North Carolina who did a great work during the Revolution. At the head of a band of eleven strong, willing women she went from farm to farm and harvested the ripening crops. Had it not been for her work a great deal of valuable grain would have been lost, for the men were away from the farms, and the women were not able to gather the crops without assistance. By her work hundreds of people were saved from suffering hunger.

There are dozens of others—militants, if you care to call them such, but noble women of whom we may well be proud. With such women to lay the foundations of our country it is not remarkable that we have succeeded in building a nation second to none.

Woman Kills Animals as Uncle Sam's Employee

MRS. Ada Tingley, of Idaho, is a professional hunter, employed by the Bureau of Biological Survey in the United States Department of Agriculture, and is one of the highest salaried of the 300 professional hunters in Uncle Sam's employ. By particularly humane and unique methods of her own, she has captured or killed 278 animals of prey in the last seventeen months. The importance of such work as Mrs. Tingley's may be seen in the fact that in the past three years the professional hunters employed by the government have killed 70,713 predatory animals, which slaughter represents an estimated saving of \$5,500,000 to the stockmen of the Rocky Mountain districts. Mrs. Tingley's husband is also in the employ of the Federal agencies in the same capacity as his wife, but they work independently. Despite the hardships Mrs. Tingley is obliged to endure, she has lost none of her womanly qualities and is decidedly domestic.

We owe the origin of the kiss to the custom of wine drinking. One Nicemius caught his wife in the act of sucking his finest wines from a barrel with a straw. The custom then became general for the husband to test his wife's honesty and sobriety with a kiss.



"MOLLY PITCHER"—From a famous painting.

wife, Mary Lindley Murray. They were wealthy people, and had a charming home. Early that morning—it was September 15, 1776—Mrs. Murray had seen the Americans, or the rebels, as the English called them, go hurrying past. About breakfast time the English troops came along. Fortune made the soldiers halt for a minute's rest before the Murray homestead. Mrs. Murray ran out, and asked the officers if they would not like to rest in her comfortable house for a few minutes. They said they would. Mrs. Murray was a very charming and beautiful woman and she made herself as pleasant as she knew how, insisting that the men stay and partake of the big breakfast which she ordered hastily prepared for them in her kitchen. The men stayed, as she hoped they would. By the time they were ready to go on General Putnam was miles away, and safe from any immediate danger.

For the great assistance she gave the American Army through hindering the English pursuit, there is a stone raised to Mrs. Murray's memory on the spot where her house stood—and the neighborhood where the Murray farm stood is still called the Murray Hill section of New York City.

A young girl who set a wonderful example for the men of her country was Elizabeth Zane, of Fort Henry, Virginia. In November, 1872, a party of Indians attacked the fort. The men were holding out splendidly when it was discovered that the ammunition was giving out. The stock of gunpowder was stored in a small house just outside the barricade. Several of the men offered to go, but the commander was not willing to sacrifice them, for it seemed certain that whoever went must surely be killed by the Indians. Then Elizabeth asked if she might get the keg of powder. She said that she was strong enough to carry it, and if she was killed it would not be such a loss as if she were a fighting man. After she had begged for some time, the captain of the fort decided to let her go. The gate of the stockade was opened, and she ran to the powder house. The Indians did not fire on her, wondering what she was about. When she started back with the keg on her back, they fired shot after shot at her, but providence guided her footsteps, and she reached the