

# Molly

**She Sold Butter and Eggs, but Carried a Revolver**

**By GEORGE ARNOLD WELSH**

In the summer of 1863, when the army of the Cumberland was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., preparatory to the move on Tullahoma, the general commanding called for volunteers for secret service. One young man who responded was entirely devoid of a beard and had ruddy cheeks and blue eyes. "You could go anywhere as a girl," said the general, "and as long as your hair is not suspected you would be safer in skirts than in trousers."

"My hair is too short," said the youngster.

"It is long enough to cut square around your neck, and that's the way girls up to eighteen about here wear their hair. Would you like to try it?"

"I wouldn't mind, general."

"Well, I want you to go down to Tullahoma and learn what you can. Bring me back a statement of the defenses, the guns on them, their caliber and the number and condition of Bragg's army encamped in and about the town."

The next morning a Tennessee county girl left the Union picket line at Murfreesboro with a basket on her arm, taking the direct turnpike to Tullahoma. Stopping at a farm, she bought a supply of eggs and butter, which she put into her basket, and on reaching the vanguard of the Confederate army told them that she came from a farm up the road and was going into Tullahoma to make a little money by supplying the soldiers with her farm produce.

Molly Atkins—this was the name the farm girl gave herself—had no difficulty passing into Tullahoma. What puzzled her was that so eager were the soldiers on the picket line to buy her goods that the supply was exhausted before she entered the town. However, she had plenty of money and went about among the shops buying such supplies as farmers needed which they could not raise themselves. Having refilled her basket, she cast about for a place to lodge, for she had no idea of leaving Tullahoma for several days. Passing a house occupied by General Bragg's headquarters, it occurred to her that if she could find a lodging near it she might elude information by keeping an eye on what was going on there. So she knocked on the door of several houses on the opposite side of the street till she found a family who was willing to take in a country girl for a few days who had come to town to make some purchases. She was given a room in the third story, or rather, the peak of the roof, from which she could look right down on General Bragg's headquarters.

Officers and messengers were coming and going, citizens were applying for passes, while a sentinel paced back and forth before the house, every few minutes stopping and facing to salute an officer passing in or out. Molly couldn't see anything to be derived from this, so she sallied forth to visit the camps and the defenses of the town. Having picked up all the information available in this way, she returned to her lodging and gathered up her purchases, went over to her quarters to ask for a pass to leave Tullahoma. An aide camp, a young man, about twenty-two years old, was in charge of the granting of passes and being a country girl she was quite homesick and with admiration Molly, bowed at him as she had purchased butter and eggs. He had been bought with money derived from the sale of butter and eggs. He was convinced that she was what she represented herself to be. That he had no right to refuse her a pass, she thought, and she passed on her way.

Being now on foot, she disarmed Robbins and had two revolvers instead of one. But it was no weapons she needed. It was to escape warfayers. Now and again she would stop to listen. The distant creaking of a wagon, the thud of horses' hoofs, would drive her she still driving her captive, into cover. At last she heard a distant shot. A soldier in that country at that time knew a picket shot by instinct. This one must be from a Federal musket. The northern picket line was not far distant.

The last scene Molly had when crossing a road, she saw on her flank a cloud of dust. Not stopping to satisfy herself who caused it, she pushed her prisoner on. A ridge was in front of her, which she recognized as one favorable for a picket line. Then from a field before it came.

"Halt there!"

Molly cheerfully obeyed the order, for she knew that the man who halted her was no southerner, since he spoke with a German accent. She told her story, the man called for the officer of the picket, and the goal was won.

"Captain," she said as soon as the race was finished, "it has been a question of capture for you or a rope for me."

The captain made no reply.

Molly went, dressed as she was, to the general's headquarters, reported the success of her mission and furnished the information she had been sent to get. The next morning consigned that movement which, though comparatively bloodless, was one of the most trying of the war—the Tullahoma campaign.

## SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

**H. C. Parker, Who Would Scale Mount McKinley.**



Professor Herschel C. Parker, formerly of Columbia university, who has just started on his third attempt to scale Mount McKinley, Alaska, is hopeful of reaching the summit of the highest peak in America. "I think there is a chance that we shall make the top," he said just before starting. Mount McKinley is 3 1/2 degrees north of the arctic circle and about 157 miles from the Pacific coast. It has been triangulated at 20,800 feet in height. On his first attempt in 1908 Professor Parker was obliged to turn back after getting within a few miles of his base. In 1910 he reached an altitude of 10,300 feet, which he claims was the "summit" attained by Dr. Cook, many thousands of feet from the actual top.

Professor Parker has been prominent as a mountain climber and explorer for many years. He is a native of New York city, forty-four years old, and was graduated from the school of mines, Columbia university, in 1880.

**Head of the Mine Workers.**  
John P. White of Okaloosa, Fla., who has just been re-elected president of the United Mine Workers of America, belongs to the conservative school of trades unionists. His strength as a leader will doubtless be put to the test next spring when the working miners strike expires. For the first time in many years the contracts between the operators and both bituminous and anthracite miners expire on the same day. April 1 is the day the new contracts should begin, and unless an



**JOHN P. WHITE**

agreement is reached before that date the mining of coal may cease until matters can be adjusted.

President White was born at Con Valley Ill. forty-two years ago. At the age of fourteen he entered the mines, continuing his education in the night schools. In 1900 he was elected secretary-treasurer of the Iowa district of United Mine Workers, subsequently becoming vice president of the general body. Last year he was chosen president over Tom L. Lewis, the incumbent at that time, and won again this year over the same opponent.

**Dr. Jowett's Story.**  
"Dr. J. H. Jowett believes it is the minister's, not the congregation's, fault if the church doesn't go." The speaker, a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, in New York, smiled and continued:

"Dr. Jowett once told me that he sided with an old lady who always went to sleep during the sermon time. 'Why don't you take muff during the sermon?' the minister said to her. 'That will keep you awake.' 'Why don't you put the muff in your sermon, sir?' retorted the old lady."—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

## IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

**Jeanette, Who May Be Jack Johnson's Next Opponent.**



According to the pugilistic experts, Jack Johnson's next opponent in the ring will be Jeanette, the colored heavyweight of New York. The latter thinks he is the only man who has any chance of defeating the champion. Jeanette has fought Johnson several times and has lost but one battle. He claims that he has improved since then and points to his defeats of Sam McVey and Sam Langford as proof. It is more than likely that he will be matched to meet Johnson before one of the clubs in New York in the near future.

**Turkey to Have Olympic Team.**  
Despite the war with Italy word has come from Constantinople that Turkey will be represented in the next Olympic games. The Ottoman empire is expected to clean up everything in the grappling line at Stockholm. There may be seen in other departments, such as the javelin and the shot putting. With the Turks, Japanese, Chinese and south sea Islanders on the list all the "barbarians" will be seen in time at the Swedish capital. In the Olympic press the Greeks reported all candidates as "barbarians," so the original idea will prevail next year. Perhaps the most prominent of the south sea tribe will be the swimmer, Chas. who went to England last year and cleaned up the heat of the swimming championships. He is good for every distance from 100 yards to five miles, and he is expected to make a clean sweep of the Olympic events.

**Best Athlete to Go.**  
When the open golf championship tournament of Great Britain is held next spring the qualifying round, at thirty-six holes, will not count in the aggregate for the championship proper. Those returning the sixty best score and all who may tie for sixtieth place will qualify for the actual championship.

**Chicago to Put Up Stadium.**  
A stadium which will seat more than 100,000 people is to be reared at the general scheme of beautifying the Chicago lake front, according to announcement made recently by the south park commission. Plans have been drawn by architects and are in the hands of the commission.

The stadium will be located so that spectators will have a view of athletic games, army tournaments or other outdoor gatherings in Grant park and also water events on Lake Michigan.

**Secoper Football Popular on Coast.**  
The popularity of English style Rugby football on the Pacific coast is shown by the receipts for the annual battle between the Leland Stanford and California universities, which footed up \$39,365.50 more than \$10,000 increase over the previous game on Stanford field. Each college's share amounted to \$19,127.45.

**Polo Teams For the Army.**  
Major General Leonard Wood has ordered four polo teams to be organized for the United States cavalry. It is a result of popularizing this great English army game among our mounted soldiers and may in time lead to international matches between the cavalrymen of the United States and those of Great Britain.

**Skiing Grows in Popularity.**  
Stoughton, Wis., will spend \$2,000 in improvements to its ski slide upon which it is hoped new records will be made this winter. The Minneapolis Ski club is talking of replacing its wooden slide with a modern steel slide. Skiing is a Norwegian sport on snowshoes.

**Chinese in Olympics.**  
China's awakening to the benefits of organized athletic sport may result in three or four men being entered in the Olympic games at Stockholm next year, with a representative of the celestial kingdom to study national athletic questions.

## How the Stock Was Straightened

**A Story of a Mechanical Genius.**

**By SAMUEL S. BROTHMAN**

"Happy the man who has found his vocation. This is an old saying, which in these times, when life seems the short to learn a profession before middle age, the saying should be 'Happy the boy in whom some special gift shows itself that can be later the sign of success.'"

Tom Swartzout, a farmer's boy, seemed to his father to be worthless because, as the older man said, he was too lazy to eat. And there was reason for the imputation. Tom detested farm work. The boy would never stick to his hands, or if he did he would constantly be stopping in his work to look up in the sky at some bird soaring above and wonder how it kept a head position without the slightest visible motion of its wings.

Under the circumstances Tom was intolerable to Tom and his parents. No one can blame fathers and mothers whose children seem to be useless for showing their disappointment. Tom knew that he was a disappointment and one night after an expression of his father's disappointment he resolved to leave home and go somewhere else for the making of his fortune.

After any one who has made up his mind to get out of bed, dressed him, and started down the road to leave, he will find that he has been expected. A week after his departure he stopped at an open door of a factory he took in as a sign that was making machinery. He stepped through a whole building. There was something in the regular and too regular work of the place, the steady revolution of the flywheel that fascinated the boy. He wondered what kept it going. He had seen machinery on the farm, moved by hand power, but nothing driven by heat. While he was looking the engineer, a pale man who was evidently suffering from some disease, began to shiver and came into the furnace. The work was evidently hot on him, and he stopped to rest between every shiverful.

"I'll do that for you," said Tom. The man looked at him, then, taking a tin can from his pocket, said: "I will you would."

Tom, not in the least, then asked the engineer all about the engine, the power on which it worked, what it was accomplished, why the work was there, how uniform motion was achieved and a lot of other questions. The man answered his questions and was surprised at Tom's ability to understand the engine. Tom had told him that he had left home, but so because of a feverish and asked if he might not show him and see how job about the engine room.

The engineer went into the office and when he came back told Tom that he could stay at a salary of \$1 a week. The boy was beside himself with joy.

One day a wooden post that was a part of one of the machines in the building and that was intended to turn on a pivot like a rudder post, began to open in fissures as it turned. Every time it turned the fissures grew larger, and it was evident the post would soon be twisted in two. Some one had been provided for the morning was dependent on the machine, and there was no time to put in a new post. Tom stood beside the form, who was looking at the post not knowing what to do.

"Get some wedges," said the engineer, "and every time the fissures open fill them up."

The foreman turned to the begrimed boy in astonishment. Then the wedges were brought, driven in and the post was again rigid.

The incident advanced Tom many steps in the opinion of his employer, and they tried him in various places where good work was needed, but he failed in them all. He had no aptitude for work that did not interest him. It was drudgery and he had not been made for drudgery any more in a factory than on a farm. There seemed nothing that he could do but assist the engineer, who was a sickly man and often was obliged to absent himself from his duties. So Tom went back to the engine room and made a assistant engineer. At this work he seemed to get on better than at anything else, for he loved the machine that could keep the mills supplied with power all day—and all night, for that matter—without getting tired. In his own field, though senseless from it, was better than a man. The man could sumes different kinds of food; could anyone would feed the engine. The man must stop for sleep and rest—the engine need never stop.

Several years passed during which Tom got no further up in the ladder of success than assistant engineer. There was a vague idea among his fellows and his employer that he was born for success, but there was a screw loose somewhere in his bodily mechanism. One day when he was grown man his opportunity came, and the only person unconscious of its arrival was Tom himself.

He made the discovery that the smokestack, a huge brick, hollow tower set on a square base and a hundred feet high, had lost its

top. Tom couldn't get it through his head how a little matter like that should be made so much of. A few days after this Tom received a leave of absence to go home. But then his father told his mother that Tom had bought good shoes and looked prosperous. They had come home, and when he was about supplying their every want they were hindered.

"How ever did you do it, Tom?" asked his mother, beside herself with wonder.

"Oh, I did a little for me a month back that my other (Tom) had done so well and, only being asked to think of it."

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