

# Women Who Helped Win the West



THE PIONEER MOTHER MONUMENT, KANSAS CITY

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

N SUNDAY, May 8, the heart of America will be quickened at the thought of one word—"Mother."

For that is Mother's day, an annual event which is generally observed, not by Presidential proclamation, legislative enactment or church dictum, but because sentiment decrees that the second Sunday in May of each year shall be the day upon which we honor the women who gave us birth.

Mother's day this year has a special significance because of at least two distinct projects which are under way to honor one of the most heroic types of motherhood the world has ever known—the pioneer mother of America. And in both cases the honoring will be done in memorials of everlasting bronze.

One of them is the announced purpose of E. W. Marland, an Oklahoma oil millionaire, of erecting a heroic statue of "The Pioneer Woman" on the famous Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma, the last government land opened to homesteaders. Twelve of the leading sculptors of America have submitted models from which he is to select one for the completed work.

An exhibit of these models is being sent to various cities throughout the Middle West and Far West and the public is to be given a chance, by popular vote in each city, to aid Mr. Marland in making his selection, by which, it is hoped, the model best interpreting the pioneer woman will be chosen.

"The Pioneer Mother" is to be immortalized in bronze in another western city when the monument by that name (shown in the illustration above) is unveiled in Penn Valley park in Kansas City this spring. This monument is the work of A. Plimister Proctor, noted for his statue of Col. Theodore Roosevelt as a Rough Rider, which stands in Portland, Ore., as well as for several other fine pieces of work in other cities. It will be presented to Kansas City by Howard Vanderveile, who, as a baby, was carried in the arms of his pioneer mother from Kentucky over a westward trail to the Indian lands of Kansas, in just such a manner as that depicted in Proctor's statutory group.

It is especially appropriate that this memorial should stand in Kansas City with the face of the pioneer mother turned to the great trans-Missouri West. For the site of Kansas City is historic ground. In this vicinity were the eastern terminus of two great highways—the Santa Fe trail and the Oregon trail—over which the stream of emigration poured into the last American wilderness. The Santa Fe trail was primarily an artery of commerce, but the Oregon trail was a homeseeker's highway to the gold fields of California and to the rich valleys of Oregon and Washington. The epic of the Oregon trail has been written many times and in many different ways so that the picture of the women of the "Covered Wagon" era is as clear in our minds as that of the men of those days.

But it should not be forgotten that the mothers of that period were not the first to be cast in heroic roles in the mighty drama of the westward

## The Prairie Mother

She came to rock the cradle of a new empire. Adventure calls to men, but duty summons women. And so, when the time was ripe to breed new stars for the flag, she set forth from Maine and Ohio and Killarney's loveliness and her Swedish village and her flord home to mother the wilderness.

Only God and she knows the fullness of her giving to the young Northwest. She lived in sod houses and hay-roofed huts, with the nearest neighbor often a day's trudge away.

She had no delectables. She did not even know the luxury of floor or fireplace. Her meal was ground in a hand mill and her baking range was a makeshift oven in the fields.

She helped in the fields—at the plowing and the sowing, and she helped to scythe the crop and bind the sheaves.

She watered stock and spun and knitted and tailored. She made a garden and preserved the winter food, milked her cows and nursed her children. The sleepy-eyed sun found her already at her tasks, and the mid-moon heard her croon the baby to rest.

Her "beauty sleep" began at ten and ended at four. Year in and year out she never had an orange, a box of sweets or a gift of remembrance.

She fought drought and death and savages and savage loneliness. Her "Sunday best" were calico and linsey woolsey. She grew old at the rate of twenty-four months a year at the grubbing hoe and the washtub and the churn.

She gave America the great Northwest, and was too proud to quibble at the cost of the stalwart sons to whom she willed it.

"She mothered MEN!"—Herbert Kaufman in the Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.

push of the dominant white race. History is full of the pioneer fathers, but, except for a few outstanding incidents and personages, it has said little about the pioneer mothers. To trace their history it is necessary to go back 300 years to the first settlements on New England and to remember that every privation, every suffering from cold and hunger, every danger from hostile red men which the Pilgrim Fathers endured, was also endured by the Pioneer Mothers.

The first American frontier was the gloomy woods which fringed the shore of the Atlantic seaboard and held the first settlers close to the water's edge. This first frontier produced the American frontiersman, one of the hardest types mankind has ever known. And it produced, too, the American frontierswoman who was a fit mate for such a man. She did her share in making a home and when it was necessary she could handle the rifle and the ax to defend that home. Who has not heard the oft-repeated tale of Hannah Dustin (or Dustan) the Massachusetts heroine of King Philip's war in New England who proved with her good right arm the heroic quality of the

pioneer mother defending her children?

When the frontier was pushed back to the summit of the Appalachian mountains the pioneer mother stood beside her man and looked down into the fertile Ohio valley and saw with him the vision of her future home. She also faced the unknown terrors of the "Dark and Bloody Ground" of Kentucky and helped him hold it against the frenzied attempts of the Indians to eject the white man from his best-loved hunting ground. In that dark period of 20 years—from the outbreak of the Revolution to the time of "Mad Anthony" Wayne's victory over the confederated tribes of the Northwest—when the fate of the white settlement in the Mississippi valley hung in the balance, it was the pioneer woman quite as much as the pioneer man who decided the issue.

But not all of the courage of the pioneer mother was shown when it came to a hand-to-hand encounter. So long as Kentuckians repeat the stories heard at their mothers' knees, so long will they tell of the women of Bryant's Station. These were the women who, when the station was surrounded by Indians, volunteered to go to a spring nearby and bring the water which the defenders of the fort would need so badly when the battle began.

The Indians were "lying low" preparing for a surprise attack. If the men went for water the attack would be precipitated. If the women went as usual, the savages MIGHT refrain from revealing their presence by attacking the water-bearers. Again they might not. It was a fearful choice those women took. But they took it, walked steadily down to the spring, conscious all the time of snake-like eyes glittering at them from the bushes close at hand, filled their buckets and walked steadily back to the safety of the stockaded walls. And they didn't spill a drop of water! That was the type of courage these pioneer mothers possessed.

But hostile Indians were not the only terror which the pioneer mother faced and conquered. She faced and conquered the terrors of loneliness in isolated cabins, of starvation, of bitter winters and sultry summers, whose stagnation brought sickness and death to her and her family with no doctors within hundreds of miles. Too often was it true that:

My mother she was merry and brave,  
And so she came to her labor  
With a tall green fir for a doctore grave  
And a stream for a comforting neighbor.

—"The Ballad of William Sycamore"—Benet.

When the American frontier crossed the Mississippi and the last westward push began, in the forefront of that long line of historic figures which make up the splendid pageant of the West was the figure which dominates the group by Proctor—the figure of the pioneer mother, her baby in her arms and her face turned toward the west. Forgetful of the terrors she had known in the forests of the East, she braved the terrors of the great plains and mountains of the West. Flooded rivers, prairie fires, snow-filled mountain passes, Indian attacks, hunger and thirst and sickness could not hold her back. Her face was turned to the west and when she had followed the "star of empire" to her goal she had helped build a nation.

If you can't give them this relief, then set a table for them in the kitchen, which is really the nicest room in the house anyhow, full of delicious spicy smells.

**Height of Quietude**  
A silence room so perfectly sound-proof for testing cases of deafness that the beat of the heart and the "tick" of the eyelid when quickly closed and opened can be heard in one of the features of the new Royal Ear hospital, London.

**Quick Thinking**  
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other shoe. Putting a heel into each of her coat pockets, she continued into the theater.—Detroit News.

**Electrical Heat**  
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Jones—"I never saw such a reader as he fairly eats up a book." Smith—"He's quite a book worm I've heard."

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Hobart—I like Belle's looks. She has such a short upper lip.  
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**Secrets**  
Dave—Now you know our secret must be kept a secret.  
Sally—Oh, yes. I'll tell everybody that.

## THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

### The Sepoy Mutiny

A FEW pots of grease cost many thousand lives and nearly \$200,000,000 in India, about half a century ago, besides inaugurating one of the bloodiest tragedies ever enacted.

India's history, down to the Seventeenth century, is largely a chronicle of barbarism, internecine wars, invasions and Oriental intrigue, with a growing European influence in the most accessible districts. The vast country was teeming with wealth of a sort that attracted Europe's covetous eye. The Portuguese won a commercial foothold there, only to be driven from power by the Dutch, who in time were crowded out by English and French. Last of all, the French were routed by the English, until, by 1700, England practically ruled India. Clive, Warren Hastings, Lord Cornwallis and other governors brought the whole territory either directly or indirectly under British sway.

The natives were untrustworthy. The Indian potentates whose power was checked and a host of fanatics whose religious rites had been curtailed by the foreign rule were ever stirring up revolt against their new masters. Hence it was necessary to maintain a large army in India. England could not spare a sufficient force of white men for the purpose, so organized native regiments, under British officers, and trained them along European lines. These native troops were called Sepoys (from the Persian word "spahi," signifying "soldier"), and proved splendidly efficient in repeated campaigns. Thus, by 1856, all India seemed safe and moderately content under British domination. True, there were countless fanatics and unscrupulous native rulers who waited only the opportunity to rebel; but for a long time they lacked the chance. That same "chance" came about in an unforeseen fashion. Like most misfortunes of this sort, it was brought about and then augmented by blunders on the part of the British government.

Several English regiments had been withdrawn from northern and central India to serve in the Crimean war. Others were away in Burma. These departures left barely eighteen white regiments available for action. Several of the most important arsenals and garrisons were in charge of the Sepoys. At about this time the Enfield rifle was adopted for use among the Sepoys. In loading the rifle it was necessary to bite off the end of the cartridges. These cartridges were coated with grease. They were also packed in glazed paper. The foregoing facts seem mere trifles, yet they brought on a bloody insurrection.

The Sepoy regiments were made up of Mahometans and Buddhists. As the English very well knew, the Buddhists and Mahometans alike are forbidden by the most sacred laws of their religion from eating or even handling pork. At once it was claimed by native rulers, agitators and fanatics that the fat of swine was used in greasing the cartridges and grazing the paper. To this was added the rumor that the government was seeking to force the native troops to embrace Christianity, by making them violate their own creed. At once fanaticism blazed into furious revolt. A devout Christian could not be more indignant at being commanded to stamp on the crucifix than were these Moslem and Hindu devotees at the order to defile their souls by handling and tasting pork-fat.

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## The Sandman

Martha by Martha Martin

### THE BOSSY COW

"I BELONG to Mahalla," said the cow, "and I can tell you I'm mighty fond of her."

"She's just the dearest little girl in the whole world. Her voice is so sweet and her manners are so good and she is kind and gentle."

"She laughs, too, and she knows how to have a good time. She is a great one for a joke and everyone around her always feels merry and gay."

"Why, even though I am only a cow, I feel better the minute Mahalla comes around me."

"Don't you belong to the farmer?" asked the neighbor cow.

These two cows were talking to each other.

One was in a pasture on one side of the fence and one was in a pasture on the other side of the fence.

For these cows did not belong to the same farm. They were chatting across the fence in a most neighborly fashion.

"I am owned in a way by the farmer, of course," said the first cow. "But my real owner is little Mahalla. Her

Daddy said she could call me her cow. "For I have always been her favorite cow, and she says I will always be her favorite cow."

"She can milk me, too. Oh, yes, and she says that the milk and the cream and the butter I give are the best in the world."

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## Natalie Kingston



Natalie Kingston, who was recently elected a "baby star" by the Wampas (an organization of Hollywood publicity men), as one with great talent and beauty and with splendid screen possibilities, is appearing in her first vehicle, "Big Bertha," a wartime comedy, which has been known as "Bayo-Nuts" and "Who Goes There?" Miss Kingston is a native of California. She has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

## For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

### REVERENCE

THE writer recently visited the tomb of one of our noted statesmen. Upon entering the inclosure, the reverential attitude of mind was clearly discernable as the majority of those present, with uncovered heads, paid their respects to the memory of a martyred President. In this same group, however, were some five or six men who spent the time idly, talking and amusing themselves with jesting remarks.

This incident is illustrative of a general lack of reverence which is one of the sad bequests of our materialistic age. There is a "letting go" of this fundamental principle—a reverential attitude toward sacred things. Of course, a reverential attitude of mind at a circus would be sacrilegious. Not less humor but more of it. But, the failure to cultivate that attitude of mind which regards seriously the more sacred realities of life is a serious and increasing menace. Regard for reverence is the key to success and contentment, the absence of it is the explanation of many failures. Reverence for truth makes the scholar. Reverence for home protects the family. Reverence for truth makes men honest. Reverence for sincerity enables men to trust their fellow men. Reverence for the beautiful inspires the soul. Only a reverent scientist can say, "An undevout astronomer is mad." Students reading Agassiz' lectures after the death of the great scientist found this sentence; and placed the words upon the walls of the lecture room; "A laboratory is a sanctuary which nothing profane should enter."

A most important attitude of mind is reverence for personality. It would seem that human life is very cheap at times. More murders were committed in the United States last year than in any other country in the world. A diseased mind plans a bank robbery and shoots down the person who stands in his way. A person is killed in a fit of passion and the defense is insanity. Last year the total loss of life due to accidents was about 90,000—almost 250 a day. Men and women are daily being bought and sold. Economic, financial and social slavery! What value do we place upon a human life? How much reverence have we for personality?

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## SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—  
EVEN a brunette can look fair—if she goes to Africa.

The more you know the less you believe what you hear—especially if it's bad.

Wherever there is a successful marriage you will find that the woman is a good sport about most things.

FOR THE GANDER—  
You may not be thinkin' about how you look to a woman. But you can always be sure she's thinkin' about how she looks to you.

What they call woman's intuition is on'y a habit of recordin' detail and leavin' to conclusions.

Women is always actin'. Even if you find a truthful one, she's prob'ly dramatizin' her talent for tellin' the truth.

(Copyright.)

## Modern Babes

Bobby, age six, had been quite naughty, and had received a rather old-fashioned spanking. Jane, recently started to Sunday school, was horrified at Bobby's quick recovery from the affair, and, seeking to bring him to deeper repentance, asked him whether he were not sorry to have been so bad that he had to be spanked. She said: "Daddy will know it,

## Facies of Crystal

Every crystal has a definite molecular structure and its outward form is bounded by a number of faces resulting from the regular arrangement of the particles of the substance which is undergoing solidification. Although the faces often develop unequally, the angles between them remain constant.

## Uncivilized People

Lying, cheating and theft are practically unknown among the Eskimos.

## Babies Should Organize

Everywhere we look we see underhand cracks being taken at children. The Chart of Table Manners in the Woman's Home Companion says they "should not be permitted to leave the table to play or read between courses."

## Quick Thinking

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## Secrets

Dave—Now you know our secret must be kept a secret.  
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## Great Consolation

"I never worry about my husband being in an accident when he doesn't get home on time."  
"I must get mine to take out more insurance, too."

## Also There

"Mr. Featherhead paid me a very pretty compliment," said Clara; "he said that I was among the most beautiful young ladies at the party last night."  
"Yes, I noticed you among them."

## Has Everything Arranged

"What's that electrical device you have on your folding bed?"  
"That rings an alarm bell whenever the bed doubles up."  
"Where's the bell?"  
"At the undertaker's."

## Portable

St. Peter—"You can't bring that thing in here."  
Reporter—"Say, the typewriter people told me that that machine could be carried anywhere!"