

"CAPTAIN MOLLY."

LENGTH, 435 FEET.

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The country writhing under the yoke of British subjection. The infant colonies restless and fretful at the continual tyranny of the mother country—throw down the plow to take up the sword.

Moll Pitcher became a soldier for love of country and husband. She ministered to the wounded and when her husband fell dead before his cannon she took his place at the gun, pouring hot shot into the enemy and helping to win the battle of Monmouth.

General Washington always alive to any act of bravery or self-sacrifice commended Molly and conferred upon her the rank of sergeant.



NO. 75

DR. CUREM'S PATIENTS.

LENGTH, 475 FEET.

During his master's absence several patients call in various stages of illness and misery. The servant posing as Dr. Curem treats them to a taste of some very attention-cases—which seems to aggravate their troubles—and they depart leaving him enjoying their discomforts.

The doctor returns, so do the patients. The servant enters. Seeing him, the patients chase him out and around the several blocks they finally catch him and take him back to the doctor who looks him out.



1908-1909

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NO. 57

Battle of Monmouth,

June 28th, 1778.

The guns of Proctor's Artillery rapidly driven up a hill. The battle is in progress. In the heat of the battle the soldiers throw off their coats and tear off their shirts working barefooted and with nothing on but their trousers. Some fall down dead, others wounded. During the battle, Molly rushes down the mountain bringing water to the hard working soldiers. Molly's husband who is a cannonier received a shot in the head and fell in front of the cannon. The officers in command having no man to take his place, six men having been killed or wounded, orders the cannon removed. Molly coming from the spring saw her husband fall, heard the order and dropping her bucket, seizes the hammer from his lifeless hands declaring she would take his place and avenge his death. Entering the sponge into the mouth of the smoking cannon she performs to admiration the duties of the most expert artillery men while the shouts of soldiers ring along the line. The night ends the battle. Taps. Burning camp fires are seen.



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