WITH THE RAMBLER

CRAMPTONS GAP was mentioned by the Rambler in his account of a trip over the battlefield of the Monocacy, the battle which was the prelude to the Confederate attack on the northern line of the defenses of Washington July 11 and 12, set aside and the road for Cramptons gap brought back such a flood of memories to the Rambler that business engagements and other engagements not strictly of a business nature were set aside. Writing the name of Cramptons gap was taken up.

This was a thoroughfare gap through the Blue Ridge range in Maryland during the civil war. Long columns of troops marching east and west passed that way. There was fighting at the base, on the slopes and on the summit of the range through which this gap gives a fairly easy passage, and up and down the road running through the gap. Interesting monuments, markers and tablets stand in the gap.

* * *

Going northwest from Washington over any of the roads you come in sight of Sugar Loaf mountain, whose summit marks the ancient floor of the land long ago washed and scoured out, and which we know now as the Frederick valley, or the valley of the Monocacy. It is a long and wooded mountain, with various high knobs and low konbs, vales and foothills, but because its southern knob bears a fanciful reioned loaf of sugar and is the knob seen from a greater distance than the others, it came many generations ago to be called Sugar Loaf mountain. It is in Frederick county, but its southeast base is only half a mile over the Montgomery county line. Its high point is 1,300 feet above sea level and over a thousand feet above the Monocacy river.

West of this mountain flows the Monocacy river, generally about a tenth of a mile wide. If you travel by rail you pass over the Monocacy on a tall bridge soon after you leave Dickerson, going west. A few hundred yards south of the railroad bridge the Chesapeake and Ohio canal crosses the Monocacy on a fine and picturesque viaduct close to the point where the Monocacy enters the Potomac.

West of the Monocacy a range of mountains runs north and south. These are the Catoctins. There are several passes or gaps through this ridge where wagon roads cross at an elevation of between five and seven hundred feet. If you travel by the usual line of railroad going west through this region you recall that just after leaving Point of Rocks your train passes through a tunnel. That tunnel is bored under the south tip of the Catoctins in Maryland, though across the Potomac the Catoctins take up their course toward the south.

Passing the Catoctins you travel over hilly land and cross Catoctin creek, a very crooked stream about a third of the width of the Monocacy. Five miles west you come to the main range of the Blue Ridge. Five miles north of the Potomac is Cramptons gap, and the continuation of the Blue Ridge north from Cramptons gap is called South mountain. Sometimes the whole of this ridge north of the river is called South mountain. There are numerous ranges, generally paralleling each other, which constitute the Blue Ridge, and these have separate names, and again, these minor ridges are subdivided into "mountains," which also have special names. Crossing this part of the Blue Ridge north of the Potomac, a continuation of which is South mountain, are four passes, the first from the Potomac being Brownsville gap, the next Cramptons gap, the third Foxs gap and the fourth Turners gap, which is sometimes called Dahlgren gap from Dahlgren Church, which stands by the roadside, and that road is one of the most important of the old roads in the country near Washington—the Frederick and Boonsboro pike.

* * *

Maryland Heights, the high land on the Maryland side opposite Harpers Ferry, is really a mountain, extending north and south about ten miles, and its name is Elk Ridge. Between the Blue Ridge, South mountain and Elk Ridge is a hilly valley, from one and a half to two miles wide, the name of which is Pleasant valley. Israel creek runs through this valley and so does the railroad from Weverton to Hagerstown. It was along Pleasant valley that the Rambler passed in his march to Cramptons gap.

If one should leave out of the annals of the civil war Pleasant valley and the ridges that hem it in there would be many void chapters in American history. The campaigns against the Union forces and United States arsenal at Harpers Ferry, the campaign of Antietam, the movement against Washington in 1864 and the Gettysburg campaign were all fought with the help of Cramptons gap and its neighbor gaps.

In walking north through Pleasant valley and keeping the line of Israel creek, you come upon such places as Garretts Mill, Augusta, Yarrowsburg, Brownsville and Gapland, and on the left the slight break in Elk Ridge shows the location of Solomons pass. Near Gapland the Rambler turned toward the east, with South mountain before him. The country is rough and hilly, with numerous streams running from the mountain pass through the fields. The road winds among the foothills of the range, seeking the easiest grade, but here and there you come upon an elevation, whence is obtained a good view of the valley.

* * *

The road, striking the base of the ridge, takes a slanting course toward Cramptons gap, but for the greater part of its way lays through woods with only now and then a clearing. Finally there is a sharp rise in the road, you pass a tollgate and a few yards further on you stand in the pass so that you may look down either into Pleasant valley, or the broader valley through which runs Catoctin creek, and which is also called Middletown valley.

In this gap and on the brow of the hill commanding the valley to the east stands a monument to the correspondents and the artists of the civil war. This is one of the interesting things in the battle sections of Maryland and Virginia. It was erected largely through the enthusiasm of George Alfred Townsend, who had set up his home at Cramptons gap. The monument is not like other monuments. A writer who visited the monument several years ago wrote of it as follows:

"In building the memorial it was intended to symbolize as much as possible the purpose for which it was erected, and to conform as well to the natural wild surroundings in which it stood. The form of a feudal gateway was finally selected and it was placed at the meeting of two roads on a plateau in the gap. The monument, designed like a section of a feudal castle wall, has a horseshoe arch sixteen feet high. This horseshoe is meant to typify the horseshoe on which the correspondent sped to his work, while the three upper arches, each much smaller than the main arch, stand for the three arts of war correspondence—narrative, picture and photography.

"Abreast of the upper arches is an alcove, from which may be seen the white figure of Orpheus, playing the pipes of Pan and idling with a sword. Heads representing Poetry and Mercury in terra cotta in a panel of carved brick are placed in the flanking spaces of the arch. Across the main facade of the monument is a panel of red brick and in that panel are carved these words, 'War Correspondents.'"

On the west wall of the memorial are two horse heads in terra cotta. On each side of the horseshoe arch is a gold shield across which run bands. The legend on one shield is "Speed" and on the other "Heed."

On the east face of the memorial are two great limestone slabs deep cut with the names of the men to whom the memorial was reared. One slab is carved with the names of correspondents and the other with the names of artists. The names of the correspondents are:

Finley Anderson, J. N. Ashley, Adam Badeau, T. Barnard, George W. Beaman, H. Bentley, W. D. Bickham, A. H. Bodman, George C. Bower, B. V. Boynton, Junius H. Browne, S. T. Bulkley, A. H. Byington, C. Cadwallader, S. M. Carpenter, T. M. Cash, F. G. Chapman, F. P. Church, G. W. Clarke, John A. Cockerill, C. C. Coffin, R. T. Colburn, Joel Cook, T. M. Cook, — Creighton, L. L. Crounse, E. Cuthbert, N. Davidson, W. E. Davis, E. F. De Nyse, J. P. Dunn, D. R. M. Eaton, C. H. Farrell, J. C. Fitzpatrick, R. D. Francis, T. B. Glover, T. C. Grey, C. H. Griffen, Charles G. Halpine, C. Hannem, R. Harding, C. H. Hart, J. Hasson, John Hay, S. Hayes, L. A. Hendricks, A. R. Henry, F. Henry, V. Hickox, A. S. Hill, G. W. Hosmer, E. H. House, A. Houston, W. P. Isham, D. R. Keim, W. H. Kent, Thomas W. Knox, F. C. Long, R. T. McAlpin, Richard C. McCormick, Joseph B. McCullagh, W. H. Merriam, J. E. Norcross, Crosby S. Noyes, G. H. Osborn, B. F. Osborn, C. A. Page, Nathenial Page, U. H. Painter, Count de Paris, A. Paul, E. A. Paul, E. Peters, Henry J. Raymond, Whitelaw Reid, Albert D. Richardson, W. H. Rinkle, O. G. Sawyer, W. F. G. Shanks, R. H. Shelly, George W. Smalley, Henry M. Stanley, Edmund C. Stedman, Jerome B. Stillson, W. H. Stiner, William Swinton, R. H. Sylvester, Benjamin F. Taylor, George Alfred Townsend, B. C. Truman, Henry Villard, J. H. Vonburg, E. M. Mallatz, J. S. Ward, Sam Ward, F. Watson, E. D. Westfall, F. B. Wilkie, Sam Walkerson, F. Wilkinson, A. W. Williams, J. C. Wilson, T. C. Wilson, J. H. Young and W. Young.

* * *

On the opposite tablet are cut the names of civil war artists, and they are classified as "army artists," "southern" and "artists." The names of those classified as "army artists" follow:

J. A. Becker, F. Beard, H. Bensancon, A. Berghaus, T. E. H. Bidvill, S. Sp. Davis, F. Dielman, G. G. Ellsburg, S. Fox, C. E. Hillen, E. B. Hough, J. E. Laycock, A. McCallum, W. R. McComas, E. F. Mullen, Fred Shell, W. L. Sheppard, J. S. Trevler, G. F. Williams, W. Waud.

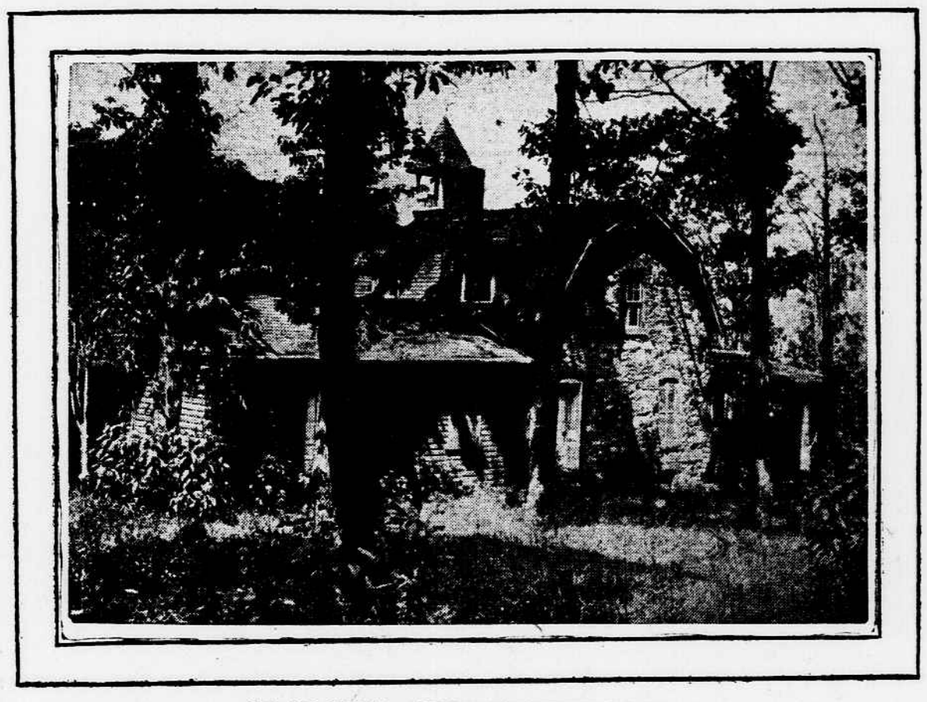
Those names on the artists' tablet classified as "southern" are:

P. W. Alexander, Durant Daponte, James B. Sener, F. G. Deionlaine, W. Shepardson, D. C. Jenkins, George W. Olney, George Perry and Henry Watterson.

Those listed simply as "artists" are:

M. B. Brady, W. T. Crane, F. O. C. Darley, Henry Mosler, Theodore R. Davis, Frank Shell, Ed. Forbes, J. S. Jewett, Alfred Waud, Henry Love, H. Vizzitelly, Arthur Lumsey, J. E. Taylor, F. H. Mason, Larkin G. Mead and Dave H. Strother.

The north end of the memorial contains this: "To the Army Correspondents and Artists, 1861-65, Whose Toils Cheered the Camps, Thrilled the Fireside, Educated Provinces of Rustics Into a Bright Nation of Readers and Gave Incentive to Narrate Distant Wars and Explore Dark Lands. Erected by Subscription 1896."



ONE OF GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND'S HOUSES.

On the south end of the memorial are the following inscriptions:

"Out of Zebulun They That Handle the Pen of the Writer.—Judges."

"It is with Labor that they were ascertained, because those who were present in the several affairs did not give the same account of the same things—Thucydides, 425 B. C."

"Xenophon assured him with an oath that he should not have enough for his expenses in traveling home unless he sold his horse and what he had about him.—Anabasis, 399 B. C."

"On quitting school I boldly undertook to write and relate the wars.—Froissart, 1357."

"They sent us back the news which greatly rejoiced the whole army.—Philip de Commines, 1492."

"I and my son staid with General Braddock several days at Fredericktown, dined with him daily and had full opportunities.—Franklin, 1755."

"Know Mr. Trumbull, as a man and an artist.—Washington to Lafayette, 1791."

"The enemy's fire emptied several saddles, among others, Theodore Wilson's, the correspondent.—Gen. Sheridan, 1865."

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?—Henry M. Stanley, 1871."

"Vui kto?" "Americanetz."—MacGahan at Khiva, 1873."

* * *

The road by which the Rambler entered the gap leads from the west to the east. In the gap two roads strike off eastwardly, one taking a northerly inclination and the other a southerly. The road inclining to the northeast leads on to Middletown, and that inclining to the southeast leads to Burkettsville. It is in the angle of these roads that the correspondents' memorial stands, and at the base of the memorial is a simple marker of granite and bronze inscribed:

"First New Jersey Brigade, 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Infantry and Hexameter's Battery, September 14, 1862. Late in the afternoon the brigade advanced from the fields north and east of Burkettsville, charged up the mountain, carried this point and followed the enemy to the west foot of the mountain. Loss in the brigade, 40 killed, 134 wounded."

Also close to the base of the correspondents' memorial are four iron tablets inscribed with a rough sketch of the history of the spot and its relation to nearby fields of action. The first tablet tells:

"Between September 4 and 7, 1862, the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. Robert E. Lee commanding, crossed the Potomac river near Leesburg and occupied Frederick, Md. On the 10th a movement was made to surround and capture the Union forces at Harpers Ferry. Early that morning Gen. J. T. Jackson with Jackson's (Stonewall) division and the divisions of R. S. Ewell and A. P. Hill, left Frederick, marched over South mountain at Turners pass, six miles north of this, crossed the Potomac near Williamsport on the 11th, seized Martinsburg on the 12th and, marching by way of Charles Town, invested Harpers Ferry from the Virginia side of the Potomac. Gen. Lee with the divisions of D. R. Jones and J. B Hood and the brigade of N. G. Evans, marched to Hagerstown. D. H. Hill's division halted at Boonsboro to prevent the escape of the garrison at Harpers Ferry through Pleasant Valley and to support Stuart's cavalry, which remained east of South mountain to observe the movements of the Union army and retard its advance.

"McLaws, with his own division and that of R. H. Anderson, moved from Frederick on the 10th in the rear of D. H. Hill, left the Frederick and Hagerstown pike at Middletown, crossed South mountain at Brownsville pass one mile south of this and bivouacked near

STEVE WEST, AN OLD INHABITANT OF BATTLE REGION.

Brownsville on the night of the 11th.

"On the 12th McLaws marched to Maryland heights and down Pleasant valley and invested Harpers Ferry from the Maryland side of the Potomac, leaving Semmes brigade to hold Brownsville pass, and Mahone's at Brownsville and Munford's cavalry in front of Cramptons pass to guard his rear and observe the movements of the Union army."

Alongside of the tablet containing the above is a tablet marked with large silver letters "C. S. A." containing the following:

"Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws' command, September 12th and 13th, 1862:

"McLaws' command consisted of Kershaw's, Barksdale's, Semmes' and Cobb's brigades of his own division and R. H. Anderson's division of six brigades—Wilcox's, Mahone's, Featherston's, Armistead's, Wright's and Pryor's. On the morning of the 12th Kershaw and Barksdale crossed Pleasant valley, ascended Maryland heights at Solomons gap and moving along the crest of the heights attacked and drove the Union forces from the southern end of them and into Harpers Ferry. On the 13th Cobb moved along the eastern base of the heights in support of Kershaw and Barksdale; Wright moved along the South mountain and took position on its bold extremity, overlooking Weverton. Pryor, Armistead and Featherston moved down Pleasant Valley and occupied Weverton and Sandy Hook. These movements shut in Harpers Ferry from the Maryland side of the Potomac. Semmes' brigade held Brownsville pass and Mahone's was in Pleasant Valley prepared to assist Semmes or to reinforce Munford's cavalry brigade in front of Crampton's pass."

* * *

A third tablet continues the story thus:

"September 14, 1862:

"Upon the approach of the 6th Army Corps from Jefferson, Col. T. T. Munford, commanding the cavalry brigade, prepared to dispute its advance through this pass. Mahone's brigade, Lieut. Col. Parham, commanding, was put in position at the foot of the mountain with the cavalry dismounted on either flank. Chew's Virginia battery of horse artillery and two guns of Grimes' Portsmouth (Va.) battery were placed half way up the mountain. Later in the day Grimes' guns were put on the crest near this point and for nearly three hours, assisted by five guns in the Brownsville pass, Munford held the Union forces in check, but overlapped on both flanks and pressed in front was compelled to retire. As the line began to yield the 10th Georgia of Semmes' brigade came to its assistance. Cobb's brigade, brought back from Sandy Hook, met the retiring forces a few yards east of this, but the whole command was quickly overpowered and, losing many captured, retreated into Pleasant valley, the cavalry to Rohrersville, the infantry to Brownsville. Semmes abandoned Brownsville pass and joined Cobb and Mahone. Wilcox moved back from near Weverton and Kershaw and Barksdale (except the 13th Mississippi) were withdrawn from Maryland Heights and before midnight the six brigades under command of R. H. Anderson were in line across the valley to oppose the 6th Corps. McLaws with the four brigades of Pryor, Featherston, Armistead and Wright and the 13th Mississippi continued the investment of Harpers Ferry, which surrendered the morning of the 15th."

* * *

The fourth and last tablet is inscribed with shining letters, "U. S. A., 6th Army Corps," and tells this story:

"Maj. Gen. W. B. Franklin commanding, September 14, 1862:

"The 6th Army Corps consisted of two divisions commanded by Maj. Gen. H. W. Slocum and W. F. Smith. On the march of the Army of the Potomac through Maryland this corps with Couch's division, 4th Corps, temporarily attached, formed the left of the advancing line. It moved through Tenleytown, Darnstown, Poolesville and Barnsville, reaching Buckeystown west of the Monocacy, twelve miles southeast of this, the evening of September 13. Under orders to force Crampton's pass and to seize Rohrersville in order to cut off McLaws from the main body of the Army of Northern Virginia and to relieve Harpers Ferry the corps moved early the morning of the 14th, passed through Jefferson and reached the outskirts of Burkettsville at noon. At 3 p.m. Slocum and Smith advanced, drove Munford's cavalry and Mahone's infantry from the foot of the mountain and through this pass and overthrew Cobb's brigade in this vicinity, taking many prisoners. The infantry brigade retreated to Brownsville and the cavalry to Rohrersville.

"Semmes' brigade abandoned Brownsville pass and joined Cobb and Mahone.

"The corps advanced into Pleasant valley the evening of the 14th, where it remained until the morning of the 17th, when it marched for the field of Antietam."

As a man stands in the pass and looks out over the Middletown valley to the east he can visualize the operations of the left wing of the Army of the Potomac in September, 1862. Looking into Pleasant valley on the west, Brownsville and Rohrersville lay below you, Solomons pass in Maryland Heights is before you, Weverton and the Potomac are about five miles off on your left. By the side of the road through the gap is a rude signboard with this legend: "Antietam 7 miles—Washington City 52 miles."

* * *

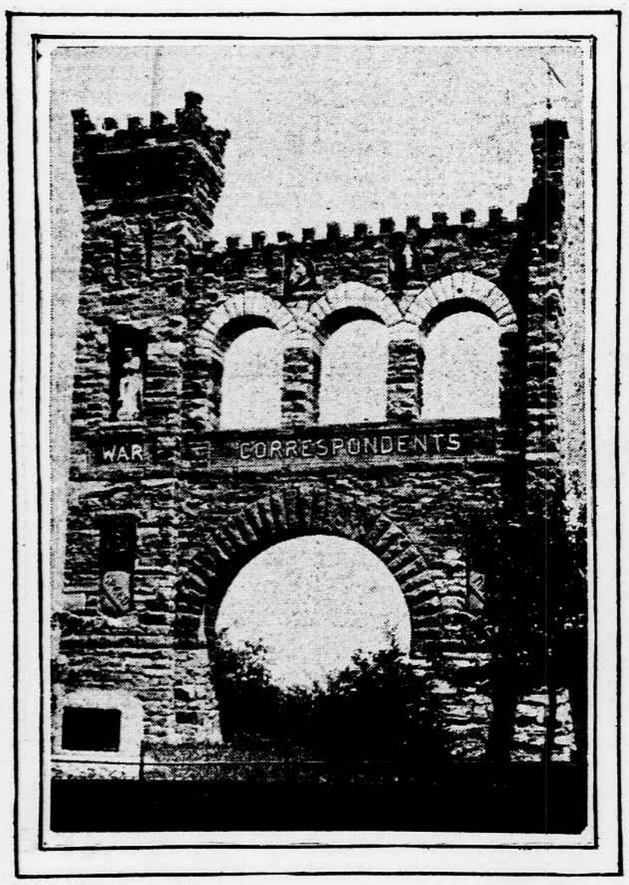
Crampton's gap is called so after the Crampton family, members of which for several generations owned the gap lands, their farms reaching down the west slope into Pleasant valley. Some of the Cramptons owned this fighting ground during the civil war, but none of them lives around there today. Thomas Crampton seems to have been the last of the family to own land in and near the gap and he died about twenty years ago. He had a brother John, but he died before Thomas. The old Crampton home is about a half mile off to the north from the gap road, and is standing today surrounded by prosperous fields and orchards. Near the house is the Crampton private burying ground, where most of the Cramptons of Cramptons gap rest. The property, lately much improved, is now owned by Rudolph Brown.

The Rambler saw but two inhabited houses in the gap. One is the home of the tollgatekeeper, and the other is a handsome cottage, with well kept grounds, and is the sumer home of a Baltimore family named Spencer. In wide and shaded grounds on the south side of the road, and which extend up to the summit above the pass, are three big houses, with wide, deep porches, all heavily sheltered by trees. Each house is built of stone, brick and timber. One has a little steeple on it like a country schoolhouse, and a bell hangs in it. In one part of the grounds is a log cabin, which, no doubt, was there before the more pretentious buildings were set up. There is a "Dutch" oven in the grounds and numerous outbuildings. From the iron gate with stone gateposts on the gap road a carriageway and brick footwalk lead through the grounds, but these are now grown up in grass and wild flowers. All the houses are closed and decay is setting in. This was the home of George Alfred Townsend. The outlook from the upper porches and windows of these houses must be finer even than the view from the gap.

* * *

During the Rambler's walk from Pleasant valley to the gap he encountered an old colored man who looked a good subject for a picture. His name is Steve West, eighty-four years old, and a resident of the Middletown valley for the same number of years. He was set free by the war, remembered the armies and the shooting, but his recollections, though entertaining, are not so accurate and informative as the matter set forth on the tablets in the angle of the two roads near the base of the memorial to the war correspondents.

No man should gather the impression from reading the memorial inscriptions at Cramptons gap that the whole battle of South mountain was fought there. There was fighting at other gaps. The road from Frederick to Hagerstown passes through Turner's gap of this mountain, and there, September 14, Gen. D. H. Hill, with a force of about 6,000 men, stood off the corps of Hooker and Burnside. In the afternoon Hill was reinforced by Longstreet with six brigades. The fighting at Turners gap lasted from 8 o'clock in the morning until dark. During the night the Confederates withdrew. The federal loss was 328 killed and 1,463 wounded and missing. At Cramptons gap the Federals lost 115 killed and 418 wounded and missing. The Confederate loss at South mountain has not been accurately set down, but it was about 1,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.



WAR CORRESPONDENTS' MONUMENT, CRAMPTON'S GAP.

GLIMPSE OF ROAD UP CRAMPTON'S GAP.

Cotton Burned in Rifle and Cannon Ammunition

CLASSIFICATION and treatment of cotton as contraband by the anti-Teutonic allies will within a certain time, the precise limit of which is a matter of opinion and conjecture, produce a cotton famine in Germany and Austria, with all the military and economic evils consequent upon such a state of affairs. Experts agree that though the war is more than a year old, and although Germany produces no cotton, the Teutonic allies have not felt the pinch of a cotton shortage.

Two important reasons are given in explanation of this. The first is that Germany, far-seeing in all things relating to preparedness for war, stored up a large quantity of cotton. She also has been able to supplement this by heavy purchases through the neutral countries abutting on her borders. An English student of the situation has said that Germany was able to import as much of the 1914 cotton crop as usual during the past winter and spring, and that this will be proved by official statistics. A very large part of the 500,000 tons imported has been used for making explosives, the great German cotton mills, which normally operate 9,800,000 spindles, having curtailed their consumption at first by one-half, and more recently by two-thirds.

* * *

Assuming that Germany has stored one-half of the cotton imported during the year as a reserve supply for making ammunition, it is computed that she has something like 1,000,000 bales, or 250,000 tons, available. Austria, it is said, has no reserve of cotton.

The consumption of cotton in the making of smokeless high-power powder can be figured accurately, and the expenditure of German and Austrian ammunition can be estimated. The 42-centimeter howitzer shoots away one bale of cotton in two discharges. An ordinary field gun of about four-inch caliber shoots a bale of cotton in about 400 rounds. Heavier cannon expend cotton in proportion.

An authority on this matter has written:

"A machine gun—of which Germany has 100,000 in the trenches—has with it constantly reserve ammunition containing half a bale of cotton, while every company of 300 soldiers carries at all times three bales of cotton in the shape of cartridges. About 80,000 shots from a rifle or machine gun account for one bale of cotton."

* * *

David Lloyd George, British minister of munitions, has given out the statement that 250,000 shots a day on the average are fired by the Germans and Austrians on all fronts, and, taking big and little cannon together, the British ordnance authorities estimate that 150 shots consume a bale of cotton, on which basis Germany fires 1,660 bales of cotton a day from her artillery alone, or more than 400 tons.

Using these figures as a basis, the result is arrived at that Germany has now sufficient cotton for the manufacture of 150,000 tons of gunpowder, which, at the present rate of ammunition expenditure, will last until the beginning of 1916. This allows for the use of cotton in no other than the powder-making industry, yet cotton is required by the army for clothes, tentage, automobile tires and other necessaries. The manufacture of cotton for other than military purposes must cease, and many thousands of mill operatives still in employment will be thrown out of work.

A cotton famine means paralysis, military and industrial. Already cotton is looked on in the same light by Germany as copper, wheat, rubber and those things without which armies cannot operate. Germany's purchases of the 1914 American cotton crop were made through Holland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, and the British authorities, in tracing these purchases, have given out the information that the imports of American cotton to Holland from August 31 to April 30, 1913-14, were 32,870 bales. In 1914-15 (the 1914 crop) the imports amounted to 413,820 bales. In the same months Sweden imported 24,930 bales the year before the war and 735,510 bales in 1914-15. To Denmark, of the 1913 crop, no bales at all were sent, but that country took of last year's crop 65,370 bales. Norway took 60 bales before the war, and her imports rose in a year to 107,400 bales.

Millionaire Builds a Town for Widows.

HERE is one man who has put in practice a plan of helping the widow with a family to rare. He is Charles Page of Tulsa, Okla.

Mr. Page started with an intimate knowledge of the troubles and burdens of the widow, for one of his earliest recollections was that of seeing his widowed mother bending wearily over a washtub in the effort to rub out of the board a sparse living for herself and her seven children. He tried to help her shoulder her burdens, and worked hard to help her take care of the children. But hard as he could work, the struggle was a heavy one and it deeply impressed into his bewildered child mind a resentment against the conditions that could impose this burden upon his mother. The first resolve he ever made was that when he grew up he would take care of all the widows.

* * *

His mother worked herself into her grave and left him with the family cares. He did what he could find to do, and later, when the family was old enough to care for itself, he set out to seek a fortune. Three times he made one and three times it slipped through his grasp. Then fate one day led him to the oil fields in Oklahoma and pointed out the way.

The result of his planning is one of the most unique institutions in the country. It is a town for widows. It almost built itself over night. It sprang from the conviction of Mr. Page that a widow wanted only a chance to work for her children and to keep them together. It is in no sense a charity, every mother must work out her own salvation—but Mr. Page stands by her while she is working.

He is a multi-millionaire now; but never too busy to hear the plea of a widow. At first he found work for them in Tulsa. He found jobs for dozens of them. Any widow who appealed for work at the Page offices and who indicated a disposition to rear her family in the fear of God and without shirking her responsibilities found a friend in Mr. Page. The time came when the town was full of widows.

"Guess I'll have to build a town for them," said Mr. Page.

A few miles out of Tulsa he had already established an orphans' home He had taken it over bodily from a bankrupt institution in the town, from which the children were about to be turned out. Mr. Page heard of it and went down and legally adopted all the children. He has none of his own, but every homeless child is entitled to his love and protection.

His method of taking care of them is a characteristic one. He had a friend in Tulsa, an officer in the Salvation Army, Capt. Breeding.

* * *

"I want you to take these little kids out on my farm and make a home for them," he said to Capt. Breeding. "You need the outdoor life yourself. Put 'em in some big tents until we can run up some buildings. I cannot stand by and see them turned out in the cold."

The captain protested on the ground that he had a mission he dared not neglect.

"God has called you to a greater mission," said Mr. Page. "Here are a lot of children to be trained into useful citizens. There can be no greater work in the world."

Capt. Breeding took off the uniform of the army and put on the blue overall uniform of the farmer and went out on the farm. It was a new sort of orphans' home. There were no uniforms, no set rules. They were just "Daddy Page's children," to be brought up as a large family, in a sensible way. Practical teachers were brought there, and the children looked upon themselves as especially lucky to be the proteges of Mr. Page.

Near the farm he built his town for the widows. He calls it Sand Springs. It is in a picturesque spot, with low, tree-crowned hills rising all about it. He built a street car line to carry the widows and orphans to and from Tulsa, and not a one of them pays fare. The conductors know them all, and any child who swings aboard the car and says, "I'm one of Daddy Page's boys" is not questioned.

Just outside the city he built the famous "Widow's Row." There are dozens of small two and three roomed cottages for the widows who choose to live there, under the trees, in the fresh country air. Gas, fuel and rent were furnished free. A "downtown" district was built up and factories invited to come, that the widows might have plenty of work.

First a canning factory came. The widows might raise the vegetables and sell them to the factory, or they might go to work in the factory at the canning. A day nursery was established at the Widows' Row to care for the babies while their mothers were at work. There is a kindergarten for the children old enough, and only widowed mothers were engaged to look after them. There must be plenty of love and affection for the children, Mr. Page believes. He likes grandmothers, too, and there are four or five of them at the colony. They putter around all day, do the simple mending, and rock the babies to sleep, just as any grandmother would do.

Followed three glass factories to Sand Springs, a smelter, a car factory, a washing machine factory, two or three laundries, the electric light plant, a broom factory, a stove foundry and banks, stores, restaurants, hotels—all the accompaniments of a thriving city—and all to provide work for the widows and their children.

A resident physician lives there, and Mr. Page employs him part of the day to make regular rounds to see that the babies are kept well. Eyes, ears, noses and throats are carefully looked after. If there are any serious operative cases they are sent to a hospital at Tulsa, where Mr. Page maintains several fifteen-dollar-a-week rooms for his large family if they need special medical attention.

He is always willing to take a chance on human nature, and turns a listening ear to any widow who writes of her needs. His mail is tremendous, but no widow who wants to come to the Widows' Town is refused. She must pay her own fare, but Mr. Page will look out for her once she is there.

* * *

Mr. Page encourages callers in Widows' Row, provided they can assure him that they are honest, industrious and have serious intentions. He believes in good homes for mothers, with good husbands to provide for them, and already there have been romances that are none the less touching because they come late. He does not believe in rules; he likes to appeal to a sense of fair play and justice.

"I believe in the home," he insists. "I would be glad to see any of these widows marry good men."

If a mother prefers to live in Sand Springs or Tulsa and pay her own rent she is free to do so. To give charity is not his design. He wants only to help them to help themselves. He provides work in plenty for all of them and makes his benevolences support themselves on a business basis. He has made ample provision for the maintenance of this philanthropic project in his will, and in case of his death the widows would be amply provided for. His wife is in hearty sympathy with him in this work, and every Sunday evening is spent by the Pages at the Widows' Row and at the simple Sunday evening devotions held in the sitting room at the Orphans' Home, where all the children congregate to sing and to listen to a Bible reading.

The population of Sand Springs, which is only two or three years old, reached 2,000 the first year and has more than doubled since. A fourth of this figure is made up of widows earning a good living and educating their children. Mr. Page takes an active interest in the town schools and sees that they are kept at a creditable standard.

The boys and girls at the home are given their choice of a profession, and a chance for a training when they finish the grade schools. There will be doctors, dentists, nurses, stenographers and teachers trained from there. When the girls marry they are given the same outfitting that any girl would receive and a pretty wedding at the home.

The man who has made all these things possible is unassuming in his own manner. He is big and cheery and not much of a respecter of persons. He treats everybody alike. There is no red tape hedging him about in his office, not even an office boy to ask your name and business. He does that for himself.

His office is a plain little affair, with white plastering showing through cracks in the green painted walls that sadly need another coat. The furniture is of well worn oak, and there are no expensive rugs or lounging chairs. He will turn from a business proposition that may involve 100,000 barrels of oil to inquire into the needs of a shabbily gowned visitor. If she be worthy, he shoulders her troubles and ushers her kindly out of the office. If she be an imposter, he sizes the situation up in a moment and deals with it accordingly.

Uncle Sam Leads in Volume of Legal Business

(Continued from Third Page.)

ciary committee, he contented himself in 1900 by being a candidate for presidential elector at large and going as a delegate to the democratic national convention at St. Louis in 1904.

Then he "sat out" of the game of politics and devoted himself entirely to his profession until the peculiar conditions existing in 1910 led him to run for Congress. He was elected by a substantial majority and re-elected in 1912, resigning in 1913 to accept his present office.

In the House Mr. Davis was distinguished for industrious work in the committee on judiciary and for keeping his mouth shut on the floor. His speeches were remarkably few, but that he carried a big part of the burden of committee work is well known.

Within the committee and on the floor Mr. Davis led the fight for those reforms in judicial practice intended to prevent the misuse of the writ of injunction and the misuse of the power to punish for contempt. The amendments he proposed and which the committee adopted were not adopted at the time, but later became part of other legislation enacted by Congress at a more recent session.

These amendments both were neither revolutionary to the degree advocated by some nor mere phrases. In a notable speech Mr. Davis made in the House May 14, 1912, he gave an indication of the character of the proposed amendments and of his own views when he said:

"If judicial processes may be abused, we should guard them against abuse. Criticism of the courts is rife; let us disarm it." Which is very nearly the view taken, in numerous speeches and papers, by his eminent predecessor in office, William H. Taft.

* * *

"There are those," said Mr. Davis, in the same speech, "who, recognizing the need of reform (in courts and court procedure), are ready to rush headlong after so-called remedies which, when put to the test, will only aggravate the disease they are supposed to cure. With those who believe that by applying the doctrine of the recall to judicial officers the courts will be elevated, justice promoted, or free government made secure, I must differ—respectfully, I hope—but none the less with all the vigor I can command."

While serving on the judiciary committee, Mr. Davis took a prominent part in the proceedings leading up to the impeachment of Judge Archbald, and was one of the managers on the part of the House to conduct the trial before the Senate."

While previously well known generally in the profession through his large practice and by reason of the fact that he had been president of the West Virginia Bar Association, it was Mr. Davis' work as a member of the judiciary committee that gave him national fame, and, no doubt, led to his selection as solicitor general.

In the coming terms of the Supreme Court he is to argue and present a number of notable government cases that will add to the distinction he has already won there.

Any thought that may have been gathered from this that Mr. Davis is so absorbed in the law that he has lost the social instinct is erroneous. Both in him and his wife is that instinct strongly developed, as Washington society well knows. In college Mr. Davis' fraternities were Phi Kappa Psi and Phi Beta Kappa, and the membership of those fraternities have intimate knowledge of his gregariousness.

Fads and hobbies he has none, and for sport in Washington he has abandoned the horseback riding which he practiced in Clarksburg for golf, following the example of certain justices of the Supreme Court and of the Attorney General. But not yet, on the Chevy Chase links, has he got up to the form of that eminent golfer, Mr. Justice Holmes.

ASHMUN BROWN.

A Misunderstanding.

HENRY FORD said at a picnic in Dearborn:

"In politics I'd be as ridiculous and absurd, I guess, as the young fellow who had proposed to the schoolmarm.

"The schoolmarm, after his proposal, looked at him steadily through her big spectacles. Then she said:

"'George, before I decide, you must answer one question. Do you drink anything?'

"George gave a loud laugh of joy. He crushed her to his breast.

"'Anything,' he murmured, smothering her with kisses. 'Anything.'"